

Reader's Digest

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CHURCHILL— Greatness in Our Time

Reprinted from New York Herald Tribune

MARK SULLIVAN

*"Before our living eyes is grandeur of action
and stature of personality unsurpassed in history"—*

KNOW, reader, that you have seen greatness in our time. When on your radio you heard Winston Churchill in his hour of victory you were listening to one of the authentic great of history.

It would be a pity to lack awareness of this, to suppose you must turn to Gibbon and Plutarch to find heroic characters and exalted drama, to fail to realize that before our living eyes is the grandeur of action and stature of personality as great as any that history provides. It would be terrible, indeed, to use the superlative and say that Churchill's greatness is unexcelled. If only by the immensity of the arena in which he spoke and fought, Churchill's part in this

world war reduces the classic figures of Rome and Greece to the relatively inconsequent stature of actors in drama of minor scope.

Greatness was within him. What brought out it finest form was the stark descent upon him of the tragic moment when England had to stand alone. The fall of France in 1940 created the occasion at once for Churchill's greatness to emerge and for the momentous effect it was destined to have on civilization.

And now it has come to us to stand alone in the breach. Bearing ourselves humbly before God, but conscious that we serve an unfolding purpose, we are ready to defend our native land. We are fighting by ourselves alone, but



we are not fighting for ourselves alone. Here in this strong city of refuge, which enshrines the title deeds of human progress, and is of deep consequence to Christian civilization, we await undismayed the impending assault. . . . We shall not weaken or tire. Neither the sudden shock of battle nor the long-drawn trials of vigilance and exertion will wear us down. . . . Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that, if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will say: 'This was their finest hour.' "

Read those words of Churchill as of the dark days of 1940 and early 1941. Then realize that in the slow unfolding of time Churchill was destined to announce on May 8, 1945:

"Yesterday morning at 2:41 a.m., General Jodl, the representative of the German high command, signed the act of unconditional surrender. The German war is therefore at an end. . . . God Save the King!"

Observe the contrast between those passages—Churchill's moving eloquence when desperate danger was upon him, his matter-of-factness when victory came. That—to be unmoved by triumph, but be moved magnificently by struggle and danger—that was part of Churchill's greatness. Both were spontaneous reactions of his personality. When disaster threatened, he did not need to summon up courage; courage was as much a part of him as his arteries.

Part of Churchill's greatness was unique, the union in him of the doer and the sayer, the gift of action with the gift of words. The combination is unusual. Only rare have men in

high posts had at once the talent for responsibility and the talent for expressing themselves. Churchill will be quoted as long as Shakespeare. Within the scope of the subjects upon which both wrote, the man of action was not inferior to the poet.

Shakespeare, writing a play about an English king who had fought a battle two centuries before, and imagining what the king might have said to his troops, produced what is regarded as one of the most lofty battle cries in literature:

Once more unto the breach, dear
friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English
dead!
. . . Imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the
blood.

That was a man of letters imagining what a leader on the eve of battle might have said. But what Churchill said was actual. It was taken down in shorthand. Churchill was the fighting leader, and was his own poet. Shakespeare's battle cry was generated in the heat of imagination, Churchill's in the heat of action and responsibility. As between the two—what Shakespeare imagined in his remote, and sheltered study and what actually poured out of Churchill as he breasted the enemy—Churchill's words have the greater reality and the truer eloquence that goes with reality:

"Come then: let us to the task, to the battle, to the toil. . . . We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender."

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE RUSSIANS

BY STANLEY HIGH

THE SPIRIT of the world's peoples will not be free until they are delivered from the dark fear that — five, ten, 25 years from now — another more devastating war may overwhelm them.

For what is at stake in victory is nothing less than the release in every land of man's free spirit and its creative re-employment. It was the work of that spirit in the past which brought us so far out of the jungle; which brought the good life more nearly within the reach of multitudes of us; and which, most importantly of all, gives us to believe that we, our sons and daughters and our society *can* fashion a better fate than these recurring visitations of destruction, pillage and violent death.

~~It is~~ the freeing of the spirit that made these things possible and in its creative re-employment lies whatever hope the future holds. The decisions and the choices which will determine that future will be largely made by the Soviet Union, the United States and Great Britain; by their choice of agreement and understanding or of bad faith and ill will.

We have fought and won a war together to establish that opportunity. Nothing else of moment is at stake in our victory. Those in authority who can see that, and in the interest of the most urgent and most cherished needs of all nations — act

accordingly, will be marked as more than statesmen. They will be marked, as men rarely are, as Emancipators.

Between the United States and Great Britain, the foundation of agreement and understanding is broad and deep. That is a fact the world can build on. It is a bulwark for the present and the future which, for our security and progress, we in the United States aim to strengthen.

But it is as clear in America as it must be in Russia that if the end of this war is to be peace — and not just another armistice — unity of purpose among the *three* great Allies is indispensable. Solely from the standpoint of the self-interest of each nation, there is no other sound policy.

Essential to Us Both

For the well-being and progress of the peoples of each nation, nothing is so urgently required as a *lasting* peace. Each nation holds before its people the same promise of a constantly rising standard of living and quality of life. Without peace, ~~that~~ promise cannot be made good.

In the case of Russia which, economically, has farther to go, has a less-developed industrial plant and has suffered immeasurably greater losses in the war, this need for a long peace is *not* far short of desperate.

In their occupation and retreat, the German invaders ~~scorched~~ *scorched* the

ooo,ooo acres of the best Russian farm land — an area equal to half the productive acreage of the United States. Dozens of Russian cities are from 50 to 95 percent destroyed. Totally or partly destroyed are industrial plants which produced 61 percent of the nation's iron; 59 percent of its pig iron; 50 percent of its steel; 77 percent of its aluminum; 60 percent of its coal; all of its mercury and a large proportion of its iron and steel products.

Most of Russia's still operating factories are badly in need of repair and replacement. Machines have carried excess loads for many years. Many of them are obsolete. "Everywhere," writes Edgar Snow in *The Saturday Evening Post*, "public buildings have fallen into disrepair. All new housing, except where essential to the war effort, ceased in July 1941. Everybody's clothes are worn out or wearing out. Practically no garments but uniforms have been produced. Many thousands of people are now walking on paper soles stuffed in their only shoes."

"We believe we can restore that destruction and build better than before," said Molotov at San Francisco, "but the work is tremendous."

Russia's leaders must know how greatly their immense load would be lightened and how much their gigantic task of reconstruction speeded up if, through agreement, the United States and Britain could put their productive shoulders to the Soviet wheel.

There is no guesswork about that. Productively and to their mutual benefit, the United States, Great Britain and the Soviet Union have

already agreed and worked together. Their agreeing and working together laid the prewar foundation for Soviet industry and netted the United States many a productive job.

Russo-American Interdependence

At Russia's invitation, American engineers built the famous Dnieprostroy Dam. Soviet gold, on the barrel head, bought the turbines from Westinghouse. American plans, drawn for a profit, furnished the basis for modernizing the coal mines of the Donets Basin. Quick to recognize a good thing, the Soviets subsequently made American mining practices standard throughout the Union.

Rigs, drills, refineries and gasoline plants in the Caucasian oil fields came, for cash, from America. For the same over-the-counter reasons, Soviet tractors are Caterpillar and International Harvester models; its best locomotives, Baldwin and American Locomotive types; the continuous sheet rolling mills and presses in its steel plants, also American.

The United States and the Soviet Union are indispensable to the peace, which, in turn, is indispensable to both. By a cold calculation of what their own self-interest requires, they are indispensable to each other.

And while the American people want more of the jobs and profits which would accrue from this productive agreement, reports invariably show that the people of the Soviet Union want more of the type of goods which America produces.

"We have seen your drugstores in the movies," a Russian told John Hersey, "and we are determined to have ice cream for all at 50 kopeks."

"Russians," writes Edgar Snow, "admire American products of all kinds and dream of the day when they can buy them or Russian copies just as good. Give a Russian a slick-paper magazine and he immediately becomes lost in the advertisements picturing goods on sale."

In *Twelve Months That Changed the World*, Larry Lesueur tells of an interview in Moscow with the head of a committee appointed by the government to draw up plans for the postwar rebuilding of Russia's cities.

"Here," said the Russian, "is what you are doing in America. Building model towns on one side of the road in a semicircle with a byroad coming off the main highway, half circling the center of the town and joining the highway farther along. That is what we will do, too."

"I saw some of your new apartment buildings in America. We will try to make ours like them. Those kitchens! How much labor they saved! And those beautiful bathrooms! We will have them in our new cities."

It is true that beyond this community of popular and highly practical desire for the same high standards of living, the governments of our two countries are widely dissimilar. Naturally, we are proud of our American way of life. Naturally, too, we feel as free to criticize Russia's as they do ours.

But in many particulars, our two nations and peoples are much alike. More nearly than any other great nation, both are economically self-sufficient. For its economic development neither requires additional territory. Geography favors the secu-

rity of both — as George III found out in regard to America, and Napoleon and Hitler in regard to Russia.

In fact and in spirit, both countries are young, ambitious and abounding with pioneer energy and imagination. That may be why, being so lately arrived as dominant powers, we are both inclined to strut our stuff before the world. Recent assertions in the Soviet press of the almost single-handedness with which the Red Army won the war are reminiscent of the American tendency to act as if we alone had won World War I.

Likable Traits in Common

Common characteristics in both peoples account for the fact that when the average Russian and the average American get together they instinctively like each other.

"It is difficult," writes Larry Lesueur, "not to like the Russian people. They are so impulsive, easily amused and good-natured. All foreigners admit that the Russians show an involuntary preference for Americans because they find in them the same responsiveness, informality and willingness to accept them as equals."

At an American bomber base on the Russian steppes, Edmund Stevens "met a group of five inseparable companions, Joe from New York, Shorty from Pittsburgh, and Nikolai, Kostya and Misha from Leningrad, Moscow and Rostov, respectively. When I saw them," Stevens writes in his article in *The Saturday Evening Post*, "the two Americans were initiating their Russian side-kicks into the mystic arts of chewing gum and trying to get over the point that you weren't supposed to swallow it."

This good comradeship was typical in the several bases — in Iran, Russia, Alaska and elsewhere — where the soldiers of our two nations have had opportunity to get acquainted and to fraternize.

In *Collier's* Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain tell of a night at the Officers' Club in Fairbanks. "An American ferry pilot sits at the piano, sounding tentative notes while a group of Russian fliers sing one of their own songs. The American follows by ear, gradually masters the melody, plays the accompaniment more confidently as the Americans and Russians gather closer.

"They try a Russian song that our own fliers know, or an American gets out his guitar, hums a soft, sad accompaniment to 'Old Man River'; or a Russian youngster produces a magnificent pair of dress boots, made of White Siberian dogskin; a Yankee flier takes off his shoes and tries in vain to get them on. 'Nope,' pointing ruefully to his foot, 'too big.' They grin, break out paper bags of grapes and apples and lounge side by side practicing each other's language, laughing at each other's mistakes. "It may be a historic scene. The two countries can never be quite so far apart again, you feel."

The Union which the Soviet's 16 "autonomous" Republics comprise is as much a melting pot as ours. Soviet Russia is not a nation of one race, but of 175 different peoples. They speak 150 different languages. There, as in the United States, these diversities have produced not disruption but a high order of patriotism and national solidarity. Both nations are, in fact, a Union. That is because

of the way in which, in both, the rights and opportunities of minorities are protected.

It is of equal or even greater importance that, despite deep differences of opinion throughout their history, the United States has stood by Russia and Russia has stood by the United States in their periods of great national danger.

Mutual Support in Crisis

In his book *U. S. Foreign Policy*, Walter Lippmann writes that "the story of Russian-American relations is an impressive demonstration of how unimportant in the determination of policy is ideology, how compelling is national interest."

Americans, he says, have never liked Russia's governments. Russia has frequently returned the compliment by not liking ours. "Except for a few months between the fall of the Czars in March 1917 and the Bolshevik revolution in November 1917, the political ideologies of these two nations have always been poles apart. Nevertheless, Russia and the United States have usually, each in its own interest, supported one another in critical moments of their history."

Despite Czarist fear of the ideas of the American Revolution, Russia's policy of armed neutrality favored the Colonies. Though Russia continued to be antagonistic toward American democracy, the Czar's government, at the time of the Civil War, declared that the preservation of the Union was essential to Russia. This, with the subsequent dispatch of Russian naval forces to New York and San Francisco, helped to prevent

the recognition, by Britain and France, of the Confederacy.

In the first World War, there was deep dislike in the United States for Russia's Czarist regime and, later, both fear and distrust of the Bolsheviks. But, though Russia was represented neither at the signing of the Armistice nor at the negotiation of the Versailles Treaty, it was on American insistence that both documents included provisions aimed to protect the integrity and interests of Russia. The chief reason for the dispatch of American forces to eastern Siberia in 1918 was to hold in check the anti-Russian ambitions of Japan. When American forces were withdrawn, the United States insisted that Japan withdraw also.

"Historic experience shows," says Mr. Lippmann, "that Russia and the United States, placed 'on opposite sides of the globe' have always been antagonistic in their political ideology, always suspicious that close contact would be subversive. Yet each has always opposed the dismemberment of the other. Each has always wished the other to be strong. They have never had a collision which made them enemies."

Historic Chance to Coöperate

For every reason of immediate and long-time self-interest Russia and the United States — at this critical moment in history — should stand together, support each other and co-operate to their mutual advantage.

The Soviet Government has been badly informed, indeed, if it is unaware how great is the measure of good will and friendliness in the

United States toward the Soviet Union. There is not the slightest basis in fact for Russian mistrust of the United States. By every device of modern communication — newspapers, magazines, books, lectures, radio and movies — the American people have been intensively and with the utmost sympathy informed about Soviet Russia.

We would, in return, feel happier were there less secretiveness in Russia concerning the United States. But only two Russian policies are really serious threats to good will between our countries. First, if the Soviet Union, with power such as Russia never before possessed, embarks upon a policy of territorial aggrandizement, a Russian collision with ourselves and Great Britain would be almost inevitable. Second, if the Soviet Union, flushed with its historic victories, undertakes to proselytize the world on behalf of revolutionary Communism — that, too, would be resisted by the United States and Great Britain.

It is difficult to believe that either fear can materialize. Too much that Russia needs and the Russian people aspire for would be lost. At stake is Russia's present opportunity to achieve reconstruction and a resumption of the progress of the Russian people toward economic and cultural well-being.

At stake, also, is an historic opportunity for the United States, Great Britain and the Soviet Union, together with all nations of good will, to lift the fear that hangs over the future and free mankind for the better destiny that is within reach.

Picturesque Speech and Patter

A train that stopped as often as a woman in a bargain basement (Irwin Shaw) . . . Tugboats shooting the air full of sharp, white toots (George Sessions Perry) . . . A lone cloud loafing in the sky (Lloyd Curtis) . . . Sunlight heavy as poured honey (Abraham Polonsky) . . . Forests of scrub oak scribbled along the horizon (Elizabeth Enright) . . . An old steeple moldy with moonlight (Walter Benton) . . . Girls in bright frocks pouring out of school like a flower garden breaking ranks.

Col. Anthony Biddle, former ambassador, respects the reporter's creed of never revealing sources. Once, when asked where he picked up a certain item of information, Biddle replied: "I got it from an unimpeachable leak."
(*Life*)

Epitaph for a waiter: God finally caught his eye. (Edith Gwynn)

Cheeks nutmegged with freckles (W. O. Mitchell) . . . Looking crisp and cool as if she had slept on mint leaves (Paul Ernst) . . . As relaxed as a poached egg on toast (Al Pierce radio show) . . . As clinging as a cobweb (Travis Mason) . . . Longer than a rainy week-end at the seashore (Walter Winchell) . . . Impatient soldiers overseas waiting for returnity (Frank E. Jones) . . . The neighbor's dog is a fox terror (Richard Marks)

Definition: A bachelor is a man who wouldn't take "yes" for an answer.

(*Family Circle*)

She left his bed and boredom (Walter Winchell)

After her first horseback ride, a young lady was heard to comment: "I never imagined anything filled with hay could ride so hard!" (Jean Tennyson)

Drying a widow's tears is one of the most dangerous occupations known to man (Dorothy Dix) . . . All she knows about cooking is how to bring a man to a boil (Gloria Kazanjian)

Cartoon quips: Girl after answering the telephone, "That's the fifth time today. Every time I think it's a date it's just another offer of a job!" (Irving Rorr in *PM*) . . . Young girl to ardent soldier: "Wilbur! Your good conduct medal is sticking me." (Arnie Mossler in *The Saturday Evening Post*)

She's see-worthy in her new bathing suit (Norman A. Taylor) . . . Women bathers are wearing just enough to cover where they should get tanned for wearing so little (Groucho Marx)

Sign in butcher shop: Please limit abuse to five minutes. (Bo Brown cartoon, *King Features Syndicate*)

Woolcott speaking: "I must get out of these wet clothes and into a dry martini."

TO THE FIRST CONTRIBUTOR OF EACH ACCEPTED ITEM of either Patter or Picturesque Speech a payment of \$25 is made upon publication. In all cases the source must be given. An additional payment is made to the author, except for items originated by the sender. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned, but every item is carefully considered.

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Learning How to Live

Condensed from Harper's Magazine • I. A. R. WYLLIE

MAKING three-score years and ten as a very handsome average of life, we have to subtract, as things go, 20 years of preparation for this world, and at least 30 more to what we call, oddly enough, "making a living." In our spare time we do what we can to live. But naturally it is not a success. And the day when we plan seriously to start living either never comes or it comes too late.

Medical science is extending active life into what was once old age. But we have not yet improved much on the belief of our ancestors that it is necessary to waste the first 20 years in a make-believe world preparing for a make-believe life. Cannot actual life be extended into the waste years of childhood?

My chief witness in support of my theory must be myself. When I was a girl of eight my father gave me a bicycle. And when I had learned to ride it — among the horse-buses of Regent Street — he put money in my purse and told me to go and have a look at the surrounding country. At the age of ten, except that I could read fluently and write after a fashion, I was quite uneducated. On the other hand, there was not a town or village within 50 miles of London that I did not know as I knew my own street. There were few inns or public houses where I had not been a guest.

At the age of 11 I set out with my bicycle, my bundle, a paternal blessing reinforced with a five-pound note, and came by devious ways to the University Arms, Cambridge, and there ordered my room and my dinner with the sang-froid of the seasoned traveler that I was. I remember that I stayed a week, spending my days exploring the country round and my evenings at the local theater and a traveling circus. I made many friends, in the course of my wanderings — mostly of a low-class male persuasion — and it was my special pride to "take on" the sturdiest cyclist and beat him on the steepest hills — a challenge that often ended amiably with bread and cheese shared at the nearest pub. As to my fellow creatures, not the scurviest tramp among them treated me other than with decent good fellowship.

When I was 12 my father, who evidently thought that it was time for me to spread my wings, gave me 100 pounds and a round-trip ticket to Norway. Until quite recently I possessed my diary of that adventure. The spelling was atrocious, the observations vivid and expressed with a simplicity and force of which subsequent education, alas, deprived me. I chose to stop off at Trondheim. As usual, I had made friends with my fellow travelers and, more especially,

with a youth who, misled by my precocity and encouraged by my apparently unprotected state, had had to be firmly snubbed. My knowledge of life, however, gave me a cool and complete control over the situation, and he became as a consequence an excellent playfellow. Indeed, touched by his respectful attitude, I wandered down from my hotel at midnight to say good-bye to him and to certain of the crew and passengers, and subsequently lost my way home. Since I had forgotten the name of my hotel, I spent the night exploring the docks and streets of Trondheim and only with the dawn stumbled on my headquarters. It was the only time I can remember feeling faintly disconcerted.

In the intervals between my travels I read and wrote. I produced several newspapers and wrote uncouth short stories. I read everything I could lay my hands on — Shakespeare, Thackeray, Dickens, Meredith, du Maurier, Wilde, Dante, and all the vulgar comics of the day. I devoured cheap candy and *The Heavenly Twins* — a scandalous novel long since forgotten — and thus made acquaintance with “The Wages of Sin.” I perused the British Museum and wrote a textbook (unpublished) on the Ptolemies. I visited the theaters, coming home at midnight with my own latch key. I saw Ellen Terry, Irving, Coquelin, and Bernhardt in their prime. I learned of injustice and corruption in high places through the *affaire Dreyfus* and became a passionate defender of that unfortunate gentleman.

Eventually I was sent to school and wasted several years acquiring

so-called knowledge which, like most educated people, I promptly forgot. Nevertheless, it was a useful experience. It revealed to me that there were queer people in the world and that I must be prepared to put up with them. Also that, from their point of view, I was rather queer myself. The intelligence of my fellow pupils seemed to me puerile. They might know the name of every river in England, but they couldn't cross the street without a nurse. They might be able to add and subtract but they had no idea of the value of money. They had never stood outside a pub in the rain, with sixpence in their pockets, debating the relative sustaining value of two poached eggs or a ham sandwich. They knew nothing of sex or bankruptcy or crime or politics or poverty, and nothing vital and real about art or literature.

After that interlude I resumed my own career. I worked, I wrote. I pitched my tent in Belgium and in Germany and traveled wherever I could get to on the strength of my earnings. By the time I was 20 I was self-supporting and, except for the friendship of my fellow creatures, self-sufficient. Most of the problems of life had been actual to me for ten years at least, so that I was not easily daunted or taken off my balance. My long acquaintance with the facts of sex, presented to me when I was detached enough to take them coolly and as a matter of course, gave me a peaceful adolescence. I knew the worth and the unimportance of money. I could start for Timbuktu without concern. I had sated my appetite for cheap candy and had begun to discriminate. I made the mistakes

inherent to my temperament, but I was saved from much second-hand thinking. And in 20 years I had traveled as far in life as many of my contemporaries would go in 40.

It is difficult to evaluate the benefits of those early days, but I feel that I have at least been alive since I was seven. And I flatter myself that when I come to die and move on to another sphere I shall be able to give my new fellow travelers a fair account of the place I came from.

Maturity is an artificial conception. I was called upon to be mature at ten, and in reason and common sense I became mature just as any average human being would do if given the chance. To begin real life at 15 or 20 is too late. It is out of proportion to the average length of life.

It will be argued that children handled as I was would run grave risks. But this depends largely on custom. If all ten-year-old children were treated as adults, they would run no more risk than they do now at 15 or 18, or whenever it is decided that they have become reasonable. But even as things stand, the risks are not appreciably greater than are normal anyway. Something might happen. But in any case something might happen, and one day must happen. The world is a dangerous if fascinating place, and to play perpetually for safety is as ridiculous as dodging lightning in a thunderstorm.

We have, in fact, only one real concern in life, to live—live dangerously since we must—but at any rate all the time that fate allows us.

Little Girl, What Now -- ?

AFTER being rescued from a Jap prison camp, homeward-bound survivors of Corregidor stopping off at Brisbane, Australia, discovered that they had accumulated more than two years' back pay. Thirty-five of them joined by several other Yanks and Aussies, decided to spend some of the unexpected wealth on a real celebration. But party-wise hotel managers shook their heads sadly—no space was available for such a gathering.

Then one night shortly before their departure they met a stranger who not only owned a hotel, he wanted to sell it. The price—about \$3600, divided among more than 40 boys—came to less than \$90 each. So they bought the hotel and the party lasted for three nights and two days. The third morning the boys emerged tired and triumphant, but a little puzzled as to what to do with their purchase.

Just then a pretty blonde started up the block in their direction. They looked at her, at one another, then nodded solemnly. As she came along, the first man planted a resounding kiss on her cheek and passed her on to the next. One by one each man gave her a similar token of his admiration—then they gave her the hotel.

—It Gail M. Raphael in *The Saturday Evening Post*

Why reconstruction of the destitute Continent is as important to America and peace as was military victory

EUROPE: *From Freedom to Want*

CONDENSED FROM FORTUNE

EUROPE was prepared to outlive defeat and betrayal, Nazis and quislings. It was not prepared for its ultimate ordeal, how to survive liberation. For liberated Europe is fed, clothed and sheltered worse even than under German occupation.

Europe's want seems universal and bottomless. It has a thousand faces; it is as petty as lack of matches, as humiliating as lack of soap, as heart-breaking as a child's cry for bread. Even in regions where food is relatively ample, as in Normandy, the people are destitute. The American Quakers, again at war with suffering, made a meticulous survey of Normandy five months after invasion. Their conclusions add up to a mosaic of petty hell.

Abundance of food. No pots or stoves. All remaining trucks and cars demobilized for utter lack of fuel and tires. No window glass. No shoes or blankets. Hundreds of thousands of people without a change of underwear.

The roof went down over Normandy: of Le Havre's 18,000 houses, 11,000 completely razed; 450 of 765 villages in the Calvados department completely destroyed; in Aunay-sur-Odon not one house left; in the village of La Hogue — "not a single living soul. In the evening you could still smell the rotting corpses and beasts

not yet buried." This was Normandy, where peasants had cream and butter. This was Normandy, liberated.

Last winter, even if they had known in Paris how to get butter from Normandy, they would not have known how to keep it from turning rancid: there was a shortage of salt. There was not enough salt to preserve *charcuterie*, the Parisian stand-by meat dish. There was no sugar to sweeten the coffee, but neither was there coffee to be sweetened. Last January the total Parisian ration equaled 1300 calories daily — 500 calories less than what it had been under the Nazis.*

Paris was hungrier than at any time since they ate the rats of 1870. (The rats of 1944 were cats. Thirty thousand of them are said to have disappeared in Paris. The black market got \$6 per cat — meat, fur and all.) Paris, colder than she had been any other winter of the war, lacked clothing, drugs, and even light for operations. Infant mortality was the highest since reliable records had been kept. "The French nation is imperiled," a French newspaper tersely summarized a few weeks ago. Its name, by the way, is *Liberation*.

What happened to France in 1944 happened, or is going to happen, to

*The United States consumed last year 3367 calories per day per person.

all of Europe. When governments of liberation step into territory that has for years been exposed to German social engineering, three gigantic booby traps are set to explode under their feet: production collapses, distribution collapses, currency collapses.

• Every country's production had been geared to an intricate system of German demands and supplies. Every country's distribution system had become dependent on unified continental transportation. Allied invasion and German wreckage decimated the rolling stock. Currencies collapse because this is all currencies can do when production and distribution go to pieces — particularly the sort of currencies bequeathed by German occupation forces.

The result of this threefold collapse is the black market. However, not even the black market can perform miracles: it cannot sell goods that have not been produced, and it cannot sell to people who lack purchasing power. And in all liberated Europe, industrial production is paralyzed, unemployment at an all-time high. France may soon have 3,000,000 people on the dole — half of her industrial labor force. France, like all of liberated Europe, does not know how to square a supremely vicious circle: there is no transportation to supply dilapidated plants with unobtainable raw materials.

Yet France is faring better than Belgium. The Belgian people are undernourished, in dire need of animal proteins. Their splendid textile factories are locked up, lacking imports of raw materials, though Europe needs clothing perhaps even more urgently than food. Belgian coal

mines produce a small fraction of their capacity because pit props are practically unavailable.

The people in the Netherlands are close to utter starvation. Last February the official daily ration in Amsterdam had dropped to 320 calories a day. And the land itself has been partly corroded. Where sea water has flooded cultivated land, years of sweat will have to undo what the salt did to the earth in a few weeks.

But in the Balkans and in Poland man has hurt man more cruelly than the sea could ever hurt the land. These had been the areas of least industrial contribution to the Nazi war machine, and they had been treated accordingly. Here the Germans just took and took — grain for their home reserves, cattle for their stockades, women for their brothels. And liberation misery was equally direct and uninhibited. In the west the Allies at least tried to land civilian supplies with the invading forces, but the liberators of Poland and Yugoslavia lived partly on the land.

Russian soldiers in Poland are allowed to send home 11-pound packages of food. In Yugoslavia the prolonged campaigns of the Partisans looked to the peasants pretty much like never-ending military forages for food. The country is emerging with utterly depleted livestock, completely devastated communications, and a dangerous surplus of currencies. The peasants of the fertile wheat area insist on barter — and there are no exchangeable goods. There are no matches, salt, needles, leather. Five hundred thousand destitute children who have survived their parents are roaming the country

half naked. The clothing of the whole population is hardly better; it has been estimated that 80 percent of all Yugoslavs are in rags.

Relief, if any, arrives in trickles. Poland remains a Russian responsibility, and the Russians' notions of relief are conditioned partly by their own country's hardships, partly by their remarkable political "realism" so seldom weakened by humanitarian sentimentalities. Last March the first UNRRA ship with supplies for Poland sailed after months of humiliating negotiations with the Soviet authorities. UNRRA, to obtain the privilege of getting food into Poland, finally appointed a Soviet citizen as its representative. The Russians do not share our ideas of charitable and indiscriminating relief.

Ironically, Athens, which for so many years has gone through the lowest depths of hell, is today one of the better-fed Continental cities. Even more ironically, the reasons for such a change of scene are anything but encouraging: the economic breakdown of Greece had become so final that the entire nation had to be put on relief.

Quantitatively, more has been done for Italy than for any other liberated territory. From July 1943 to the end of 1944, more than 2,000,000 tons of civilian supplies have been pumped into Italy (of which roughly one third was food-stuff). But to a nation as stricken as Italy all this does not even faintly resemble rehabilitation. The Italians have two popular ways of improving their official ration. One is the black market, which supplies two thirds of all food sold; the other is to line up

wherever GI chow is issued. Many an Italian lives on what U.S. soldiers leave on their plates.

To cope with the ruin Hitler has brought to all Europe, the United Nations have UNRRA. But the enthusiastic salvation dreams that swept America two years ago, when UNRRA received its franchise, are off. All governments, liberators and liberated, are firmly resolved to use rehabilitation as an instrument of national policy. To Continental governments, the kindly idea that relief should be kept out of politics sounds about as understanding as a suggestion to keep revolutions out of politics. The realities of rehabilitation are far from adding up to a higher and international form of life.

To make European rehabilitation a success, three things must be available: supplies, shipping and, above all, an American rehabilitation policy.

What are, first of all, Europe's food requirements? Food imports of 9,000,000 tons, submits the National Planning Association, should cover Europe's relief needs during the first year of rehabilitation. Such quantities might be available, theoretically at least. U.S. wheat reserves at the end of this season are estimated at around 10,000,000 tons, those of other leading wheat exporters at 11,500,000 tons. Europe's rock-bottom requirements in meats and fats are far from unmanageable. Meat requirements are estimated at 600,000 tons—less than seven percent of the meat the U.S. civilian population consumed in 1944.

Even if minimum food supplies are instantly available, shipping space is not. And suppose all these millions of

tons of supplies could be hauled across the seas; suppose Europe's shattered ports could handle such quantities; suppose, finally, financial and currency considerations were entirely discarded — then there still would remain the biggest stumbling block of them all: the utterly disorganized intra-European communication system.

Europe is not just hungry. The entire economic system of a great continent has to be reconstructed during the next year or two, one way or another. The job must be done either on grounds of Christian duty or on grounds of self-preservation. What to do for Europe's rehabilitation, and how to do it, may turn out to be the most momentous policy decision this country has had to make since it entered the war.

The unprecedented job requires unprecedented effort and clarity of purpose on America's part. Even America's economic might is not unlimited. But every particle of our contribution can be so invested that it produces a maximum of curative effect. These, then, seem to be the elements of a thoughtfully realistic U. S. policy:

1. Europe's agriculture can supply practically all its needs, if and when transportation and, above all, the peasant's faith in the market system are restored. Still, initial food supplies are needed with the utmost urgency. Since we cannot provide all requirements, we should direct our limited contribution to the least self-sufficient region of the Continent — to western Europe.

2. One thousand tons of machinery and 10,000 tons of strategic raw

materials will combat Europe's destitution more effectively than 100,000 tons of food. If the gigantic supply machinery of our armed forces is left behind to reconstruct western Europe, the interests of America may be better served than if it were shipped home.

3. The reconstruction of Europe's industry depends on sane economic interrelations within widest possible areas and on stable currencies. Neither can be established unless western Europe quickly moves toward some sort of unification. An American rehabilitation policy should deliberately strengthen the trend.

4. The size and the nature of the job require that America's contribution be administered by managerial talent of the highest order and authority.

An American rehabilitation policy, in short, has to apply the fundamental law of battle — to concentrate superior strength in selected crucial spots. The superior American forces are tools, raw materials and technological efficiency. The crucial spots have already been selected — by the Big Three.

Whether we like it or not, there will be two Europes — the Russian sphere and, roughly, western Europe. The Russian sphere will include all European countries (except Denmark) that normally produce more than their own food supplies. What might happen to western Europe has been described by a distinguished authority in these unequivocal terms: "In the British and American area of occupation the conditions for the people will be those of a sweatbox, to say it politely. Russia will not let

any food pass west from the surplus areas she occupies."

If the social fiber of industrial western Europe continues to deteriorate, paupers will follow the pull of Continental food and head east. If her rehabilitation results in prosperity, western Europe will merge with what has been called the Atlantic Community. It is America's vital interest to underwrite the latter alternative.

There is little doubt that Russian Europe will be able to manage for itself. But both the future of international peace and that of American

enterprise depend on how well the other half of Europe can manage. And this depends on the sort of ignition the United States will apply to a machine that went dead.

The United States did not accept the lack of materials and shipping as apology for not winning the war. Both shortages were licked in grand style, simply because the war had to be won. If the United States realizes the urgency of the job, shortages will be licked again, simply because the rehabilitation of Europe is just as important to this country as the liberation of Europe.

And So to Press

» WESTBROOK PEGLER tells how his father once got a scoop on a story about an absconding bank president in Chicago: "He just walked into a meeting where examiners were going over the papers, laid his stick and gloves on the table and said, 'Well, gentlemen, let us get down to business.' Somehow the examiners thought he was the banker's lawyer, and the lawyers thought he was an examiner -- until he got up to catch an edition. Then someone asked, 'And whom do you represent?' 'Hearst's Chicago *American*,' said my father, and bowed out."

—*Time*

» THE LATE Eddie O'Brien, New York police reporter, had an imagination which could rise to glorious heights. One Christmas Eve when police reporters were celebrating with a keg of beer, they were disgruntled to hear the fire bell sound a two-alarm fire on the waterfront — an event demanding their presence. But O'Brien came to the rescue. Reaching for the phone, he called the watchman on the burning pier. "Hello," he said, in deep ministerial tones, "this is Commander Brown of the Salvation Army. Would you mind summoning the Fire Chief to the phone?"

When the Chief was on the wire O'Brien continued, "This is Commander Algernon Brown. Would your heroic firemen like some steaming coffee and biscuits? We just learned about the fire. Two dead? How unfortunate. A four-story brick building facing the water? Under control. Wonderful! The fireboats aided I presume? Wonderful! The hot coffee is on the way. What — ?" O'Brien cupped his hand over the phone, turned to the reporters: "He's getting wise. Sing 'Onward Christian Soldiers,' boys! Sing!" Then while the heroic melody resounded through the office O'Brien obtained the remaining details of the fire.

—Contributed by Irving Spiegel

The hottest market tip today is—don't gamble in stocks!

There's a New Boom in Wall Street—

By

SYLVIA F. PORTER

Financial Columnist

New York Post

WHIPPED UP by the scandalous operations of tipsters and unscrupulous "advisers," the securities markets of America are booming again. The public is back in Wall Street on a scale not seen for 16 years, trading millions of shares on the basis of rumors, hunches and impulses. Once again, cat-and-dog stocks are swinging through sensational gyrations—rising 100 percent in ten days, then collapsing. Wall Street, in short, is enjoying prosperity—but it doesn't like it at all!

The New York Stock Exchange is frankly scared, for it knows a boom based on widespread public speculation must inevitably lead to a bust in which millions of innocent Americans will be ruined. And it knows too that if this happens Wall Street will be damned. "Another 1929" would bring regulations so rigid that free trading would be just a memory.

"We don't want race-track money," says Emil Schram, president of the New York Stock Exchange, "and our country and our exchanges will be better off if those who 'play' the stock market on the basis of tips will stay out!"

The Securities & Exchange Commission, set up after the last disaster

to police the stock markets, is alarmed because it knows that hordes of credulous citizens are being lured into reckless speculation. It knows that when they get wiped out—as they will be—the SEC will be blamed for having failed to prevent the debacle.

The Treasury, the Federal Reserve Board, the OPA and other federal agencies are concerned because they fear the holders of 45 billions of dollars of war bonds may start cashing them and putting money in the stock market. This would set off a roaring fire of inflation.

The situation is at the danger point. Trading in stocks listed on the "big board" in New York so far in 1945 is almost double the volume in the same period of 1944, more than triple the total of 1942. Odd-lot deals—of less than 100 shares—have doubled in recent months. It's the little fellow who usually plays around with blocks of 20 and 30 shares. Almost half of the trading has been in stocks selling between \$1 and \$20, which the inexperienced gambler always prefers because he can get more paper for his cash. Margin trading is more than twice what it was in 1942. That means the gullible

who try to make a killing on borrowed money are back.

Prices of New York Stock Exchange seats have quadrupled from the war's low mark. The 1254 stocks listed on the "big board" have a total market value about four times their value during the depression. Day-to-day averages are hitting the highest levels in seven years. Every month, brokers are opening new branch offices through the country.

To its consternation, the New York Stock Exchange is being bombarded with such letters as this: "I am 40, a salesman, have three little children. I have \$4000 of life savings I want to invest. Please tell me the name of a cheap stock which is going up." A New York house, which handles ten percent of all Stock Exchange trading, has just set up a special department to work on the new accounts of service men and veterans. The evidence is unmistakable. A speculative boom and bust -- are in the making.

Night clubs, railroad smoking cars and cigar counters buzz with tips. One rumor was that Communist Russia was going to pay off the \$75,000,000 of Czarist Russia's bonds held here. The tip whooped the price up to 80 times the prewar quotation. Then the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury announced: "No negotiations have been started, none are considered, none will be started to our knowledge. The American public is a sucker for a lot of rumors." Promptly the Russian bonds skidded back. The innocents had been cleaned out again.

The irresponsible tipster, the unscrupulous investment "adviser," is Wall Street's curse and the public's

major financial enemy today. I have watched one "adviser" whose technical qualifications are dubious expand within 18 months from a one-room office to a whole floor in a plushy business building. I have seen inexperienced clerks writing up his bulletins.

Shocking though it may seem, no agency, official or private, has any real power over the tipsters. The Stock Exchange has warned its own members that "unsubstantiated reports of any character must not be repeated by those who represent our firms." But it cannot control non-members. The SEC can act only when it has proof of fraud. Lacking such proof, it cannot even inspect the books of registered investment advisers. The various state agencies and Better Business Bureaus can investigate on complaints of deception. But by the time they are called in, it is usually too late.

The most scandalous tipsters specialize in Canadian gold mining stocks quoted in cents per share. Americans on the sucker lists are tempted daily with bulletins, telegrams and telephone calls, urging them to "BUY AT ONCE!" to make unbelievably big profits. Millions of dollars already have been lost. Millions more will be lost. The United States and the Dominion negotiated a treaty to control this activity three years ago, but the document is still unratified.

The little speculator can't reach the top-rated advisory firms, for he hasn't enough money to interest them. Besides, they would quickly deflate his hopes of an overnight fortune. So, in his greed and naiveté,

is the perfect prey for the disreputable fringe of "servicēs" offering cheap advice, promises of get-rich-quick, plenty of action and glamour.

Few of the better advisers are successful themselves. Of the 90 published predictions of William Peter Hamilton, major sponsor of the famous Dow Theory of forecasting stock prices, 45 were successful and 45 were unsuccessful. I have known for a long time a columnist whose stock market advice is widely read. He never takes his own advice any more. He has been cleaned out too many times himself. In short, the little fellow probably would make out better if he picked stocks at random.

Bernard Baruch, who was one of the most successful speculators in stocks, remarked: "If you are ready to give up everything else — to study the whole history and background of the market and all the principal companies whose stocks are on the board as carefully as a medical student studies anatomy — if you can do all that, and, in addition, you have the cool nerves of a great gambler, the sixth sense of a kind of clairvoyant, and the courage of a lion, you have a ghost of a chance."

The situation has a frightening significance, for never before have so many factors combined to spell 'Danger Ahead.' There are more than 14,000,000 stockholders, almost double the 1929 total. There are 80,000,000 owners of war bonds, millions of whom are finding out about securities for the first time. The boom of the '20's was based in part on the purchases of stocks by people shifting out of their first World War Liberty

Bonds into the securities of private corporations. The bust of 1929 followed automatically from that wild orgy of uninformed speculation.

Fully aware of all this, private and Government agencies already have taken several steps to protect us from our own ignorance. The Federal Reserve Board has raised the requirements for buying stocks on borrowed cash; a buyer must now put up at least \$500 of his own money to buy \$1000 of stock. Under new regulations of the New York Stock Exchange and the New York Curb Exchange no person can borrow on stocks quoted at \$10 or less. These cheap issues must be bought outright. The SEC has asked Congress for power to tell investment advisers what books and records they must keep as "appropriate in the public interest," and for the right to inspect those books.

Even more drastic moves are under consideration, involving the elimination of all credit on stocks, the levying of prohibitive taxes on speculative profits, the close policing of firms and individuals in the securities business.

But no one can help such men as the one who walked into a brokerage office the other day and said he wanted to invest his entire savings in some worth-while, moderate-priced securities.

"He spent the whole morning going over a list with me," the broker said later. "But on the way out he met another customer, a complete stranger, who whispered to him, 'X stock is hot!' In no time at all he was back at my desk with an order to put his money into 'X'. I'm a securities specialist and I don't even know what 'X' Company does."

How the Army is teaching blinded soldiers to walk and work
with complete confidence

They

Condensed from *The Saturday Evening Post*

ARLINE BRITTON BOUCHER and JOHN LEO TEHAN

THE young soldier was walking across a field where he had never been before. Suddenly he asked his companion, "Isn't there a small house about 35 feet away to the right?" There was. The soldier who asked the question was totally blind.

At Old Farms Convalescent Hospital in Avon, Conn., the Army is training its permanently blinded veterans to use a kind of second sight — the age-old "sixth sense of the blind," called facial vision, or sound perception. The soldier had had only two sessions of the training when he "saw" the little house.

Some measure of such "vision" has long been practiced by the blind, and nearly everybody has had the experience of walking in the dark and sensing the presence of some obstacle just before colliding with it. But the Army's scientific instruction in the use of this sense is the first ever attempted.

Last August the training of blinded men was begun at Avon under the direction of Dr. Jacob Levine, consulting psychologist. A former research fellow at Harvard University, Dr. Levine first began to investigate sound perception after watching bats

in flight. Two scientists in a neighboring laboratory were studying the way in which bats — so traditionally weak-sighted that they occasioned the simile "blind as a bat" — could fly through a maze of hanging wires without bumping into them, even when their eyes were mechanically blinded.

The bats made no detectable sound as they flew. However, a high-frequency analyzer, which amplifies sounds inaudible to the human ear, was used. Then a wild cacophony of shrill notes was heard. The sound waves sent off by the bats' cries were reflected from the hanging wires and guided the bats away from them. When the bats were hindered from sounding their cry, or when their ears were blocked, they flew unwillingly and clumsily, frequently colliding with the wires. Here was a phenomenon parallel to radar, the science of location through electronic waves.

Since sound perception such as the bat's is present to a lesser degree in man, it could be trained, Dr. Levine argued, with highly practical results for the blind. Already these results are amazing.

In the chapel building at Avon,

blind youths in uniform "watch" Dick, a blind comrade, as he walks slowly toward a movable screen. He clicks a small snapper as he advances. Suddenly he stops.

"I can feel the screen—about 15 feet in front of me," he calls. An instructor measures the distance. Just 15 feet.

"How can he possibly tell where the screen is?" asks Bob, a new trainee.

Overhearing his question, Dick answers, "It's easy. Just try. Here's the snapper."

Hesitantly, Bob starts walking. About a yard from the screen he cries out, "Why, there's something there! I can feel it right ahead!"

"How can you tell?" Dick repeats Bob's earlier question.

"It feels as if something were coming toward me," Bob answers. "Like some kind of pressure hitting me in the face."

"You've got it all right, Bob," the instructor says. "What makes you aware of that screen is sound reflection. The sound waves sent off by your snapper and by the tread of your feet are reflected from the screen. After you've developed this facial vision a bit, you'll find it's a constant protection."

Degree of facial vision differs with the individual. Some men can detect the presence of a tree or wall 35 feet away. Many can locate such difficult low obstacles as fire hydrants, ash cans, or chairs by moving the head from side to side, animal fashion, to receive the sound waves. Most men find their facial vision sharpest at night, when there is less noise—a distracting element. The

worst enemy is snow, often called "the blind man's fog," because it deadens sound waves.

One of the men describes facial vision "like a shadow passing across my face." All agree that the sensation passes across the forehead, and that conscious, persistent effort is needed to develop it. As one trainee observes, "you'll never develop facial vision by just sitting around and waiting for it to happen."

Training begins almost immediately after the trainee arrives at Avon, and continues until the man has developed facial vision to his maximum capacity, which generally takes about a month. With the arrival of facial vision self-confidence usually reappears, and the man is ready for the complex program of readjustment.

The routine miracle of readjustment, physical, mental and spiritual, is typified in Bob's case. Four months ago everything was finished for him. His career as a musician, begun promisingly with a bachelor's degree from the conservatory, was shattered when a land-mine explosion destroyed his sight and injured his hearing. In his depression his thoughts turned to suicide. "I'm no good to anyone now—the Army or myself," he told the doctors, "so why can't they let me out?"

But the Army had other plans for Bob. To a picturesque wooded spot in Avon at the foot of the rolling Berkshire Hills, formerly the site of a boys' prep school, Bob went with other blinded soldiers and was enrolled for 18 weeks of an adjustment more complete and more important than any in his basic-training days.

Today Bob is ready for life again.

In this brief time he has made the tremendous transition from the hopelessness of the newly blind to faith in the future and himself. Having brushed up on his music at the Hartford School of Music, he will now go to a Cleveland conservatory for his master's degree. After that there is a good job teaching music theory and harmony lined up for him. And he is composing on the side.

"I'm not worried any more," he says confidently. "Blindness doesn't mean the end of everything. With a little help, I know I can do as well as if I had sight. It can be a new beginning to life, a fresh start."

To effect such changes in outlook, all the resources of modern psychology, education and social understanding are used at Avon.

"A major factor in all readjustment from military to civilian life is the psychological," says Colonel Frederic H. Thorne, commanding officer and a top-flight ophthalmologist. "But this adjustment seems impossible to the blind soldier, whose basic sense of security has been snatched from him with the loss of his sight. Starting him with training in facial vision, we try to bridge the gap by finding out what he likes to do, what he is able to do, then fit him to do it."

Bob's case shows how this works out. Arriving in Hartford by train, he and his companions are met by an equal number of orientors, one of whom is assigned to each trainee. As the soldier gets off the train, his cane is taken away. "We don't use them at Avon," the orientor says. "And in a few days you'll be getting around

so easily a cane would just be in your way."

It is the orientor's job to help Bob regain his physical and psychological equilibrium — a task requiring endless patience, tact and interest. Bob would prefer to stay in his own room, where he has complete privacy. Instead, the orientor suggests they walk around to get an idea of the place. He does not take Bob's arm, merely walks beside him, guiding him with his voice. As they walk, the backs of their hands just touch.

In one building is a miniature model of the school, which Bob inspects with his hands, feeling the wooden buildings, the sand-paper paths and the bits of shot representing trees. The idea is to make the soldier so independent in familiar surroundings that he no longer needs the help of rope fences or dogs.

The trainee's first unaided walk is from the building where the model is to the mess hall and back, about 200 yards. At no time is he allowed to count his steps, once the accepted method of orienting the blind. Instead, he notices the feel of the walk against his feet, the difference between pavement, grass and cinder path. He becomes aware of how the muscles in his legs feel after walking various distances, how they feel in climbing or descending stairs. He is then able to judge how far he has gone and what sort of terrain he is covering.

Soon he has learned the way so thoroughly that he walks firmly, head erect, shoulders back, with an easy stride. Watching him, you would not guess that he is blind.

Now that his reorientation is pro-

gressing, he is ready for the psychological and manual tests which will reveal his abilities and preferences. One trainee's tests showed him to have great manual dexterity. Under the plan worked out with a score of manufacturing companies in Connecticut, he was given a chance to operate a complex machine in a nearby factory, and proved such a good worker that the head of the plant has asked him to come back as a permanent employe after his discharge.

Connecticut industrialists, a bit reluctant at first, are enthusiastic about the trainees. The men do many jobs—grinding, milling, inspecting, threading, drilling. Their accident record is negligible, because they have learned to be cautious before they even start work.

The vital self-confidence is restored through many channels. Tom, a 20-year-old staff sergeant blinded by a sniper's bullet, was thoroughly discouraged at first. One day he decided to start a newspaper. When he became the first editor of the *Quadrangle Review*, a six-page weekly now produced entirely by the trainees, Tom quickly regained his natural leadership qualities. An outstanding example of good readjustment, he is preparing to enter the University of Chicago.

Courses in farming are popular. Trainees gain firsthand experience on farms, handling cattle and poultry, planting and harvesting vegetables with special agricultural tools.

Behind all the courses is the idea that with training and confidence there is little a blind man cannot do. Courses in public speaking, psychol-

ogy and handwriting bolster poise. Many of the trainees find an emotional outlet in music.

A dreaded adjustment, at first, is the social. "I can stand everything except having people feel sorry for me," says one boy. But the informal recreational program soon brings the welcome knowledge that a man can still have a good time. Many are regular passengers on the evening bus to Hartford, where they attend private parties, dances and movies. The sports program includes diving and swimming, fishing and rowing, ice and roller skating, basketball, riding. Bicycles built for two provide fun and restore balance.

The trainees' fear of being conspicuous is overcome by classroom practice in boarding or getting off an exact duplicate of bus steps.

Trainees are proudest of their lack of difference from the sighted. A high school boy came out to the hospital one day to present a radio which he and his classmates had bought from their savings. The lad chatted with two of the trainees as they set up the radio. Then someone asked, "Anything you'd like to do before you go?"

"Yes, sir," said the lad "I'd like to talk to one of the blind soldiers."

"You've been talking to two of us for half an hour," a trainee told him. The boy's amazement, quickly reported over the hospital, caused more delight than the radio.

Among themselves, the men refer to their handicap casually. "What's the matter— are you blind?" Or "Give me carrots for lunch; they're good for the sight." But the men are sensitive to an unintelligent attitude in others. "No matter how well a

man readjusts at Avon," says Lieutenant William A. Jameson, Jr., public relations officer, "everything can be ruined if the home folks don't understand. Sometimes things are made too easy for him or his family won't let him do what he is perfectly able to do. Just stand by, and help only when he asks you. Don't watch him apprehensively, expecting him to bump into things. His facial vision will usually save him." Once you have helped him locate and memo-

rize the objects in each room, he will be just as independent as he was in the familiar surroundings at Avon.

When the men are ready to leave, each trainee receives a certificate of adjustment signed by Colonel Thorne. "This indicates," the Colonel says, "that the man is fully equipped to get along on his own, with a minimum of well-placed help. Armed with the self-confidence of his facial vision and special training, he stands on the threshold of life again."



Generally Speaking

» GENERAL George S. Patton, Jr., is said to have received a message from headquarters asking him to be less jocular in his reports since they would become a part of recorded history, and ending with orders to by-pass Trier as it would take four divisions to capture the city. But when the message arrived, the story continues, Trier had already fallen. General Patton replied: "Have taken Trier with two divisions. Do you want me to give it back?"

— Contributed by Brooks E. Mills

» GENERAL Dwight D. Eisenhower was telling Churchill that British Tommies were having a good influence toning down GI exuberance. As Churchill beamed, a GI rushed in. "General, can I borrow your jeep?" Eisenhower calmed Churchill's agitation by saying, "See what I mean? A year ago he wouldn't have asked."

— AP •

Hare Apparent

IN *Harvey*, this season's Pulitzer Prize-winning play, the main character is Mr. Dowd, a genial tippler who meets up in alcoholic fancy with a large rabbit, whom he thereafter enjoys as a sympathetic, boon companion. Asked by a psychiatrist how he happened to meet Harvey, Mr. Dowd casually answers: "I just helped Ed Hickey into a taxi and I started to walk down the street when I heard a voice saying, 'Good evening, Mr. Dowd.' I turned and there was this six-foot rabbit leaning up against a lamppost." When the psychiatrist inquires whether he didn't think this rather peculiar, Mr. Dowd says no, he didn't. "I thought nothing of it because when you have lived in a town as long as I have lived in this one, you get used to the fact that everybody knows your name."

—George Jean Nathan in *The American Mercury*

Life in These United States



They stood close together in the hotel elevator. He was distinguished-looking, slightly gray at the temples, she was small and blonde. He smiled down at her and the light that flared in her blue eyes was something to remember. As the elevator stopped at their floor, the operator, who had been watching the little drama, ventured boldly, "Just married?"

"Yes," replied the tall man. At the door he added, "Sixteen years ago."

—G. CONYAL LOCKHART (*Berkeley, Calif.*)



WHEN I called at the federal bureau of immigration in Los Angeles to find out what formalities were necessary for a trip to Mexico City, the official assured me there would be no difficulty in getting into Mexico, but that coming back might be more complicated. One of his first questions concerned my birth certificate.

I explained that I was born in Charleston, S. C., but the city had not taken cognizance of my arrival.

After hearing my little speech the official smiled and said, "Lady, in ordinary cases I advise people to get birth certificates before starting. But in your case — when they come to question you you just keep right on talking. With that accent of yours they *can't* keep you out of the United States."

—KATHARINE BALL RILEY (*Charleston, S. C.*)



I HAD GONE to Tim Pond, Maine, for a vacation — a spot reached from the highway by seven miles of atrocious road. A down-Easter sat beside me on the grass where I was untangling my fish line.

There was a long comfortable silence. "So you're from New York," he said finally.

Then after a few moments, he took his pipe out of his mouth and spat. "Folks want to know why I don't fix up this

buckboard road. I'll tell ya. If I did, I'd git a lot of automobile folks, and they'd bring more. Give folks good food and good care and they keep a-coming back. I'd have to build more cabins, and I'd git to making more money than we could spend. The wife and boy'd want I should start a hotel out to Bigelow. Feed 'em and care for 'em and they'll keep coming. I'd git to making more money than I could use in Bigelow, so I'd have to go down to Portland. Folks ain't any different there. So I'd have to start a hotel down to Boston. They tell me when a Boston man gits more money than he can spend in Boston he goes down to New York." There was another pause then. "What in hell's beyond New York?"

—BUCKS JOHNSON (*As Much As I Dare* 41) *and*
Recollection (Ives Washington)



TRAMPING down the railroad track one hot Kansas day many years ago I was hoping to catch a freight out of the next town. In the damp shade beneath a water tank, an old hobo sat. "Going east, son?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "All the way."

"Don't do it."

"Why not?"

"I won't do any good for me to tell you why not. Just take the advice of an older man: don't do it. You'd not believe me if I told you. Even when you see it you won't believe it."

"What won't I believe?"

"You will see people *unworking* — to work!"

—GARY GARRITE (*Fuckah* 57)



WHEN we moved to a little Cape Cod village, we were called on by the weathered Yankee who made a business of removing the inhabitants' garbage. I asked what his charges would be.

"Twenty-five cents a week."

"Can we make an arrangement by the month?" I asked.

"Yup. You kin. By the month, it'll be a dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half? But that's more than it would come to at the weekly rate!"

"Yup. I know it. The extry is fer bein' tied down."

—ALAN DEVOI (Hillsdale, N. Y.)

★

LEAVING a little restaurant in a North Carolina mountain town, we thanked the proprietress for her many kindnesses to two Yankee strangers. "Lady," she said, "you don't owe me no thanks. I ain't done a thing but what pleased me. And strangers? Why, I never met a stranger in my life!"

—MRS. V. DAWSON (Woodstock, N. Y.)

★

ON A jammed Boston streetcar, a man stood beside a woman having difficulty keeping her balance in the swaying crowd. Before them sat a husky youth of 14 or 15, oblivious to her plight. Flinging him with mounting indignation, the man finally said, "I'll give you a quarter for that seat." When the boy promptly accepted the coin, the man indicated that the woman was to take the seat.

"Oh, no," was her startled reply, "you take it."

"Madam, I don't want to sit down. I merely wish to give this boy a lesson in manners."

The woman sat down gingerly, casting a troubled look at the boy and her benefactor. Then she beamed and settled back contentedly, saying, "Benny, thank the gentleman for his quarter."

"I already did, Ma," came the reply.

—THOMAS C. HIGGINS (Chelsea, Mass.)

★

MY WIFE and I, vacationing in the Ozarks, were visiting the sites of several mines my father had engineered years before. At Advance, Ark., we were asking the best trail to take through the woods,

when a friendly native offered his mule for "the Missus" to ride. I confided that we were expecting a baby and therefore couldn't accept his offer.

The old fellow looked at me in mild astonishment, then said, "Why, the only time I ever let my old woman ride the mule is when she's expectin'."

—R. W. RUSSELL (St. Louis County, Mo.)

DURING our train's ten-minute stop-over at a small southern town, my husband and I walked over to a snack bar. Inside we saw steaming pots of creamed chicken, spoon bread, pork chops creole, and other tempting dishes. "May we have two creamed chickens in a hurry?" my husband asked the motherly old lady behind the counter.

"Are you from the train?"

My husband nodded.

"No creamed chicken?"

"How about pork chops?"

"Not when you're on the train."

When asked what we could have, she replied seriously, "Cheese sandwiches. People with only ten minutes ain't sittin' here to gobble down food I spend all afternoon cookin'. I like folks to dawdle over my cookin' and appreciate it."

—FLORENCE SHAKATUM (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The Reader's Digest invites contributions to "Life in These United States"

FOR EACH anecdote published in this department, The Reader's Digest will pay \$200. Contributions must be true, revelatory or humorous unpublished human interest incidents, from your own experience or observation. Maximum length 300 words, but the shorter the better. Contributions must be typewritten, and cannot be acknowledged or returned. All published anecdotes become the property of The Reader's Digest Association, Inc. Address "Life in These United States" Editor, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y.

Does the snobbish fraternity and sorority system really belong in a democracy?

Heartache on the Campus

Condensed from
Woman's Home Companion
MRS. GLENN FRANK

A FEW weeks ago at a large mid-western university I talked with a student who had recently been released from the Army. The boy said he liked the school, his courses and his professors. There was one thing, however, he did not like. He had come to the university as a legacy to one of the leading fraternities, but after looking him over the fraternity brothers had not invited him to become a member.

"I guess the war has made me too old," he said, grinning, but for all his nonchalance I could see the hurt in his eyes. He had been cruelly snubbed. Right at the start of his college career he had discovered that

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*A Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Missouri, the author married her childhood sweetheart, Glenn Frank, noted editor who served as president of the University of Wisconsin from 1925 to 1937. During those years, she entertained scores of internationally famous people including Herbert Hoover, Cordell Hull, Frances Perkins, Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton. Since the tragic death of her husband and only son in an automobile accident in 1940, Mrs. Frank has devoted herself to war work in Chicago. Upon the appearance of this article in Woman's Home Companion, she was promptly expelled by the national chapter of her college sorority, but she has received more than 3000 letters, from every state in the Union, the great majority of which agree with her views.*

the very democracy for which he had fought did not exist at this university.

Reports of friction between returning veterans and the Greek letter societies come from many other colleges and universities supported by taxpayers' money. Young men who have been matured in the hard school of war are finding themselves the victims of a ridiculous and juvenile caste system. This should not be. It is time for our legislatures to enact laws abolishing college and high school fraternities and sororities from coast to coast.

To some people that may sound like a strong remedy for a comparatively minor evil. But I do not consider it minor. As a sorority woman and as the wife of the president of one of our largest state universities, I have had a close-up view of the Greek-letter societies. What I have seen has convinced me that any good which they accomplish is far outweighed by the unhappiness which they inflict upon thousands of young people, and by the class-consciousness, religious bigotry and race prejudice which they foment.

Only the other day I heard of a brilliant and beautiful girl who was kept out of a sorority because her



father happened to be a railroad engineer. "What a pity God couldn't have made him a doctor or a lawyer instead," one of the sorority members said; but, imbued with the snobbery of her group, she voted against the girl just the same.

High school fraternities and sororities are, if anything, even more brutal than the college societies which they imitate because they are unsupervised and they victimize students at an even more impressionable age. I realize that where high school fraternities and sororities have been suppressed they have sprung up again in sub-rosa form, but this can be prevented by requiring students to sign pledges against joining secret societies as is now done in the Milwaukee schools.

The cruelty of the method by which students are rushed and pledged to fraternities and sororities was first brought home to me through personal experience.

Before I left home to attend the university of my home state, Missouri, two of my mother's best friends said that since they had been Pi Phis they would write to the chapter recommending me. During my first hours at the university I was made to feel that sororities were the only thing that mattered. They were giving teas, luncheons and dinners. They were helping some freshmen to matriculate and escorting others around town — but only those freshmen, of course, about whom they had received letters.

The big event of the Pi Phi rushing program was an evening party at the chapter house where candidates were given a final once-over by the mem-

bers. I shall never forget that party. My pink-dotted mull dress and hair tied with a ribbon were all wrong, I felt, and I knew that one false move would bar me forever.

That night I wrote to Mother begging her to let me come home. I pleaded homesickness, not daring to tell her that I was a failure — because the Pi Phis apparently weren't going to ask me.

But one afternoon there was a call from the Pi Phi house. When I got there, one of the members pinned the colors on my dress. I was in! It was like a reprieve from death. I shall never forget the deep sense of inferiority which I felt when I thought I was not going to be pledged.

All this happened a long time ago, but the heartless and undemocratic methods used in selecting pledges have not changed, as I learned when my husband served his long term of office as president of the University of Wisconsin. Every autumn, there as at many colleges, would come a Sunday which seemed to me the saddest day of the year. It was the Sunday on which sororities sent out their invitations, and in boarding-houses all over Madison, hundreds of teen-age girls would be waiting tensely for bids which would never come. As dusk fell hope would die and many of those youngsters would cry themselves to sleep that night.

I know, moreover, that the injury thus inflicted upon the pride and self-respect of the student may all too often be lasting.

There is the case of Zona Gale, Wisconsin's most famous daughter. A short time before her death she told me how, more than 30 years

before, when she was a student at Wisconsin, she had wistfully watched the Delta Gammas starting off on picnics and had wished they would ask her to go with them. The old cut of being ignored by the sororities had never healed.

The scars which fraternities and sororities deal out to the thousands of students they turn down seem to me reason enough to condemn them. Even more sinister, however, are the religious bigotry and race prejudice which they foster. The dean of women at one of our large universities told me that Catholic girls were admitted to sororities there under a quota system. This quota does not compare with the percentage of Catholic girls at the university. The same system prevails at many other colleges and universities.

As for Jewish students, they are excluded generally. A few weeks ago I heard of a group of liberal-minded youths in one fraternity at an eastern college who, by threatening to resign all at once, forced this chapter to pledge a popular Jewish student. But it is the only case of the kind I have ever heard of. In most houses, anti-Semitism is almost a part of the ritual.

Why do we permit a cruel caste system to flourish in our public schools? One reason is the attitude of the parents. At a party recently, I talked with a number of mothers of teen-age children. Almost without exception they were more concerned about getting their sons and daughters into fraternities and sororities than getting them an education. Those women were not snobs. Most of them agreed that fraternities and sororities

are unkind and undemocratic. But, since these organizations existed, they wanted their children to belong to the best ones.

Among the most ardent exponents of the Greek-letter societies are the professional alumni who maintain that fraternities and sororities bestow a kind of magical polish upon the boys and girls who belong to them. During 25 years around college, I have never observed that the Greek-letter students acquired any better manners than the others; if they did it would be a petty gain indeed compared to the dangerous caste ideas they are likely to absorb.

The only valid argument which the defenders of the system can muster is that the abolition of fraternities and sororities would create a housing shortage at many schools. True, but why shouldn't state universities buy chapter houses outright and convert them into dormitories run under college management? It would be a cheap price to pay for the democratization of education.

The time for this democratization is now. Because of the war, 20 per cent of all fraternity chapters are inactive, and most of the others are depleted in membership. More important, the war veterans entering our colleges are bringing with them a more adult point of view. A man who has learned democracy in fox-holes does not mold so easily to the fraternity pattern as a teen-age boy right out of high school.

I talked recently with one wounded veteran whose viewpoint, I believe, is typical. Because of unusual heroism in action, three fraternities tried to pledge him when he entered college,

but he turned them all down. He told me he considered himself grown up and fraternities childish.

The Greek-letter societies cannot be laughed out of existence as they deserve to be. They are too deeply rooted. Concerted action by students, parents and educators will be needed before our legislatures can be ex-

pected to enact laws abolishing them

The most powerful agency for the preservation of democracy is the public school system, from primary grade through university. To make that system wholly worthy of what our boys are fighting for, we must wipe out fraternities and sororities while the time is ripe.

### *Messrs. Milquetoast*

» A MEER little man in a restaurant timidly touched the arm of a man putting on a coat. "Excuse me," he said, "but do you happen to be Mr. Smith of Newcastle?"

"No, I'm not!" the man answered impatiently.

"Oh—er—well," stammered the first man, "you see, I am, and that's his overcoat you're putting on."

—*Irish News*

» A RULE in the Capitol specifies that whenever a Senator enters an elevator he must be taken directly to his floor, with no in-between stops for other passengers. The other day, Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas got on at the Senate floor and asked to be taken to the basement. The only other passenger was an ineffectual-looking man who seemed on the verge of tears. The elevator operator, whose sympathies had obviously been aroused, turned to Capper and said: "Senator, would you mind if I let this gentleman off? He's had to ride with me for the last ten minutes!"

—George Dixon in *Cosmopolitan*

### *Plane to See*

AN ARMY general fresh from the states, inspecting a B-24 squadron at an advanced flying field, stopped at one of the planes. Its crew had lovingly painted on the nose of the plane a very shapely and voluptuous blonde with no clothing whatever. To them it was a work of art. But the general took one look and roared: "Put a dress on that woman!"

The crew promptly put their heads together, and the next day their beloved lady was clothed as per orders in a dress—a dress of cellophane.

—Contributed by Lt. Jesse L. Meredith, Jr., USNR

## *New chemical waterproofing methods that conquer mud*

Condensed from Chemistry • HARLAND MANCHESIER

**I**N A dozen states and in battle areas overseas are miles and miles of dirt roads and air strips that look quite ordinary — but behave as dirt never behaved before. They never get muddy! When it rains, the water slides off into the ditches or evaporates; it simply will not penetrate the surface.

The ground has been waterproofed by applying a small quantity of resinous material which is disked and rolled into a depth of a few inches. The Corps of Engineers, the Army Air Forces and the Navy have commandeered all of the chemical they can get. And at home the Civil Aeronautics Administration is testing the new process with a view to its postwar use on hundreds of small airports. State highway departments see a better future for our 2,000,000 miles of back roads on which travel is too light to justify the cost of paving. Dirt roads in Delaware, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, Panama and French Guiana have been fitted with this new chemical raincoat; a waterproofed dirt road near Hattiesburg, Miss., has remained dry and firm through several seasons of torrential rains. Heavy lorries pounded a dirt road in an English war-plant area for months, but it is mudless even in downpours.

It is too early to be sure how long the treatment will last, but experts

predict that in mild climates it will banish mud for many years. As an added dividend, the waterproofing will discourage grass and weeds on unpaved factory yards, railroad rights of way and clay tennis courts.

For pioneering in this new field, we are indebted to an émigré scientist. Dr. Hans Winterkorn, a saber-scarred Heidelberg alumnus who left Germany in 1931, got a teaching position at Missouri State University, and became a citizen. A soil expert, he found a challenge in Missouri mud, and got on the right track through an unrelated problem that arose in Florida. Citrus trees in certain irrigated groves there were dying; apparently the particular soil in which they had been planted would not absorb water. Dr. Winterkorn deduced that the soil contained a waterproofing agent; he followed up the clue, tested dozens of materials, and found that a number of resinous powders would waterproof surface soil when mixed with it in a ratio as low as one to 200.

Two years ago Princeton called Dr. Winterkorn to set up its Soil Science laboratory, which has led in developing new methods of soil stabilization. Industrial concerns have been working along similar lines. The Hercules Powder Company has developed a waterproofing resin from southern pine stumps. A

mixture of this resin and Portland cement is called Stabinol and the Government takes all that can be made. Search for other stabilizing agents goes on, most promising of all is a resin made of the waste liquor from paper pulp mills. In Tuscaloosa, Ala., Drs. C. B. I. Young and K. W. Coons have set up a plant to make this resin.

It would be a mistake to assume

that anyone can sprinkle any road with "magic powder" and forever end the mud nuisance. Soils must be analyzed and experts must apply the stabilizer. Alkaline and acid soils react differently. No known resin will waterproof sand, and of course, to stand up under heavy traffic, roads must be paved. But there remains a vast field of usefulness for the soil waterproofing process.

### *Counter Irritants*

» A MAN in a Santa Monica doughnut bar had just finished his second bite out of a doughnut when the waitress swooshed a cloth along the counter, pulling the cruller to the floor. "Hey," he said. "I had only two bites out of that sucker." Without batting an eyelash, the girl got a new doughnut, took two bites of it, and put the rest on his plate.

—C. W. Miller

» AT THE breakfast hour a waitress in a busy Chicago drugstore served coffee and toast to a patron. Ten minutes later she breezed in with his orange juice. The customer complained of the cockeyed sequence. "Are you married?" asked the waitress.

"Yes," said the customer. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Well," said the girl, "why don't you have breakfast at home?"

On

» VICTOR McLAGLEN stopped at a roadside chicken place en route to Hollywood from his ranch. After waiting 45 minutes for an order of half a fried chicken, McLaflen asked why the long delay. "We can't kill half a chicken," snapped the waitress. "We'll have to wait until someone orders the other half."

—Luskine Johnson, N.Y.

### *Rank Pride*

At a ship's store of a naval station, a young sailor was patiently waiting his turn to buy a present for his wife, a Navy nurse. A Navy wife elbowed her way ahead of him in line.

"Beg pardon, madam, I got here first."

The woman drew herself up. "My husband is an officer," she snapped. "What rank?"

"Ensign."

"Sorry," said the sailor, stepping ahead. "My wife's a lieutenant."

—This Week Magazine

"A three-star Admiral and a five-star guy," idolized by his fliers, he runs the hardest-hitting fighting team in history

# "PETE" MITSCHER, Boss of Task Force 58



Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

PAUL W. KEARNEY and BLAKE CLARK

TAKE one part Ernie Pyle and two parts Connie Mack, stir well, pour out on a flat-top — and you've got a reasonable facsimile of Vice-Admiral Marc A. Mitscher, commander of famous Task Force 58.

From news pictures the Admiral is known as a leather-faced sea dog in a baseball cap. "Pete" Mitscher is also the short, skinny, whisper-voiced guy who climbed aboard his new flagship early in 1944 with his shirt open at the collar, carrying a mystery thriller entitled *Send Another Coffin*. His boys in Task Force 58 took that title so much to heart that in their first 13 months they rolled up a score of 6650 Jap planes and 795 ships destroyed or damaged, plus incalculable destruction to shore installations.

As quarterback of the fastest, hardest-hitting fighting team in history, Vice-Admiral Mitscher has revolutionized carrier warfare. The carrier was originally considered a hit-and-run weapon. Mitscher reversed the technique. "Hit 'em — and stay," he reasoned. "After the boys have seen the target and the conditions, they can really polish it off."

Thus Task Force 58's 1500 planes

struck Tokyo last February 16, gave an encore on the 17th, and a return engagement nine days later when the Japs were confident he was a thousand miles away, reprovisioning. Three weeks later, in the most audacious move of the naval war up to that time, 58 was back for a three-day, 1400-plane attack on Kobe and points south, sailing to within 60 miles of the Jap coast. On this strike, TF 58 destroyed more than 1000 Jap planes, crippled 17 ships, and wound up by supporting our landings on Okinawa.

"The directing genius of all this fury is the antithesis of Hollywood's swashbuckling commander. Relaxed in the corner of a leather divan in his compartment on the bridge, baseball cap shoved back, glasses on the end of his nose, placidly eating ice cream while all hell is breaking loose around him, Mitscher listens to staff reports with the calm of a high school principal enjoying a Sunday afternoon boat ride. He speaks so softly that you have to pay close attention. The frightful strain of his responsibilities never dulls his sprightly humor."

In a battle off Guam last year,

Pete's boys knocked down 402 Jap planes. At the peak of this melee a flaming Jap dive-bomber skimmed over Mitscher's flagship so low that men on deck threw themselves flat to escape the withering heat. The Admiral was still craning his neck to watch the outcome when a pair of bombs bracketed the ship in a hair-breadth near-miss. Whereupon he sent this message to Admiral Lee, on a nearby flat-top: "Somebody just threw a beer bottle at me!"

During another engagement Mitscher's chief of staff, Commander Burke, took off in a plane to have a look-see. When he returned, Mitscher notified the force: "Burke has returned from the target with this message - Quote: The airplane is here to stay!"

Informed that TF 58 had been "sunk" three different times by Tokyo Rose in her radio reports, Mitscher said, "Tell her I'm getting sick of swimming around in the Pacific."

The father of these whimsies is one of the most rabid Jap-haters in the fleet. He won't talk to Jap prisoners brought aboard; won't even look at them. He can't forget what happened to some of Jimmy Doolittle's boys who took off from the deck of his old carrier, the *Hornet*, on that first strike at Tokyo and to many other American captives. As Doolittle's planes were being readied for that mission, the Admiral brought out the decorations awarded him by the Japanese Government in prewar years, and had them wired on the bombs for return — "special delivery."

This 58-year-old flying sailor piloted his first bamboo-and-wire crate back

in 1913. When our first carrier, the *Saratoga*, was commissioned in 1928, Mitscher was made head of her air department; he landed the first plane on her deck. Until the fall of 1941 he alternated between sea-air duty and service in the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics. Then he received command of the *Hornet*. His flying experience made him a natural for the leadership of TF 58. His insatiable appetite for a fight, his quiet daring, his uncanny ability to outguess the Jap have won glittering successes.

Task Force 58 is really something new under the sun. It is so big that one captured Jap pilot said he knew they'd lost the war when he got his first bird's-eye view of its hundreds of ships, from destroyers to huge carriers and 45,000-ton battlewagons, spread over 40 square miles of ocean. It is so fast that no pre-Pearl Harbor battleship could keep pace with it. And it is relentless, because it never has to go home. "When you go to sea with Mitscher, by God, you stay at sea!"

The secret of Mitscher's staying power is the Navy's fabulous Pacific "supply train"—hundreds of ships—carrying food, fuel, ammunition, spare parts, repair facilities, replacement planes and pilots, mail, and even a floating hospital. Meeting TF 58 at a secret rendezvous, this train reprovisions the force completely. It is protected by its own carriers, cruisers and destroyers.

Thus fortified, TF 58 shapes up much like a crack varsity football team. Battleships, cruisers and destroyers screen the play and run interference. Flat-tops carry the ball and pack the scoring wallop. Calling the

signals for this two-billion-dollar aggregation is Pete Mitscher, who hasn't missed a trick yet.

In a score of strikes and in supporting a dozen landings, Admiral Mitscher has added two gold stars to his Distinguished Service Medal — but not a single gray hair to his head. For when he tells you he enjoys a fight, he really means it. The only thing he ever worries about is the fact that his wife is probably worrying about him.

Mitscher's short, wiry stature, longish neck and reddish hair suggest a bantam cock, but his retiring manner and soft laugh flatly contradict that impression. The Admiral is a favorite with his staff officers because, although meticulous, he never yells and roars when some subordinate slips up. "You can make mistakes," one of them put it, "if you make them *fighting*."

His fliers idolize him because he gives them every possible break. He is extremely reluctant to send his fliers up in bad weather. "If we're going to kill pilots," he says, "it'll be in fighting." He goes all-out to rescue downed fliers; once he even sent a destroyer to pick up a pilot shot down in Tokyo Bay.

Never was love of his boys so well demonstrated as on the night of June 19, 1944, when, peering into the darkness from the bridge, he waited for them to return from the first Battle of the Philippines and heard many passing over, unable to locate their carriers.\* To turn on the searchlights would invite disaster — a Jap plane had already been spotted over-

\*See "Mission Beyond Darkness," *The Reader's Digest*, May, '45.

head. "But he can damage only one ship, and may miss that," Mitscher said. "My boys have done a good job and I'll be damned if I don't do everything to get 'em back. Lights on!" From each carrier group a great column of white light, visible to any Jap sub lurking within 30 miles, shot into the sky and guided in the pilots.

Mitscher is so unassuming that he was once overheard asking a photographer if "it would be all right" for him to have his picture snapped with one of his ace pilots — "just for my own personal scrapbook, understand." Hating sham, he wouldn't put on a steel helmet for another photographer. "Hell, I seldom wear the damned thing, why should I be photographed in it?" His long-peaked baseball cap is no affectation: "It keeps the sun out of my eyes."

The Admiral's fighting day begins around 3 a.m., when he is awakened and handed the night's dispatches. By five he is launching the first strike. A deck full of bomb-loaded planes makes this a tense hour. Mitscher never relaxes enough to have breakfast until the planes are off. Two hours later, the second flight is off and he is questioning the first returning pilots. By noon he is examining, with a magnifying glass, the films of the first pictures. With planes taking off and returning from sunup to sundown, his day is interrupted only by a glass of iced tea at ten and another at four. He eats supper alone and is in bed by nine.

A stranger to exercise, he seems to recoup his energies through his ability to relax. Yet even when relaxed physically his mind is eternally busy: he often sits silently for an hour or more,



thinking out tactics. The fruits of these cogitations are so successful that Mitscher, who barely scraped through Annapolis in 1910, is today recognized as the greatest carrier tactician in the world.

But the rank and file of Task Force 58 think of Pete Mitscher as anything but a dry tactician. He is a very human guy who drinks chocolate

milk (which he hates) because it's probably good for him, who is proud of the fact that he has been in love with the same wife for 32 years, who can light a cigarette with a single match in any gale, and who once jocularly saluted his staff with a thumb suspiciously close to his nose.

In short, "a three-star Admiral and a five-star guy."

### *It's All in Your Point of View*

» A VISITOR to West Point noticed that all the names engraved on a famous battle monument were those of men in the Union Army, killed in action during the Civil War. "Sav," he called to a passing cadet, "what is this?"

"A tribute to the marksmanship of the Confederacy, sub!" drawled the cadet.

—Contributed by Lt. Cluisty Munch

» A NEW YORK lawyer who wanted to buy a summer home found just the right one on a small island off the Maine coast. Approaching an old man painting a boat nearby, he inquired about the owner.

"Place b'longs to the Hallet boys," the man said, and pointed to a dot in the distance. "That's Ben Hallet over there. Out haulin' his lobster traps — be in in a couple of hours likely. Ben's the smartest feller round here. Seen him dig eight, ten bushel clams in one tide. Gits good money for 'em too."

"And the brother?" inquired the would-be buyer.

"Waal, he ain't near so smart as Ben. Didn't mount to much — lawyer er suthin, down to Boston."

—Contributed by L. M. Dunning

### *Heavenly Express*

A GREAT-AUNT of mine, a spry little lady, was visiting us in Michigan when a telegram came telling of her son's sudden illness in Detroit. Determined to catch the next train, which left in a half-hour, she said: "I'll make that train, just you see. I'll pray as I never prayed before."

In 15 minutes we were out of the house. Just as we reached the gate, a huge pig was pushing his way in. In panic, he lugged forward, hitting my aunt between her knees so that she fell flat on his broad back. Running wild, he started down the road — fortunately in the direction of the depot — she still on top of him and I running a close second with the suitcase. Finally, about a block from the depot, I managed to catch my aunt as she rolled off, dazed but intact. We got to the depot five minutes ahead of time.

"You know," she remarked after getting her wind again, "I can't help but feel God must have a great sense of humor."

—Contributed by Barbara Tupper

Trap line, marriage bed, winding sheet, alarm system, escape route — this is the most versatile substance produced by any creature

## *Wonder-Stuff of Nature*

Condensed from *Nature Magazine* • DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

A SPIDER has more uses for its silk than an engineer has for steel. Indeed, some of this exquisite gossamer is actually stronger than steel would be if drawn out to a filament of the same diameter — say, 1/1000 of an inch.

Spiders have a silk to meet their every need. Silk serves as a trap line and a banquet hall, as a marriage bed and a winding sheet, as an alarm system and a fire escape, as handcuffs and a way of going places. It is the most versatile substance produced by any living creature.

There is one sort, very coarse, used to form the permanent frame of the web, and another sort by which the spider lets herself down and up. There is a dry cord for the radial lines on which the spider runs out to meet her dinner guests. But for these guests she reserves quite a different kind, on which she wouldn't dream of setting foot; it's much too sticky! And there is a thick, often brightly colored silk in which the eggs are encased — a sort of baby blanket.

Each kind of gossamer is produced from a different gland in the spider's abdomen. Seven kinds of silk gland are known; though no one species

has all seven, every species has at least three and most have four. Each gland opens through a different shape of tube. Which to use, the spider no more has to stop and think than you have to think to select the muscles that will snatch your fingers from a burn.

Silk it definitely is, this product of the spider's glands, quite as much as the textile fiber produced by the silkworm. There are chemical differences between silkworm silk and spider's gossamer; but the differences may be in favor of the spider, whose produce is often finer, flossier, and yet stronger than commercial silk. It is about the airiest, most delicate solid in the world, except a snowflake.

Yet the wonder of spider silk is not the stuff itself but the little creature that spins it. Somehow spiders measure angles and bisect them. They judge, calculate and adjust stresses and strains. They employ the principle of the strut and brace, and "weld" the joints of their webs — or do something that corresponds to welding.

Not all spiders spin webs. Of those that do, the best spinners are usually the females. Frequently the males make only temporary "bachelor dig-

gings," or dwell in the nests of the female. There are probably as many kinds of web as there are kinds of spiders which spin. The simplest is the shapeless, dingy mass made by the common house spider and called "cobwebs." A much finer web is made by the grass spider, which spins a filmy platform with a funnel-shaped hideout at the back; generally there is a vertical cobweb above this to catch flying insects which then tumble into the "parlor" below, where they stick fast and are soon greeted by the little hostess darting out from the funnel.

The height of spider art is the orb web, which is built on the principle of spokes banded by circumferential lines. These are made by many kinds of spiders; the commonest is the so-called garden spider.

Most spiders work at night, but the other day I saw one spinning in daytime. Her name was Miranda, according to my scientific books, and she was black with yellow bands. She had already spun two sides of her triangular framework, of the heavy tough thread spiders used for that purpose. One side was perpendicular, the other sloped off from the top. Now she was starting the third side. To do this she climbed back up the perpendicular line she had spun, all the time reeling out a new line, anchored at the base of her perpendicular line and held away from it with her hind legs. She laboriously made her way to the top, then walked down the inclined plane of the other completed side of her triangle, not upright like a tight-rope walker, but slung underneath the wire like a tree sloth inching along. When she got to

the end she stopped and reeled in the slack she had been carrying and spinning, till it was taut. Then she fastened it with a dab of mucilage-like matter from her glands. The third side of her triangular loom was complete.

Here she took a rest, and well she might. She had now to solve the problem of making the radial lines or spokes of her wheel. Walking out to the middle of the top side of her triangle, she made fast the beginning of a line, and let herself down to the lower side, where she fastened the end of the line she carried. Then she crawled back up and located the center, by what capacity to measure distance we can only guess. This was to be the hub of her wheel. Here she fastened a new line which she carried free as she climbed to the top of her triangle, crawled a way along the top of her frame, took in her slack line, and fastened it. Now she had a radius, or counting the two halves of her first diametrical line, three radii. And, going back each time to start from the center, she built one radius after the other.

But not in regular succession; she did not wish to put too many stresses on one side of the frame at once. Instead she built first on one side, then on another, then to the right of center, then to the left. After that she rested, built a little hub, a sort of damask platform, that was to be her future headquarters, and began to fill in more radii.

When she had 19 radii in place, Miranda stepped slowly around just outside her hub, forefeet on one radius, hindfeet on another, pacing off the angles between the radii. At

she was satisfied. Then she found one angle that was twice as wide as it should be. Quickly she filled it in with a 20th radius. Perhaps Miranda could not count, but she could measure angles, about 18 degrees in this case, far more exactly than I could do it without a graduated scale! Then she began to weave outward from the hub a spiral band, to brace the radii for the stresses she was about to put on them. She gave the spiral four and a half turns.

Then, walking out to the end of one of the lower radii, she began for the first time to spin a sticky stuff; I could see it stream from her glands, glistening like dew. It is elastic, too, so that it will not snap: the victim who gets into its toils will merely entangle himself more with every exertion. Miranda lays a few bands of it on the bottom half of the web, a few bands at the top in concentric lines. Thus, working her way to the center, she encounters the spiral reinforcement and begins to tear it out, as a tailor tears out basting threads. She does not want to leave this nice dry escape ladder for any fly to use! As fast as she removes it she replaces it with sticky loops. But she stops well short of the hub, her personal living quarters.

At last the little miracle is finished, the toil of four and a half hours, counting brief rests. It is the most complex structure built by any living creature. A bird's nest is clumsy beside it, and the vaunted comb of the honeybee monotonous and simple in comparison.

Miranda's work was three times interrupted by the collision of flies with the unfinished net. Each time

Miranda tore along one of the radial lines and nipped the arrival once. The tiny drop of venom paralyzed the victim instantly. Then Miranda began to truss it up. The winding silk gushed out from her belly like milk, but hardened instantly. The hind legs, provided with comblike claws, raked the strands forward to the forefeet, which wrapped the silk swiftly around the now quiescent prey. When the fly had disappeared entirely from view, Miranda went back to work. Dinner could wait.

Grasshoppers, locusts, all sorts of insect pests are the natural prey of our ally the spider. Mice and even snakes have been caught in spider webs, and some spiders are able to kill them.

For some spiders the silken cables of their web serve like telephone lines. The male, coming to the edge of the net, plucks it until the lady runs out to meet him. Or she may answer by plucking the threads herself a while, a sort of telephone conversation.

Of an autumn night certain kinds of small spiders, apparently seized with the desire to go places, spin out a thread of silk into the wind until it is buoyant enough to bear their weight. Then they let go their perch and allow themselves to be carried away. Thousands may alight in a single meadow and the early riser will then see it sheeted completely over in that elfin phenomenon, "a fall of gossamer."

Even man has his uses for spider silk. A textile silk is spun from certain spiders in Madagascar; it is reeled out of the living spiders' bodies, then twined into a thread, and woven into cloth. In America,

spider silk is used for the cross "hairs" in some telescopic sights. Some ten or 12 specialists raise spiders to produce the best sort of silk for this purpose. A strand of very even diameter, strong and inelastic, is required. The best of these filaments is produced by the type of spider that includes the dreaded black widow.

The black widow, the only spider anyone need seriously fear, can usually be recognized by its "shoe button" body—large, black and shiny, with a red hourglass pattern on the underside. It rarely bites except when on its nest, and even then most people recover.

Of course, all spiders are poisonous, in the sense that they have a little drop of venom with which they paralyze their foes, but mosquitoes and bees are poisonous to that degree and are a lot more disposed to sting. Some people never get over their fear of spiders, and almost everyone calls them ugly. To my eyes, many are very quaint and some quite beautiful. If you must fear or feel disgust at something, it would be more sensible to do so at sight of the common fly, which wipes its typhoid fever germs in your butter. Its sleepless foe is the spider—your friend and ally, day and night.

### *Problems in Prestige*

» WHILE Calvin Coolidge was Vice-President, he and Mrs. Coolidge lived at the Willard Hotel in Washington. One evening a fire alarm brought all the guests to the lobby. Even after the trifling fire was under control, they were detained by the firemen. Mr. Coolidge finally grew impatient and started upstairs, but was halted by the fire marshal asking, "Who are you?" "I'm the Vice-President," Coolidge replied.

"All right, go ahead," said the marshal. But Coolidge had gone only a step or two when he was halted a second time. "What are you vice-president of?" the marshal demanded suspiciously.

"I am Vice-President of the United States."

"Then come back down. I thought you were vice-president of the hotel."

—George Wharton Pepper, *Philadelphia Lawyer* (Lippincott)

» IN *Your Kids and Mine*,\* Joe E. Brown relates: "General MacArthur had arranged for us to be photographed together. 'What an honor,' I reflected. But the General explained, 'My youngster wants this, Joe E. Wants his dad's picture with a celebrity.'" —\*Published by Doubleday, Doran

» THE Earl of Halifax, British Ambassador to the United States, went into Iowa on a good-will speaking tour. "After one speech," reports His Lordship, "an old farmer came up and said I was making a great contribution to American understanding of the British. I thanked him and asked him why he thought that

"'Well,' said the farmer, 'before we heard you, we used to be frightened of the British. We thought they were cleverer than us and could outsmart us every time. But after listening to you, we're not afraid any more.'"

—Drew Pearson

# *The Very Breath of*

Condensed from an address by • JAMES A. FARLEY

*Former Postmaster General of the United States*

• HAVE been in every state in the Union, not once but often. I know hundreds of people in every state. And I think that, out of that vast accumulation of contacts with fellow Americans, I can qualify as a witness on Americanism. I believe it has been my privilege to have sensed the spirit which makes this land great.

Under our freedom, five generations of our people have leaped through stages of progress to achieve standards that have astonished the world. Our form of government, which has given us our freedom, was a new light enkindled in a world dark with monarchy. Not since the cave man found fire has mankind received anything more warming than the protection of a government dedicated to man's development with a minimum of hampering laws and a maximum of individual spiritual strength.

Under this freedom, which I insist was not patterned on any in history, we paced the world materially and spiritually. Our men of science have led their world brethren in transmitting our resources to new uses. Our manufacturers have produced amazingly. Our men of religion, our teachers, philosophers, authors and poets have breathed upon our better natures to inspire us to even greater efforts. Truly, ours has been a fruitful and even happy blend of labor, management and genius, for are we

not supplying the whole world with food and manufactured materials?

There are those who will tell you our progress is due to our natural resources. They forget that South America, Russia, India and Africa have as great, if not greater, shares of the world's goods. There are others who will tell you that our progress is due to our national characteristics. These forget that we have come comparatively recently from all the nations in the world, which are the reservoirs of these characteristics. I say to you as solemnly and sincerely as I know how that the roots of our phenomenal growth are due to the freedom upon which our forefathers built this government — our freedom, which all Americans must cherish jealously if we are to continue the growth that has been ours through the years and if we are to enjoy the blessings of peace.

Freedom is a dynamic, liberating force. One need walk no farther than the nearest playground or college athletic field to discover why we are winning this war. Beyond question we are the greatest competitors in the world. I do not advance that as an American boast, but rather as a manifestation of the liberating force of freedom.

The American knows no limit of achievement because no limit exists in America. Our children sense it at

an early age because freedom is in-born in them. Our youth think in terms of *winning* whatever they attempt. Victory is the image before them; defeat is almost impossible for them to conjure. Considered alone we call it the competitive spirit; actually it is a chief product of freedom. It, more than anything else, accounts for American ingenuity in the field of production, and victory on the field of battle. No American is ever too old to win. His age may be that of a Marshall, a King, an Eisenhower, or a MacArthur, or his youth may be that of a Bulkeley, a Kelly, a Bong, or a Basilone, but his competitive spirit is unquenchable.

Countless manifestations of freedom surround us. There is tolerance for each other's thoughts, for each other's religion, for each other's race. There is the demand for justice, for equal treatment under law. There is the conviction that opportunity is unlimited for everyone.

The list is endless, but there is one

manifestation of freedom that is often overlooked. Despite our highly developed will to win, Americans love to see the underdog triumph. Paradoxical as that may seem it is one of the deepest roots of Americanism.

What American has not experienced the thrill of seeing a highly touted competitor overcome by some little fellow who was not supposed to have a chance to win? It sets American crowds on fire with enthusiasm and it explains a great deal more than we think. It explains why we have never conceived might to be right, why we have never worshiped might as an end in itself.

*When our service men return they will have seen totalitarianism at its worst; they will want to find Americanism at its best — with liberty, justice and equality for all.*

Freedom and Americanism are synonymous. Freedom is the very breath of America, its very life. It is the underlying force, the inner power, the spirit which is singular to our nation. Let us cherish it.

### *Calculated Conclusions*

» SURROUNDING Washington's Pentagon Building is a maze of highways. A bus loaded with War Department employees was circling the building in a vain attempt to find the road leading to it. The driver kept getting farther away. Finally he stopped the bus, flung open the door, and said, "Folks, you better get out while we're still in sight of the place." — *This Week Magazine*

» AT LUNCH one day I jokingly asked our waitress if she reported her tips on her income tax return. "Of course not!" she indignantly replied. "That would be double taxation."

"How do you figure that out?" I asked.

"Well," she replied, "you have paid a tax on the money you give as tips, and if I were to pay on what I receive, that would be paying a tax twice on the same money."

— Contributed by P. C. Lawson

Mystery story writers must resolve their stories credibly, but life doesn't bother

# Surprise Endings

DRAMA IN  
REAL LIFE — XX

Condensed from True

ANTHONY ABBOT Author of "About the Murder of Geraldine Foster,"  
"The Night-Club Lady," etc

SHERLOCK HOLMES once said "Life is infinitely stranger than anything which the mind of man could invent. If we could hover above this great city and peep in at the queer things which are going on, the strange coincidences, the cross-purposes, it would make all fiction stale and unprofitable."

The city, of course, was London, but there is hardly a city or town in the world that has not known, openly or secretly, incredible events.

In Los Angeles lived a woman with the resounding name of Walburga Oesterreich. Her millionaire husband didn't know that Dolly, as he called her, had a young lover hiding in their attic. For ten years, meek, blond Otto Sanhuber, a former sewing-machine repairman, lived under the eaves, venturing forth only in the middle of the night for fresh air and exercise.

This preposterous arrangement had begun after Fred, the husband, discovered that his wife was infatuated with Otto. If they should meet again, he swore he would kill them. Dolly pretended contrition, then secreted Otto in a chamber overhead, where he lived in the gloom like a bat.

Finally, one night, the husband was shot to death in his home. Dolly was promptly cast into jail. Asa B. Keves, then district attorney, admitted there was not enough evidence against her, and she was soon released. For eight years the case remained an unsolved mystery.

In February 1930 Herman Shapiro, former attorney for Dolly Oesterreich, filed an affidavit with the authorities because, he said, his life was being threatened. It was he who had uncovered the attic phantom. Dolly herself had instructed him: "Go into my clothes closet, and drum on the walls with your fingernails. Otto will appear."

Otto Sanhuber was taken to headquarters and confessed to having defended himself. A jury convicted him of manslaughter, but because of technicalities in the indictment a higher court set him free—and Dolly was acquitted too.

ANOTHER example of life's unpredictable melodrama was a train robbery at Rondout, Ill., on Friday, June 13, 1924. Train No. 57 of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad was rushing through the starlit night when a rifle was thrust



against the neck of the fireman and a revolver in the back of the engineer.

"Put on the brakes and flash your headlight three times!"

The robbers' orders were obeyed, and the train ground to a halt. From a parked automobile four men with gas masks made for the mail car where 18 clerks were sorting the registered mail. A robber's bullet shattered the glass of an upper window and a gas bomb whizzed through the broken pane. Clinking and sobbing, the mail clerks clambered out. The thieves tossed 64 bags of treasure into the automobile and sped away with their loot -- \$2,000,000.

A formidable battery of detective brains was assembled to solve this expert crime. The generalissimo was William Fahy, shrewdest of Government criminal investigators. Every resource known to law enforcement was brought into play.

Yet what fiction writer would have resolved this mystery as did the detectives in real life? On the second night, one of them got a telephone call from a stooge in the underworld. When the detective hung up the receiver he was in a daze.

What was he to do? The tip he had received was incredible — but like a good detective, he decided to follow it through. He risked his whole career on that decision. Eventually he led a woman of the underworld into the office of Rush D. Simmons, Chief of Postal Inspectors. As Simmons listened, the woman told a story that made his scalp prickle.

Her husband had been sent to prison for a postal theft of which, she swore, he was innocent. She flirted with the detective who had arrested him; now the sleuth was in love with her, and this moment was the apex of her revenge -- because she had wormed out of him the fact that he was head of the gang that had staged the Roudout train robbery.

"Name him!" snapped Chief Simmons.

"Postal Inspector William Fahy!"

The tip was true — it was actually the ace of federal sleuths who had planned the train robbery. He was sent to prison for a long term.

WITH unfailing gusto life pursues the absurd, the incredible. Sherlock Holmes was right.

### *O Say, Can You See?*

*I*N THE middle of a picture, a lady wearing a wide-brimmed hat sat down in front of a soldier. For several minutes he craned his head this way and that; finally he tapped her on the shoulder. "Lady," he asked, "how much did you pay for that hat?"

Surprised, she stuttered "Why, three dollars."

Without a word, the soldier counted out three dollars, handed her the money, took the hat, and sat back to enjoy the show.

--Contributed by R. H. Stahl

Mexico's one-man rural reconstruction program, costing only \$3000 a year, could be a model for raising the living standards of depressed peoples everywhere

## HATCH helps those who help themselves

Condensed from Survey Graphic • J. P. McILROY

IN WASHINGTON last September, reconstruction experts from all over the world were thrashing out problems of raising living standards of poverty-stricken rural masses everywhere. Then D. Spencer Hatch took the floor. Quietly, compellingly, he told the story of his one-man campaign to bring about new levels of production, independence and well-being among Mexican Indians.

When he finished, one of the delegates arose. "I have just torn up my prepared speech," he said. "It's obvious to me that centers like Hatch's, where *people can learn by doing*, and where *local leadership can be trained on the soil*, are the answer to our problem. *We must do the job as Hatch is doing it*—get out into the field and work right among the people whom we are trying to help."

Spencer Hatch is a renowned expert with 20 years of striking success in India. Three years ago, on loan from his sponsors, the International YMCA, he settled near Tepoztlán, in a tiny valley 55 miles from Mexico

City, where the inhabitants still speak Aztec and live as in the days of Montezuma. Mountain trails lead from this valley to 11 primitive villages where 12,000 Aztec Indians live. Here at amazingly low cost Hatch has developed crops, fruits, livestock, and living amenities which eventually should benefit most of Mexico. Each building, from the smallest chicken house to the home in which Hatch and his family live, demonstrates how to use effectively the cheapest materials within reach of the lowliest peon.

Having set up his small model farm, the next step is Hatch at his wisest. He waits for his Indian neighbors to make a move. Are they impressed? He doesn't ask them. Would they like to raise corn as tall as his? He doesn't inquire. Would

they, too, like vegetables and fruits? Chickens that lay three or four times as many eggs? Pigs that grow two or three times as fat on the same amount of feed? Goats that give milk for their children? A bright house?



A pure water supply? A clean latrine?

Hatch will tell you that the Mexican Indian you have seen so often cartooned, sitting with his head on his knees, his sombrero over his eyes, isn't sleeping at all. He has two little peepholes in his sombrero through which he watches you. Only after he is convinced that what you are doing will be good for him, and is not just another scheme to exploit him, will he decide to copy it. "The farmer the world over is conservative," Hatch says. "He must see things demonstrated on his own level, within his reach."

From primitive villages as far away as 100 miles the Indians come to see Hatch's crops growing, his houses going up, his poultry and small animals prospering. They look in silence and wonder, then trudge home to think it over. At first only a few trickle back for seed or stock or advice. But as these few reproduce Hatch's "miracle" in their communities, more and more neighbors make the long trek over the mountains.

"Success comes from holding back, and supplying only so much as the Indian is ready to absorb," says Hatch. "To keep them asking, and then to make it possible for them to pay for what they want, is the way to successful coöperation. The Latin-American Indian is proud. He doesn't want something for nothing. The biggest mistake that well-meaning individuals or organizations can make is to pauperize the Indians by forcing charity on them."

Hatch gives nothing away. When an Indian comes for some seed of that wonderful corn, or eggs from those marvelous chickens, Hatch

opens a credit account if necessary and lets the Indian pay back with seed from his first crop or a chicken from his first flock. This is self-help, with intimate, expert advice. It's the slow, hard way—but, Hatch will tell you, "the only sure way."

At the Center one impressed student for a day last summer was Walt Disney, scouting ideas for educational movies. The Rt. Rev. L. G. Ligutti, Secretary of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, came twice—the second time with the President of the Conference and Bishop Schlarman of Peoria, who said, "This is a *must* for all priests who go out to do rural work in this part of the world." Monsignor Ligutti, in his official publication, *Land and Home*, wrote, "If you're a Protestant, you'll feel proud of Dr. Hatch. If you're a Catholic, you'll feel envious. All of us can admire him."

It has been said the only crop that can be raised on poor land is poor people. Poverty, ignorance, and disease, in Mexico as elsewhere, are inseparable problems that must be tackled all at once, and from the bottom. Hatch started at the bottom—with the soil, worn out by centuries of misuse.

He built up a piece of wretched ground with compost made of the plant life and natural fertilizers available to the poorest farmer, and grew corn twice as high and four times as productive as his neighbors'. In Mexico, where pests ravage every one of the Indians' nine varieties of beans, Hatch's beans flourished with nary a bug to bite 'em. On his other demonstration plots, quantities of vegetables, small fruits and herbs un-

folded month after month in a succession of miracles.

In three years Hatch transformed a worn-out valley into a tiny paradise of rejuvenated soil and bumper crops. He tried out 70 kinds of field crops and vegetables and found dozens of new crops to grow on land that for generations had produced little more than scraggly corn. Rye, oats, buckwheat, carrots now flourish, also radishes, turnips, peanuts and 21 varieties of fruit trees. He developed a new bush soya bean which produces rich food the year round and bids fair to revolutionize agricultural Mexico, for a plot 20 feet square can feed a family.

All the sheep in this area had been killed off. Hatch reintroduced them along with the practice of weaving on homemade looms. Wild honey has been known to the Indians from prehistoric times, but Hatch showed them how to make simple hives and how to extract the honey scientifically. The Indians now make more money from one modern hive than they could from 40 wild swarms. Hatch has been particularly successful in "breeding up" the poultry and livestock of the countryside by lease-lending his pure-bred bulls, rams and roosters, which travel on schedule from village to village.

Perhaps the most engaging part of Hatch's program, and the one which makes the biggest impression on the Indians, is a model small-family house designed by Hatch and his wife, and built by local villagers at a cost of 290 pesos (about \$60) out of adobe, tile and thatch. The house features a fresh-water cistern, sanitary latrine, an ingeniously contrived

outlet for smoke, overhanging eaves for shade, and a shower bath made from a five-gallon gasoline tin. The only "luxury" is a concrete floor; local cement is cheap, however, and such a floor helps protect the bare-footed family from the everpresent hook worm. There are homemade beds of wooden frames and rope webbing for sleeping off the ground, and a hearth that removes the preparation and cooking of the *tortilla* from its immemorial shrine of contamination on the customary dirt floor.

Before the model house and latrine were finished, the leader of the nearest village had remodeled his own home to include most of their features, and built a copy of Hatch's chicken house. The younger women of the village announced they would marry only young men who would build such sunny houses and sanitary latrines for them.

The Hatch farm includes a permanent exhibit where the Indians can see a continuous agricultural fair of their prize products; and also a lending library of books and pictures.

Self-help could be the trademark of D. Spencer Hatch. He was born on a farm near Greenwich, N. Y. At 15 he contracted rheumatic fever and was taken to a Boston specialist. Considered incurable, the boy was sent home by express in a box built around his cot, unable to move even a finger. But he doggedly taught himself to walk again by practicing in snowdrifts, where he could fall without injury. He worked his way through Cornell University's College of Agriculture.

During the first World War he did YMCA work among the British in

India and Mesopotamia. Muscular rheumatism set in, and he was shipped home, unable to move without intense pain. Another year of self-help—constant, torturing exercise—cured that; then he went to India.

His wife joined him in 1921, and they have worked together ever since—Hatch in the fields teaching farming skills to the men, his wife in the homes teaching spinning, weaving and other domestic arts to the families. On furloughs they went to college again, learning new techniques.

In India they survived famines, floods and plagues, including one visitation of cholera, when 19,000 people died in the district where they worked. Hatch is seemingly indestructible. His car once rolled over a precipice and Hatch was found under it, half dead. For the third time doctors told him he could never walk again—but once again self-help won out.

Despite its profound influence on the Mexican countryside, the Hatch Center costs only about \$3000 a year to run, exclusive of the founder's modest YMCA salary. "We try to be as self-supporting as possible, through sale of our products," Hatch points out. And he emphasizes that this system, adapted to local conditions, could function at modest cost in any country through experimental-demonstration-training centers, each serving a 100-mile radius.

The principal difficulty in large-

scale programs of rural reconstruction is to find competent men. The surest, cheapest and best place to train them is in the rural communities themselves. Hatch trained more than 1000 rural reconstruction leaders in his demonstration center in India. These leaders went out to form village associations not only in India but in China and Korea. In Mexico, potential leaders are coming to Hatch from all over the Americas, learning his methods and going back to start similar projects in their own countries.

Farmers in depressed areas in Mexico, as in other countries, learn best by *doing*. They may or may not be impressed by what they see done on government show-farms, but they are profoundly impressed by what they achieve themselves.

Our U. S. delegation to the recent Inter-American Conference in Mexico City proposed a cooperative program to raise the rural living standards of all Latin-American countries. Other programs are being projected. Perhaps before we are launched on a global voyage of moon-struck philanthropy, we should hug the ground for a brief pause and take a look at Hatch and his modest but amazingly successful plan. Perhaps we could learn something that would help us, if only that we can plan big if we start small and make haste slowly, in teaching people how to *help themselves*.



*If we don't stand for something, we will fall for anything.*

—Irene Dunne on America's Town Meeting of the Air

# Why You Don't Get Meat

*Condensed from Collier's*

W. B. COURTNEY

**T**HE United States is the world's greatest meat-producing country. Right now we have more meat — on the hoof and in refrigerators — than ever before. Your prorated civilian share, after lend-lease, armed forces and other commitments are fulfilled, should be at least two pounds a week. Then why, you ask, can't you buy any meat at all for home cooking?

The trouble is we can't eat statistics. Among a dozen major and a host of minor reasons for the present confusion are these:

The armed forces. They not only take a large share of the beef for our fighting men; they feed millions of other persons besides.

The black markets. Meateasies and meatleggers are even more numerous than were the speakeasies and bootleggers of prohibition.

Subsidies. Paid, as a packer told me, at the wrong end, to the packers instead of to the producers.

Starvation. The imminence of desperate hunger in Europe.

Sirloin pocketbooks. All over the country now, even in former malnutrition areas, there is a higher level of income, well able to afford steak.

Fixers. The readiness of some Americans to say, "To hell with the guy next door, so long as I get mine!" You do not get your two pounds a week, because someone else gets more.

It is impossible adequately to police the meat industry. There are 1600 packers in the United States, some 20,000 local slaughterers, about 6,000,000 ranchers and farmers who produce livestock for meat, more than a quarter of a million retail stores in which meat is sold. Federally inspected slaughter is now probably less than 50 percent of the whole; in normal times it was 67 percent. There is no way of gauging the total of the roadside, the black-market van, the secret farm kill.

Three general points about meatlegging are worth noting. First: Little of the gangster element has entered it. Meat handlers must know their stuff, their markets, the limitations of perishability, or they'd lose their shirts in a week. There have been outbreaks of counterfeit ration coupons, but federal agents quickly deal with them. Second. Many of those engaged in meatlegging are unmindful of wrongdoing. Third: There is less eating at home nowadays. Restaurants are thriving — and meat dishes, as long as they last, are demanded to exclusion of other items. Diners neither know nor care whether the meat on their plates is black market or not.

The butchers have devised many ways to beat the game. Perhaps the simplest gyp is in poundage. You pay the ceiling price and give up the

proper number of red points for, say, two pounds of meat. But unless you watch closely (and few shoppers do) you get several ounces short. This enables the butcher to make up the extra, illegal price he paid the wholesaler. Also, it puts him ahead in ration points to cover any without-points sales he makes.

Some butchers save their meat for customers who pay them something on the side. A butcher in Houston, Texas, told me he received, from certain of his regular customers, from one to five dollars each in cash every week. He rates his customers, the amounts and grades they get, according to these "tips." A large butcher in Queens, New York, let his customers know he wanted liquor for Christmas. He got 500 bottles.

It is a sad comment on intelligence that the customer, the man most affected, is the one who chiefly makes it impossible to wipe out the black market. In New York, when OPA and city officials ran a dragnet over retail stores, they encountered hostility from patrons — even threats of physical violence. Those customers were solely concerned with getting meat; not with what they had to pay for it.

Back of the retailer, large amounts of money in "tips" are involved. The most common deal is the so-called "cash on the side." To a commission man in Texas, who buys cattle from ranchers, will come the representative of a New York slaughterer. The New Yorker will order six carloads of fat calves or good steers. Then he gives the commission man some thousands of dollars in currency. (If he didn't, somebody else would pay the

"bonus" and get the beef.) He returns to New York, and in due time his six carloads arrive, with proper invoices at legal ceiling prices, and he sends a check for the legal amount to his Texas ally.

The prospects of your getting more meat legally are dim. Next autumn and winter there is going to be an unbidden guest at your table, the specter of a starving person in Europe. Moreover, the eating habits of a nation are the hardest thing to revise downward and the easiest thing to revise upward — and ours have gone up. For health and society, this is an excellent thing. The draft revealed that hundreds of thousands of American families must have been undernourished and poorly fed. It is believed that 97 percent of Americans eat meat in normal times, but pork, the poor man's meat, has always been more plentiful than beef, the rich man's meat. With today's war-boom incomes, nearly everybody can afford, and wants, beef; and that's why you hear so much of the beef-meat shortage and so little of the even greater pork shortage.

The Army is probably taking 60 percent of top grades of federally inspected beef — not because it insists on the finest, but because there isn't enough of other grades to supply its needs. It takes 70 percent of the common and 80 percent of the lowest grades. These percentages are bound to increase. Besides their own enormous numbers, our armed forces have to feed prisoners of war, foreign civilians working for them overseas, released "slave laborers," and American civilian members of the Red Cross, OWI, OSS and other agencies

working abroad. This year the Army probably will be feeding, as extras, 4,000,000 persons. Wholesale surrender of German armies was bad news on the home food front.

The armed forces waste a good deal. This is partly because no enterprise so huge, far-scattered and fast-moving could possibly operate with last-ounce efficiency. But it is chiefly due to ingrained wastefulness in the Yank character, despite efforts of area commanders to discipline against it.

The sheer geography of the meat industry is another factor that stands between steaks and your plate. Roughly, the Southwest and West are the ranching areas. The Middle West is the fattening zone. And while Chicago is the greatest packing center in the world, slaughtering and processing go on in many other corners of the nation.

This far-flung organization is exposed to the wartime uncertainties of the overburdened national transportation system. A feed-lot operator in Ohio, who for years has been shipping to a slaughterer in the New York district, told me that in peacetime he was sure of his cattle reaching their destination in two or three days, so that he could figure with accuracy his transportation costs, feeding, watering and bedding en route, and shrinkage. Now the trip takes seven to ten days, with double or more shrinkage, and with higher and unpredictable expenses for the other items. Thus there is a tendency to market close to home — and far from former consumers.

The subsidies paid to packers have little actual bearing on the civilian meat shortage. They simply protect

the packers from operating losses. Their costs of handling and distributing fresh meats on a national scale are too great for a profit margin, and their source of gain lies in the other things got from each carcass, such as processed meats, lard, fertilizer, leather and pharmaceuticals.

About \$600,000,000 in subsidies has been handed out, but there is no evidence that this has brought one extra pound of meat to any family. To understand why this is, you must look at how meat is produced.

Neither the packer nor the cattleman produces meat. The cattleman raises young steers, but sells them to the feeder, who produces the poundage. Beef has to be built. It takes about ten months of care and feeding to add 400 pounds to the weight of a good steer calf. Corn is the greatest known producer of both quantity and quality in beef, and most feeders are in the Corn Belt. But there are many competitors for this useful grain — breakfast-food makers, brewers and, notably in wartime, alcohol manufacturers. The ceiling price on corn went up, in the past two years, from 72 cents a bushel to \$1.16. It costs about 30 cents' worth of corn to put a pound of beef on a steer for which the feeder may get 16 cents a pound. So he would rather sell his corn as corn. He sometimes drops feeding altogether.

For this reason the packers' subsidies, while drawing more cattle to slaughter, have not drawn more poundage in meat. Calves and yearlings are going directly to a slaughterer from the ranch. A by-product of this fact is an impending shortage in shoe leather. The smaller cattle



now reaching slaughter have smaller hides. By fall, our shoes may have fabric uppers.

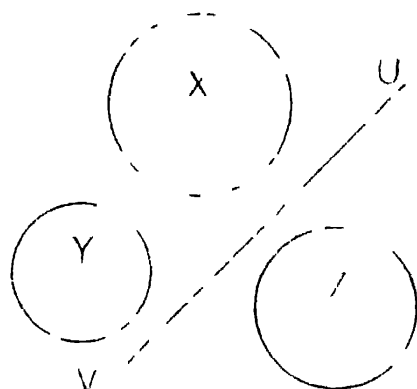
You'd better take the advice of both Government and food experts and pull in your belt a notch. Reduc-

ing the circumference of your belt — in the interests of those not as well off as you are — will increase the girth of your soul. In any case, you will remain the best-fed civilian in a sorry world.

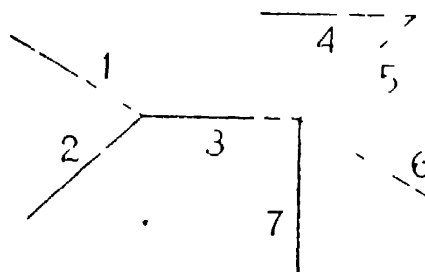
## Eye Teasers . . . . . Condensed from The American Magazine

RONALD LYRIC II

Here is a set of optical tricks to test your ability to judge distances, sizes and shapes in spite of their misleading characteristics. Write your answers without measuring the diagrams, then compare them with those below.



1. The circumference of one of these circles is equal to U-V. Which one?

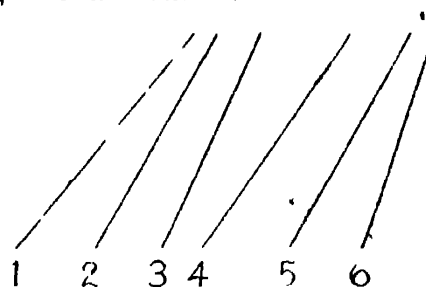


2. Are the seven lines in this figure equal in length, or are some longer than others?



1 1 1 1  
1 2 3 4

3. If the partial circle C were completed, would it pass through 1, 2, 3 or 4?



4. Two of these lines are parallel. Pick them out.

### Answers

1. Y — 2. All equal — 3. 4 — 4. 2 and 5

*Leaves from the diary of a Navy doctor who found something special about our fighting men in the hell of jungle battles*

# NO GREATER LOVE

*Condensed from The American Magazine*  
**LT. COMMANDER JAMES F. REGAN, USNR**



**Y**ou'd never think of Jim Corbett as a spiritual kid. He was blond and skinny, had an impish grin, and was always ready for a fight or a frolic. Perhaps 19 years old, he was one of our medical corpsmen with the First Marine Raider Battalion in the South Pacific.

One afternoon, under intense enemy fire, Jimmy crawled out in front of the lines to help a wounded Marine. A Nip sniper shot him in the spine. When we got him back to the palm shack we used as sick bay, I think he realized he was beyond hope. Yet, as I worked over him, he asked, with difficulty, "How are the boys? Many hurt?"

I told him it wasn't too bad. He tried to grin. Then he said hesitantly, "Did I do all right?" I said, "Swell job. You did fine." He murmured, "Thanks," and closed his eyes. Suddenly and strongly he said, "Don't mind me. Help the boys." He never spoke again.

I am a Navy surgeon trained to deal with the material things of life. Yet I learned a reassuring spiritual lesson in the jungle. I learned that the perils of war are developing in our fighting men a comradeship, a selflessness akin to spirituality.

This doesn't mean that our men are

sprouting wings. But it means that the very harshness of their existence is giving them a fresh perspective. They know that if one man fails many may die. Thus they are learning the first and enduring secret of democracy: the strength of unity.

Theorizing? Well, perhaps. I think you would agree, though, if you went with the Raiders on a jungle invasion. . . .

*July 3* — We shove off on Mission G tomorrow. There are 13 men in sick bay. A stocky, good-natured, midwestern farm boy called Rick has a painful knee injury. Yet today I found him up and dressed, surrounded by his gear, sharpening his knife. When I ordered him back into the shack he gave me an ingratiating, lopsided grin. "I feel swell, Doc, honest. It don't hurt a bit. Look!"

He kicked energetically with his bad leg. Perspiration popped out on his face. He went ashen. I felt his knee. It was acutely swollen.

I said, "Okay, I'll make a deal. If you can hike to the beach and back with full equipment, you can go with the outfit tomorrow." It was two miles to the beach; I would have bet anything he couldn't make it. Yet he came limping back in 55 minutes.

"You're a fool, Rick," I said sternly. "You'll never be able to keep up. If you drop behind, the Nips will get you. Why do you want to try it?"

His mouth set in a stubborn line. "I just gotta go, Doc, that's all. I been 15 months with this gang. I gotta go along."

Well, he's going. What is the word for the blind doggedness that drives an injured man to accompany his pals on a mission he knows may cost his life? Patriotism? But certainly it is a very personal kind of patriotism — a determination to carry his share of the load, no matter how tough the going. America's future is safe in the hands of men like that.

*July 5* - We hit the beach. There were 12 men left in sick bay at the base. Today there are none. They're all here - AWOL from the hospital. One by one, as the transport carried us deep into enemy territory, they came out of their hiding places. Several are burning with fever, but it's too late to send them back.

We landed shortly after midnight. I stepped into knee-deep mud. The beach was littered with crates. As I got one to my shoulders somebody said, "This way, Doc." It was one of my erstwhile patients, loaded like a mule. All hands worked all night getting supplies inland.

*July 7* - The columns formed in the early light and moved on through the jungle. At midmorning, firing broke out ahead. We crept forward into a village.

I set up sick bay in a shack, which means I found a rough bench for an operating table, swabbed it with disinfectant, and waited for casualties. The first was a youngster I knew, a

tall, gangling towhead. Shot through the hand, he was sobbing convulsively. I said reprovably. "Even broken legs don't cry like that." He wailed furiously, "I'm not crying. I'm just so damned mad. Get me out of here!" I dressed his hand and told him to rest; when I looked again he was gone. . . .

*July 10* - I was walking toward the sound of firing, when a voice rasped, "Damnit, Doc, get down!" I dropped into the muck, and wriggled forward. Presently I saw Lt. Joe Broderick under a clump of ferns. Blood was dripping from his arm and knee. I started for him but he whispered, "Sheer off, Doc. I'm hot."

After a time I made out the form of Lt. Tommy Pollard nearby. He and Broderick fired at the same instant. The top of a big tree ahead trembled, swayed, and two Nip snipers toppled out. Broderick said calmly, "Okay now, Doc." He pointed ahead. "I'm all right. Go get the others."

At dark we were still pinned down in the jungle. A pitched battle began at dawn and raged until the Nips were wiped out in midafternoon. Our casualties have been heavy. Men crowd around the doorway of the sick bay. "Hey, Doc, can I help?" "Hey, Doc, need some blood, huh? I got plenty."

A lad named Powers was brought in, wounded in the abdomen. "I sure was glad to see our boys coming," he remarked casually. His wound is not serious; the bullet missed vital organs and is lodged under the skin of his stomach. He wants it left there as a souvenir.

One boy's hand is blown to shreds. A Jap grenade fell at his feet. He

tried to throw it back, but wasn't fast enough. He came walking in, and asked, "Can you fix me up, Doc?" As I worked on him he said, "I guess I'll get me a tin can and some pencils." I said sharply, "Stow that kind of talk!"

"Oh, I didn't mean it. Let's see; this is July. Maybe I can get home in time to go back to school this fall."

Eilers is a short, chunky lad who won the Navy Cross on Guadalcanal. Later, at a smoker on New Caledonia, he got out of line, was given a deck court-martial, and put on probation. A little later he won the Silver Star. Today he did another brave thing: he was one of a party which rescued two of our men trapped behind the enemy lines. Tonight, very diffidently, he sidled up to me and asked, "Doc, do you think the Colonel would let me off probation if I asked him?" I said I thought he would.

*July 21* — Yesterday morning we marched against the last Nip base in this area. Wounded came in so fast we had no chance to get them back to the sick bay. I found a level place in the jungle protected by a low coral wall, and set up my aid station. By nightfall we had about 200 casualties crowded into that little space, fully a fourth of them stretcher cases. We have recovered the bodies of 40 dead. One is a corporalsman, Thaddeus Parker.

Parker was not far from his pal, an enormous sergeant we called Big Stoop, when he was hit. A hail of fire was raking the ground, but Big Stoop went to Parker's assistance. The Nips hit him, too; nevertheless, he carried Parker back, cradled in his arms. When I told him Parker was beyond hope, his face contorted.

He wheeled to go back to the front and his legs gave way. That was the first I knew he had been wounded.

At midnight the Nips staged a suicide bayonet charge, screaming like madmen. A false rumor started that we were going to withdraw and leave the wounded. My chief pharmacist's mate, Brownie, crept over to me and said quietly, "I'll stay here with the boys." I asked, "Do you realize what might happen to you?" He said soberly, "Yeah, I know. But if the boys can take it, I can." Of course, we were not ordered back.

We started the wounded back to sick bay at daybreak today, improvising litters by rolling ponchos on limbs of trees. They were unsatisfactory, the ponchos would slip and let the wounded fall. But the boys' stoicism is incredible. I knelt beside one man who had fallen. He thought I was his stretcher-bearer, and muttered through clenched teeth, "That's okay, Mac, you couldn't help it."

*July 23* — Fever and dysentery are taking a toll of our men. Sick bay is crowded. A transport came in today, and I went aboard to ask the captain to evacuate my wounded. He invited me to the wardroom for sandwiches and coffee. I had almost forgotten such luxuries existed.

Fever struck me suddenly tonight. Too much rich food, I guess.

Two days later I had to be evacuated with the casualties. I was at the base when the remnants of the Raiders came back. As those dirty, haggard, gallant men filed ashore, a soft wind was whipping the flag and a band was playing the Marine Hymn. I had to turn away.

The veneer of civilization is dangerously thin—and for only one reason

## *Unless These Devils Be Exorcised*

Condensed from an editorial in *The Christian Century*

THE horrors disclosed by the capture of the Nazi concentration camps were at first hard to believe. Almost desperately we tried to think they must be wildly exaggerated. But such a puny barricade cannot stand up against the terrible facts. The evidence is too conclusive. It will be a long, long time before our eyes will cease to see those pictures of naked corpses piled like firewood, before we can forget what scores of honorable, competent observers tell us they saw with their own eyes.

What does it mean? That Germans are beyond the pale of humanity? No, not that. Mass cruelty in most revolting forms has not been confined to Germany. We have seen photographs that missionaries smuggled out of raped Nanking. We have read the affidavits of men who escaped from the Soviet-held Baltic states and eastern Poland. We know, too, the frightful things that have happened in this country when lynching mobs ran wild—things so horrible that they can be told only in whispers.

No, the horror of the Nazi concentration camps is the horror of humanity itself when it has surrendered to its capacity for evil. When we look at the pictures from Buchenwald we are looking, to be sure, at the frightful malignity of Nazism. But we are looking also into the very pit of hell which men disclose yawning within them-

selves when they reject the authority of the moral law, when they deny the sacredness of human personality, when they turn from the worship of the one true God to the worship of their own wills, their own states, their own lust for power.

These memorials of Nazi infamy reveal the depths to which humanity can sink, and has sunk in these frightful years. They reveal the awful fate which may engulf all civilization unless these devils of our pride and of our ruthlessness and of the cult of force are exorcised. And they reveal that the salvation of man, the attainment of peace, the healing of the nations, is at the last a religious problem. The diplomats may mark out what boundary lines they please, but if man continues his self-worship, the pit yawns for us all.

The foul stench of the concentration camps should burden the Christian conscience until Christian men cannot rest. Our contempt for the sacredness of life, our worship at the shrine of our own power, has gone so far that it has taken these horrors to shock us into awareness of the tragic fate toward which we are stumbling.

Buchenwald and the other concentration camps spell doom. But it is not simply the doom of the Nazis; it is the doom of man unless he can be brought to worship the living God.

# THE MAN WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING

Condensed from Liberty • MORI WEISINGER

RECENTLY Joseph Nathan Kane of New York gave a simple quiz on 19th-century "firsts" to a trio of college history professors in New York. They flunked. Confronted with evidence that Fulton did not invent the first steamboat, that Edison did not make the first electric lamp, and that Remington did not father the first typewriter, the professors urged Kane to write a thesis on the subject. For answer, he referred them to his two volumes, *Famous First Facts* and *More First Facts*, on the shelves of nearly every library in the United States, where they rank in popularity with the *World Almanac* and other standard reference works.

In 1940, Kane went on the air with *Famous Firsts*, parading such milestone-makers as Clarence Birds-eye, perfecter of the frozen-food process; Anna Jarvis, founder of Mother's Day; and the late Colonel Jacob Ruppert, whose Yankee team was the first modern ball club to cop three pennants in a row.

It was during one of these programs that Kane presented Charles Whitehead of Bridgeport, Conn., as the son of Gustave Whitehead, the first man to fly a heavier-than-air machine—two years, four months and three days previous to the Wright flight at

Kittyhawk." This was such a sensational claim that it cost Kane several hundred dollars to convince skeptics. At his own expense he mailed out thousands of photostated newspaper clippings describing in detail a half-mile motor-controlled flight made by Gustave Whitehead, a Bivannian, on August 1, 1901. These were supplemented with copies of 11 affidavits signed by eyewitnesses.

If you are the first soldier to have captured a live Jap or the first woman to have bowled 300, you can safely bet that your name has been halloed for posterity by Kane. For a quarter of a century he has been exhuming old records, digging for authentic "firsts." To date, he has discovered some 600,000 of them.

Simple. "The first man ever executed in this country was John Billington in 1606." "The first duel ever fought in America took place between two serving men on June 18, 1621."

Specializing in this sort of Americana earns Kane an average \$25,000 a year. Having his phone ring at all hours to confirm facts in radio scripts just before deadline has become a familiar routine to him. He readily obliques—for a price.

Last year, in Hollywood, produc-

tion on a million-dollar film was halted while a transcontinental call was put in to Kane to ascertain the date of the first umbrella in America. When he reported that the umbrella was unknown in this country prior to 1772, studio authors rewrote an entire sequence.

As a result of the interest evidenced in Kane's broadcasts, the Museum of the City of New York opened an exhibit of Famous Firsts, devoting a floor to 3000 of Kane's historical items. The exhibit was a success -- and a headache to Kane. Hundreds of visitors, eager for a place in his Hall of Fame, swamped him with firsts. One credit hound offered him a drum, claiming it was the first one ever autographed by Jack Dempsey. Another submitted the first golf ball ever to have been knocked off a human head.

Years ago, as Washington correspondent for a newspaper syndicate, Kane haunted the Congressional Library and the Patent Office, searching history's archives for the stories of America's inventors. These so fascinated him that he proposed a book on the subject, and a publisher encouraged him.

Kane then obtained a job as a traveling salesman, and for the next ten years toured every American city with a population of more than 3000. In each community he visited local historical institutions, libraries, colleges, courthouses. He often went hungry, spending his salary on photostats of precious documents and fees for registering inventors' affidavits. In April 1933, Kane finished the

779th and last page of his *Famous First Facts*.

Beneficiaries of Kane's fact findings are constantly showering him with gifts of appreciation. Once, when he discovered the original though long-dead inventor of a popular kitchen gadget, a distant heir reaped unexpected royalties. Today Kane drives a Buick presented him by the thankful relative. (New York's Motor Vehicle Bureau annually issues him license plates stamped FFF-1, symbolizing Famous First Facts.)

Kane lives and works in an eight-room apartment on Manhattan's West End Avenue. Filing cabinets clutter the place. There is no sanctuary even in the bathroom, where Kane uses the tub to hold a chemical bath that will preserve his documents. He has made provision for disposal of his papers upon his death to institutions, such as the Smithsonian and the Library of Congress.

One of the hardest-to-get facts Kane ever went after was literally before his nose all the time. For three years he had scoured newspaper files and old aviation magazines, searching for the first man to have flown a monoplane. He had almost given up the quest when he visited his dentist, Dr. Henry W. Walden. Kane told him he would cheerfully give an eyetooth to learn who had flown the first monoplane.

"I'll take that eyetooth, Mr. Kane!" said the dentist. And he showed his patient a scrapbook containing yellowed clippings proving that he, Dr. Walden, had piloted the first American monoplane on December 8, 1909.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF THE MOVIES IS NOT  
SO FAR AWAY AS YOU MIGHT THINK

# *Will We Lose Freedom of the*

SCREEN?

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN

Associate editor of Harper's Magazine

NOBODY would deny that the movies have their faults. But even the severest of the critics of Hollywood would probably agree that there's nothing wrong with the movies which Government control can cure. Yet Government control of the movies, direct or indirect, is exactly what we're going to get if Hollywood and the movie-goers don't look sharp. It is a complex story, involving American foreign policy, international trade rivalries, and domestic politics, complicated by struggles within the industry—producers versus exhibitors, employers versus the unions, and so on.

This serious threat to a free screen is tied up with the future of American movies in foreign lands. The overseas market for Hollywood movies is still, in spite of the war, a source of considerable profits. In 1944, the gross receipts from foreign distribution of American films amounted to almost \$170,000,000, and *Variety* (weekly bible of the stage, screen and radio) reported last January that, what with domestic taxes and all, the foreign market for an "A" picture represents from 70 to 80 percent of the net profit to the producer.

Before the war, however, no fewer than 58 nations had begun to erect

barriers against Hollywood films: high taxes, excessive import duties, quotas, censorship. And none of these countries seems to be planning to relax these restrictions. No wonder that Hollywood producers are ready to try almost anything which looks as if it might help them to hold their foreign markets.

Last September came news out of Washington which sounded good. "D.C. Aid to Film Biz Abroad," shouted the headline in *Variety*. The State Department, Mori Krushen reported, recognizing the importance of movies in both diplomacy and trade, was considering steps, in cooperation with the Treasury and other Government agencies, "to protect and possibly extend" the overseas operations of American film companies.

What could be finer than this? Washington had a heart of gold and wasn't going to sit by and watch Hollywood's \$170,000,000 overseas income be cut off without lifting a hand to help.

Washington, it is now clear, was delighted to help. You might even say that the more help the movies needed the happier Washington would be. The precise nature of the Government's interest is revealed in a statement made by Francis Clout de



Wolf, chief of the State Department's Telecommunications Division quoted by Herman A. Lowe in his article, "Washington Discovers Hollywood," in the April *American Mercury*:

The right kind of film can present a picture of this nation which may be invaluable from the political, cultural and commercial point of view. On the other hand, the wrong kind of picture may have the opposite effect.

For these reasons the Department of State desires to cooperate fully in the protection of American motion pictures abroad. *In return* [italics mine, J.A.K.], the Department confidently expects that the industry will cooperate with our government with a view to insuring that the pictures distributed abroad will reflect credit on this country.

Our film industry will certainly need help from the State Department in competing for postwar overseas trade. *But the industry - and the public - should be wary of any form of Government control or supervision of the content of films expected "in return" for such help.*

Arthur Mayer of the movies' War Activities Committee has reminded the film industry that some 50 Government agencies have been making motion pictures, and has warned that "no Government, Democratic or Republican, New Deal or Old, having once tasted the sweets of nationwide showing of its pictures, will willingly relinquish this marvelous opportunity for propaganda and self-justification." And Lester Cowan, independent producer, countering a recent OWI suggestion for a postwar agency to make films about "favorable" phases of American life for overseas distribution, warned: "The

war has taught us a few things about dictatorship. A dictator can hardly grow unless his government can make the press and the motion pictures the servants of his political interests."

There is nothing surprising about the fact that the State Department, the OWI and other Government agencies use motion pictures in carrying on their work. They would be inexcusably negligent if they did not. But the film industry has received \$50,000,000 of Government money from the OWI alone for "carefully selected" films to be distributed in liberated countries, and it would be unfortunate if a taste for Government money became habit-forming.

Far from complaining about the Government's interest in the movies, some leading figures in the industry have publicly welcomed it. Samuel Goldwyn recently asserted that from now on "one of the most important functions of the motion-picture industry will be to present the United States in a proper light to the other nations of the world." Gangster pictures and such were "the worst kind of propaganda ever released," he said. "We've got to show the rest of the world what America is really like." These views, of course, are in perfect harmony with those expressed by Mr. de Wolf.

During the war, the OWI has been able to prevent distribution (in liberated areas) of pictures which it feels might injure American prestige or offend our Allies. For instance, it refused to approve *Tomorrow the World* unless important changes were made. The reason given was that it would be bad for Europeans to see an American family portrayed as in-

capable of handling a single Nazi-indoctrinated boy. Faced with the possibility that foreign distribution of their pictures might be curtailed unless expensive changes were made, most producers "found it more expedient" to consult the Government before going into production if they had any doubts about a story.

There is no valid basis for objecting to wartime restrictions. But when there is evidence, as there now is, of a desire among some people in authority to perpetuate Government influence or control over the subject matter of the movies, it is high time to look into the matter.

It should be remembered that any form of direct or indirect censorship or control over films going to other countries in effect gives the Government similar control over the content of domestic films. If present controls had been in force when *The Grapes of Wrath* was being considered for the movies, and if the story had seemed to the authorities unsuitable for foreign distribution, it would not have been made for the home market. It would be too expensive for Hollywood to make two versions, one (uncensored) for release here and another (showing only "favorable" aspects of our life) for the rest of the world.

It is worth remembering, too, that when official propaganda makes a misstep it kicks back harder on the nation's good name than any conceivable blunder which a commercial film company might commit. In 1942, for example, Walt Disney made a film for the Donovan committee and the Department of Agriculture propagandizing the slogan, "Food Will Win the War." The picture was

intended for distribution through the underground in occupied countries and elsewhere, and consisted largely of animated pictorial statistics on American food production: wheat flour snowing under the entire German Panzer army, milk pouring over Niagara Falls, a fleet of aircraft carriers bearing ham. When our armies finally liberated the peoples to whom that movie had been shown, unforeseen difficulties prevented the distribution of any such quantities of food. In many places people got less to eat after liberation than before, and it would be surprising if that official film did not result in more resentment toward, and misunderstanding of the United States than all the monster pictures ever made.

In other words, it is by no means certain that Government influence over the films would serve the nation's best interest, however mild and benevolent the official attitude. It must be emphasized — and never forgotten — that what Wendell Willkie called the "gigantic reservoir of good will" toward the United States among the peoples of the world was in large measure the creation of Hollywood's movies. In spite of their gangsters and voluptuous females in satin-quilted boudoirs, our movies have been among the most appealing representatives of our civilization, because of the very fact that they were so blatantly uninterested in putting our best foot forward.

They were movies made to please American movie fans, and it turned out that everybody else liked them too — liked them so well that Hitler could not afford to permit his people to see them.

The National Maritime Union's school, which teaches members how to get along with their bosses, is so good that even the bosses attend

# *Readin', Writin'* and No Strikin'

Condensed from Collier's • HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW

A FEW years ago the shipping industry and the National Maritime Union were constantly at each other's throat. Today they are so friendly and cooperative that some of the larger companies have agreed to send their port captains and agents to a "leadership" school run by the union.

At least part of this friendliness stems from the fact that NMU's no-strike pledge has been kept faithfully, and that NMU was the first union to make a postwar no-strike pledge. In view of the friction between labor and management elsewhere, this is probably the best labor news America has had for a long time.

The leadership school, which teaches union policy to ship's delegates, is manned by two former Columbia professors, Leo Huberman and Charles Obermeyer, and a seaman, Danny Boano. Each class consists of about 30 seamen, elected by ships' crews and paid \$40 by the union for their week's study. When we came in, the class was in session in a long, smoky room decorated with murals on racial equality. Danny Boano was talking about the responsibilities of a delegate, who aboard ship acts as spokesman on

grievances, known as "beefs," and spark-plugs union policy. "Now," said Danny, "take the master of a ship. He is a human being."

The seamen roared.

"He is the Old Man, and king of all he surveys," Danny continued. "But he has problems. And not only in navigation. He is the loneliest man aboard. Here he has worked hard and risen to the top, and what happens? Nobody will speak to the son of a gun!"

The class rocked with laughter.

"He walks in the galley, and the minute he comes in it's a freeze. He goes up on the bridge, and do you think the helmsman will say anything more to him than 'Yes, sir; no, sir'? He will not."

To get along with this "human being," Danny instructed the ship's delegate to meet the captain before leaving port, promise cooperation and set a regular time to settle "beefs." "First week out, you arrive with your beefs," Danny continued. "They are probably not much. The master sees you are a human being, treating him like a human being, and you get off to a good start. You be courteous, not loudmouthed or threatening, treat him with respect, ask about his family.

"And every week you go to see him. Suppose you have no beefs. You go anyway, to report everything is going well. Pretty soon that master will be looking forward to those meetings. He is getting to talk to someone."

Laughter interrupted Danny. "That's right," he told them. "Do your laughing here. But don't forget this is a serious problem. There is no tongue in cheek with us on labor-management cooperation."

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the school is that it really works. The 400 men who have been "graduated" so far are bringing in "good" ships on which there was excellent cooperation between the crew and licensed personnel.

The school was originated by Joseph Curran, president of the NMU, to meet the problem presented by the advent of 3000 new members a month. Most of them knew nothing about either seamanship or unions. Many, if they thought of the union at all, saw it only as a dues-collecting organization for striking. All of this, Curran felt, was dangerous to the NMU and the war effort. Leaders must be trained.

In addition to labor-management cooperation, they are taught such basic things as how the War Labor Board works, the history of the CIO, how to get out a ship's paper, the union constitution.

The classes are the soul of informality, a cross between a parliamentary session and an educational boiler factory. Some of the hottest sessions are those led by Dr. Obermeyer on racial and religious prejudice. They usually turn up both

anti-Semitism and Negro prejudice among the members themselves. These views are resolved by frank discussion and what the seamen call "pork chops 'n' unity," meaning everyone must stand together regardless of race or creed, or nobody'll eat.

The biggest single item on the week's curriculum is the NMU contract with the shipowners. Virtually every student has a beef about it, and they rise as one man to hit Danny Boano with them.

A big-framed seaman named Joe Fuchs said, "What the hell is this? Are you working for us or the shipowners? These lousy shipowners are making millions, and we're getting our melons knocked in. Sure, I'm for winning the war. But the minute this war is over, we gotta hit the bricks!"

"Aw right, aw right," said Danny. "Stop blowin' your top. Sure, we know conditions are lousy. Sure, we get torpedoed, blown up, bombed and drowned. But soldiers are taking that and worse day in and day out. We gotta back them up."

The class then went over the contract section by section, their rights and bum backs being clarified point by point. Danny finished the discussion by saying, "When you get back aboard ship and become a delegate, you examine every beef. If it's a legitimate one, take it up and fight for it. But if a guy comes to you with a bum one, you tell him it's bum and refuse to handle it."

At this point Fuchs rose. "I was just a sorchead when I blew my top. I got the torpedo twitches. I see what you're talking about now."

While this was going on, Basil Harris, president of U.S. Lines and

the country's largest shipowner, walked in and sat down among the students. None of them recognized him. Afterward Huberman asked him to address the class.

Harris stuck his hands in his pockets and said, "Now if I talk too much or bore you, shut me up." Relating the history of U.S. Lines, he discussed his company's pay and hours, saying, "I hope that one of the outcomes of this war will be a basic wage which allows men to live decently." He went over some of the beefs stated by the class. He explained the problems facing the shipping industry after the war. But he never bored the seamen, who, after class, started a bull session with him.

On Saturday, the school winds up with discussion of the no-strike pledge in the postwar period. Danny Boano started off by asking the men how they feel about it. They split 50-50. One seaman said it was sticking your neck out. Another said that the strike was labor's only weapon.

"What you guys are talking about," said Danny, "is uncertainty of the future." The men nodded.

"Okay," said Danny. "Our postwar goal is \$200 a month for able-bodied seamen and a 40-hour week." Then he pointed out that it would do no good for an A.B. to get those working conditions if there were no jobs. He declared that the wartime merchant fleet, thrice the size of the peacetime fleet, must be maintained. "Otherwise," he said, "that's almost 200,000 seamen outa work."

He told how, when the war broke out, the Government purchased the ships, the companies becoming operating agents. "It's against the system

of free enterprise for the Government to continue owning these ships," he went on. "We are for free enterprise. We want the shipowners to buy them. If they go back to the prewar fleet size, maybe some other country will buy the extra ships. If we get that fleet we will be able to get each A.B. \$200 a month, and the shipowner will still make a fair profit due to expanded foreign trade."

A seaman protested impatiently. "But what about the no-strike pledge?"

"Just a minute, brother," said Danny. "I'll show you where you fit in. Let's say the shipowner has invested his money in the ships, got contracts to deliver goods and, just when he's all set, the seamen go on strike. Where's the shipowner? His ships are tied up and the purchasers are screaming for their goods. And if we don't deliver these goods, foreign seamen will. And then where will we ever get the \$200 a month we want?"

Danny wasn't finished. "There are people in this country," he said ominously, "who have never recognized unions. They are the old die-hards who hate labor. These people would welcome a wave of strikes right now, so they could go out and smash all unions. Yet a lot of guys, some of them right in this union, would play into their hands."

"Suppose we took the advice of these jerks, what would happen? The war ends. Bang! We hit the bricks, pull the pin, strike! And sitting on their rear ends in all the lousy ports in the world are our GIs waiting to come home. That would produce the greatest antilabor drive this country ever saw. We gotta see that nobody provokes something crazy like that."

The extraordinary war record of America's most persecuted minority, who should walk with honor among us

*Hail Our*

# JAPANESE-AMERICAN GIs!

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

BLAKE CLARK and OLAND D. RUSSELL

ELEVEN GERMAN SOLDIERS, hands above their heads, came running out of an Italian farmhouse — and blinked in amazement to find themselves surrendering to cool, tough, Japanese-featured soldiers in U S Army uniforms. One prisoner asked Lieutenant Johnston, "These men — Mongolians, yes?"

"Mongolians, hell!" the lieutenant exclaimed. "Hasn't Hitler told you Japan's surrendered, she's fighting on our side now!"

Actually, these U S soldiers were part of the 100th Infantry Battalion, made up almost entirely of American citizens of Japanese ancestry from Hawaii. The 100th went overseas in August 1943, and has since become probably the most decorated unit in the history of the U S Army. Its 1300 members have been awarded more than 1000 Purple Hearts, 73 Silver Stars, 96 Bronze Stars, 21 Distinguished Service Crosses, six Legion of Merit medals and 16 Division Citations. In 1944, the 100th was merged with the more recently formed 442nd Infantry Regiment, composed of volunteers who came largely from the ten Relocation Centers established after the Japanese evacuation from the West Coast.

These men entered the Army with-

*Before he went into the service, Oland D. Russell was telegraph editor of the New York World Telegram, having previously spent several years in Japan as a foreign correspondent. He was public relations officer for the 442nd combat team during its training period and has followed its activities closely ever since.*

*Blake Clark, also in the armed service, was a professor of Irish at the University of Hawaii. He is the author of *Remember Pearl Harbor* and *Robinson Crusoe*, USN.*

out illusions. They realized that they had not one but two big battles ahead: besides helping to smash the Axis, they had to prove that Japanese-Americans were no different in attitude or loyalty from other American citizens. Their achievements once more demonstrate that democracy is stronger than race.

The 100th Infantry Battalion — "One Puka Puka" (Hawaiian for "One Zero Zero"), as they call themselves — landed at Salerno, spearheaded the Fifth Army advance, held the front lines in Cassino 40 days, attacked at Anzio, and led the breakthrough on Rome. After a year and a half overseas with the 34th Division, which claims more days in the line than any other American division,

it fought for seven months with the 36th Division on the western front. This spring it was back with the Fifth Army in Italy; as part of the 442nd Infantry Regiment it led the American advance up the west coast.

In all three years of the battalion's existence, there has not been one desertion or even an absence of an hour without leave. The men are proud of two cases of AWOL-in-reverse — wounded soldiers who got up from their hospital beds to rejoin their unit when it moved on.

The 442nd has as regimental motto on its coat of arms a picturesque Hawaiian idiom of the crap game, "Go for Broke" — meaning "shoot the works." It sums up perfectly the all-out spirit which our Japanese-American GIs have shown. Pushing forward all the way from Iarquinia to the Arno in Italy they never lost a foot of ground gained. More than 90 percent won Combat Infantry Badges for exemplary conduct under enemy fire. Typical of many individual exploits was the feat of Staff Sergeant Kazuo Masuda, a former truck gardener of Santa Ana, Calif. His six-man mortar squad was halted by heavy fire from entrenched Germans. Masuda tucked a mortar tube under his right arm, grasped an extra steel helmet in his left hand, and dashed up a slope to a vantage point. Then he filled his extra helmet with dirt and anchored the mortar in it. Squatting beside his improvised emplacement, he wrapped his legs around the tube to hold it firm and opened fire. When his ammunition ran out, he went back for two more cases. He poured so many shells into the Germans that they had to withdraw.

Handling a bazooka is a two-man job, but not to 98-pound Private Masao Awakuni. One day his company ran into a German Mark IV tank which, supported by machine-gun and sniper fire, forced the Americans to take cover. Awakuni fired at the tank with his bazooka, and it headed for his hiding place in a ditch. Coolly he waited until it was within 25 feet. Then he fired again — and the tank burst into flames. Awakuni was pinned down by enemy fire for ten hours, was wounded by a machine-gun bullet before he managed to escape. His exploit won him the DSC.

Another hero, Calvin Shimogaki, earned the Silver Star by clearing a path through a mine field holding up the battalion's advance. When enemy machine-gun bullets knocked his mine detector out of his hands, Shimogaki crawled forward on his belly, searching out mines and trip wires with his bare hands. The slightest pull on a wire might have meant death. Using the path he cleared, the battalion continued its advance without a casualty.

The Japanese-Americans' resent any attempt to set them apart from their fellow soldiers. They prefer to be called Americans, or if they must be distinguished, Japanese-Americans.

Soon after their transfer from Italy to the Seventh Army in France, the Japanese-Americans were taking part in a spectacular rescue of a "lost battalion" cut off in the forests of the Vosges mountains. It was a story of flaming heroism and tragedy. Their casualties were terrific.

"Jerry fought us from tree to tree for two and a half of the damnedest

miles I ever hope to travel," said an officer. "He had his best defenses on a high, steep ridge. We got him out of there with a bayonet charge. When our men hit the top of the ridge, I saw the Germans break and run for the first time in my life."

The lost battalion was cut off for a week. On the seventh day a lieutenant remarked: "I'll bet the 442nd is the first to reach us. I'd give \$1000 to see one of those boys." He didn't have long to wait. That afternoon the Japanese-Americans broke through. The cut-off troops leaped out of their foxholes and embraced their rescuers. First to reach the beleaguered troops was Pfc. Mut Sakamoto. With the tremendous welcome he got, his throat clogged in sentiment and all he could say was: "Do you guys need any cigarettes?"

These veterans of the war in Europe are not the only Americans of Japanese ancestry who have proved their loyalty in the armed services. The 17,600 who have enlisted are divided among the Army, Navy and Marines. They are in the China and India-Burma theaters and on every Pacific front from Saipan to Okinawa. Here they are valuable not only as fighters but as interpreters.

Famous in the India-Burma theater is little Kenny Yasui, dubbed "Baby York" for his capture of 16 Japs. Calling out in Japanese learned at Waseda University in Tokyo,

Kenny convinced the 16, who were hiding in foxholes, that he was a Jap colonel. He lined them up for inspection, and had them stack arms. Then he marched them off with commands remembered from close order drill in Waseda ROTC.

In spite of the heroism and suffering of these young Americans, a few unreasoning individuals still attack them. In California, one honorably discharged soldier narrowly escaped death in his home when bullets fired through the window passed within six inches of his head. A member of Hollywood World War II American Legion Post 591 was refused his old job at the post office on racial grounds. In Parker, Ariz., a veteran of two years overseas with the 442nd Infantry, wearing the Purple Heart and three other decorations, and walking with a cane, was forcibly ejected from a barber shop; he had failed to notice a sign, "Japs Keep Out. You Rats!"

Yet it can safely be said that the Japanese-Americans have won their battle at home as well as abroad, for such discrimination has drawn hot censure from the public generally, and especially from service men. These Japanese-American boys have volunteered to fight for their country, and are officially rated among the best soldiers in the world. After this war they will walk with honor among their fellow Americans.

» "We shall be glad," a firm wrote to the Selective Service board, "if you can assist us in retaining this man a little longer. He is the only man left in the firm, and is carrying on with 15 girls."

*Commerce*



# *The Most Unforgettable Character* **I'VE MET**

By Ruth Lyons

MRS. POULOS and her husband occupied the downstairs half of a two-family house where we lived the year that I was 12. She came there as a bride -- beautiful and delicate. She had a lovely, pallid skin; her eyes were a clear turquoise blue and sunken a little, with shadows around them. Her husband, on the other hand, was a big, thick-set dark man with none of her romantic quality. There were people who looked down on Mrs. Poulos because she was Greek and because her husband had a candy shop, but in my eyes these things were only added attractions.

The first time I saw her she was sitting on the porch. "You're the little girl upstairs, aren't you?" she said, smiling. "It's nice being in a house with other people. Here, have some candy -- my husband makes it." But I paid little attention to the candy because at that moment my gaze was caught by the gold band on the third finger of her right hand. I said, "Oh, you have your wedding ring on the wrong hand!"

She laughed and said, "No, honey. The right hand is the right hand for the Greeks." Then she told me how much she liked her new home, and

about her husband's candy shop, and about her sister Erena.

A few days later Mrs. Poulos became ill. She recovered, but after that she was ill a good deal, and I would sit with her. Occasionally her husband came home during the day, bringing her delicacies and hovering anxiously over her in his big clumsy way. Then she would be up and about again, happy and sweet and talking about how lovely everyone had been to her.

I was incurious about the nature of her illnesses, in the way that children unquestioningly accept such things, and I didn't understand even when Mrs. Poulos with her childlike candor confided to me that she couldn't seem to carry a baby. I thought she meant she wasn't strong enough to carry one in her arms.

Once she said almost fiercely, "I want to have a baby so much!" When I replied with what I thought was comforting wisdom, "Oh, you will; most married people do," the look of strain left her face and she laughed the bright, silvery laugh that always made me feel warm inside.

Mrs. Poulos was a friendly person, always bearing gifts of her fine needle-

work or her husband's candy to the neighbors. When a couple went out for the evening and wanted someone to take care of their children, Mrs. Poulos was glad to oblige. My mother said once, "She is the most unselfish woman I have ever known." When I repeated this to Mrs. Poulos she said, "It gives me pleasure. Besides, I have plenty of time to do things for them — I have no children."

When I met her sister Erena I considered her beautiful too, although not in a class with Mrs. Poulos. Erena was earthy and electric with vitality. She would sweep in, her perfume filling the room like an anesthetic, and kiss Mrs. Poulos and chatter gaily for a while. Then there would be an impatient honking of a horn outside and she would run out excitedly to go off with one of her young men.

Mrs. Poulos would say softly, "I'm so proud of her! She has such a good job and knows how to dress so beautifully. But I wish she'd marry and settle down."

Toward the end of summer I noticed that Erena seemed to have lost some of her exuberance. I didn't know whether Mrs. Poulos noticed, because Erena always made herself especially gay for her sister's benefit.

Mrs. Poulos had another of her illnesses that August, and I spent a great deal of time with her. One day I fell asleep on the couch in her bedroom. I awoke to the sound of voices like far-off murmurs in a dream.

Mrs. Poulos was saying, "Erena, you don't look well. You're running around too much. You ought to get married and settle down and have a lot of babies."

There was an instant of silence,

then Erena gave a short, hard laugh.

Mrs. Poulos said, "I mean it for your own good, Erena." Her voice broke a little and she went on intensely, "Oh, if God would only let me carry *one* baby. I'm so careful, I don't lift anything or work hard, and yet I lose every one."

I was trying to understand this when suddenly Erena broke into wild, frightening sobs and cried out, "Oh, God, I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do!"

I was fully awake now, but the two women were so absorbed they didn't notice me. Mrs. Poulos whispered, "What are you trying to tell me, Erena?"

Erena rocked back and forth in grief. "I couldn't help it. I was so in love with him. He promised to marry me but now he won't."

Whispering as if she had no strength for words, Mrs. Poulos said, "You're going to have a *baby*?"

Erena cried wildly, "What am I going to do?"

Mrs. Poulos stared at the sister she loved so much. Her thin hands clenched and she said dully, "Don't worry. We'll manage somehow."

I must have made a movement for she looked up and saw me. "Oh, are you awake, honey? Here, take this candy to your mother like a good girl." I snatched up the box of candy and ran out of the room. When I got home I locked myself in my room and cried, not quite knowing why.

The next day my mother told me that Mrs. Poulos and her sister had gone to the country because of Mrs. Poulos' health.

SOON afterward we moved from

that neighborhood, and I didn't see Mrs. Poulos again for five years, but I heard she had finally had a baby that next spring. As I grew older I figured out what had happened. Mrs. Poulos, who couldn't carry a baby, had adopted Erena's as her own.

Coming out of a department store one day I met Mrs. Poulos with a little girl skipping along beside her. She gave me a hug and said delightedly, "Why, honey, what a big young lady you are!" Then she added proudly, "This is my daughter, Erena."

"She's a lovely child," I said admiringly. Then I asked about her husband and added hesitantly, "How's your sister?"

"She's fine." There must have been something in my look because Mrs. Poulos added softly, "You knew, didn't you?"

I nodded. "But I never told anyone," I said.

"I know. I never was afraid you would."

I looked down at the little girl and said, "She's lucky to have you for a mother."

There didn't seem to be the slight-

est flaw in Mrs. Poulos' happiness. She beamed proudly at the little girl and said softly, "I'm the one who's lucky. A child of my own, and another one on the way."

I must have gasped, because she said, "What's the matter?" Then she laughed and added, "You mean you thought this was Erena's —?"

I stood speechless while her lovely face sobered, and she said, "Erena's baby was born dead. Imagine — strong, healthy Erena. And I have this beautiful, healthy child!"

Then she said, "I guess the trouble was that I had been thinking too much about myself all those other times. When I had Erena to care for — she was in an awful state of mind — I didn't have time to think of myself. I devoted all my strength to Erena, and to planning for her child."

The next thing I knew I was carrying my own baby! God has been so good to me — giving me a fine husband and a lovely daughter. Well," she broke off, "I must run along now and cook dinner. Come and see me soon, won't you, honey?"

I was happy that Mrs. Poulos' unselfishness had paid off at last.

### Sound Effect

ELISABETH BERGNER, playing in *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*, comments on the reactions of women in the audience. "Every night," she says, "women scream in high tones of fright when Geoffrey Carroll bent on murder, makes a dramatic entrance through my bedroom window. But at matinees, when the women are alone and have no husbands or other men to comfort their fears, there are no shrieks."

Marjory Adams in Boston *City*

# It Pays to

By WILFRED  
FUNK

IT HAS been proved again and again that, if you will regularly add new words to your vocabulary and use them accurately and aptly in your conversation, you will increase your self-confidence and gain wider social acceptance and greater influence in your community. Moreover, the chances are good that this simple practice will help you to make more money.

Here are 20 valuable words selected from *The Reader's Digest*. To the right of each word are four words or phrases lettered A, B, C and D. Check the one you believe nearest in meaning to the numbered key word. See page 72 for answers and for your vocabulary rating. A leading dictionary is the authority for the pronunciations.

- (1) kulak (koo'lahk) — A a Persian drink  
B a poor Russian farmer C a rich Russian peasant D an Estonian oxcart
- (2) entity (en'ti ty) A sum total B something that exists C a code of morals D something to which one is entitled
- (3) entrepreneur (ahn'ti pruh noor') — A a night-club entertainer B a conceited person C the man in the middle who questions the end men in a minstrel show D one who originates and conducts an enterprise
- (4) opprobrium (o pro bri um) — A an unreasonable burden B unusual cruelty C unfair criticism D infamy
- (5) falangist (fuh lan'jist) A a member of a Spanish fascist organization B a member of an Italian secret society C a Cuban rebel D a modern intransigent art group
- (6) incarnate (in kah'nate) — A vulgar B personified C inflammatory D crimson
- (7) ordinance (or'di nance) A common place materials B that which is decreed by God C military supplies D a branch of logistics
- (8) paddly (pad dy) — A a whipping B floating leaf of a water lily C unmilled rice D an enclosure where horses are exercised
- (9) onus (oh nus) — A a burden B Latin for "one" C proof D a technical term
- (10) orientation (oh'ri en ta'shun) A rotation B study of the Far East C determination of one's position with relation to environment D the art of the dance
- (11) podiatrist (po dy'uh trist) A bone doctor B foot doctor C children's doctor D nerve doctor
- (12) picaresque (pick uh resk') A a type of fiction with a central ragabond character B like a picture in coloring and design C a horseman with a lance in a bullfight D a new classic trend in painting under the French influence
- (13) attrition (ă trish ūhn) A lack of nourishment B the state of being worn by friction C a state of bitterness D loss of character
- (14) entomologist (en to mol o jist) A a specialist in word history B a specialist in insects C a student of birds D a student of epidemics
- (15) endemic (en de'mic) A a local disease B a widely spread disease C a disease affecting the majority of the people of a country D a fast-spreading disease
- (16) laissez faire (lay sa'z lau') A a program of education B noninterference C a political theory D a method of punishment
- (17) bole (bohl) A the trunk or stem of a tree B the fruit of a cotton plant C a fungus growth D the ball in a Cuban game
- (18) podium (poi'di um) A a dais for an orchestra conductor B a limb of an antirrhoid C a bean native to Brazil D an ecclesiastical chair
- (19) dengue (deng gay) A a Polynesian dance B a West Indian rite C a South African dialect D a tropical fever
- (20) purport (pur port' or purr'pōit) A to suggest timidly B to state positively C to urge strongly D to have the appearance of claiming

DO YOU KNOW what your doctor is talking about when he says you have an "itis"? Here are 20 words that all end in "itis," incorrectly paired with words referring to specific parts of the body. Your task is to match the disease with the correct part of the body affected by it.

A score of 18 and over is excellent; 15-17 good; 13-14 fair; 11-12 average. (Answers below.)

- |                                      |                                           |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| 1. Otitis . . . . . Lungs            | 11. Rhinitis . . . . . Joints             |
| 2. Neuritis . . . . . Muscles        | 12. Gastritis . . . . . Abdomen           |
| 3. Carditis . . . . . Eye            | 13. Hepatitis . . . . . Ear               |
| 4. Dermatitis . . . . . Throat       | 14. Peritonitis . . . . . Brain           |
| 5. Arthritis . . . . . Blood vessels | 15. Cystitis . . . . . Tongue             |
| 6. Conjunctivitis . . . . . Stomach  | 16. Tonsillitis . . . . . Liver           |
| 7. Bronchitis . . . . . Bladder      | 17. Meningitis . . . . . Skin             |
| 8. Nephritis . . . . . Nerves        | 18. Osteomyelitis . . . . . Nose          |
| 9. Colitis . . . . . Heart           | 19. Thrombophlebitis . . . . . Intestines |
| 10. Glossitis . . . . . Kidneys      | 20. Myositis . . . . . Bones              |

### *Answers to: "It Pays to Increase Your Word Power"*

|     |      |     |      |                           |                      |
|-----|------|-----|------|---------------------------|----------------------|
| 1—C | 6—B  | 11  | 16—B | <i>Vocabulary Ratings</i> |                      |
| 2—B | B    | 12— | 17—A | 20—19 correct             | extraordinarily good |
| 3—D | 8—C  | 13  | 18—A | 19—16 correct             | exceptional          |
| 4—D | 9—A  | 14  | 19—D | 15—12 correct             | very good            |
| 5—A | 10—C | 15— | 20—D | 11—9 correct              | good to fair         |
|     |      |     |      | 8 and under correct       | poor                 |

### *Answers to: "Whatitis"*

- |                                 |                                              |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| 1. Otitis . . . . . Ear         | 11. Rhinitis . . . . . Nose                  |
| 2. Neuritis . . . . . Nerves    | 12. Gastritis . . . . . Stomach              |
| 3. Carditis . . . . . Heart     | 13. Hepatitis . . . . . Liver                |
| 4. Dermatitis . . . . . Skin    | 14. Peritonitis . . . . . Abdomen            |
| 5. Arthritis . . . . . Joints   | 15. Cystitis . . . . . Bladder               |
| 6. Conjunctivitis . . . . . Eye | 16. Tonsillitis . . . . . Throat             |
| 7. Bronchitis . . . . . Lungs   | 17. Meningitis . . . . . Brain               |
| 8. Nephritis . . . . . Kidneys  | 18. Osteomyelitis . . . . . Bones            |
| 9. Colitis . . . . . Intestines | 19. Thrombophlebitis . . . . . Blood vessels |
| 10. Glossitis . . . . . Tongue  | 20. Myositis . . . . . Muscles               |

One terrible hour at a frontier autopsy started Bethenia Owens on her lifelong crusade for women's emancipation

## *Post-Mortem*

Adapted from the book "Westward the Women" • NANCY WILSON ROSS

IT WAS a hot summer day in 1872. Through the sleepy pioneer village of Roseburg, Oregon, ran a sudden current of mysterious excitement. As if at a secret summons, men dropped their work and hurried along dusty cowpaths toward a deserted shed on the outskirts of town. Women left pies to burn forgotten in the oven as they gathered in whispering conclave on the wooden sidewalks.

Bethenia Owens, fresh from studying for a medical degree at the Philadelphia Eclectic College (one of the few institutions that would admit women to such unwomanly pursuits), had been invited to be present while the town doctors cut up the corpse of Joe Marcy, pauper and derelict. At that period in our frontier history, autopsies were often a semipublic event, a sort of ghoulish strip-tease for men only. No one thought Bethenia would accept the challenge; yet here she was, boldly setting out for the shack where the operation was to take place. An audience of some 50 men had gathered to watch the fun.

Bethenia, a pretty little figure in her early 30's, passed along the street, her head held high. "The nerve of her!" whispered the ladies of Roseburg. "Just wait" said one of them, "until she gets a look at Joe Marcy, dead two days now. Just wait until

she finds out why they *really* asked her to come. She'll never stick it. She'll come scuttling back soon enough, her fancy ideas about being a doctor trailing behind her."

Bethenia could take their shafts; it was the derisive guffaws of the men she dreaded most. As she approached the shed, she heard the men inside laughing boisterously. For a moment she hesitated, wanting to run back down the dusty path. Then she lifted the latch of the door. At her appearance the laughter died away.

Near the door stood Roseburg's leading physician, Doc Barnes. Bethenia knew he was responsible for the invitation, and that he was deliberately planning to humiliate her. But she extended her hand to him. "Thank you for the invitation," she said. "I appreciate the honor."

Dr. Barnes looked down contemptuously on the small figure with the flushed face and steady eyes. "No woman," he declared loudly, "has any business attending an autopsy performed on a man."

"How is it any different from a man attending an autopsy performed on a woman?" asked Bethenia.

Shamefacedly one of the doctors murmured that the pauper's illness had involved among other things an embarrassing part of the anatomy.

Bethenia felt the blood leave her face, and rush back in a flood. But she held her ground. She looked around at the faces of the men in the shed, trying to meet their evasive eyes as she said in a firm voice: "To a doctor all parts of the human body should be equally sacred."

The audience stirred uneasily. Would this serious-faced little woman spoil their fun?

"Here, then!" Doc Barnes said roughly. "You do it." He thrust the instrument case into Bethenia's hands.

For one terrible moment she thought she might be sick. The smells in the close-packed shed, the malice that breathed toward her, the sight of the pauper's body under the dirty blankets—all these nearly overwhelmed her. Could she face it? Her training had been purely theoretical. She had spent long hours memorizing Gray's *Anatomy*, but all that she knew had been learned from charts and diagrams, not from actual experience. The handful of women in America who had dared the insults and disgrace of studying medicine did not practice on equal terms with men. They did not perform operations.

But here at last was Bethenia's opportunity to answer the sneers with which everyone had greeted her ambitions to be a doctor.

She quietly rolled up the cuffs of her pretty summer dress. Protective gloves were unheard of. Her naked hands must come in contact with the diseased body from which she now removed the dirty blanket. As she worked, silently, efficiently, her audience crowded nearer for a better view. In those days there existed none of the elaborate microscopical,

bacteriological or chemical methods employed now in performing an autopsy. Only the most obvious conclusions could be drawn from this examination, and Bethenia knew it. She knew also that often the main motive behind such an operation was a craving for blood and excitement. Her presence had heightened this excitement to fever pitch.

With every nerve and muscle disciplined to calmness, she proceeded to make the Y-shaped incision that would allow her to search out the internal causes of the man's progressive illness. Humbly but bravely she expressed her opinion on her findings, and then quietly sewed up the body again for burial.

Then she cleaned her hands as best she could in a battered washbasin, and rolled down her cuffs. A few of the men gave her a halfhearted cheer. They had all seen that not a doctor present could criticize her work, or contradict any of her conclusions. But the doctors themselves were grudging, silent, even angry. She left the shed alone.

Her face drawn and white from strain, she walked back along the dusty paths and the hot sidewalks to her little house. From fences and from trees, children booed her. Women she had known all her life sat on their porches and silently watched her pass. One old woman cried, "Shame on you, Bethenia Owens! You're a disgrace to the town and your family. You'd better get out. No one wants you here."

She tried to remind herself that she was a pioneer, that she was undoubtedly the first woman in America to perform a public autopsy, one of

the first to use a scalpel. But she was too tired to care. She simply wanted to get home and scrub herself, clean her soiled dress.

Realizing that she could never build a practice in Roseburg, Bethenia took her lofty ambitions and her as yet meager training to Portland. There she opened an office as a "bath doctor"—the only rating to which a woman at that time could aspire—giving electric and medical baths. She built up a flourishing practice. Slowly she fought her way up the ladder of medical achievement.

By 1878 Bethenia was ready to take a new step. She wanted a degree that would make her a real doctor. She tried to enter Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia but was refused. So she set off for the University of Michigan, where women were accepted on equal terms. That same year her son went to California to start his own medical career. (She had been married at 14 to a ne'er-do-well.)

In two years she had her degree. With men she interned in Chicago. She went to Europe and sat in the most famous operating theaters, watched famous surgeons operate. Then she returned to the Far West to practice — on equal terms with men at last.

Bethenia lived to be well past 80. For more than 50 of those years she fought to put across revolutionary ideas about health and hygiene and equality for women. She was one of the first women to decry constricting

corsets. She campaigned against side-saddles and the feminine custom of never going out hatless. She urged women to develop their muscular system by such "unladylike" sports as skating and swimming. Across the continent she engaged in a spirited dialectic with President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard, who feared that higher education and outdoor exercise would unfit women for the normal function of childbearing. She proved her point when she married again at 44, and bore a child at 47.

Bethenia's fame became national when, in 1922, after a 15-year fight in the Oregon legislature, she succeeded in bringing about a law requiring medical examinations for all persons seeking a marriage license. This was the first outstanding step toward the acceptance of eugenics as a topic fit for public discussion; it marked the beginning of American legislation on this subject. "A personal triumph for Dr. Owens-Adair," wrote the *Portland Journal* when Oregon's Governor signed the law.

In countless speeches, in newspaper articles, in private talks, and by her own dauntless career, Bethenia Owens-Adair slowly broke down the stubborn barriers of ignorance and prejudice, and smashed the medieval taboos which formerly surrounded women. That terrible hour in the old shed in Roseburg had given her the courage and tenacity to fight for her beliefs against all obstacles; to dare — even though a woman — to become a pioneer of science.



# DEATH to WEEDS!

One of the biggest pieces of gardening news in years; a spray that is poisonous to unwanted plants but not to animals or the soil

Condensed from *Better Homes & Gardens*

R. MILTON CARLETON

A NEW horticultural chemical has been found which forces some of our worst weeds to commit suicide. The discovery — thanks to the scientists of the U. S. Department of Agricultural Research and others — is one of the biggest pieces of gardening news in years.

Toughest of all weeds to control are the deep-rooted perennials — bindweed (also known as wild morning glory, and the No. 1 pest of the Midwest), Canada thistle, burdock, dandelion. In the past the only way they could be destroyed was to root them out. But spray them with this new chemical, and the kill is sure. And it has made other amazing conquests.

Unlike old-time weed killers, the chemical is neither inflammable nor poisonous to animals. Unlike them, it does not corrode spray equipment, stain clothing or sterilize the soil.

The man who developed this pest-killer as a commercial product easily handled by home gardeners is Franklin D. Jones, of Ambler, Pa., one of the country's top authorities on plant hormones. He was hunting some effective means of destroying poison ivy, to which his children were unusually susceptible. He knew that plants absorb hormones and hormone-like chemicals through their leaves and carry them down to the root tips.

Would a chemical too toxic to use as a hormone be absorbed by the plant and kill it? He chose nine of the hormone-like chemicals and sprayed poison-ivy plants with them.

One of these, a relative of cyanide and deadly to animals, instead of killing the plants stimulated them into furious growth. Two others merely scared the leaves, and the plants recovered quickly. One by one they were eliminated until only two were left. Then Jones noticed that plants sprayed with them were beginning to turn brown. The drug had affected the metabolism of the plant. He watched for these plants to come back, but they never did.

The chemicals found most effective were two complex organic acids which behave in much the same manner. The one commercially developed is trichlorophenoxyacetic acid, TCP for short. In tests with TCP at Cornell University, two of the country's leading plant physiologists and experimenters, Doctors Hamner and Tukey, got practically 100 percent kill on bindweed in ten days.

Because of its chemical structure, TCP is taken in by the leaves and carried through the branches down into the farthest root tip. The poison kills the foliage by destroying the chlorophyll. Just what happens inside the stems is not known, but apparently

it either breaks down the cell walls or paralyzes them so that they can't function. Hamner and Tukey found TCP effective in doses as dilute as one part in 1000 parts of water.

TCP has none of the drawbacks of old-time chemical weed killers. The latter caused plants to wilt in a dramatic manner. In two or three days the plants seemed dead. Shallow-rooted annuals were. But deep-rooted perennials regenerated from the crown and, unless enough chemical was used to poison the soil so that no plant could grow, most of the perennial weeds flourished all the better for the lack of annual weeds to compete with.

With TCP there is no sudden wilting. For four or five days the plants look as vigorous as ever. Then along the edge of the leaves a faint yellowish-green appears, which fades to yellow, to ashen gray, finally to brown.

The list of TCP'S prey is long. Besides bindweed I have killed poison ivy, Japanese honeysuckle, ragweed, wild plum, wild cherry (including the chokecherry, host to the bagworm), blackberry, giant ragweed, plantain, dandelion, burdock, chickweed, Canada thistle, and sumac. Other investigators have killed poison oak (particularly bad on the West Coast), bull thistle, yarrow, horse nettle, lambs-quarters, sassafras, honey locust, clover and wild garlic.

At a midwestern university, experimenters tried it on an old cottonwood stump which had sent up suckers for a distance of 75 feet around. When treated, the sprouts around the stump wilted. Then outward from the stump the suckers began to collapse one by one, until slowly but inexora-

bly the toxic material reached the last green sprout 75 feet away.

The best news for the conservationist is the high toxicity of TCP for Japanese honeysuckle, which has taken over large areas in the eastern United States. Orchardists have seen entire orchards overwhelmed in three to four years as a green wave of this pest, perhaps originating from a single plant, has flowed relentlessly across the landscape.

Jones discovered that most weeds are not easily affected when air temperatures are below 50 degrees, for then perennial weeds are living off their stored food and take up very little from the air and soil about them. Exceptions are poison oak, poison ivy, poison sumac, bindweed and Japanese honeysuckle; they may be sprayed at temperatures below 50 degrees, provided there is any foliage on the plant.

Jones, found, too, that perennial grasses are particularly hard to kill unless they are in lush, active growth. Hence under ideal conditions TCP can be used to kill weeds in your lawn during the summer when bluegrass is dormant (Bluegrass is vulnerable at certain stages of growth, notably in early spring and late summer.)

Distribution of TCP under the trade name Weedone was made to a number of experimentally minded gardeners last year. At first, a few adverse reports came in, but they were found to be from those who expected the familiar wilting of old-type weed killers. When given time to penetrate plant tissues, Weedone has given practically universal satisfaction in destroying the susceptible weeds that have been listed above.

The old South is a new industrial frontier

## THE SOUTH'S ECONOMIC OPPORTUNITY

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

DONALD M. NELSON

*Former Chairman of the War Production Board*

ONLY a few years ago the South was America's economic Problem Number 1. Its position had not changed much from the 1880's when Henry W. Grady thus described a Georgia funeral:

The grave was dug through solid marble—but the marble headstone came from Vermont. It was in a pine wilderness, but the pine coffin came from Cincinnati. An iron mountain overshadowed it, but the coffin nails and screws and shovels came from Pittsburgh. With hardwoods and metals abounding, the corpse was hauled on a wagon that came from South Bend, Indiana. A hickory grove grew nearby, but the pick and shovel handles came from New York. The cotton shirt on the dead man came from Cincinnati; the coat and breeches from Chicago; the shoes from Boston, the folded hands were encased in white gloves from New York. And round the poor neck that had borne all its living days the bondage of lost opportunity was twisted a cheap cravat from Philadelphia. All that the South contributed to the funeral of one of its sons was the corpse and the hole in the ground.

Today the picture is different. The South now is America's Economic Opportunity Number 1. It has always had great material resources and a favorable climate. Now it has two other resources that it once lacked: it has industrial know-how on a large scale, both among managers and workers, and it has substantial accumulations of capital. The South cannot be prevented from moving swiftly into an era of development that will astound the world and add strength to our democracy.

The war has had an explosive effect on the industrialization of the South. A bird's-eye view makes you feel that the South has rubbed Aladdin's lamp. The largest combination powder and explosive plant in the country is near Birmingham. The largest bomber and modification plant—bigger in some respects than Willow Run—is in Marietta, Ga. The gigantic North American Aviation plant is at Dallas and planes are being produced in a dozen other places. At Huntsville, Ala., is the largest chemical warfare plant. From Baltimore to Beaumont, Texas, other great chemical plants are turning out high explosives and synthetic rubber.

Shipbuilding companies dot the southern shore from the Chesapeake Bay to Corpus Christi, and as far

inland as Decatur, Ala., Nashville and Memphis.

Particularly significant is the ingenuity shown by southern manufacturers in converting their plants for war purposes. A citrus canning machinery company manufactures merchant ship parts and heavy barges. A large fern grower and shipper in Florida manufactures bomb chutes. Concerns that used to make cotton gin machinery are producing ordnance.

Even those war industries which cannot be expected to last after the war will play a part in the industrial future of the South, for they are making skilled workers out of farm boys, giving them the know-how that makes for efficient low-cost factory production. Similarly, executives, confronted with the difficult tasks of wartime, have matured and developed their managerial abilities at an astonishing rate.

Even more notable than past growth is the potential industrial wealth which still awaits talents of southern businessmen.

The magnitude and variety of that wealth are breathtaking. Consider the forests alone. The South has about 44 percent of the commercial forest area of the United States. It has our only large reserve of old growth hardwood. All told, the South produces almost half our lumber, and the proportion may well increase, for the climate encourages second-growth timber.

Today 113 paper and pulp mills are located in the South and there is some manufacture of hardwood items. Such developments, I feel sure, are but a beginning. It cannot be long before the forests of the South play

their part in the expansion of the chemical industries. Southern forests produce 70 percent of the world's turpentine and rosin and the chemical potentialities of these products are almost limitless. Already isoprene, important in the making of synthetic rubber, has been produced from turpentine. Wood is becoming even more important as a source of cellulose and lignin, the raw materials of the rayon, cellophane, lacquer and plastic industries.

Today only one third of a felled tree goes into lumber; the rest is wasted. As the market develops for the waste products, new industries will be born from Cape Hatteras to the Mississippi, and from Louisville to the Gulf of Mexico. Plans have been developed and funds subscribed by a large group of southern businessmen to establish an industrial research laboratory. Research projects are under way in all southern universities, aimed at the expanded use of southern products. Mississippi and Georgia have new industrial and agricultural commissions, and Louisiana has a state economic development committee, which correlates research to the resources of business.

Most of the Appalachian coal field, the best producing field in the world, is in the South, it could furnish all America's fuel needs for many decades. The South has over half the national production of petroleum and natural gas. Seven new oil fields have recently been brought into production in Mississippi and indications of oil have been found in southeastern areas at one time considered hopeless by oil prospectors.

The South produces some copper

and lead and about ten percent of the national output of iron; it dominates bauxite and sulphur production. From Texas and Louisiana come helium, salt and magnesium; from North Carolina comes bromine, from Florida and Tennessee an important wealth of phosphates. North Carolina and Georgia provide 60 percent of the American supply of mica, important in radio and radar production.

Of great importance, too, are the Georgian and Alabaman fire clays, pottery clays, and building materials — cement, sand, gravel and stone, including marble. Several ceramic plants have sprung up, and it is logical to anticipate there will be more. The TVA power supply has led to large-scale production of light metals and to the establishment of new textile, plastic and chemical industries.

Other industries and commercial ventures are bound to spring up around the South's substantial fur production, its flourishing fisheries, its livestock business, and its agriculture, which is becoming ever more varied and scientific. Quick-freezing and dehydrating processes are increasing the markets of southern growers and creating a new field of employment. Our new dehydration process, invented at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, is creating a variety of candy and cereal products from sweet potatoes.

Bear in mind, too, the southern climate which cuts industrial construction costs and increases productivity. Geography favors the South in export trade, sea-borne or air-borne; for example, southern indus-

tries have a substantial advantage in reaching Latin-American markets.

I do not for a moment suggest that greater industrialization will automatically solve all the South's problems. But it can provide the basis for steady progress. Particularly notable are the rising standards of health and nutrition, hand in hand with a sharply rising standard of living. In the Tennessee River Valley, from 1933 to 1943, the per capita income rose 75 percent as against 56 percent for the nation. Southerners are earning more and buying more. Consumer surveys reveal that the variety of products wanted by southern families is steadily increasing.

Equally important, in my judgment, is the increasing interest in education, and the widening of the intellectual horizons to which the war has contributed so much. Never before has there been so much constructive self-criticism in the South — always a sign of intellectual vigor.

It is especially encouraging that the sacrifices and efforts the South makes now, in the national interest, will eventually add to its peacetime development. The more successfully and wholeheartedly the South does its war job today, the better fitted it will be for its era of industrial expansion.

Within the lifetime of the next generation, the contribution of southern resources, industrial skills and capital will bring the South into the vanguard of world industrial progress. And the fresh social vitality of this new emerging South will contribute enormously to the shaping of a greater America and a richer world.

\* Because of an inadequate patrol force, thousands of aliens cross our southern border illegally each month

## 2000 MILES of TROUBLE

Condensed from Argosy + OREN ARNOLD

FROM A 75-foot steel tower that looms over El Paso, Texas, I recently had a bird's-eye view of a drama on our Mexican frontier. I was jammed into a tiny crow's nest with a U.S. Immigration Inspector. Through binoculars we were watching the fabled Rio Grande, where it twists like a silver snake between El Paso and Juarez, Chihuahua. Suddenly the inspector began talking into a radio microphone.

"Border patrol car number four, go to St. Vrain Street. An alien man is crossing the river... man is now climbing up slope on our side... I see your car, man is approaching you; he wears brown hat, dark suit, white shirt... he has stopped walking. I think he sees you. Careful, he may be armed!"

The action was almost a mile away, but we watched it spellbound as if it were a silent movie. The car stopped and two federal officers leaped out. The alien ran a few yards, then turned, and we saw the quick red stab of his pistol flame. But the officers, without firing a shot, disarmed him and led him to the car in handcuffs.

I went to headquarters to hear the man's statement. His name was Bonifacio del Saenz. "I will risk my life again to come here," he said. "An Americano told me if I would cross

the line he would give me a good job on his Texas farm."

Bonifacio's case is typical of the trouble that has sprung up at America's back door because of the labor shortage. For many years aliens have occasionally entered this country from Mexico, but now, lured by our prosperity and aided by our own citizens, they cross the border illegally at the rate of more than 6000 each month. And there is another serious border headache: the running of contraband — millions of dollars' worth of opium, cocaine, heroin, jewelry, liquor, and other illicit merchandise every year.

Even though the Mexican Government cooperates in trying to control both traffics, they continue to grow. Our border patrol is critically handicapped. The personnel numbers less than 50 percent of the actual need. We have only 500 officers to guard 2000 miles of frontier.\*

At two o'clock one morning, Officers Bob Barlow and Albert Quick were crouched in brush beside the Rio Grande near Fort Hancock,

*\*While officially the term "border patrol" applies only to the men of the Immigration Service, a branch of the U.S. Department of Justice, in common usage it also includes officers of the Bureaus of Customs and of Narcotics, which are under the Treasury Department. These three groups cooperate, and their duties often overlap.*

Texas. Out of the starlit water came black forms that moved up our shore and into a cattle trail. Each person carried a pack and some had rifles. Bob and Al rose to block the trail. Barlow shouted, "*Alto! Manos arriba! Los federales aquí!*"

The group—58 dangerous aliens, ready to fight their way into America—halted. Before they could go into action, Barlow swaggered out.

"Sit down where you are!" he ordered, loudly. "Now you, Bill—you and your men keep your rifles trained on them and stay undercover."

"Yes, sir," Quick answered.

"You, Joe, keep that machine gun ready on the other side, and if necessary shoot to kill."

"Right, sir," Barlow answered himself, from the side of his mouth.

"Now, Quick, you go to the nearest ranch and telephone headquarters what transportation we'll need." Quick departed, and Barlow alone stood guard until almost dawn. He gave orders, borrowed cigarettes, even cracked a joke—and thus got by with one of the boldest bluffs in border history.

Our patrol has erected nine guard towers in the El Paso sector, one at Laredo, Texas, and one each at Nogales and Douglas in Arizona. They are manned by patrolmen in four-hour shifts. Thousands of aliens, sometimes called "wet backs," wade or swim the Rio Grande, but many more, called "line jumpers," think to enter this Land of Promise by going out to the vast desert far from any town. It is not a hospitable region. I have seen a herd of cattle entombed there under blizzard snow in winter, and in summer I have

measured temperatures as high as 142 degrees. Sometimes there is no water for stretches of 100 miles. In such a region the international boundary is but a three-strand wire fence for cattle and frequently just an imaginary line.

With two stalwart border patrolmen I rode there recently, "cutting trail" a short distance north of the Arizona-Sonora line. After eight miles or so, one man spoke a soft, "Ho-o-o." We dismounted and examined a single track made by a man's shoes. The ground here was rocky.

"That gives him away," the officer explained. "If he weren't an alien he'd be walking on the smoother ground. He hoped to conceal his trail on the rocks."

The trail looked fresh, and we followed it. We were ten miles from the border and 20 miles from any human habitation; the sun was stinging as only a desert sun can.

"He's about done," one officer said at 2 p.m. "Making big wobbly circles."

We came on him at six, still in the blazing sun. The two officers moved up warily while I held their horses. Then they waved me up.

"He's close to dead," they said. "From thirst."

The alien, age 22, was given first aid, revived and ultimately deported. He probably will try again.

Airplanes have served well in patrolling, but they are handicapped by having to land in rocks and cactus, and after the war helicopters will be used. The service today has only one plane, an autogyro, but private ships are hired frequently.

Aliens have frequently tried to fly

into the States, and 42 planes have been seized. I have verified the appalling story of a man who accepted a fee of \$200 each to fly six Chinese from Mexico to a point near Phoenix, Arizona. Our border detectives got wind of him, and his spies in turn warned him that we were alert. He turned back over a wild canyon in Sonora and dumped out the Chinese without benefit of parachutes. Then he flew to Tucson, Arizona, and exhibited proper credentials. He could not even be held for investigation. Not until months later, when the skeletons were found, was the story pieced together.

Aliens have crossed in bags of beans; under the garbage in garbage trucks; in cowhides, walking across with herds of driven cattle; through tunnels dug under the fence of International Street at Nogales. Officers guarding that gate once bared their heads respectfully when mourners carried a coffin to our side for burial. All the mourners had shown pass cards. Funeral services lasted until night, then at graveside the corpse blithely arose and headed north, while his friends buried an empty coffin.

Schemes of the alien runners have been equaled by those of the dealers in dope and other illicit merchandise. Near Laredo, Texas, wires stretched under the river brought many cans of narcotics across. Dogs have been trained to swim the river with cans tied to their necks. Kites have dropped dope. One dope dealer in Tia Juana contrived a catapult which threw a container 160 yards into the patio of a confederate on our side of the line.

Our undercover officers recently

kept a dangerous rendezvous with smugglers in the mountains of Mexico. Criminals attempting to organize opium traffic from the poppy fields of interior Mexico tied up with Señora Ignacia Gonzales, who for years had been the largest distributor of illicit drugs on the frontier. For henchmen she had chemists, lawyers, interpreters, peons and cutthroats. Our agents won her confidence, and she took them to Guadalajara and introduced them to her men engaged in processing the poppy flowers. On information thus obtained, they arrested Alberto Ybarra and Luis Vasquez at San Antonio, Texas. A secret compartment in the gas tank of their automobile yielded 55 ounces of narcotics. Eventually 13 of Señora Gonzales' runners were arrested, and President Avila Camacho ordered the Señora sent to prison.

In 40 years from the time the service started with one man in 1904, border patrolmen from Brownsville, Texas, to Tia Juana had arrested 299,074 persons. An estimated 2000 have been killed -- 25 officers, 200 private citizens aiding officers, the remainder persons defying our laws.

A short time ago our officers stopped two well-dressed men at the International gate in Nogales. The men said they were American merchants heading for a dinner in the famous Cavern Café.

"You have been across before, gentlemen?" a patrolman asked.

"Oh, yes, many times."

"May I see your money, please?"

They opened their wallets.

"We will have to arrest you," he said. "If you have been crossing, you would know that the law requires



you to have all your paper money in \$2 bills. You have some of larger denomination. But more important—the federal seal on your money is printed in yellow, not green; that's invasion money, brought here from Europe or Africa."

The men were German agents. The FBI took charge of them.

Last December Customs Patrol inspectors captured near Sells, Arizona, two Nazi escapees from a prison camp 150 miles away, and apprehended

two more in January. These surly, tough Germans had planned to find safety in Mexico. Military escapees are a temporary problem, but trans-ocean refugees who want to live in the United States are a permanent one. When peace comes, millions will want to leave devastated Europe and Asia, and most of them will try to seek haven here via Mexico because that way is relatively easier. We can expect 2000 miles of *double* trouble in the decade to come.

### *They Blush to Recall*

» A PENNSYLVANIA friend of mine, entertaining Quaker neighbors at bridge one afternoon, was surprised when one of the women unexpectedly brought a charming acquaintance. The hostess was delighted to have her, but couldn't think of anything in the house that would serve as an appropriate guest prize. Finally she found in the attic a forgotten and dust-covered silver vase—a handsome piece which she hurriedly asked the maid to shine and wrap as a gift.

After the last hand had been played, prizes were given to the winners—and to the guest. She was admiring the vase enthusiastically when she noticed engraving on the base. To the hostess' consternation, she read to the group this inscription: "First Prize. Terrier. Bitch."

—Contributed by M. Gough

» THE Blood Collection Center was busy and as I rushed out of the room with a container of freshly drawn blood, I met a colonel who was a regular donor. We recognized each other and I greeted him brightly: "Just jump into bed, Colonel. I'll be with you in a minute."

—Miss J. F. Flanagan in Washington *Times-Herald*

### *And Liking It!*

A WOUNDED staff sergeant, who had difficulty maneuvering his right hand, was eating at a New York restaurant the other evening with a pretty girl. She let him manage as best he could, but when he had particular difficulty maneuvering a square of ravioli she reached over and speared it for him.

A woman at the next table murmured sympathetically. The sergeant grinned and said, "It's all right, lady. I've been eating out of her hand for years."

—PM

# Canny Canines

Excerpts from the column,  
"Strolling with Eldon Roark,"  
in *The Memphis Press-Scimitar*

## RESCUE

FROM Quitman County, Mississippi, comes a story about Mabry D'Orr's squirrel dog, Queen. Queen had six half-breed pups, which Mabry did not wish to keep. His houseboy put them in a sack, along with a brick for a sinker, and dropped them in the bayou from the middle of the bridge where the water was deepest. Queen watched the proceedings intently.

The next morning Mabry heard a peculiar noise under the house. There he found Queen's puppies, still in the sack but all alive and well. Whether Queen had dived to the bottom of the bayou for the sack of pups, or whether the sack had floated long enough for her to swim out to rescue them, is not known. But that she got them before they drowned is remarkable, any way she did it. Carrying six puppies in a heavy, wet sack a couple of hundred yards to the house was no small task either.

## THE DOG AND THE BUTTERFLY

A Memphis attorney was visiting a friend in the country. It was 4:30 p.m. and they were sitting on the porch. "In half an hour," said the host, "you'll see something funny — something you've never seen before. Every day about five a big yellow butterfly comes to play with my pointer pup. It's been going on for a month."

Half an hour later, sure enough, a big yellow butterfly came flitting across the lawn. And out dashed Tim McCoy, the pointer pup, to meet it. The butterfly lit

in the grass, and Tim sneaked up and pointed it — pointed it just like his mamma points quail.

Up the butterfly flew and Tim made a playful lunge. Around and around and around they went, bobbing and bouncing across the yard. Sometimes the butterfly would dart down and light on Tim's back — tag, you're it!

"Every day it's that way," the pup's owner said. "Sometimes he plays with other butterflies, but that big fellow is his favorite."

## FOR DEAR LIFE

IF EVER a dog used his head, Mack did.

Mack is a pointer, and he and his master, J. B. Buchanan, Jr., both like to hunt birds. One winter day they went hunting near Raleigh, N.C., and out in the open Mack was just a white streak going through the sagebrush. Mr. Buchanan can't keep up with Mack when he feels like that, but it happens all the time and Mr. Buchanan wasn't worried about finding him later on, standing like a marble statue pointing a bird.

But this time, no Mack. Mr. Buchanan started circling. Still no Mack. Then, from a distance, came a faint velping and whining. Mr. Buchanan hurried toward the sound, pushed through a clump of tall sage grass — and stood on the brink of an old cistern. Mack was down at the bottom of it, swimming for dear life.

Mr. Buchanan spoke to the dog to reassure him. Then, despite the cold, he pulled off his clothes. He tied his shirt, un-

dershirt, and pants together, and lowered this improvised life line into the cistern.

Mack had never been trained to hold things in his mouth, to swing on sacks or sticks. He was a hunting dog. But he was smart. He grabbed the pant leg and hung on. Mr. Buchanan started pulling him up, calling, "Hold on, Mack, just a little more!" Mack's neck stretched until it looked as if it were about to be pulled out of his shoulders, but he kept his jaws clamped tight. Up and out he came!

The dog was so groggy from fear and exhaustion he could hardly stand. Mr. Buchanan had to carry him, wrapped in his hunting coat, a mile to the car.

### JUKE-BOX HOUND

AT THE Southern Café, Joiner, Ark., there is a black-and-tan shaggy pooch named Rex that may be the beginning of a new American breed of dog — the Juke-Box Hound.

If you toss a nickel onto the floor, the sound will bring Rex at full speed. He grabs the nickel, scoots across the room, jumps onto a convenient beer case and so to the top of the juke box. There he puts down the nickel and looks around for somebody who will push it in the slot.

As the juke box lights up and plays, Rex cranes his neck around the curved top and peers down at the spot the music comes from. If Leon, the manager of the place, directs him, Rex will dance, sitting on his haunches and lifting one front foot and then the other in time with the music. His favorite tune, by the way, is "Sunny Side of Life."

### ON TIME

ROBERT L. SANDERS, insurance man, was on a fast Seaboard Airline train, whizzing through Virginia. He was talking with the dining-car steward, and after a while the steward pulled out his watch and said:

"In ten minutes look out the window when the train slows down and you will see an old hound coming over the hill, heading for the tracks. He'll be coming to get a bone the cook always throws him. That old dog never misses. He not only knows when the train is due but he knows which is the diner and which end the galley is in. All the engineers know him and look for him and so do the cooks."

Sure enough, it happened just that way. The old hound met the train and got his bone.

### Taxi Gabs

» TRYING to catch a train out of Milwaukee recently, I got worried when not one taxi came along in ten minutes. At last I spotted one a half block away, and dashing down the street, hopped in.

"You Mr. Johnson?" the driver asked.

"No, I didn't know you had a fare," I answered, starting to get out.

The driver grinned and flipped up the meter. "Keep your seat. I ask 'em all that, just for fun. Nine out of ten say they are."

—Rod Van Every in *Coronet*

» IN WASHINGTON, where people have been sharing taxis for nearly three years, a young matron, obviously soon to become a mother, hesitated before entering a crowded cab at Union Station. "Get right in, lady," the driver encouraged her. "We have everything in here but the hot water." She got in, somewhat puzzled, and blushed when she saw her companions were an Army doctor, a Navy nurse and a priest.

—R. F. Whitney in *N. Y. Times Magazine*

# BUY AN ACRE:

Condensed from the book of that title  
PAUL COREY

## *America's Second Front*

WHEN World War II is over, the country within a radius of from 50 to 100 miles of our cities will become the New Frontier of America. Ten million tiny homesteads, each with an acre or so of ground on which to raise a few chickens and the family's yearly supply of fruits and vegetables, will spring up within commuting distance of factory and business. Congested urban and industrial areas will eventually dissolve over the land.

This Second Frontier will help to solve some of our coming social and economic problems. Today many people are looking for their place on the land — land that may be worn out, but will be reborn anew — a place that will give them a home and part of their living and part of their recreation.

It was those who homesteaded on our First Frontier who pulled us out of many a crisis and kept us climbing for a couple of hundred years. And it's the ten million, maybe 20 million, new homesteaders on our Second Frontier who will help to keep us climbing for another century or more.

For two decades national leaders have been looking for a Second Frontier to take the place of the First Frontier which had petered out. Some have thought they found it in science, in industry, in electricity. But they were wrong. They've failed to find the New Frontier because

they took their eyes off the land. Science, industry, electricity can have new frontiers of their own within themselves, but the land is the only stable part of any nation.

In many cases, America's First Frontier homesteaders, in an effort to achieve financial independence, beat and tortured the soil to give more and more produce until the land died. This time millions of people will go to the land for homes — an acre, two acres, never more than ten. They will bring this dead land back to life again, build strength again into the soil. The first time we took the land to exploit it; now we are taking the land to save it. New Frontiersmen are going to forsake the congested, disease-ridden slums and commute ten, 25, 50, maybe 100 miles while keeping their jobs in factory or office or service.

Your real career is in living, in building and developing your home from the ground up. You're willing to face all the catastrophes and problems of such a task, and thoroughly enjoy it. You're not living to work at some routine job all your life; you're working at some routine job in order to enjoy your home and living.

If you can put yourself in this position, you'll do better at your job in business or industry. You'll be happier when you work, and if you've kept yourself free of debt you'll have no worries to make your hands shake at your machine or blur

your judgment. And your children raised in this new environment will be more capable, mentally and physically, to meet the world.

As our Second Frontier grows and congested cities dissolve over the country, I predict that there will be a movement to reduce the work week. Of course you can expect the old argument that this will upset the whole structure of industry. That same moth-eaten argument was handed out when the working day was cut from 12 to ten hours, from ten to eight, from a six-day week to a five-and-a-half-day week, then to a five-day week. But those cuts were made and industry continued to thrive - even better than before.

You will probably find yourself

with more time to live in, to work on your home, work on the shape of your life itself. You can read or study, you can experiment with raising that strange plant or animal you've always wanted to try. You can fish or hunt. You can form social, sport and cultural clubs, and have the time to enjoy them.

The only limitations for you on our Second Frontier are the limitations within you. So begin now to get yourself an acre on our Second Frontier. You will meet hardships and disaster. But even at their worst they won't be as bad as those our first pioneers overcame. You will make a new life for yourself and family, and what is more you will help make a future for all of America.

### *They Got the Job*

» SEVERAL years ago when I was driving a team on a state road project in Maine, a neighbor asked me to help him get a job. When I introduced him the next morning, the foreman looked at him critically, and asked his age.

"Sixty-eight," the man replied.

"You won't do," the boss said. "You can't keep up with the younger men."

Glancing a quick glance at the men leaning on shovels, the old fellow replied. "Perhaps I can't do as much as those men can do, but I can do as much as they *will* do."

—Contributed by Wadsworth Nichols

» UPON graduation from college, Roy Chapman Andrews, the explorer, had his heart set on getting a job in a museum. He approached the director of the American Museum of Natural History in New York. "I'll even wash floors if I have to," he pleaded.

"With your training you wouldn't really wash floors, would you?" asked the director.

"Not any kind of floors," admitted Andrews, "but museum floors are different."

*Paul*

# Twilight Healing

An amazing new technique  
which restores soldiers  
who have cracked up  
from "operational fatigue"

BY DON WHARTON

IN THE prolonged hell of shellfire at Longstop Hill, something snapped within the young artilleryman. They brought him back to Algiers in a pitiable state. He remembered nothing, and had lost even the power of speech. For days he lay on a hospital cot and stared at the ceiling.

Lt. Col. Roy R. Grinker, a quiet-spoken, sympathetic psychiatrist, tried to get the soldier to tell what had happened in that terrible battle. Or to talk about his home, or just to give his name. It was futile. The gunner could not remember; he could not even frame words with his lips.

Colonel Grinker decided to try another method. He rolled up the man's sleeve, tightening it into a knot to form a tourniquet. Slowly he injected sodium pentothal into a vein. The soldier grew drowsy under the drug — and a miracle began to happen: he talked. He told what had occurred at Longstop Hill, and as his memories of battle came back, he lost his unnatural calm. Fearful and trembling, he flinched from imaginary shell bursts. Grinker let him talk for 20 minutes, then aroused him.

When the drug wore off, the patient could talk, though with a stammer, and he could remember completely. He showed natural anx-

iety, instead of repressing it in an abnormal stoicism. After two weeks of psychotherapy his anxiety and his stammer disappeared, and he went back to duty.

Thus was born a new technique for treating the psychological casualties of war — a technique which Colonel Grinker and his collaborator, Major John P. Spiegel, named *narcosynthesis*: *narco*, sleepy state; *synthesis*, bringing together. Essentially it is a method of bringing together a personality split by the impact of war; of rebuilding by recalling, narrating and reliving harrowing experiences which have crippled the personality. This technique has been cloaked in the secrecy usually reserved for a new weapon. Until now no lay writer has been given access to the material or been permitted to quote the medical literature on this amazing development for which General Eisenhower awarded Colonel Grinker the Legion of Merit.

Today Grinker has a \$500,000 900-bed hospital near St. Petersburg, Fla., where 2600 airmen have been treated for what used to be called shell shock and in this war is somewhat more accurately called operational fatigue. Four out of five enlisted men and 98 percent of the

officers thus treated are restored to duty. Colonel Grinker is training other medical officers in narcosynthesis, and 11 other Air Forces convalescent hospitals in this country and several overseas are now using his technique.

Colonel Grinker got to Africa by mistake. A Chicago psychiatrist who studied under Freud in Vienna, he was ordered to join the Eighth Air Force in England late in '42. But, because of a clerical error at an Atlantic Coast staging area, he was put on a ship headed for Oran. Discovering that Doolittle's 12th Air Force had no psychiatrist, he persuaded the chief surgeon to create the job. He also became consultant to the ground forces.

He found plenty to do. In the hospital wards he was confronted with every type of psychiatric wound.

There were the mute, the terror-stricken; there were men with mask-like faces and men who acted like frightened, inarticulate children. Some kept breaking into fits of crying; some kept making senseless gestures, or trying to dig foxholes. Some jumped and trembled when a door banged, or even when a match was struck.

To achieve a lasting cure in such cases Grinker knew he must ascertain what was bothering each man, bring it to the surface, help him master it. To do that by the orthodox psychiatric method of a long series of interviews was impossible: there was not enough time and there weren't enough psychiatrists. Grinker decided to employ a drug as a short cut. He turned to sodium pentothal for a very prosaic reason: there was a plentiful supply in North Africa for use as an anesthetic.

Some psychiatrists had already used the drug as a substitute for hypnotism, and others as a diagnostic tool to locate the harrowing experience that had crippled the patient. To Grinker this mere eliciting of information was only the beginning. He developed pentothal as a healer as well as a wound-detector. In narcosynthesis the patient exposes the concealed emotional situation, pours it out completely, *and also synthesizes it into consciousness*. In narrating and reliving the situation, the man re-experiences his fears, and the doctor is able to reassure him and help him rebuild his shattered personality.

No patient is ever compelled to take the drug. About two out of a hundred refuse; others ask for it a second time. Grinker points out that the drug is not dangerous, not habit-forming. In nearly 10,000 pentothal treatments there have been no deaths. The usual dose is about one tenth of that given in surgery as an anesthetic.

The pentothal interview begins in a semidarkened room, the patient lying down with eyes closed. The garlic-scented drug is slowly injected. On reaching the twilight zone between consciousness and sleep some patients begin to talk spontaneously; most of them, however, have to be stimulated. Sometimes the doctor has to pretend to be a crewmate, calling out "Fighters at 12 o'clock," or "Heavy flak ahead!" Occasionally words won't open the floodgates and the doctor has to whistle like a bomb or drop a tin can.

The patients often start talking in the past tense, then switch to the present, reliving battle scenes, even

acting them out, wandering about the room looking for a slit trench or a lost friend, or wincing and cowering at flak. They talk to unseen buddies.

Here is a typical pentothal conversation reported by Grinker and Spiegel in their book *Men Under Stress*: "They're coming in again! There he goes, George! Flames. Wish I could focus my eyes. That flak! They blew all the plexiglass out. We'll never make it back today. There's one coming after you, George. Look out! He just peeled off...."

As the harrowing crisis approaches, such as an explosion within a plane or the death of a friend before the flier's eyes, the patient's body becomes tense, his breathing rapid; his eyes widen. His hands convulsively seek someone with whom to share the danger. Sometimes he throws himself into the doctor's arms. One patient, reaching the point in his story at which his oxygen mask was damaged, was about to faint. The doctor cupped his hand over the man's nose, said "Here's oxygen," and the flier was all right. A fighter pilot, reliving a flight scene in which he was badly hurt, reproduced the shock effects of the wound. He turned pale and broke out in cold sweat; his pulse became fast and weak. The doctor quickly turned an electric fan on his face, saying, "The canopy is open—feel the wind on your face?" "Yes," the flier answered, "I feel better now."

Sometimes a single pentothal interview suffices, sometimes two or three are necessary. In Africa a 20-year-old engineer had a marked tremor, was easily startled, couldn't remember his battle experience, and when questioned about home would get out a

little book and from it read his name and address. Under his first pentothal treatment he repeatedly relived a single scene: he saw his best friend killed by a German booby trap, dragged the body a long distance under mortar fire, finally abandoned it. The next day he was better in some respects, but more depressed. Given pentothal again and questioned about his home, he spoke of it with great longing. The next day he was still more depressed. Given pentothal a third time, he burst out with the story of how he had shot and killed a German his own age at close range. He expressed great anxiety and guilt—and subsequently his depression lifted. That incident was the real cause of his trouble.

Frequently pentothal discloses that the battle breakdown is related to some childhood experience. One airman's trouble was traced back to a scare received at the age of five when his father had insisted on his going upstairs alone to a dark room.

There is, however, no rule. Colonel Grinker says many individuals with no history of previous anxiety crack early under shellfire while many with a history endure several battles before being overwhelmed.

"Anyone, no matter how strong he may be, may finally succumb to a war neurosis," says Colonel Grinker. "It is seldom the first trauma [psychological wound] which lays its victim low; it is the relentless repetition without hope of relief. One of the most frequently heard remarks in our wards was, 'I took it as long as I could; I can't take it any more.'"

Here are my notes on a B-24 pilot: Shot down over Yugoslavia on 24th



mission; returned to the States; spent leave with wife and two children; something wrong, couldn't eat or sleep; sent to convalescent hospital; told doctor various horrors he'd witnessed: seeing friend blow up on airway; seeing another B-24 blow up while flying alongside him; seeing two more B-24's collide over his field; finding, on escape from Yugoslavia, that his clothes had been thrown among those belonging to the dead. "I told my doctor about all these," he said, "but under pentothal what I dwelt on was the day we bombed Vienna. Our target was the German fighter plant at Wiener-Neustadt, but we were told if the target was overcast to drop our bombs on Vienna. It turned out to be overcast. I knew we were killing lots of women and children. My dwelling on that was significant — it was connected with the fact that I had a wife and two children."

Thirty minutes is the average length of time under the drug. As the patient comes out he is in contact with both his battle experience and

his present safe environment. The doctor reviews what was brought out under pentothal, explains the emotional reactions, helps the patient see that his fears or anxieties are now needless. Later the patient has a number of interviews with his doctors for which the drug is not used. All this is tied in with exercise, team sports, and courses in woodwork, painting, and the like. Narcosynthesis thus is by no means the complete treatment given patients, but it is the critical phase.

By such means, thousands of wrecked men have been restored to useful lives. "Our mission isn't completed when we drop bombs on the objective or shoot down an enemy plane," said General Arnold recently. "It is not completed until our men are restored to noncombat society in the best condition possible." In developing narcosynthesis, Roy Grinker has helped the Air Forces move toward that goal. His technique not only restores men to duty but also helps keep thousands out of the Veterans' Hospitals.

Here  
again is  
one of those  
triangles. The  
idea is not particu-  
larly new, but yet it is  
amazing that despite its  
staleness and its lack of hu-  
mor, most everyone will read this  
all the way down to the very, very end.

— *The Bridge*

# *Must Union Members GIVE UP THEIR AMERICAN RIGHTS?*

Condensed from a speech by CECIL B. DEMILLE

ON NOVEMBER 7, 1944, there was submitted to the voters of California a proposed amendment to the state constitution. This measure stipulated, briefly, that "every person has the right to seek and hold employment, without impairment of said right because he does or does not belong to a labor organization."

In the preceding August I received from the American Federation of Radio Artists — a union of which I am a member — a notice that each member was being assessed \$1 to finance a campaign to defeat this amendment. The notice stated that failure to pay the assessment by September 1 would result in suspension.

A fundamental question of public policy is involved in such an assessment. It is this: *Should any organization have the power to force its members to contribute to a political campaign fund, whether they agree with the purpose of the fund or not?* I believe firmly *no* organization should have that power, and I therefore refused to pay the assessment. Since suspension by my union automatically cuts a member off from employment, I lost my job as director of the "Radio Theater of the Air" — a post which I had held for nearly ten years.

The fact that my union cut me off from that employment is not important. My case, which is the case of

every American worker, is important because it involves the question of the right to be politically free. Political freedom is the backbone of the Republic. Destroy it and you have broken the back of the United States.

I believe I speak for an overwhelming majority of union members and leaders when I say the American worker must be free from coercion and intimidation, and must have the right to make up his own mind at an election what candidates and measures he shall support.

When I signed for membership in the AFRA I did not mean it to be a proxy which would give the leaders of that union the use of my free rights as a voter. In joining the union, I did not suspect that I was required to give up my rights as an American citizen. I did not suppose that I would be asked to place unionism above Americanism, and give up my freedom to support whatever party, persons or propositions I desired to support.

In the by-laws of the Los Angeles AFRA local there is no mention of the right to assess for *any* purpose. Yet an assessment was made by AFRA's board of directors for a political purpose without calling a membership meeting. Without any authority the board made up the minds of the union's 2300 members that those members were against the

proposed amendment. They did not *ask* for a contribution of \$1; they *demand*ed it on threat of suspension.

*This is no issue of unionism.* It is an issue between all liberty-loving citizens and a few men who are trying to gather into their own hands, for their own use, the Power of the People — as a small group once gathered power in Germany and Italy and other totalitarian countries. If these men are not quickly stopped, all our individual rights and freedom will be gone.

Against the will of most union men, certain leaders have forsaken the high purposes for which unions were created, and have gone into politics to bend the nation to their will. In recent years, country after country has seen the specter of oppression and *government by small cliques* loom larger and darker. The United States is no exception to this trend.

Abraham Lincoln said that this country could never be defeated by an enemy from without, and that if we ever go down to destruction it

will be from an enemy *within*. There has been built up in this country an unelected government which is superseding the power and authority of the elected government. In many instances, those who would speak out are frightened by the "smear" technique which the power-thirsty cliques have adopted toward all who oppose them. A dissenter is branded as a "labor hater" or "fascist." In reality, the dissenter is only pleading for constitutional government for *all* — the same law for rich and poor, educated and uneducated, majority and minority, union and nonunion — and is speaking out against the injustice of one group imposing its will upon the other.

I ask that political freedom be restored to the American worker. As long as a union remains the servant of the worker and not his master, both are safe. You can stop this abuse of power, if you support the right of the worker to be politically free, and if you hang onto constitutional government as you would to a life raft in a boiling sea.

### *Bringing Up Father*

AT a Rotary Club luncheon, a friend of mine heard a speaker explain how to tell children the facts of life. That night, deciding to put the advice into practice, he called his older son into his study. During the detailed — and nervous — explanation about the bees and the flowers, the boy listened dutifully, making no comment. To avoid the ordeal a second time, the father suggested that the boy pass along his knowledge to his eight-year-old brother. The boy agreed, and went off to their room.

"Want to know something?" the father heard the older boy ask.

"What?"

"You know what married people do when they want to have kids? Well, Pop says that bees and flowers do the same thing!"

—Contributed by Leslie I. White

# They made a Christian of me

*Reprinted from  
The Christian Advocate*

STANLEY W. HEBBURN

A TRIBE of kinky-haired Solomon Island natives who once were head-hunters made practicing Christians of us. I hadn't been to church or Sunday school since I was nine. My crew mates had been taking their religion pretty casually, too. But we aren't casual any more.

When we scraped upon the coral reef of their Jap-held jungle island, we had been floating 72 hours in a life raft. Lt. Edward M. Peck, our skipper, Jesse Scott, radioman, and myself, an aerial gunner. After the Japs had riddled our torpedo bomber, we had made a midnight crash landing in the sea. It is grim business to be on the ocean in a life raft. All you can do is hope and pray. We did both.

Peck, who was a Catholic, asked that first day afloat if either of us had a rosary. Scott, an Episcopalian, didn't have one, but oddly enough I did, although a Methodist. A friend of mine had given me his as a good-luck piece when I left home in Toledo.

The second day, while Peck was reciting the rosary, a Jap plane flew right overhead without seeing us. Peck said, "There must be something to this prayer business after all." I

felt I had better learn a few prayers, too, so Peck helped me memorize the prayers for the complete rosary. In a life raft you soon find you pray to the same God, whether you're a Catholic, Episcopalian or Methodist.

We pulled our raft into a cave on the island and hid for two days, until we became so hungry that we had to find food or starve. Some distance away we could see smoke from a native village. We decided to go to it, after agreeing that if we met any Japs or hostile natives we would kill as many as we could before they killed us.

The first natives we met were suspicious. One asked in broken English, "Man from west?" Peck replied, "Americans. No like Japs." To our amazement, the leader carried a worn Bible printed in English. He read from it and said a prayer. Then we read a few passages.

His name was John Havea, he had spent three years in a missionary school on another island, and was a big man in his village. John told us we were on Mono Island. He said that since we were Christians his people would hide us from the Japs. The Japs had destroyed their gar-

dens, killed their pigs and chickens, and driven the people into the jungle

We decided to go back to the cave, deflate our raft, and hide it. Right there we had another lesson in practicing Christianity. While the natives bowed their heads, John Havea prayed for our safety.

On the way to the cave, I left the others to retrieve an axe on the beach. A Jap patrol must have seen us. I dived into the brush and held my breath. As they passed, a Jap sentry was posted a few yards from me. I lay there praying for four hours. My leg, which had been shot up, tortured me. About nightfall the tide came in, and I managed to slip into the surf, swimming under water. I finally got ashore, beyond the sentry's range, and reached the cave where Peck and Scott were hiding.

The next three months were an amazing experience for us. We lived the life of these natives who had been persuaded by Australian missionaries to give up head-hunting and embrace Christianity. The missionaries left the island in 1937, but their works lived on and saved our lives daily. The natives never plant a seed, eat a meal or take any important step without asking divine guidance.

Jap patrols were constantly hunting us. When they reached one part of the island the natives hid us in another part, usually in huts made of leaves or chapels built of grass.

Henry P. Van Dusen in *The Saturday Evening Post*

*In our Southwest Pacific warfare, a decisive factor in assuring the safety of countless Americans has been the heroic devotion of Christian natives. As Senator James M. Mead put it: "American doughboys are reaping heavily where the missionaries have so long and patiently sown."*

*A half century ago the inhabitants of the Solomons were treacherous and inveterate head-hunters. Even the missionary was likely to pay with his life. Yet it was from New Georgia in the Solomons that a GI wrote:*

*"The success of this campaign depended on the co-operation we received from the natives. Because a handful of heroic missionaries taught them Christianity — and trust in white men — the number of lives saved by their tireless efforts can't be estimated. They have worked ceaselessly on behalf of the American Army, carrying ammunition and food, medical supplies and water."*

*Wherever the jar-flung American forces have landed they have found dark-skinned natives with friendly welcome, succor and protection, tiny mission stations with food, medical care, boundless hospitality and a quality of life and faith which they have seldom met in "Christian America." They have found, in short, that the Church has been there before them.*

Wherever we were they brought us food and healed our wounds with leaves of jungle plants. At night we got together with them in camp meetings. We read from the Bible and all sang hymns the natives had learned.

*He Walks With Me, The Old Rugged Cross* — and other songs, such as *Suavee River, Red River Valley, Carry Me Back to Old Virginny* and *My Old Kentucky Home*.

We weren't what you'd call good singers, but we sure put our hearts into it. The natives would hum and sing the songs in their own language. John and a few others knew the English words. Even the kids could carry the tunes. Nobody in the tribe seemed to be the preacher, and any native could lead the services. We led them, too, the only difference was that we

had to read from the one old Bible, while the natives didn't. They knew it by heart. Before long I learned a lot of passages by heart, too.

After a month or so a native came rushing to our hiding place to tell us that the Americans were landing. But "the Americans" proved to be one lone P-38 pilot, Lt. Ben H. King, who had been floating in a life raft for six days. When we had nursed him back to consciousness, King told us that the Yanks had captured more islands and would soon reach Mono.

Three days later another trio of airmen floated ashore on a life raft. They were Ensign Joe D. Mitchell, Radioman Chauncey Estep and Dale Vere Dahl, aerial gunner. They all joined us in hiding, and in the religious meetings. They hadn't been very devout either, but soon they were attending the prayer meetings with enthusiasm morning and night. Every man, woman and child on that island knew where we were all the time, yet the Japs never found out.

Finally we decided we had better try to make it to one of the American-held islands. The natives got out our life rafts after dark, inflated them for us, loaded them with coconuts for food and drink, and gathered about us in their canoes. John Havea preached a sermon and the rest of them prayed for us.

Although we paddled for all we were worth, the ocean was so rough we couldn't make it. When we came back the natives prayed again, giving thanks that we were safe. It was still dark, and our rescuers walked us right through the village in which the Japs slept, to our hiding place.

A few days later, Peck, King,

Mitchell and I decided to try again. The other three, who'd had enough of life in a raft, stayed with the natives. This time the ocean was smooth as a table. We shoved off at midnight, and the natives paddled out about three miles with us. Before they left us they clustered their canoes around and prayed earnestly for us. I'll never forget that, because it was the first time I had seen four tough young Americans crying; we were so touched.

It was a three-man life raft. Using improvised native paddles, three men rowed constantly while one rested. We paddled for 96 hours—four days and nights—and traveled 60 miles, about three quarters of a mile an hour. We prayed frequently, out loud, except Peck, who kept repeating his rosary to himself.

On the fourth night, soon after midnight, we heard the engines of a PBV. You can always tell an American engine. We had a can of kerosene with a wick in it, and lighted it. The pilot saw the flame, but didn't dare turn on his lights. Something told him we weren't Japs, so he landed the big flying boat and taxied to us. The crew began throwing things overboard to lighten the plane. Then they dragged us aboard. Five hours later we were in a hospital eating chicken, the first meat we had tasted in 87 days.

When I heard that PBV, I promised myself that I would go to church regularly. That I have done. I don't think any one of us will ever forget the devout faith of those natives. Maybe their prayers did more to pull us through than our own did. They had been used to praying a lot longer.

# *If I Were Starting a Small Business*

By JAMES D WOOLF

Sage and basic pointers which effectually supplement an article on this important subject in the May Digest

HUNDREDS of thousands of war veterans plan to go into business for themselves when they get back to civilian life. They will bring to the undertaking a stout heart and a burning ambition to get ahead, but the paths of those without previous experience in operating on their own will be strewn with pitfalls.

What are the things to do and the things to avoid in establishing a new venture? Here are eight principles I would put down as "musts."

## 1. *You must have an idea*

A fresh "slant" or "angle" will make your business stand out from run-of-mine competition. Often this end can be achieved through *specialization*. For example, a man on Chicago's North Shore concentrates on building rustic fences and refuses to construct any other kind. Thus, as a specialist, he stands out from the crowd in his chosen field.

The Nashville House restaurant in Brown County, Indiana, drew large crowds because of its superb hot



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biscuits and honey. The Pink Adobe in Santa Fe features hamburger sandwiches — and very, very good ones. Practically nothing else is served. Simple enough, and it is done elsewhere — but it's an *idea* that's different and appealing in Santa Fe.

Your chance of making a success of your undertaking will be vastly improved if you can keep it out of the "me too" class. Try hard to think of a *different* way of doing things, that will give your business personality, attract customers, and hold them.

## 2. *You must start modestly*

Experiment with your idea, test it, see how people like it, and revise and adjust it before you risk a lot of money on it.

A man I'll call William Drake, who is in war work, invented a kitchen appliance which sells for \$1. He had 200 made, and experimented to see if he could market them by mail. He began with a little three-inch advertisement in a farm magazine. It made 115 sales. Then he awaited developments. Would these 115 buyers like his appliance and recommend it to others? Or would they find flaws, and suggest improvements?

He found that the reaction was favorable, but still he did not plunge. He had 500 more of the appliances made, and put an ad in another

magazine. This pulled 800 orders, but still Drake went slowly, and turned down an opportunity to lease a little factory building. He is promoting his business in a small way, and when the war is over he will be set to go ahead on a sound, proved plan.

Drake has the right idea. Get all the kinks and bugs out of your product or project before you risk too much of your capital. Enthusiasm is of course an essential to success, and it's hard to keep a tight rein on your dreams, but overenthusiasm is equally dangerous.

### 3 *You must be sure your capital is adequate*

The only safe way to figure is that your enterprise will be in the red in its first few months. Demand for your service or merchandise probably won't develop as quickly as you hope. It is also likely that you will fail to anticipate all the costs and expenses.

A young man opened a stationery shop in an Illinois town. He figured his expenses carefully — or thought he did — so much for rent, wages for one clerk, heat and light, etc. He also figured on sales of \$1400 a month for the first six months, and \$1600 a month thereafter.

It turned out that he had overlooked several expense items — depreciation of stock, bad credit loss incurred in selling slow-moving items at bargain prices. Moreover, his biggest monthly volume was \$1200. His capital was not adequate to meet these setbacks, and he went broke.

### 4 *You must have know-how*

Suppose you are going to raise poultry. What do you know about

raising and marketing chickens? It's a science that has gone a long way since your boyhood. But don't let that discourage you. Expert knowledge may be acquired.

Rav Jackson, for example, runs a poultry farm in the Midwest that yields him a good income. Before he started he didn't know a prairie chicken from a Rhode Island Red, but he got Government manuals and helpful books from the library. He had talks with poultry men at the agricultural college. He enrolled for an extension course at little expense and found practical poultrymen willing to give their advice. His county agent cooperated generously. After three months Jackson knew a great deal about chickens. Then to top off he worked on a poultry farm for six months. After that he was really prepared to start out on his own.

No matter what kind of business you have in mind, start by diligently studying it. Your chances of success will be vastly improved. And remember, you *must* study advertising and selling. You'll stand or fall on your ability to attract customers.

### 5 *You must put everything in writing*

Whenever you make an agreement with anyone, *put it on paper* and both sign it. Leave nothing to memory, nothing to the other fellow's — or your own — professed good intentions.

A few years ago Edward Barnes opened a job-printing shop in Pennsylvania. He had to buy his presses, type, ink and paper with money borrowed from a friend, signing a note payable in 12 months. "I may be promising more than I can perform," he said. "Don't worry," replied the



friend. "If you can't pay it all back when due, I'll extend the note for another year."

That was oral promise No. 1. The second came from a county official who said he'd soon be able to place a large order for printed forms. Barnes used the last of his capital to buy \$400 worth of paper. But the order never came. And at the end of the year, his friend, who had some reverses, "couldn't remember" his promise. So Barnes' print shop went under.

*6. You must keep careful records.*

Many owners of small businesses keep no books, or keep inadequate ones. If you know nothing of book-keeping, engage an experienced book-keeper on a spare-time basis to show you how. You can learn the fundamentals quickly. File every paper or letter of any importance. There may be times when disagreements will be settled in your favor only if you can produce a certain document.

*7. You must consult a lawyer.*

In even a small business, make sure of all the legal angles. It may be

that there are local, state or federal laws that have an important application to your business. If you are forming a partnership, or making a profit-sharing arrangement with persons investing money in your enterprise, you are inviting trouble if you fail to have an *exact* agreement drawn up by a lawyer.

*8. You must have a rigid credit policy.*

It may be that to meet competition you will have to extend credit to customers, or even engage in installment selling. A reckless or careless credit policy can put you on the rocks. Most libraries have instructive books on credit, collections, installment selling, and related matters. Write to the Supt. of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., for a free copy of Price List 28, which catalogues several hundred publications dealing with the field of finance.

*The enterprises that survive are the ones run by those who know the fundamentals of business success, and who follow them rigorously and vigilantly.*

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*New Enterprise Contest Awards*

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More than 44,000 entries were received in The Reader's Digest \$25,000 prize contest for ideas for small businesses of interest to demobilized service veterans and war workers. Fifty awards of \$250 and 125 awards of \$100 have been made, and checks were mailed to all winners by May 25.

A list of the names of the winners will be mailed on request. Address: New Enterprise Department, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y.

A manual containing the entries most suggestive of practical possibilities will be published later; announcement will be made in a future issue of the Digest.

MAX WILKINSON, associate editor of *Good Housekeeping*, has been fretting over his expanding girth. The other day he got a terrific jolt when his overcoat wouldn't button in the middle. Later he discovered that two of his assistants had carefully moved all the buttons two inches to the right.

—Bennett Cerf in *The Saturday Review of Literature*



HUGH TROY, one of New York's leading muralists and practical jokers, once purloined from a club locker room the rubber overshoes of a typically absent-minded professor — one who habitually wore them if the weather even hinted rain. He then painted them to resemble human feet, covered this with lampblack and put them back. That afternoon the unsuspecting professor started home in the rain. He had walked no more than a block before the lampblack washed away and such citizens as happened to be abroad were startled to see him sloshing along, so it appeared, in his bare feet.

—H. Allen Smith, *Life in a Putty Knife Factory*



ONCE Hugh Troy and a friend were quietly sitting on a bench in Central Park, when they saw a policeman approaching. Then they got up, picked up the bench and started walking away with it. The cop came charging down on them demanding to know what in heaven they thought they were doing with that bench.

"Oh," replied Troy airily, "we just thought we'd take it home."

"Takin' it home, are ya!" roared the cop. "Well, I'm takin' you to the station house."

At the station Hugh placidly produced a bill of sale, showing that the bench actually belonged to him; it was built to order and paid for. The lieutenant was angry but helpless. He could do nothing beyond sending Hugh and his friend away with their bench.

They hurried at once to the north end of the Park. This time they hid in the shrubbery until they saw a cop ambling in their direction. Then they came out, carrying the bench and looking furtively in all directions except that where the cop was standing. He caught them.

Back in the station house they again faced the lieutenant, now livid with rage. He blisted them with profanity and assigned an officer to escort them home.

"I don't know what the law says about it," the lieutenant declared, "but I know that if you come back in this park with that bench, I'll make a personal issue out of it!"

—H. Allen Smith, *Life in a Putty Knife Factory*



SHORTLY before a cat show, Brian G. Hughes, an inveterate practical joker, found an alley cat which, as the result of an injury to its spine, held its head fixed in an attitude of aristocratic hauteur. Hughes promptly entered it in the cat show as Nicodemus, a Dublin brindle, with a long pedigree written by himself.

Pussy arrived at the show in a gilded cage, and with quantities of hot-house flowers. Each day a liveried footman arrived with milk and breast of chicken for Nicodemus, whose cage was marked: "Value \$2000. Not for Sale."

Nicodemus was awarded the blue ribbon, and then the judges asked where he should be shipped. "Oh, just turn him loose," advised Mr. Hughes. "He's an alley cat and knows how to take care of himself."



IN VENICE, William Horace De Vere Cole, great English practical joker, brought out two large suitcases, emptied them and lined them with paper, and crept into the night. He proceeded to a suburban riding stable, where he obtained entrance to the barns. There he filled his suitcases with a commodity that is quite commonplace in stables.

Silently he returned to Venice — to the picturesque Piazza di San Marco. As you know, the city proper has no paved thoroughfares, save only those in the great Piazza. The rest are canals and the community is surrounded with water. A horse in the Piazza di San Marco is just . . . well, it just isn't done.

Yet on the morning of April 1, 1931, the first citizens who came into the Piazza bruised their eyes with rubbing. It was impossible! *Miracolo!*

In the night horses had come! Not one horse but many, and ridden by angels, no doubt. There was the evidence, all around the square, past the great Cathedral of St. Mark's and the Palace of the Doges. The word spread over Venice and thousands came to stare and to wonder at this great thing that had happened.

—H. Allen Smith, in N. Y. *World-Telegram*



ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT; author and raconteur par excellence, was not above a practical joke. When Dorothy Parker and her husband, Alan Campbell, wanted to open an account at a Philadelphia department store, Woolcott's name was given as a reference. The department store received the following letter:

"Mr. Alan Campbell, of Fox House, Pipersville (Bucks County), Pa., the present husband of Dorothy Parker, has given my name as a reference in his attempt to open an account at your store. We all hope that you will extend this credit to him.

"Surely Dorothy Parker's position in American letters is such as to make shameful the petty refusals which she and Alan have encountered at so many hotels, restaurants and department stores. What if you never get paid? Why shouldn't you stand your share of the expenses? Yours truly, Alexander Woolcott."

—Joan Woolcott in Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*

*All the girls are wearing General MacArthur bathing suits—guaranteed to land a man on any beach.*

—Jimmy Durante

The problem-children of Germany show the results of their "education for death"

# Diary of a NAZI GIRL

Condensed from  
an official Army document

• Monschau, 7 October 1944

Really nothing can unbalance me any more, since the Americans entered here

Peter, if I could only know where you are I would feel better. Yesterday I heard that on our beloved Cologne there were again some dastardly terror attacks. Yes, dear Peter, slowly I realize that this is absolutely no honest holy fight for the right to live but a damned war of materials. It is not the fault of us poor Germans that we do not have a fertile country like America. Also we do not have the quality of character to exploit small helpless countries in such a low way.

Nowhere is there any American advance in spite of their incessant bombardments. There is nothing to do but shake the head again and again and say, "There is really nothing better than German soldiers." The cowardice of the Americans is simply indescribable.

8 October 1944

Today the sun is shining from the blue sky. There is only one thing wrong — the continuous detonations of bombs, the buzzing explosions of the guns. The Germans defend themselves superhumanly against the attacking mass. But still unfortunately they have to retire foot by foot. Dearest Peter, why do we deserve that? Has not the German worked without rest with an honest intention

*Maria Bierganz of Monschau, Germany, is 17 years old. She is typical of the fanatic Hitler Youth, having been actively associated with Nazism for seven years. Her diary (in the form of a series of letters to her SS sweetheart) has been translated by the Counter Intelligence Corps as an indication of the attitude of German youth toward Allied Occupation.*

in his heart? Shall everything be in vain?

No, Peter, I feel that we, the Youth, are sorely tried but also hard as iron, destined to fight on for the ideal of our indispensable Leader. When everybody deserts the Leader he shall be able to depend on his real Youth. They will never betray him. Maybe fate will be kind once more to us and will permit us anyway to march through the Arch of Victory.

No, Peter, your sweetheart even in this hard time, has not become a brainless creature or weeping old woman. Just the opposite, my calmness upsets my nervous relatives. To weep, no, I do not think of it. Maybe I do not laugh as much any more, but my humor I have kept, thank God.

9 October 1944

Today there is not as much shooting. I will go to town in a few minutes, to get the latest news at the club *Heimatstreue* [Faithful to the Home-

land]. I have to admit being ashamed about my own sex, since I am the only girl. If I think of it I get mad. But on the ones who belong to the club one can depend fully. All are leaders of the Hitler Youth.

Peterle, the poor Germans had always to suffer a cruel fate. We will prove ourselves worthy of our forefathers. I hate the Americans, especially since they are almost all former Germans.

*10 October 1944*

Peter, the meanness of my dear neighbors and former girl comrades is simply boundless. Yesterday one of the faithful overheard that two German girl club leaders who stayed in Monschau had danced with Americans. This is limitless baseness.

This day was ghastly. Machine guns rattled from all sides. It looked like a rain of sparks in between the sharp whistling of bullets. Really Peter, we are not over the hill yet. In our woods roams the SS in arms. American bomber fleets go overhead. They fly very low now.

Tonight we talked in the club about the speech of Dr. Goebbels. Peter, I will never pardon him for saying that the people in the territories occupied by the enemy are no longer Germans; that we had, by staying here, gone over to the Americans. He's made everybody mad in our club, too. Where should we have gone to? To the Rhine and expose ourselves to the enemy's bomb terrors?

Peter, only now do I realize completely what a great happiness it is to call oneself a German. To be German means to fight. Our club has melted down to three — two fellows and me.

I heard that the Americans delivered an ultimatum to Aachen to surrender by ten o'clock or be crushed by "air eggs" and artillery. Will the SS ever surrender? I don't believe so yet. It is really horrible that Goebbels calls us traitors, all because we want to stay German.

*11 October 1944*

This morning the American artillery fires like mad and without plan. On all corners those colossal guns sound off and clouds of powder dust go up toward the sky. What will Aachen do?

*13 October 1944*

I am sorry that day before yesterday I could not finish the letter. We all had to get out of here. They were searching for German soldiers. We had hardly returned this morning when again three Americans, rifle in hand, strolled in. They went through all the rooms. In half an hour we have to evacuate.

*16 October 1944*

We were given an apartment in the Laufenstrasse. We don't like it at all. The people were very poor. Everything is missing.

Dearest Peter, where are you today on your birthday? If I only knew whether you, like so many of your buddies, could be living here in the woods, I'd go look for you.

A terrible fate has struck Duisburg and Aachen. Will it be the same for our splendid Cologne, and for our other beautiful cities? One must just not think about it. It is too horrible. Everything must be left to time and fate. We cannot change any of it, only hold out and hope. Your father will surely make trouble for you, too, for hoping and holding out. I also

have my daily battle with my family.

*17 October 1944*

Today I spoke with a Waffen SS man who was a prisoner. He was inducted just two weeks ago. What a happy coincidence if you should stand before me so unexpectedly.

I went to the house again today and got my radio set. It's a small French one. Just imagine, I almost stepped on a buried mine. An American saved my life. My dearest Peter, the more young SS men come in here, all the more yearning for you grows within me.

Cologne, my Cologne. Peter, isn't there any justice any more which would make the culprits pay for such a deed? Our hearts cry out for reprisal!

Yesterday one of "our group" learned that Hitler Youth Leaders had to go to France to do debris-clearing work. Before I go there, I would go AWOL.

*19 October 1944*

What do you have to say now about the German "People's Army"? Here they call it a crime and wholesale murder. In my opinion it is a sign that we have no new weapons. Peter, it wrings one's heart just to think that our youths have, all through these years, brought about these enormous accomplishments and sacrifices in vain. It can't be. What would become of us, the Youth, then, Peter?

A German heavy machine gun just began to hammer again. Fighting in the Eiffel woods is very tough. The American comes, and then just gets no farther. If our soldiers had the stuff that is at the disposition of these weaklings, they would fly in a high

arc to America. They're not soldiers. Jitterbugs and tango lovers. Fight and advance are foreign words to them. Let's hope they still get a good thrashing.

Peter, when I think of our time together in Monschau, I can't conceive that this wonderful period had to be over so quickly. Where is humanity's consideration? They have no pity for two creatures. But what am I saying? We don't want pity. To live means to fight. Being German means to be faithful, and I'll remain faithful to my last work and purpose. My children will also be brought up on that principle, I swear it.

*21 October 1944*

Dearest, why can't we be German any more? Only three loyal ones are still in Monschau. Isn't that terrible? The youth demoralized. American cigarettes are put into the hands of 15-year-olds, and they are taught to smoke. Peter, doesn't your heart just twist inside you? Where is our ideal, the morale of the German Youth?

Yesterday two Americans took our former Squad Leader away from her little child and drove off with her. They want her to tell where the District Administrative Official and all the others have gone. But she will never do that. Perhaps my turn will come. You know what I'll say: that he's gone to Aachen, that he can be recognized by his two legs that are gone. I will lie, but that makes no difference.

*27 October 1944*

Hell was loose yesterday. Machine guns were shooting. The sky was red. In the midst of it, the roar of the new American tank guns and artillery. And in between this hellish

noise the racket of our buzz bombs. Indescribable.

We have to go to the Military Government Office today. Very likely this will be the last time we'll be allowed to go to the house. You know, in time the Americans show their true colors.

*28 October 1944*

Peter, I'm still white as a ghost. We managed to get permission to go to the house for an hour. In the middle of the floor where it's very dark I stepped on something. Right away I sensed that it was a human being. My blood froze. Only by mustering all my force was I able to suppress a scream. I finally found some matches and my suspicions were confirmed — a dead German. Horrible! The features of the soldier were quite distorted. A wounded man was lying on the first floor. We learned from him what this sinister sight meant.

Our soldiers who have been hiding behind our house were ravenously hungry. Therefore they went into our house. A little later they heard voices downstairs. Suddenly a few Americans stood before them. You can picture the scene that followed. The swine swiped three cases of wine. There was nothing left in the closets either. Everything was on the floor. They had poured raspberry juice all over the place and the laundry, all rummaged through, was lying on it. I tell you, an awful sight. Those swine! They smashed the writing table with a stove iron. Simply incredible.

Dearest Peter, I've something to ask of you. You are a soldier now, with the ferocious SS at that. Peter,

do me this one favor, leave civilian homes alone. If you're hungry, then get something to eat, but leave off there! Do you hear? It's too awful.

*29 October 1944*

Every 40 minutes a buzz bomb roars through with its hellish noise. They are headed for Brussels and Liège.

A neighbor girl who was wounded six weeks ago is back. She'll probably have to lie in bed two or three months. She had a piece of shrapnel in her right leg just above the knee. Since there was no electricity in Monschau or in Eupen, she was sent to Welkenraeth (Belgium) by the American Red Cross. The X-ray there showed a broken knee. First they applied a cast. Then they let the poor girl lie in a fever. After two days they moved her to an American Field Hospital in Hombourg. From there to Liège. There she experienced the hatefulness of the Belgians and the terror of our buzz bombs.

Peter, just where are you? Will this note pad ever get to you?

Peter, I want to stay German! I must! If the new weapon will only come. It can still save us. Do you suppose the whole misfortune could be heaped on the conscience of our traitors? How many of them have run over to the enemy and betrayed their Fatherland, day after day? Yes, dearest, this makes one sick. Yet one should have courage and a desire to fight. To live means to fight. I take that to heart and join it with your parting thought: Stay brave!

*1 November 1944*

When this thing is over, we will have lost everything we ever owned; but one thing they can't take away

from us, that is how we should think or live, because our Youth was told so much about all that. Didn't we grow up fighting? We will start our new life under the old principles. Let us hope for the best and trust in a good German future

3 November 1944

Right now we get a lot of meat (two pounds per person weekly), but later on in the winter we may starve. The potatoes are in the ground yet. I had to wait four hours for a loaf of bread. Isn't that awful?

I just listened to the five o'clock news. It doesn't sound so good. I still believe in our German victory. We have quite a few arguments about that. I am sure my mother will change her mind one day. Maybe she will open her eyes, so she can see what is going on. To live in these days means fighting. I should have run away a long time ago.

5 November 1944

I am always hungry. The bread and butter is very short. I get so mad when I think that our enemies want to rule our beautiful Germany and cut out our good old German language. Why do we have to go through all that? Just because some of those fellows lie all the time and make up stories. I always trust in our good German soldier, because he is better than any other soldier. Our enemy has enormous supplies, but their soldiers are scared and afraid, not like ours. This is a war of materials. How can we stand up against all that?

A V-1 came over this morning and woke me up. A few minutes later we heard a big explosion. The whole house was shaking, doors and windows opened. It must have landed

near Eupen and I hope it found its object. Every place you look you see planes in the air. Our poor boys and all those nice towns.

8 November 1944

I can't get along with my family any more. I got in a fight at the table just because I said, "I am still hungry." My brother said, "You had better see the doctor." My grandmother made a few terrible remarks. "Now you can cry for your Hitler and gang, but it won't help you for they are getting what is coming to them." I could not stay in the room.

We have quite a bit of funing around here today. Do you think our Fuehrer will speak over the radio tonight? If he does I hope they won't turn the radio off, because I want to hear him. I only wish I was a boy so I could fight for my ideas.

9 November 1944

It is snowing today. We would have a lot of fun in other years, but now we can't be on the street and are not allowed to use our sled. We have no potatoes in the cellar. Besides all that we have to have those frozen Americans on the streets. I wish we Germans were here again.

We were very happy to hear about the use of the V-2. Hope that will help us some. We waited for the speech of our Fuehrer last night but we never heard his voice. Yesterday I would have done anything for our Fuehrer but today I am a little disappointed. Is it true that Himmler locked up our beloved Fuehrer? The High Command doesn't mention the Fuehrer any more. I still believe and trust in him, also for a much better future. The victory is and must be with our flag.



# HOME TOWN MEDICINE

BY PAUL DE KRUIF

NATION-WIDE fight for life and vigor can well be America's postwar project No. 1. We have a vast amount of medical knowledge; we have skilled practitioners. Now we are faced with the decision as to how to spread modern medical care, without stint, to everybody.

Shall we support the plan for nation-wide *compulsory* health insurance, Government socialized medicine? The medical socializers propose a tax of \$3,000,000,000 yearly, to be poured into a central bureau in Washington and then doled out to the country's doctors. That vast and sprawling project would inevitably result in an unwieldy bureaucracy, rendering inefficient medical service.

Fortunately there is an alternative. We can all *voluntarily* join to insure for ourselves the best medical care, which can and should begin in our home towns.

This issue is soon coming to a showdown. There's no question that action of some kind is overdue, for we have failed, thus far, to place the full power of medical science within reach of the majority of our citizens. The best medicine now includes many laboratory and other technical services, and its cost has increased beyond the ability of the average *individual* to pay.

In our American experience and

tradition there is a weapon with which we can break this deadly economic bottleneck. By our widespread voluntary insurance systems we already share the burden of other economic disasters — fires, accidents, deaths. So, by prepaid health insurance, we can help each other pay the costs of illness.

This is no mere theory. There are two great major costs of illness — the cost of the hospital and the cost of the doctor and surgeon — and against the cost of hospitalization, our progress in voluntary prepayment has already been spectacular. In the past seven years, enrollment in Blue Cross hospital plans has risen to an army of 17,500,000 Americans. The former haunting fear of hospital expense has been lifted from that part of our population, by small regular payments of from \$8 to \$10 a year per person, \$18 to \$24 per year per family.

This is a brilliant beginning. But hospitalization expense amounts to only two fifths of the nation's cost for medical care. The specter of the bill for the doctor, the surgeon, the specialist, remains. Here prepaid medicine has been far less successful. There are not more than 4,000,000 subscribers to prepaid medical plans.

Many medical societies during the past ten years have launched medical

and surgical care plans, but their growth has been disappointing. A partial exception is the Michigan Medical Service; for prepayment of slightly less than 50 cents a week per family, surgical and obstetric care is at the command of 773,000 people.

But medical science involves more than having a baby or an operation. And our doctors have already developed a way, not bureaucratic, strictly home-town, by which *complete* medical care can be brought within reach of the average citizen. That's group medicine. Outstanding examples are the great clinics, like Mayo, Cleveland and Lahey, and the hospitals of our university medical schools. The majority of our well-off and prominent people (including the doctors themselves, who should know!) hurry to such institutions when they're seriously sick, or when their ills are baffling or mysterious.

Why? Because the most effective medicine is practiced in such places. It's *medical teamwork*. Medical teamwork has been dictated by the growing complexity of medical science. No one doctor, no matter how brilliant, can master more than a small part of it. If he is to detect serious diseases in their early stages, when there's the best chance to cure them, he needs the help of a group of specialists.

Dr. Max Minor Peet of the University of Michigan Medical School points out an example. Hypertension, or high blood pressure, is one of the most common and *potentially* dangerous ailments. Of course the family doctor can detect high blood pressure. But it may not be serious — or it may be the first sinister signal of

Bright's disease or heart disease or apoplexy. For an accurate diagnosis, the family doctor needs the help of a galaxy of experts: eye specialists, to find out how the hypertension is hitting the arteries; heart and X-ray men; internists and laboratorians to decide the peril to the kidneys. And if these experts agree that the condition is rapidly progressing, then the neuro-surgeon's knife offers more hope than any other treatment yet developed.

The same principle holds for the detection and treatment of early cancer, stomach and duodenal ulcers, nervous and mental diseases — in fact, every life-wrecking sickness. Now, to make this medical teamwork fast and effective, our great clinics and university hospitals have put their various experts together under one roof, close to the patients, handy to consult each other. This has had a double-barreled result. It not only greatly lifts medicine's life-saving power, *but it has vastly reduced its cost.*

Dr. Louis I. Dublin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, authority on the costs of medical care, states the case vividly: "It just costs too much to equip the individual practitioner with the necessary instrumentalities of his profession. And even if he had them, it would be a sheer waste for the number of patients he has. Better diagnosis and treatment and great economies both in time and money are made possible by group organization in which men of various skills are brought together with the necessary equipment."

So, right now, the two powerful weapons of prepayment and group medicine can be fused, to give the

average citizen in his home town the best modern and complete care, at a price he can pay. Various industrial concerns have shown that such a plan can be self-supporting. Among them are the Endicott-Johnson Company, of Binghamton, N. Y., the Consolidated Edison Company of New York, the Standard Oil Company of Louisiana.

Most significant of all is the Permanente Foundation health plan in Henry J. Kaiser's industries. Dr. Sidney R. Garfield and his associates have organized prepaid group medicine in four new modern hospitals in California and Washington. Now 125,000 workers voluntarily pay seven cents a day, deducted from their wages, to assure themselves and their families complete preventive and curative medical and hospital service. Their pennies have built excellent hospitals and facilities and also provide funds for research and continued training of the doctors.

The staff of 75 full-time doctors are happy over the life-saving power of their teamwork. The question of money never intrudes between their science and their patients. Salaries range from \$5000 to \$15,000; and the \$5000 paid the young doctors compares well with the average income of American physicians. Medical turnover is extremely low.

The doctors are able to turn the concentrated power of the latest medical science on every patient. At the Oakland, Calif., hospital, among 646 victims of lobar pneumonia, the death rate was 1.1 percent, compared to a national death rate of approximately ten percent. In 550 appendicitis operations there have been no

deaths. The hospital has been approved for the training of interns and residents by the American Medical Association and the American College of Surgeons. It also coöperates in the training of the University of California Medical School's young physicians.

On the economic side, the Foundation has been able to pay off, in three years, the cost of the building and \$1,000,000 worth of facilities. Experts agree that the plan is financially sound.

There is no question that the American people can prepay for their group medical care. Every large industry is remiss if it fails to begin experimenting with prepaid group health plans; and smaller industries in many cities can band together to make their payrolls the nucleus for establishing complete medical care in new hospitals and diagnostic centers. University medical schools can link their medical teamwork up with prepayment by people in the surrounding region.

Granted, great numbers of our people are not employed by industry and do not live near university medical schools. But even in isolated communities of 5000 people it is possible to organize voluntary prepaid group medicine and build and pay off the necessary facilities.

Service for 5000 people would require perhaps five doctors: let's say one surgeon-orthopedist, one internist, and three general practitioners, including one trained in eye-ear-nose-throat practice, and one in obstetrics. Net incomes of the two top men, \$12,000 each; of the other three, \$10,000 each. The hospital would

have about 20 beds, and the operating cost would be about \$75,000 a year. Total operating cost would thus amount to about \$130,000.

With all families voluntarily paying for their complete hospital and medical care at the rate of 60 cents a week per person, the income would be some \$156,000. This leaves more than \$25,000 yearly with which to pay for the facilities and equipment.

In more thickly settled areas, it would be feasible to band the villages and towns and rural areas into a "health plan district" of say, 30,000 people. A 120-bed medical center hospital would be the base of the area's medical care. This hospital could be linked with four outpost diagnostic-treatment centers. All costs could be met by 60-cent weekly payments by the district's residents.

It may be objected that it would be difficult to get a large enough enrollment in the voluntary health plan. But the more complete the medical and hospital care, the easier it is to get people to enroll. Here our home towns can take a lesson from the success of the Blue Cross hospital plan, which has nearly 100,000 voluntary workers. The aid of city officials, county supervisors, local banks, churches, women's clubs, labor organizations, granges, teachers and civic bodies can be enlisted.

The great bulk of home-town prepaid group medicine can be financed by home-town money. Many communities already have good hospitals; the needed additions and the outpost diagnostic centers can be built with loans from local banks, just as the Bank of America originated the financing of the Permanente health

plan. Where new hospitals should be built, many local groups can join to furnish the financial sinews. Doctors returning from military service, civilian physicians who would like to organize group practice, medical societies, labor-management and agricultural coöperatives, industries, professional groups, industrial insurance companies - - all could join together to invest the needed money.

There would still be communities, sparsely settled, that would lack money. It's here that the federal government can stimulate the growth of prepaid home-town medicine. The Hill-Burton bill, sponsored by the American Hospital Association and approved by the American Medical Association, is now before Congress. It provides for studies by state health agencies, with the help of the U. S. Public Health Service, to chart our needs for new hospitals and health centers, and recommends federal appropriation of \$100,000,000 to aid in their construction.

Such legislation would more powerfully spark the home-town medicine movement if, instead of granting money directly, it set up a hospital authority along the lines of the Federal Housing Administration. The Government through this agency might guarantee a large part of the loans made by local banks. The loans could be amortized by the health plans over 20 years.

We have the skill in management, a large part of the technical manpower, and the great bulk of the money to begin this experiment. It would be attractive to many physicians. Untrammelled by Government interference, they would have full control of

the staffing, the science, the medical management of their home-town health plans. A majority would find their incomes increased. Group practice would enable them to find time for advanced study and for their home life, now too often neglected because of the exigencies of their practices. Practitioners in the out-post centers would have the advantage of intimate contact with the specialists in the medical centers. The young physician would immediately be used to maximum capacity, under supervision, instead of

having to devote years to building up a practice.

Prepaid group medicine will be the greatest possible stimulus to true preventive medicine. Contrary to the situation today, the hospitals and the doctors will be financially better off if the patient is sick as short a time as possible, or, better yet, doesn't get sick at all.

The way is open to make disease a diminishing disaster. The almost untapped power of prepaid group medicine can add immeasurably to America's health and vigor.

### *Now, More Than Ever, We Must Save Paper*

**D**ID YOU know that V-F Day *intensified* the need for waste paper—but the collections fell off by 12,000 tons in the first week after Germany's surrender?

With the European war over, the Army and Navy are sending supplies in staggering quantities to the Pacific, packaged in double and triple waterproof wrapping to withstand the long sea journey and the intensified changes of climate. Yet paper collections have plummeted overnight to 14 percent below the minimum quota set by the War Production Board.

American paper mills producing for a war that is yet to be won can continue operation only if henceforth we do a better job of paper salvage than we have ever done before. Are we going to keep on doing *worse*?

Paper alone will not win this war—but it cannot be won *without* paper. Seven hundred thousand separate war items are either made of paper or packed in paper. Save every available scrap—and make sure it is picked up!

### *Whistle Stop*

**T**HE SERGEANT blew his whistle and ordered us to "police" the area. "See that you pick up every blessed thing that isn't growing!" he admonished. We'd hardly started when a cute blonde teen-ager cut across the grass. A couple of the men started after her. Again the sergeant blew his whistle. "Nix, men!" he shouted. "That's still growing."

—Pvt 1 Z in *The American Magazine*

# Balance Sheet in Race Relations

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly

EDWIN R. EMBREE

DEMOCRACY in human relations is gripping the American mind and conscience. Next to the war, questions about Negroes and other minorities are the most discussed topics in forums and drawing rooms. Negroes want to fight for democracy, but they want democracy to win at home too. Many thoughtful Americans agree.

Other Americans fighting for the status quo are determined that the Negro shall "stay in his place." Here is the current balance sheet in race relations as I see it. This review is not limited to any section of the country. Too often the North has been influenced by the slave traditions of the South, or has been so busy railing at the South that it has neglected its own faults in human relations.

## Debts

The most spectacular signs of intolerance are outbreaks against various minority groups: anti-Semitic attacks in New York, Boston, Chicago, the zoot-suit clash with Mexicans in Los Angeles, manhandling

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BRIEFED in Kentucky, Edwin R. Embree graduated from Yale in 1906, was vice-president of the Rockefeller Foundation from 1917 to 1927, and since then has been president of the Julius Rosenwald Fund. Ever since World War I he has specialized in the study of races. He is author of *Brown Americans*, *Indians of the Americas* and *Island India Goes to School*.

of Japanese-Americans. But the chief victims were Negroes: riots in Detroit, Beaumont and Mobile, clashes in Newark and Dayton, violence on public carriers throughout the South. In many cities Negroes were mauled and stoned for moving into new districts. A Negro in Mississippi was tortured and murdered because he refused to sell his farm to a white man.

Most grotesque of the symptoms of clash were the rumors. Accepted and eagerly repeated as gospel fact, these rumors ran the gamut of fantasy: that the transport *Queen Mary* had been seized by Negro troops in mutiny, that colored domestic servants had vowed to get "every white woman in her kitchen by Christmas", that there were Negro clubs whose members gave one day a week to walking in crowded places and bumping white people.

Underlying causes of friction are deep-seated. Housing in the black ghettos has become intolerable. A million Negroes have migrated from the rural South since 1940. In Chicago, areas of the Black Belt have 55,000 to 90,000 inhabitants per square mile herded into houses with poor sanitation. In Baltimore, an angry citizenry refused to let Negroes move out of the established ghettos or have public housing.

Employment has been a constant fight. Employers were slow to hire colored help. Upgrading of Negroes

has brought on hate strikes, notably in Philadelphia, where eight Negroes were given jobs as motormen on trolleys, and at the Wright plant in Lockland, Ohio, when 12,000 workers walked out because seven Negroes were transferred to a "white" department.

Minority groups themselves have not been guiltless. Catholics and Jews have often discriminated against Negroes. A Negro club in Philadelphia refused to admit a white minister. A Negro secretary in Chicago walked off a job when a Japanese-American was put alongside her. Negroes and Mexicans vie in looking down on one another.

On the political front, Congress has refused to outlaw lynching and the poll tax, and has failed to provide federal equalization of educational expenditures. In some sections, police brutality against Negroes is an open scandal.

Many white newspapers play up Negro crimes and print almost no other Negro news. Stories, radio skits and motion pictures in which Negro characters appear usually follow the stereotypes of the happy clown, the criminal and the "mammy." The Church, in spite of the central doctrine of brotherhood, has almost universally continued to practice physical and spiritual segregation.

Galling are the insults and uncertainties that Negroes face, never knowing when they may be thrown out of a theater, a restaurant, a hotel, a bathing beach. In Washington, a Negro soldier who lost a leg in Italy was refused service in a restaurant two blocks from the White House. Negro troops in El Paso, Texas, were

refused food in a station dining room where they could see German prisoners of war eating.

A little colored girl, asked to name fitting punishment for Hitler, said, "Make him black and make him live in America."

### *Credits*

In spite of all, the war years have made a huge dent in the old pattern of race relations. There has been a tremendous gain for democracy.

Never before in America have Negroes been given the economic opportunities they have today. Over 1,500,000 are in war industry, over 2000 are employed as conductors, motormen and bus drivers in 15 cities. Over 200,000 are in the federal civil service, chiefly as mail carriers and postal clerks. For 1944 the Labor Research Association reported 5,300,000 Negroes employed—a million more than ever before. New York State recently enacted a fair employment and antidiscrimination law. The greatest asset in employment is the new attitude of the unions. The CIO is a strong force against discrimination. Negroes themselves have been working to increase their competence and establish good relationship with employers and fellow workers.

Even in the matter of decent living quarters some progress has come. Of the family units built by the Federal Housing Authority, 35 percent have been made available to Negroes. Many other projects are under way. The National Association of Real Estate Boards has recommended prompt use of private initiative in providing houses for Negroes. Decisions against restrictive covenants have been given.

by judges in Chicago and California.

There have been political gains. Following a Supreme Court decision, Negroes voted in Texas and Arkansas for the first time since Reconstruction days. Stirring up the race issue has proved no longer a way to get white votes, as witness the 1944 defeat of such race-baiters as Cotton Ed Smith and Eugene Talmadge. Georgia abolished the poll tax in 1945, leaving only six southern states still clinging to this device for cutting down the votes of Negroes and poor whites.

With public approval, Negro policemen have been appointed in 18 southern cities, and large numbers have been added to northern police forces. Some cities have set up courses for police training in the handling of racial problems. Following a Supreme Court decision, Negroes are called to juries in several southern states. Payment of equal salaries to school-teachers has been instituted in several southern cities.

While yellow journals still whoop it up for race hate, several important papers and magazines have swung over to positive policies of fairness for all minorities. Such southern papers as the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, the *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot* and the *Nashville Tennessean* continue their record of fair reporting and democratic statements. Editorials in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* advocated abolition of segregation on public carriers in Virginia. The *Atlanta Constitution* led the fight against Eugene Talmadge and his race baiting.

The *Atlanta Journal* has recently urged the rights of Negroes to employment, decent housing, good education, police protection, and to full

voting rights. The Georgia Press Association selected a frank statement on Negro rights in the *Calhoun Times* as the best editorial printed in a Georgia newspaper during 1943. The Negro press has correspondents overseas and a representative at the President's press conferences.

Six hundred Negroes are teaching in Chicago public schools and a large number in New York. Universities have begun to appoint scholars irrespective of color. Negro chemists and engineers appear in the research departments of great industries.

The Church is seeing afresh the clash between its teaching and its practice. The Federal Council of Churches has issued a strong statement on race relations and appointed a commission to develop programs. Catholic and Episcopal churches have begun new programs for greater democracy, especially in the South.

Negroes have made great progress in the armed services. The Navy has broken its tradition against the use of Negroes as anything but mess boys, and today has thousands of colored sailors and a few colored officers. At the last report the Coast Guard had 698 Negro officers and 4000 Negro men fighting side by side with their white fellows without segregation and without friction.

In the Army white and Negro officer candidates have taken training together, and many Army hospitals are serving Negro and white alike. Negro nurses are now accepted by the Army on a nonquota basis. And the Army has prohibited discrimination at post exchanges.

A million Negroes in the armed forces have been given an education



far beyond school or college. They have been well housed and well fed. They have seen the country and the world. Along with slights, most soldiers have had some warming experiences of respect and admiration. Coming back from such experience, the young male population of the race will never again fit into serfdom or second-class status.

We now have the task — and the opportunity — of building Negroes, with all other citizens, into a working force for the highest standard of living ever known by any people; into a culture which will be enriched by the wisdom and ingenuity of this race as it has been by their art and music; into a social and political order which may then become a true democracy.

### *To Be Seen and Heard*

A LARGE trailer truck, attempting to go through a railroad underpass near El Reno, Okla., almost made it — but not quite. With a grinding crash, the truck was wedged tightly between the pavement and the steel girders overhead. Soon traffic was stalled for blocks on both sides of the underpass.

Experts from the State Highway Department tugged and hauled to no avail. When an acetylene torch was suggested to burn a little steel off the girders, railroad officials objected. Talk of dismantling the truck drew a prompt veto from the driver.

About this time a little boy who had been watching with interest tugged at the sleeve of the wrecking crew foreman. "Say, mister, I know how to get that truck out," he said.

The foreman looked at him irritably. "All right, how would you do it?"

"Well," said the youngster, "I'd let some of the air out of the tires."

In a few minutes the truck was on its way.

"

— Contributed by Lt. (jg.) Harry W. Henderson

### *—Nor Iron Bars a Cage*

THE Mobile Unit of the Red Cross Blood Bank was visiting the Illinois State Penitentiary, and a long line of us prisoners were being registered. Next to me was a slender gray-haired lifer whom I knew slightly. Glancing over his shoulder, I saw that this would be his third donation. I asked if he had a son in the service.

"No." Then he added softly, "Not any more."

"I'm sorry," was all that I could say.

He gave me a sharp look, and — lest he be suspected of oversentimentality — said with a grin: "But that isn't the real reason. It looks as though I'll be staying here for some time to come, but this way I can get part of me out right under the Warden's nose!"

—Contributed by Ray Mork

# Party Line

A condensation from the book by LOUISE BAKER

*Who hasn't, at some time or other listened in on a "party line"? This is the warmly human and often humorous story of Miss Elmira, village telephone operator and soft hearted tyrant, who knew more about private affairs than a doctor or a lawyer, and who, if she had wanted to, could have blackmailed almost anyone in town. Louise Baker, after her village childhood, became a reporter, a teacher, and a staff member of the Samuel S. Kels Research Institute at Antioch College.*

**F**OR almost half a century Miss Elmira Jord in was telephone operator for our little town of Mayfield in California's San Joaquin Valley.

I cannot remember when I first met her. She was always part of my life. In fact she probably was my official harbinger that day in 1909 when I added my wail to Mayfield voices.

Her customary birth announcement routine omitted no details. It was in the exchange the morning that little Beverly Branner was born. Miss Elmira thereupon signaled each party line in turn, giving one irresistibly long ring to assure herself of a listener at each instrument.

Good morning friends. You will be delighted to hear that Mrs. Ned Branner gave birth to an eight-pound girl this morning at five-twenty. Now isn't that just lovely?

They've named her Beverly. Mr. Branner wanted her called Genevieve after his mother, but Mrs. Branner has always liked the name Beverly, and besides, you know how she feels about her mother-in-law. But maybe I shouldn't say that. Still, it's certainly no secret. I've heard it ten times if I've heard it once over this very phone. Genevieve will be her middle name.

'Miss Branner didn't have a particularly hard time of it. Doctor

didn't even use instruments and only a little ether. . . ."

In later years some feared that Miss Elmira might take to talking too much, but she had her scruples. "My profession has the same code of ethics as Dr. Sims'," she was wont to say. "Well I remember the night Joe Blanchard called up his wife and told her she could go stick her head in the rain barrel as far as he was concerned, but I wouldn't quote the conversation. No, indeed!"

Most children had their first personal encounters with Miss Elmira at the little one-story Telephone Exchange. It was the custom of harassed mothers, forced to shop with small babies in tow, to park their perambulators with Miss Elmira, whom they regarded with deep and affectionate sentiment. She was Mayfield's first career woman — first respectable career woman, anyway. She grew up in Mayfield and her framed high school diploma hung beside the switchboard like the degree of a practicing physician. In all her 43 years of service she had only one romance that was really her own and not, like most of the richness of her life, made up of vicarious titbits garnered from the lives of others.

Jasper Craven had come to Mayfield to work as a telephone lineman. He fell in love with Miss Elmira, and courted her with gentlemanly restraint for six months. They planned to be married on Christmas Day. Miss Elmira's wedding gown of pearl-gray moire was finished to the last tenderly hand-stitched tuck and hung in her closet. It was a beautiful dress. She took it out of a lavender-

scented box to show me, one day.

Two weeks before the wedding date, heavy snows in the mountains some 200 miles from Mayfield created a tie-up of communications. An emergency call for help was issued to exchanges in milder zones. Jasper Craven "saw his duty," according to Miss Elmira. Caught in an avalanche in the back country, he was one of three heroic casualties of that memorable storm.

Miss Elmira took one day off to mourn her lover. Then she returned to the exchange, determined to serve, as a tribute to his memory, the cause for which he died.

THERE were nothing but four- and six-party telephone lines in Mayfield, each serving as many as 20 people. The phones provided the women of the town with the midmorning stimulant that the radio now dishes out in soapy drama. Reputations were slain; clothing and personal taste were slandered; food was retasted with discredit to the cook. The only safe souls were those who shared the line.

The personal element in the functioning of the central office had its advantages. I remember the night my sister, Bernice, came down with pneumonia. Father went to the telephone to summon Dr. Sims. His frantic voice implied that this was no social call.

"The doctor went out to the Granger ranch, Mr. Maxwell," Miss Elmira said. "Which one of the girls is sick?"

"Bernice," Father said. "She has a temperature of 103."

"Dr. Sims is going to stop in at Bradshaws' on his way home. Mrs.

Bradshaw doesn't really have anything the matter with her. I'll catch the doctor there and phone you back."

In 15 minutes Miss Elmira reported: "He's coming right away. Nothing serious out at Grangers', incidentally — it's just old Charlie's regular indigestion. Don't worry now, Mr. Maxwell. I'll keep your line clear in case you have to call Mr. Bennett for a prescription. He's over at Rudy Graver's playing poker. He can open up the pharmacy and bring the prescription. Don't hesitate to interrupt him — Mrs. Bennett didn't want him to play poker anyway."

Miss Elmira would track down her prey like a hunting dog if anything so exciting as a long-distance call came through. Father once had a call from Aunt Harriet in Los Angeles, who subsequently reported to us with awe what the operator had said.

"Mr. Maxwell isn't in his office. I saw him go into Jake's barbershop about ten minutes ago, but honestly I don't think he needed a haircut. I'll see if he's still there. No — wait a minute — he's just coming out. If you'll hold the line, I'll go and call him to the phone. He can take it here."

Miss Elmira was not a busybody. She took matters into her own hands only when she knew matters were better off there — but then her grip was firm indeed.

SOMETIMES, when Mother was out of the house, Kenneth Myers and I would turn the telephone to our personal uses. With what we fancied

was the epitome of original daring we would call up tradespeople and play practical jokes on them. My favorite call was to Mr. Bennett at the pharmacy.

"Hello. Is this Mr. Bennett?"

When he assured me it was he and no sly impersonator, I would ask, "Have you got Prince Albert in the can?"

"Yes. Yes, indeed."

"Better let him out!" Then I would slam down the receiver and Kenneth and I would scream at our own cleverness.

But one day Miss Elmira put an end to our frivolity. When I gave the pharmacy number she said, "Listen to me, young lady! If you are going to inquire about Prince Albert, I assure you he is still in the can. Mr. Bennett has been hearing that gag for three generations, and so have I. Frankly, we don't think it's funny any more."

I hung up the receiver, my ego blasted.

It might well be said that Miss Elmira and my Uncle Willie ran Mayfield. Uncle Willie was the cross our family had to bear but we loved him because he was such an irresistible old rascal. Father had all the attributes of a good, solid marble pillar; he was the Methodist choir director and county YMCA executive. It was unbecoming that his brother frequently possessed a breath that necessitated the chewing of Sen-Sen before he could, with propriety, set foot in a church. However, as editor of the *Courier*, Uncle Willie was a great force in molding public opinion, and his genius once saved Father from becoming a social outcast.

It was my whisky-bottle collection that almost ostracized Father. Uncle Willie gave me the first one, an entrancing object called a pinch bottle.

"I used to collect bottles when I was a boy," Uncle Willie told me. "I had 25 of them, all different brands."

"All whisky?" I inquired.

"All whisky," Uncle Willie replied. "I was a specialist."

"I think I'll start collecting them," I decided, "though I don't know how to start."

"Just keep your eyes open," Uncle Willie suggested. "You want to be a newspaperwoman when you grow up, don't you? As a good reporter you should overlook nothing, not even in alleys and trash cans."

That afternoon Kenneth Myers and I set out on a scavenger hunt. We decided not to be specialists. Uncle Willie hadn't worked under prohibition. Gratefully, we accepted anything that had once clothed alcohol. Uncle Willie had encouraged me to write down items in a little black notebook to further my career as a newspaper reporter. Arriving home, we laboriously recorded our discoveries, 11 in all, among them: "Old Taylor — Mr. Dexter's trash can; Guastiport — Dr. Sims; Gordon gin — Mr. Sherwin." Our big haul was three White Horse bottles at Mr. Bradshaw's. Mr. Bradshaw, incidentally, was collection-plate passer for the Methodists. We lightheartedly deposited the bottles in our garage.

There was nothing lighthearted about Father, however, when he stormed in the back door at dinner-time — after finding the 11 bottles mingled cozily with his sedate garden

tools. And as soon as it was dark he skulked out and put them in our trash can.

The next morning was trash day. By nightfall wild echoes were flying: Miss Elmira, breathless and distraught, stopped by to tell Mother.

"Elmira Jordan!" Mother exclaimed. "What's gotten into you? Mr. Maxwell's a member of the Temperance Union."

"I know. But Rudolf Slader says he collected 25 whisky bottles from your trash can. His wife told it over the phone this afternoon."

"There were *not* 25," I interrupted. "Only 11, and they weren't all whisky."

I was explaining my wayward hobby when Father came home, completely discouraged. "Anna," he told Mother, "three women phoned the office and withdrew their sons' membership from the Junior Boys' Club. Moreover, I saw W. D. Parker today and nothing was said about my filling that vacancy on the school board."

Mother gasped, "Oh, dear, and they need someone like you on the school board."

"Sometimes I wonder how Uncle Willie ever got into our family," Bernice offered astutely.

I went to Uncle Willie with the problem. I was devoted to Father, and genuinely penitent for my sins. Uncle Willie was devoted to him, too, but he was never penitent.

"This damn tongue-wagging town! We'll fix 'em!" he announced.

The next issue of the *Courier* carried a neatly boxed item on the front page: "Current interest appears to be running high on the subject of liquor

bottles. Since it is the practice of the *Courier* to bring its readers information they covet, we take pleasure in presenting the following facts.

"Two of our enterprising youths, inspired by an admirable, aesthetic interest in old glass, recently collected 11 bottles, formerly containers for alcoholic beverages. These bottles were regarded with dis'ease by one sterling parent and promptly thrust into his trash can, where, according to rumor, they behaved in a biological manner quite unique in bottle history. They reproduced themselves more than 100 percent."

"Since the subject has created quite a stir, we have at some trouble retrieved from the local dump the 11 original bottles. The rumored offspring somehow escaped us. The 11 bottles are now arranged tastefully in the *Courier's* window, where they may be pointed to with pride by anyone inclined to pe

"Unless interest in the bottles shows a sharp decline within the week, it is our intention to label each bottle with the name of the owner of the trash can from which it sprang. The two youths who collected the bottles showed admirable scientific procedure in recording the names, dates and locations where the rare specimens were discovered."

Interest in the bottles showed an immediate decline. By Wednesday Father reported happily that the three Junior Club boys were back in the fold, and on Friday Mother baked a lemon pie to celebrate his appointment to the school board.

The Corbetts came into Mayfield without the usual fanfare created by

a big moving van. They emerged from the nine o'clock train, according to Ben Losser, the station agent, with just two suitcases, which Mrs. Corbett carried. Mr. Corbett carried their nine-year-old daughter in his arms. They went in Joe Thompson's taxi to the Fanter house.

Mr. Beckman, the real estate man, had bragged to everyone that he'd finally pushed off that old eyesore on some Philadelphia sucker, sight unseen, for \$25 a month.

"What line is this Philadelphia man in?" everyone asked him.

"He didn't say." And Mr. Beckman would lift his brows. Not to state one's "line" was outright suspicious.

Mrs. Thompson had meatier material for telephone gossip the next morning. "What do you think? This Corbett man tipped Joe a quarter! Why, nobody's tipped Joe since 15 years back, when a drunk traveling man gave him 50 cents." Mr. Thompson was considered a businessman of dignity, and it was as unthinkable to fortify his fee as it was to offer a gratuity to the bank president.

Mrs. Thompson further reported that Joe asked Mr. Corbett if he planned on staying in Mayfield for some time. "Forever, I hope," Mr. Corbett replied, and leaned over and kissed his wife. This was definitely unorthodox. Nobody married more than a month kissed a wife in public.

The Corbetts appeared singularly unconcerned and happy. The little girl, who was pale and seemed to be ailing, sat each day in an old rocking chair on the sagging front porch. Mr. Corbett spent every morning painting furniture and the trim on the

house. Afternoons he painted pictures.

The house painting would have been considered highly laudable, except that he painted the shutters and door a bright scarlet. As for a grown man wasting his time painting pictures, the local opinion was unspeakable—although it was widely spoken.

Mrs. Dexter made the first and only formal call on the Corbets. "Honestly!" she gasped, telling about her visit. "She had on those pants. She was out in front putting in carrots. Instead of putting the vegetables in the back yard the way any respectable person would, she's put a line of carrots along the front fence. Inside the carrots she has a row of marigolds and inside that a row of beets!"

"Was she friendly?" Mother asked.

"Well, yes, in a way — but she didn't tell me a thing about where they came from or about their relatives."

"Was the little girl there?" I interrupted.

"Oh, yes. A pretty little thing. But she looks peaked to me. May have something contagious. I certainly won't let Roddy play with her. She told me they were going to eat their supper up on the porch roof!"

"Up on the roof!" I gasped. "Why, wouldn't that be simply wonderful!"

"Well, crazy is more like it! She said they ate their supper in a different place every night. And Mr. Corbett asked me, 'Did you ever eat spinach à la roof, Mrs. Dexter? It tastes very different from spinach à la dining room!'"

Mrs. Dexter's call on the Corbets was the talk of the town — until Mrs. Cartwright, whose husband was

president of the First National Bank, voiced the suspicion that Mr. Corbett was a thief. As evidence she cited the \$500 bill.

Currency in that denomination was rare in Mayfield. The bank clerk who received the bill from Mr. Corbett with a request for change had never even seen a \$500 bill. He took it to Mr. Cartwright before accepting it, and Mr. Cartwright mentioned the matter to his wife that evening. During the next few days the \$500 bill became one of a vast hoard stored in Mr. Corbett's attic for cooling.

The fact that Mrs. Corbett had a mink coat fostered a rumor that the Corbett's union was not legitimate. Of course, Mrs. Cartwright owned a black Hudson seal, but that was a symbol of substance, not sin. Moreover, Mrs. Corbett painted her face, smoked cigarettes, and wore French-heeled slippers. The obviously glowing love of Mr. and Mrs. Corbett for each other was in itself highly suspicious. "People who have been married ten years just don't act as happy as those two do," Mrs. Cartwright pointed out.

The Corbets did make one loyal Mayfield friend, my sister, Bernice. As we learned later, during tearful revelation, she walked by one afternoon when Mrs. Corbett was dancing on the front lawn to amuse her little daughter, while Mr. Corbett played a guitar accompaniment. Bernice stopped at the fence and was invited in.

After that, Bernice began absenting herself from home after-noon with the vaguest explanation. Then one day she telephoned that

she wanted to go to dinner at a friend's home.

"Whose home, dear?" Mother inquired. "Mary Barton? That's nice. Don't stay late."

At eight o'clock Mary Barton telephoned to ask Bernice the algebra assignment. Then Bernice came home and, under questioning, blurted out the truth; adding, "And I don't care what you say. They're the nicest people in this town and everything everybody says is nothing but *lies*! That sweet little girl, Linden's her name, had rheumatic fever and they're out here for her health. It was her birthday party, and we all dressed up like kings and queens and we had the ice cream and cake first and then the chicken and mashed potatoes. And we had ginger ale and pretended it was champagne - "

The champagne did it. Bernice never went to visit the Corbetts again.

Three weeks later Linden died and the Corbetts moved away. Probably the only kindly, small-town neighborliness they ever knew, besides that proffered by a young high school girl, was Dr. Sims' usual gesture of not sending a bill to a bereaved family and Uncle Willie's obituary in the *Courier*.

ANY newcomer to Mayfield who was molded in an individualistic pattern excited suspicion — and Mrs. Bilberry was a unique specimen.

Mrs. Bilberry and her husband had hardly moved into the old Sherrill place when Mrs. Grantham, their neighbor, began broadcasting reports over the party line. It was easy to see they weren't nice people.

Why, the very wash the wife hung out showed that. All her chemises and petticoats were bright pink and had lace and ruffles.

Father and I first met Mrs. Bilberry the day he took me to the circus. We were late, and when I saw that all the good seats were filled I started to cry. Near me, on the second lowest plank of the grandstand, sat a "prescription" blonde. She was extravagantly built, just a little too adequate everywhere, and her costume was brilliantly colorful.

"The poor little thing!" Her rich, warm voice vindicated my dramatics. "Here! Shove along. Shove along, there!" she commanded lustily. Flourishing her ample arms, she managed miraculously to clear space beside herself for us.

"We might as well get acquainted, dearie," she said turning to me. "My name is Claudia Bilberry - Mrs. Joe Bilberry. What's yours?"

"Louise. I'm 11. And this is my father, Mr. Maxwell," I volunteered, for Father was looking straight ahead and showing intense concentration on the clowns.

"How do you do?" Mrs. Bilberry beamed on Father.

"How do you do. You were exceedingly kind to make room for us," Father said stiffly.

"Oh, not at all. I'd kick and scream myself to get a good seat at the Big Show." Then she said to me, "I used to be in the circus myself, dearie, a bareback rider."

"You *did*! Father, Father!" I plucked at his arm. "Did you hear her?" Apparently Father was singularly unimpressed.

"Yes, I was born into the circus,"



My mother was a bareback rider and my father was a freak!" She laughed and it was wonderful to hear, like Christmas bells if they had the full rich tones of an organ.

"Go on — say it!" Mrs. Bilberry added. "I *do* take after my father. In one quality, at least. I inherited his voice."

"You do have a remarkable speaking voice," Father admitted reluctantly.

"Thanks, but what I mean is, I sing."

"Why, so does Father! He directs the choir at the Methodist Church."

"Well, now, if that isn't a coincidence sure enough! I thought I'd inquire about the church choirs here and offer my services. I'm trained, so you needn't groan, Mr. Maxwell. I even studied in Italy during a European tour of the circus."

"I could have Joe bring me around tonight so you could try me out. I wouldn't want you to take me, song unheard, so to speak. Would eight o'clock be all right?"

I think Father almost had a previous appointment, but I was too quick for him. "Seven-thirty will be better. I have to go to bed at eight. I'll tell Mother. She'll be *simply* delighted."

Mother was *not* delighted. But at seven-thirty Mrs. Bilberry arrived, with a quiet little man in her wake.

"It was very neighborly of you to ask us over here," Joe Bilberry said. "I want Claudia to get acquainted. She gets along fine with people. Everyone loves Claudia."

Mother, I think, divined intuitively that there was more than fool's gold to the glitter of my new

friend. "I'm ashamed for not calling on you before this, Mrs. Bilberry," she said, "You're over on Vineyard Street, aren't you? This is really a friendly town. We're just slow-moving. And it's so good of you to come and sing for us."

Mrs. Bilberry sat down at the piano, ran her hands experimentally over the keys, slid into an accomplished introduction. And then she sang. I don't know what I expected, something very loud and in the agonized manner of Brunhilda on our old scratchy Victor recording, I think. But that was not the way Mrs. Bilberry sang.

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord . . ."

I had sung this hymn often but the words were suddenly new and for the first time powerful poetry. Her voice was deep and strong, but she sang with restraint and thoughtfulness. I felt uplifted, as if I wanted to be a very good girl always, a rare emotion with me.

I looked at Father. He was sitting forward in his chair, a rapt expression on his face.

"Come on, Mr. Maxwell," Mrs. Bilberry called. "Sing the tenor."

Father's strong, sure voice joined in. He motioned to Bernice and she took up the air and Mrs. Bilberry shifted smoothly into the alto. It was lovely.

They sang for an hour, drifting from sacred music to the old home favorites — "Flow Gently Sweet Afton," "John Peel," and Gilbert and Sullivan. I don't think I've ever heard them sung before with more happily, anyway.

At an auspicious moment, I in-

quired politely if Mrs Bilberry knew "Violets Blue, Violets Bright," my own current musical achievement.

Bernice groaned Mrs Bilberry said she didn't, but might be able to sight-read it if it wasn't too difficult.

"Well, it's pretty hard," I boasted, as I took my place at the piano, "I've been on it now for two months."

The song was greeted by loud applause from outside the window Mr and Mrs Myers and Kenneth had been listening there all evening, but it took "Violets Blue" to break down their reserve.

Mother called them in, introduced them to the Bilberrys, and then she and Mrs Myers went out to the kitchen to make coffee and whisper.

"She's nice," Mother said.

"Of course she is," Mrs Myers agreed. "A bad woman couldn't sing that way."

"I'll get right onto the phone the minute she leaves and tell people a thing or two, especially that new Mrs Grantham," Mother stated emphatically.

"I'll be on the line too," Mrs Myers said. "You tell them and I'll back you up."

When it came time to go, Mrs Bilberry said, "This has been the happiest time I can ever remember. This is the way Joe and I knew a small town would be — friendly and neighborly. Good-bye, everyone."

"I'll come by and take you with us to practice Thursday night," Father said to Mrs Bilberry. "Do you think you could learn a solo part by next Sunday?"

THE RUN on the First National Bank really started, according to

Miss Elmira, when Mrs Erickson out on River Road had her regular morning telephone chat with her neighbor.

"Say, did you see that black roadster tear by about 11 o'clock? I never in my life saw such wicked speed."

"Did I see it? I thought I'd choke on the dust. It was Ronald Blackman, teller at the First National."

"Now where do you suppose he was going in such a hurry? You'd have thought he was running away, and that's a fact."

Before long all the party lines were buzzing.

"Did you hear? My land, it doesn't seem possible that Ronald Blackman is that kind, but still waters run deep, I always say. There's something around his eyes I never liked."

"What about Ronald?"

"Why, he absconded — it looks like he ran off with the bank's money, headed for San Francisco."

When Mrs Bradshaw heard the story she rushed right out in her stocking feet and raced downtown. Tearing into the bank she screamed, "I want my money! I want my money!"

Clifford Marin, in the teller's cage, obviously thought Mrs Bradshaw had lost her mind and was anxious to hurry her out. "Certainly, Mrs Bradshaw. If you want all your money, I'll write you a counter check for the balance of your account. Just sign."

With a shaking hand Mrs Bradshaw signed her name. "But," she croaked, "I want my husband's business account, too, and my son's savings. I know this bank is folding!"

There was a chorused gasp from the other customers. Several women screamed. A shopkeeper, who had a

duck money bag in his hand, changed his mind about making a deposit. He ran outside and yelled charitably, "The bank's gone busted!"

Mr. Cartwright emerged from his office to face the frantic citizens already pushing and shoving at the teller's window. "Now, my good friends," he began feebly. "There's been some terrible mistake. The bank is perfectly sound. The examiners were here just three days ago."

"Is that so!" a party liner answered. "Where's Ronald Blackman — just tell us that."

"Why, I'm not at liberty to say where Ronald is. He is away for a few days, that's all."

"That's all we need to know. Hand out the money, what's left of it!"

Miss Elmira saw the threatening queue across the street. Wildly she buzzed Mr. Cartwright's number, and finally he answered. "Is it true?" she demanded. "Has Ronald Blackman absconded with the bank's money?"

"Good God!" Mr. Cartwright, elder of the Methodist Church, swore. "Is that it? Good God, *no!* Ronald has three days off to get married. It was to be a secret."

Turning to the crowd he yelled, "Wait! Wait! Blackman's gone to San Francisco to get married!"

"Tell that to the Marines!" someone snarled back at him. "It took you a hell of a long time to think that one up, Cartwright!"

By one-thirty-seven the bank's liquid assets were gone.

No holds were barred in Uncle Willie's lead article in the *Courier* the next morning. It was headlined, *Local Baboons Break Bank*. Then, using

one of his most effective emergency devices, Uncle Willie quoted some very impressive-sounding but far-distant unknowns.

"As Thaddeus Everaft, internationally known banker, said when interviewed in San Francisco yesterday: 'The tragedy is that the Mayfield bank was, and still is, insist, one of the soundest institutions in this fair state. Statistics indicate that with a voluntary return of even one half the withdrawn accounts the First National should again be operating within a week. It is usually the more intelligent element of a town that reopens a bank, and from what I have heard of Mayfield people, it seems unlikely that they will be bankless long.'"

Uncle Willie went in to see Miss Elmira as soon as she got to work. "Elmira," he began, "plug my front-page interview with Everaft over the phone for the next few days, will you, like a good girl?"

"How'd you get the interview, William? You didn't go up to San Francisco yesterday."

"Oh, my no! I phoned him."

"You *phoned* him! Why, William, you did not!"

"*Didn't* I, Elmira?"

"Why, William Maxwell, you unmitigated sinner! But now that I think about it, of *course*, I remember." Miss Elmira giggled. "I bet you go to heaven, too, in spite of everything!"

Of course, the telephone wires didn't cool off all day. Miss Elmira spread her message far and wide: "By the way, did you read that article in the *Courier*? *Local Baboons Break Bank*. A fine thing, if I do say so. I heard the whole conversation when William

interviewed Mr. Everaft, so I was personally interested."

The next morning Uncle Willie came by our house and had breakfast with us.

"Too bad about the robbers," he said casually.

"Robbers!" Mother gasped.

"Yép! Terrible thing! Always happens after a run on a bank. They move right in on a town, knowing that practically everyone will have money hidden around. Did you hear anything last night? They were supposed to have been in this neighborhood. Why don't you run outside, Louise, and see if you can locate any signs of them?"

I didn't need prodding. And I found footprints near a living-room window.

"Mother!" I howled so effectively that my parents and several neighbors rushed out. Uncle Willie carefully stayed indoors. "The robbers tried to get in right here!" I pointed to the window. It was marred and the screen was cut.

The party line whirled all day. Footprints were discovered all over town. Everyone with money under a mattress slept fitfully that night. By next afternoon, when the bank examiners arrived to consider the First National's securities, the long queue of eager depositors storming the closed doors was regarded as a very healthy asset.

Thaddeus Everaft was quite right. The bank was operating in a week — and it was the "intelligent element" that reopened it.

It took it for granted that Mayfield would always be my home. But one

afternoon when I was in the Telephone Exchange Miss Elmira spoke shattering word. "You'd better stay here and be my little girl when your papa goes to Los Angeles to live."

"What!" I gasped. "My father isn't going to Los Angeles."

"Oh, my — maybe I'm wrong." Miss Elmira realized that she had let the cat out of the bag before its time. "I got it mixed up," she said feebly. But I knew Miss Elmira too well for that.

I ran home breathlessly to accuse Mother of dark conspiracy with Father. "Are we going to Los Angeles?" I demanded.

"Yes, dear," she admitted reluctantly. "Father's been given a much better job there. We were waiting until the matter was settled before telling you, but Father got his appointment by long-distance phone today."

Miss Elmira called Mother that evening to apologize for having given away the secret. "You know how it was," she explained. "I heard the long-distance conversation and Mrs. Granden, Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Dexter were all listening in. It certainly never occurred to me that everyone in town didn't know."

"It's all right, Elmira. She had to know sooner or later."

"Well, in Mayfield, Anna, people usually know things sooner. Now I want to do anything I can to help. I've already lined up Joe Thompson's transfer for you. He might even take your things all the way to Los Angeles. He's never trucked that far, but he'd like to see that everything gets through safely. It will save you money and Joe could visit his cousin."

"Why, Elmira, that would be wonderful," Mother agreed.

And so we moved away from Mayfield — and Miss Elmira.

FOUR years ago I was in California on vacation from my job in the East. In Beverly Hills I met someone from Mayfield who told me that Miss Elmira was just that week being retired after 43 years of service, and that the phone company and town were giving a banquet in her honor.

I drove up to Mayfield. Miss Elmira was unchanged. Older, of course, but she was born looking like a little old lady anyway and her age had finally caught up with her appearance.

We chatted over old times and when I asked if she minded giving up her job she said, "Yes, in a way. But progress is a wonderful thing. I'm glad to be alive to see anything as remarkable as a dial telephone. Of course, they're awfully automatic, and I've seen the time when a good firm operator was a blessing."

"The party line had its points," I said.

"It did. It was friendly-like. People were nosy and gossipy but a right-minded operator could keep them under control and they helped each other out in emergencies. Seems like neighbor doesn't mean much any more, like it did."

The banquet for Miss Elmira had a touch of sadness about it. Something was being sacrificed to dial phones and progress. It was a fare-

well to a past filled with unimportant but beloved little things, too simple to survive in a complex world.

A gift had been purchased for Miss Elmira, and Mayor Rodney Dexter made the presentation: "Miss Elmira, pennies and dimes and dollars given by the whole town bought this watch for you, and we want you to know that it is only a small symbol of the affection we all hold for you in our hearts."

I think everyone might have cried then, if Miss Elmira hadn't saved the day. "Why, Roddy Dexter, to think of your growing up to say such flattering things! I remember telling the town about you the day you were born. 'Four pounds,' I said. 'They'll never raise this one.' And look at you now."

And then she told the town that she loved them. She was no orator, but everyone believed her and was proud to be loved by Miss Elmira a thin, aged, retired telephone operator.

"It has been my privilege for the past 43 years to have my ear on the heart of this town and I shall never forget what I heard."

There was a nervous shuffle of movement that accompanied the mental reviews of what she might remember, and then everyone settled back secure in the knowledge that Miss Elmira had "her ethics."

"... I'm going to have a telephone put in," she went on proudly, "and I can't hope for anything better than to be on the biggest party line in town the rest of my life."

AUGUST 1945

# Reader's Digest

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# KINDLY LIGHT

By JOSEPH R. SIZOO

*Minister of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, New York*

DRAMA IN REAL LIFE XVI

As I came to the doorway of our canteen that Saturday night, a junior hostess drew me hastily into a corner.

"We've got a problem boy on our hands," she confided. "Please see what you can do."

Through the smoky haze of the dance room I saw a young sailor, with black curly hair and half-closed eyes. He stood by a window and his fists were tightly clenched, as if he had caught hold of something dreadful and could not let go.

A few minutes later, I touched him on the shoulder.

"How are you, sailor?"

"Good evening, sir." The voice was unexpectedly gentle and courteous as he looked at me briefly and then turned lowered eyes back to the window.

"Feel like dancing? I could introduce you -"

"No, thank you, sir."

"How about a smoke?"

"No, thank you, sir."

Care for some coffee and sandwiches?"

"No, thank you, sir."

"Would you rather I piped down?"

I asked, forcing a grin.

"No, thank you, sir."

It was like that, no matter what I said to him. Yet I couldn't walk off and leave him solitary and grim, with those clenched fists, a man who has stayed in the ministry as long as I have, a not easily discouraged.

After a while I tried again.

"You are English?"

"Cornwall, sir."

I had been in Cornwall in my youth. I spoke of St. Ives, Falmouth and Penzance. Yes, sir, he knew them. I extolled the beauties of rocky coast, stone castles and mysterious monuments, politely he concurred in my enthusiasm, but he would at no point push the conversation one sentence forward, nor did he ever once relax his mighty, sunburned fists.



Three or four times I had to excuse myself, to greet visitors, to award a prize to the best dancers of the evening, and other little tasks. Each time I came back to the sailor and tried to make dialogue, but it remained a monologue, punctuated with an antiphonal assent of "Yes, sir," and "No, sir."

As midnight came on, the rooms emptied; we were shutting up the canteen for the night.

"Look here," I said, "you've got some deep trouble; anybody can see that. I'm not curious and I don't want to pry -- but you look to me like a man who can't sleep. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's because you can't find peace of mind, of course. It often happens if you get something off your chest, you feel better. We're alone here now; why don't you tell me?"

There was no relaxing of his tautness, and the look that he gave me was hopelessly impatient.

"All right, I'll tell you," he sighed, and sat down in a folding chair. Fists on his knees, he looked straight down at a small stain on the floor. His voice was a monotone:

"I grew up in St. Ives with a girl who lived next door. Her name was Janie. Her people were friends with my people, and we all thought a lot of each other. When the war came, I went to sea. I have seen a lot of war down in the South Pacific. One day I wrote Janie a letter and asked her if she would marry me. She wrote me right back she would be glad to. So we made plans, and finally I got back to Cornwall with

five days' leave -- all our own. We had a very pretty ceremony in the church we always went to. There was to be high tea at Janie's house after the ceremony, and then we were to go off by ourselves for the rest of my leave. But first I had a job to do; things were a little bit snarled up and it was my duty to report to the Admiralty Office that I was in town. The first chance I had was as soon as the service was over, so I went down to the office and registered. Then I started back for Janie's house. But it wasn't there."

I could hear the ticking of my wrist watch in that interval of silence. The sailor swallowed hard and went on in the same monotone:

"At first I couldn't believe my eyes. There was only a hole in the ground. Jerry had come over. The house was gone, and so was Janie, and her people and mine -- not enough of them left to be worth burying."

I would have put my arms around him, but I knew it wasn't the thing to do. It is better not to touch a mortal wound. What could I say? There must be something one man can say to another in woe like that. Yet I couldn't think of anything. We just sat there in the brightly lighted dance room in the very darkest part of early morning, and both of us stared at the floor.

"Sailor," I proposed finally, "would you care to come home with me? You can have my son's room; he's overseas. My wife would be glad to bring you breakfast in bed; we'd both love to have you."

"No, thank you, sir."

I looked at him and grew desperate.

"If you like, I'll take off my clerical collar and we'll go to one of the late shows. It might distract you."

"No, thank you, sir."

"Well, my car is downstairs. Let's go for a long ride, and I'll drop you off later at your ship. A ride in the night air might help you to get some sleep."

"No, thank you, sir."

What did I have left? Only my faith; the one thing I had carefully avoided all evening, fearing that it would be unwelcome. We are often timid about the best of our gifts.

"Did you ever have much to do with the Church?"

"Yes, sir. I used to sing in the choir when I was a child."

"Remember any hymns?"

"Most of them, sir."

"What was your favorite?"

"I think it must be 'Lead, Kindly Light.'"

"Could you sing it now?"

He was still staring down at the floor, and he did not alter his position as he began to sing:

*Lead, kindly light,*

*Amid the encircling gloom—*

Stronger and deeper became his voice, possessed of new power and

a feeling that had been unutterable except in music:

*The night is dark,*

*And I am far from home—*

Eyes wide open now, it seemed as if he were looking beyond the painted walls of our canteen, beyond space and time to a choir loft in a Cornwall church. The hymn ended, he turned and asked me:

"Do you know 'Abide With Me'?"

"I'll sing it with you."

Strangest of duets! My faltering, middle-aged voice and his firm, young one, lifted in praise and faith.

*When other helpers fail*

*And comforts flee*

*Help of the helpless*

*O, abide, with me!*

The hours passed and we did not note their passing as we went on from one grand old hymn to another.

At last, in the street below, day was groping its way with fingers of light. I looked at the sailor. His eyes were shining.

"Think you can sleep now?"

"Yes, thank you, sir."

Arm in arm, we walked out into the morning.

### *Coming-out Party*

» A NURSE in New Guinea fell in love with an officer patient, and they planned to wed the day he was released from the hospital. Not wishing to be married in her khaki uniform, she got permission to wear a wedding gown. After the ceremony the overwhelmed groom announced to all: "Isn't she lovely? This is the first time I've ever seen her with a dress on!"

"Isn't he handsome?" the excited bride exclaimed, "It's the first time I've ever seen him when he wasn't in pajamas!"

— Will Oursler, quoted by Walter Winchell

# *For a Victorious Peace:*

## Keep British-American Teamwork

BY STANLEY HIGH

THE MOST powerful force in human affairs, said the German statesman Bismarck toward the end of the 19th century, is the fact that the British and American people speak the same language.

As that force directed its strength against Germany in World War I, Mark Sullivan wrote: "One could realize that without any planning, without any intention of propaganda, with a force that made propaganda a fantastic superfluity, every little red schoolhouse in America where children recited Gray's 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard' had been through generations a recruiting post which now produced sympathy for Britain; and every prairie courthouse where judges and lawyers dealt daily with Blackstone and Coke and Magna Charta had been an unconscious breeding ground for the conviction that British institutions must not be destroyed."

This conviction is now being victoriously tested in the fires of a second world war. Together, Americans and British are once more securing the survival of their institutions and winning the promise of freedom and peace for the world.

*To my mind, it is clear that when two peoples will face the tragedies of war to defend the same spiritual values, the same treasured rights, then in the deepest sense those two are related. So, even though I proclaim my undying Americanism, I am bold enough and exceedingly proud to claim basic kinship to you of London.*  
General Dwight D. Eisenhower  
Speech in London (June 12)

If we are to preserve what is being so dearly won, the unity of purpose and aspirations which exists between Americans and British must no longer be taken for granted. The assertion of that unity must no longer be left to desperate, last-minute improvising. The peril and possible cost, in life and treasure, are far too great.

OUR own security and the historic opportunity which has been committed to our hands require that we now forthrightly establish policies between us which aim to keep our joint resources permanently employed against aggression and tyranny and in support of the world's economic progress and a democratic peace.

Both the peoples and the governments of the United States and the British Commonwealth of Nations are alike committed to a peace which has as its objectives: a rising standard of living in all lands; safeguarding the integrity of small nations; recognition of basic human rights throughout the world; the extension of freedom to dependent peoples.

Such a peace is desired by an overwhelming majority of the people of the world. Neither the American nor the British record in support of these objectives is without blemish. But whatever progress toward them the world has made in nearly a century and a half has been, in large measure, due to the leadership of the United States and Great Britain.

THE hundred years from 1815 to 1914 are spoken of by historians as the period of the Pax Britannica, because British power and influence were chiefly responsible for the peace and order which generally prevailed in the world in that time. Never was the progress of the world's peoples toward higher standards of living and wider freedom so rapid as in this period in which the principal powers were Great Britain and the United States.

Field Marshal Jan Christiaan Smuts, who fought with distinction against the British in the Boer War and now is second only to Churchill among Commonwealth statesmen, has described the British Empire as "the widest system of organized freedom which has ever existed."

Eight years after the British victory over the Boers, South Africa

became a united country with full self-government, and eventually it became a nation with sovereign status in the world. In New Zealand the British fought a war against the Maoris. But today Maoris sit side by side with British New Zealanders in New Zealand's Parliament.

Canada, once a conquered country, entered the present war, by its own sovereign decision, a few days after the British declaration. With as much freedom as the Government of the United States, Canada rejected conscription for foreign service, fixed the number of Canadian troops to be sent abroad and determined, in all respects, the extent and manner of its war effort.

India's political status is a serious, unsolved problem. But for the support of Britain and the United Nations, India has raised an army of 2,000,000, the largest volunteer army in the world. It has been equipped with the products of India's industry. The Indian government has now established its own navy and air force. During the past five years Indian steel production has more than doubled. No longer in debt to Britain, India's favorable British bank balance is growing at the rate of \$700,000,000 a year.

Exercising its sovereign authority as a free nation within the British Commonwealth, Eire chose to remain neutral in this war. Despite Britain's desperate need for Irish ports and the cost in lives of a German espionage base at Britain's door, not a British hand was raised against that freedom. Thousands of the youth of South Ireland volunteered and fought with the British.

A democratic peace after this war will require continuing the work begun at San Francisco of building an effective international security organization. That organization must include in its membership every nation which desires such a peace. But the United States and the British Commonwealth can be its bulwark and chief cornerstone.

"America," writes Raymond Leslie Buell in *Fortune*, "must and will strive for agreement with Soviet Russia, China and other United Nations. But, unless we can reach a meeting of minds with Britain and the Dominions on these questions, it is utopian to expect wider agreement among all the United Nations. America and Britain, more than any other two great powers, can pool their strength on behalf of a decent peace."

Together, the United States and the British Empire contain one third of the entire area of the earth; nearly one third of its population. They control more than half the world's raw materials and more than half its mercantile trade.

In nearly all categories of production their world position has been greatly increased by the war. But in 1939 they produced 35 percent of the world's wheat, 44 percent of its meat, 64 percent of its cotton, 57 percent of all metals including gold. In 1941 they produced 68 percent of the world's oil and held 85 percent of its known oil reserves. In 1940 they owned 80 percent of the world's motor vehicles and operated 62 percent of its railways. Their combined merchant fleet in 1939 was 57 percent of the world's

total. Today it is probably more than 90 percent.

Anglo-American trade rivalry is a healthy consequence of the free competitive economy on which the material progress of these countries is based. But they have more often been partners than competitors. Each, for many years, has been the other's best customer. In 1939 more than 50 percent of all United States sales abroad were made to the British Empire. In that year 66 percent of all Canada's purchases abroad were made in the United States, and we bought 41 percent of all that Canada sold abroad.

"THE United States and the British Commonwealth," says Mr. Buell, "will inevitably bear a special responsibility for international reconstruction by virtue of their control of shipping and raw materials as well as by their superior industrial capacity. The United Nations, including the Soviet Union and China, will naturally look to the English-speaking peoples for aid in restoring economic and social life."

An even greater opportunity exists. William L. Batt, Vice-chairman of the WPB and United States member of the combined (British-Canadian-American) Production and Resources Board, says that "the Anglo-American group of nations if they resolutely aim toward freer and freer trade throughout the world and in the building of normal and natural alignments of materials and production, can remove most of the economic frictions which generate wars."

The strategical interdependence

of the United States and the British Empire has been a momentous but seldom asserted fact for more than a hundred years. President Monroe's historic declaration of the inviolability of the Western Hemisphere was issued only after he had been assured that Britain and the British navy would support it.

"Those of us," said the American historian Carl Becker, "who think that we are a nation of starry-eyed idealists who have been twice tricked by the British into a European war in order to 'pull their chestnuts out of the fire' have read the history of their country to little purpose. The truth is rather that the existence and friendliness of the British Empire and the power of the British fleet have for more than a century enabled us to roast our chestnuts at leisure and eat them in security."

THE present war has demonstrated that in both the Atlantic and the Pacific the sea and air communications on which the defense of the United States and the Western Hemisphere depends are best maintained from bases which are British.

The shortest airways to Europe and Asia pass through Canada. The sea route essential to the maintenance of bases in Greenland or Iceland is dominated, on this side of the Atlantic, by Canada and British Newfoundland and, on the other side, by the British Isles. British possessions in the South Atlantic are of essential importance to the defense of the Panama Canal. Equally important, the northern sea entrance to the Atlantic is dominated

by the British Isles; the Mediterranean entrance by British Gibraltar; the southern entrance by the Union of South Africa, and the entrance from the Pacific around Cape Horn by Britain's Falkland Islands.

On the Pacific side the only land highway to Alaska runs through Canada. With an anchorage on Australia, most of the campaign in the South Pacific has been fought from British bases. Farther north, China has been kept in the war and will eventually be freed and available as a base of operations against Japan because British sea power kept communications open in the Indian Ocean and because bases were available in India and Burma.

Walter Lippmann, in his "U. S. Foreign Policy," writes that "because the defense of Canada is inextricably bound up with the defense of the Western Hemisphere, the British vital interest and the American vital interest are complementary and inseparable. Britain must go to the defense of the Americas or the British Commonwealth of Nations would dissolve. America must go to the defense of the United Kingdom on the other side of the Atlantic or run the mortal risk of letting a hostile power establish itself in the near approaches to the Western Hemisphere."

"Though the United States and Britain, the two great trading nations, cannot impose freedom on the world," says a *Fortune* editorial, "they can enlarge the area of freedom. To the galaxy of young and backward nations who live on British and American markets we can offer a more substantial reason for exist-

ence. We promise that we shall use our capital not to control or inhibit you, but to help you grow up. And meanwhile we promise to keep economic and political freedom alive and growing to the end that international democracy may be fulfilled."

There are ample ways and means, tried and found workable, whereby the United States and the British Commonwealth can employ their resources for these ends.

When, as a result of an unprecedented fusion of military effort, General Dwight D. Eisenhower became Supreme Allied Commander, one of his first acts was to call together his chief staff officers at his headquarters in Norfolk House, London. Half of them were British, half American. Eisenhower stood on a chair and began by saying that he had often heard a phrase which he never wanted to hear repeated. For each staff job, a Briton and an American officer had been paired. Each spoke of the other as his "opposite number." From now on, said Eisenhower, there will be no "opposite numbers."

Never have nations established such complete and successful machinery for military collaboration and joint action as that which General Eisenhower, under the Combined Chiefs of Staff, subsequently set up. Britain and America fought as one nation.

This military unity is matched by the economic unity which has been achieved through the four combined boards which constitute the war's Economic High Command. In these boards the United States, Britain and Canada share their top eco-

nomic problems, pool their knowledge, skills and resources, and have actually accomplished the job of combining their production programs into a single integrated program.

Philip D. Reed, chairman of the board of the General Electric Company, and recently chief of the U. S. Economic Mission in London, declares that the information, experience and techniques of collaboration involved in this vast undertaking have brought the governments concerned "into closer and more intimate working relations than any two states of the American union have had occasion to achieve."

This experience and information, these techniques and mechanisms, after victory, can serve the needs of the world for peace. We must modify and adapt them to the obligations we assume in an international security organization. But they must be maintained and made use of.

SUCH use will give reassuring proof to the world that the Anglo-America community of nations has profited from the lessons of two world wars: that these nations do not propose again to invite attack upon the institutions of freedom; that this time they propose to keep the defenses of those institutions in repair, and not at the last minute be forced to improvise them; that the resources which have been associated together for victory will continue to be associated together for the world's recovery, its economic progress and a democratic peace.

Thus the world's aspirations will be given bone and sinew.

One of the truly "impossible" incidents of the war—a story told just as it appears on official Navy reports

# A Couple of Lollipops

*Condensed from Liberty*

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER J. BRYAN, III, U.S.N.R.

AIRCRAFT Action Report by Lieut. (j.g.) Ernest T. Stewart, Jr., U.S.N.R., of Indiana, Pa., Air Combat Information officer of Fighting Squadron 3:

1. General.

- (a) Unit based on USS Fighting Lady.
- (b) Take-off: Date: 12 January 1945. Time: 1510.
- (c) Mission: Attack shipping, aircraft, at Saigon . . . .

Statement by Lieut. William B. McLeroy, U.S.N.R., of Douglass, Texas, a division leader of Fighting Squadron 3:

We rounded Cape St. Jacques and headed up the river toward Saigon, about 30 miles away. Visibility was good. From 6000 feet I could see at least half a dozen ships on fire from earlier strikes. I picked me out a flat, fresh AK (cargo ship) and was getting set to make my run when I saw that Bob wasn't with me.

Statement by Lieut. Robert L. Ihuenes, U.S.N.R., of St. Paul, Minn., Lieut. McLeroy's wingman:

Just as Mac was getting set, there were two bursts of

AA astern of us. I cocked up my starboard wing and looked down to port, trying to spot it. That's the last thing I remember.

I never felt the shell hit me, and when I regained consciousness I didn't feel any pain — only a kind of numbness all over. But I knew I'd been hit, all right. I couldn't see the instrument panel. I took my left hand off the throttle and waved it in front of my eyes, but I couldn't see that either. I couldn't even tell whether it was daylight or dark. I thought, 'This can't happen to me! I'm blind!'

I was sitting there, panicky, when I realized that the plane was spinning down. Instinct or training or something made me check the rudder



"— finally his wheels went down, then his flaps and tail hook. Brother!"



controls. The left pedal was out, so I kicked it and pushed the stick forward. Then I realized I didn't know how long I'd been unconscious or how far the plane had fallen. For all I knew, the ground was only a foot in front of me. I jerked the stick as hard as I could and waited for the crash.

The pull-out mashed me down in my seat. I'd say, "Everything went black," but everything was already black. When I came to for the second time, the plane was climbing. My eyes cleared a little — enough to tell earth from sky.

I called Mac and told him I'd been hit and was heading for open water. I knew I'd have to land before I became unconscious again, and a water landing was my best chance.

Mac asked, "What's your course?" The figures on the compass were fading in and out and jumping all round, but I thought I could read, "One-four-zero."

I didn't know where I was. I saw something that looked like Cape St. Jacques, but I was too sick to tell.

*Lieut. McLeroy:* I was going into my run when I heard Bob say he'd been hit. I dropped my bomb and told him to circle as soon as he reached open water, and I'd join him. A course of 140 degrees would take him south of Cape St. Jacques. I high-tailed it down there, but there weren't any other F6Fs around, so I went on the air: "All planes in Saigon area, this is Seven-One Lollipop. Have wingman wounded. Has anyone seen an F6F circling?"

After three or four minutes I

heard, "Seven-One Lollipop, this is One-Oh-Nine Stymie. An F6F is circling below me, ten miles north of Cape St. Jacques."

I dropped my belly tank and gave her full throttle.

*Lieut. Thienes:* I heard all that and pretty soon I heard another Stymie say there was an F6F on his port wing. I figured that was me, so I looked to starboard, and gradually made out a group of planes. My eyes seemed to be getting a little better. I hoped they were good enough to check my instruments, but the needles wouldn't hold steady.

I still didn't know where I'd been hit. I didn't hurt anywhere — just this general numbness and dizziness and my screwy eyes. So while I was cruising along I began to feel myself all over — legs, arms, body, face — but I couldn't find a wound anywhere. Then I happened to run my hand over the back of my helmet. It felt wet, and when I looked at my fingers I could make out that they were red. I put my hand back again and this time my fingers went into a hole.

I opened my first-aid kit and fumbled around. The first thing I hit was a tube of ammonia, and I took a couple of whiffs. It helped clear the daze a little, and I began to see enough to spell out "SULFA" on a big package. I dumped some of the powder into my hand and smeared it into the hole.

Just then I heard a Stymie plane call, "Seven-One Lollipop, are you about ready to take over your wingman?" and Mac answered, "I'll be there in two minutes."

I looked back. A plane was coming up fast.

*Lieut. McLeroy:* As I flew alongside I saw a hole in Bob's port wing and another in the port side of his canopy. There was a big blob of blood on the canopy behind his head, and more blood around a rip in the back of his helmet. His head was rolling on his neck. I wasn't sure he saw me until he called me and said, "Mac, let's go as fast as we can for Camranh Bay."

I said, "O.K. Fast as we can." I knew Bob wasn't in any shape to make a water landing, but I decided not to argue with him until I had to. Pretty soon he said, "Mac, I've got this big hole in my head and I can't see well. When we reach the bay, I'm going in."

I told him, "Now, Bob, just hold what you've got, and we'll make it back to the carrier."

He said, "I don't think I can make it to the carrier. I've got this hole in my head."

By now we had passed the bay without his noticing it. I could see him nodding and blinking. I told him, "You're O.K., pal. You're doing fine! Stick tight and we'll be home in a few minutes."

The Fighting Lady was still 120 miles away.

*Lieut. Thienes:* Having Mac talk to me gave me something to concentrate on and helped hold off the dizziness. Each spell seemed worse than the one before and I was scared I'd go out again.

Between spells, I thought of Ruth. We'd only been married a month

when I shipped out. She had made me promise to be careful. I told myself, "You've got to, get back! You've got to!"

But soon I got dizzyier than ever. Mac's plane was blurring and fading out of sight. "Mac, I can't make it," I said. "I'm going to have to put her down in the drink."

"Don't do that," Mac said. "If you can't make it, bail out, and as soon as your chute opens, pull the toggles on your life jacket. I'll land and get you in a raft."

Mac's being willing to make such a terrific sacrifice for my sake put new heart into me.

*Lieut. McLeroy:* When we were about 80 miles from home, I called in, "Lollipop base, this is Seven-One Lollipop. I have a seriously wounded man with me. Will be over you at 1818 and request he be taken aboard immediately."

Bob had always been a smooth, tight wingman. But now his plane was all over the sky, dipping and swerving and weaving. He kept lagging slower and slower, until we weren't making more than 150 knots.

•  
*Lieut. Thienes:* Soon as I heard Mac report, I began looking at my watch. I had trouble, but every now and then the hands would come into focus. Eighteen-eighteen, no task group. Eighteen-nineteen, no task group. I was getting weaker and sicker and knew I couldn't hold out much longer. Eighteen-twenty, no task group. Eighteen-twenty-one, there they were!

The fact that I still had a landing to make never entered my mind.

*Lieut. McLeroy:* The carrier group was ready for us, turned into the wind. Right after we crossed the destroyer screen, I told Bob to lower his wheels and flaps and tail hook and I'd check them for him. He didn't show a sign of hearing me, and I really got worried. Here he was, wounded and half blind, going in like he was making a strafing run. Then finally his wheels went down, and then his flaps and tail hook. Brother!

*Lieut. Thienes:* I saw the landing signal officer only off and on. Sometimes he melted into the canvas screen behind him. Once he seemed to be waving 16 flags in each hand. I blinked, and when I looked again, he had vanished completely. If I answered his signals, it must have been by instinct. I don't remember anything about the landing. . . .

*Lieut. (j.g.) Richard C. Tripp, Landing Signal Officer:*

Bob came up the groove a little fast but his landing was better than average. If Air Plot hadn't warned me, I never would have known he was wounded.

*Statement by Lieut. Commander Frank B. Voris, M.C., Flight Surgeon:*

I jumped on the starboard wing and asked, "What's the matter, Bob?" He told me he had a hole in his head, and leaned forward to show me. I could see a metal fragment sticking out. I put a battle dressing around his head and got him onto the stretcher.

*Lieut. Thienes:* Doc Voris sounded

cheery. I thought, My part of the job is done; the rest is up to them.

*Dr. Voris:* The X ray showed that a piece of metal, an inch in diameter and more than half an inch thick, had driven two inches into his brain tissue in the area of the visual centers. The slightest additional pressure would have pushed it straight through his brain.

I doubt if Bob could have survived a water landing. It's providential that Mac was there to talk him out of it. What brought that boy back was half guts and half miracle.

Convalescence was normal. His eyesight gradually returned. In three days he was able to pick out words. In two weeks he could read his wife's letter. I never had a more cheerful patient.

*Lieut. Thienes:* As soon as the doc let me, I tried to write Ruth I was O.K. It looked like a letter from a kid in second grade words sprawling all over the page. It bothered me that it might give her the wrong impression of my condition, but I sent it anyhow. I knew she'd understand.

*Extract from the temporary citation accompanying a recommendation that Lieutenant Thienes be awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross:*

Despite his wound and several periods of unconsciousness, he flew 250 miles back to his carrier and expertly landed his plane aboard. His unfailing courage and skill were at all times in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service.

# "And Time to Enjoy It"

Condensed from  
The Pan American

J. P. McEVoy

THE Latin American host has a toast which he delights in teaching visitors who have arrived to bring the blessings of North American culture and the techniques of making bigger and better gadgets. And he smiles like a proud parent as his guests repeat after him, "*Salud y pesetas - y tiempo para gozarlas.*"

"What does that mean?" the visiting Americanos ask. And he replies, "It is a wish that we wish our friends: 'Here's health and money — and time to enjoy them.'"

The Americano repeats this several times, and the host who is very polite compliments him on his accent. And because the host is so pleasant and the drinks are so pleasing, the visitor winds up believing that now he is talking like a native and really understands the toast — and his host and this strange, new, beautiful country.

A pleasant illusion. This Apostle of Good Will and technological progress who has just stumbled off the plane does not understand the toast. If he did he would understand the Latin. And if he understood the Latin, he would have stayed at home and invited the Latin to come up and teach him the profound lesson that is tucked away in his simple toast.

Why such a profound lesson? All of us want *Salud*, or health. All of us

want *Pesetas*, or money. Time to enjoy them? Ah — there's the rub! Even as you, the visiting Americano, are assuring your host that you understand this toast and love it, you are gulping down your drink, consulting your watch and insisting that you have to hurry, hurry, or you'll be late for that other party — or what is even more incomprehensible to a Latin, that business appointment. Why should you dash away from one host merely to catch up with a new one? The Latin will be too diplomatic to let you know that he is not impressed by your devotion to business; on the contrary, that he is puzzled by your pride in exhibiting an inefficiency which has reached the lamentable low where you allow the boring details of making a living to interfere with the civilized pleasures of making a life.

We are sending technical commissions all over the continent to spread the gospel of American "can-do." We need a little reverse lend-lease: a few delegations of experts from Latin America to teach us how to take the time to enjoy our families, our friends, our work, our play! For even richer in meaning than our English word "enjoy" is the Spanish verb *gozar* — "to enjoy the fruits of." The Latin not only takes time to

enjoy the fruits of his labor; he takes time to enjoy time itself.

That reverse lend-lease commission could also give us a liberal education in the Five Lively Arts of living happily with ourselves and with our Latin neighbors: *Mañana* or Tomorrow, *Tiempo* or Timing, *Suavecito* or Easy Does It, *Dignidad* or Face, and *Simpático*, which means just that.

Let's take *Mañana*. You may think it means tomorrow. But what does a Latin mean when he says it will be done "tomorrow"? As little children we were taught to scrawl "Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today." The Latin has a similar proverb, but he has tucked it away where it won't disturb him. He believes that most unpleasant things can be put off until tomorrow — and should be.

One of the most unpleasant things for a Latin is to have to say "No" to you. A sentimentalist, it literally hurts him worse than it hurts you. So, instead of just saying "No" he says in effect: It is impossible to do this thing for you today, but tomorrow — who knows? While there is a tomorrow there is hope; and who am I, says he, to rob you of hope?

So when you ask the workman when he will finish painting your house, and he says *Mañana*, he knows he won't finish it *Mañana*. But if he told you that he wasn't even coming back tomorrow you would be very unhappy. You might even quarrel with him, with the result that he could never come back to work for you again and keep his *Dignidad*.

So tomorrow comes, but the workman doesn't. You say to yourself, I'm not used to this sort of thing.

I can't stand it! The house will never get painted this way! Well, maybe you aren't used to this sort of thing, but it isn't true that you can't stand it. *Mañana* is like those dandelions that were always growing on the lawn, no matter what the man did about them. Finally he was told that if he had tried every way he knew to get rid of them, and still had dandelions, there was only one thing left for him to do — learn to love them. I won't go so far as to say that you can ever really learn to love this *Mañana* business, but you can learn to get along with it very nicely and, instead of working against it, make it work for you. You'll discover that eventually your house *will* get painted, and for the first time you will realize that all the houses around you are painted, and got painted the same way yours did.

So *Mañana* doesn't just mean tomorrow. It also means "I have plenty of time to do this my own way and if you don't try to rush me you will get it done. Be calm — philosophical. Consider the ebb and flow of the tides, the round of the seasons, the lilies of the field. There is a natural rhythm and tempo in every country and every people. Don't waste your energy trying to change it. *Mañana* is inevitable; relax and enjoy it — and live longer."

But *Mañana* is something else, too, as the Yankee trader learns when he runs into it for the first time. It is a Latin strategy, something like a defense in depth — an elastic rear-guard action which easily absorbs the shock of the most aggressive salesmanship. Up North our high-pressure technique of doing business gets

results principally because so many of us don't think it's important to take time enough to think - hence we can be rushed into buying almost anything.

Not the Latin. From *Mañana* to *Mañana* he falls back gracefully and skillfully, allowing your high-powered sales campaign to wear itself out while he studies you and decides at what point he will either pleasantly capitulate and do business with you, or dig in and have no part of you or your product.

Pretty much the same things make the wheels go round in the Latin and ourselves -- love, hate, pride, ambition, to name a few. But in some curious way the wheels of the Latin seem to revolve at a different tempo from ours. You can see it in the difference between the rhumba and the foxtrot which brings us to *Tiempo*, or Timing. We have seen that the Latin's idea of time is not ours, that his timing is not our timing; hence the friction, the clashes that often result when the Latin and Americano get together.

Up North we say, "Easy does it!" Down South they say, "*Suavecito*." Put them together and you have good timing -- and Good Neighbors.

According to J. Z. Horter, an American in business for 40 years in Latin America, when a Latin company writes to a U. S. company for the first time, asking for catalogues and prices, almost invariably the Latin will get a routine reply, curtly requesting bank references, credit rating, etc. Naturally he is offended. His integrity, his *Dignidad*, is questioned even before he has tried to buy anything.

On the other hand, the English firm will reply at considerable length, and graciously, to this effect: "We are pleased that you are thinking of honoring us with your business. We are sending you our catalogues and hope we can serve you. If there is any further information you require, please command us." In other words, Easy Does It. Plenty of time to be courteous. Plenty of time for *Suavecito* and, what is even more important, the *Dignidad* or Face of the customer.

*Dignidad* is a personal dignity that even the lowliest Latin wears like a toga. Do not criticize a man in front of his friends. Do not bawl out an employe in front of his fellows. Up North that would be thoughtless or just plain stupid. But in the South you have offended against *Dignidad*. That friend you have caused to lose face will never speak to you again. That employe will not show up for work next day. And what is more, neither will ever forgive you.

My old friend, James Kendrigan, sums it up: "Down here there are no little enemies." James should know. A Bostonian who went to the University of Havana more than 20 years ago to teach Latin and coach football, he has studied generations of Latin boys in the classroom, on the field and in the gym. The worst scrub on the team, he says, is more jealous of his *Dignidad* than the brightest star and must be handled with extra deference and delicacy. The office boy is more concerned with his *Dignidad* than is the president of the company. Be extra careful; otherwise you may make an enemy. Years will pass.

He may become president of the company, or a senator, or a customs inspector. Your paths cross again — and he has not forgotten you. So be extra courteous with the waiter in the coffee shop, the boy who brings you papers. Respect their *Dignidad* and they will respect yours. "There are no little enemies."

And now — *Simpático*. Very important. There should be a permanent examining board of experts on *Simpático* sitting up North to pass on all young men who want to Go South. Do they like Latins? Will the Latins like them? Why are they going? If only to make money, maybe they had better stay home. American industry could afford to underwrite a screening service like this. If the young men haven't the temperament to get along with Latins — if they aren't *Simpático* — keep them home. Don't waste their time, their employer's money, or the Latin's patience.

The Latin believes that you show your real character outside of the office. Are you hospitable? Considerate? Generous? A good loser? Do you send flowers to your hostess? Do you give plenty of *Tiempo Para Gozarse* — time to laugh and play and give graceful toasts to the men and tell charming lies to the ladies? In short, are you *Simpático*?

Sometimes I get pretty tired of hearing how much Latins don't love us. Latins don't have to love us — nor do Latins insist that we love them. All they ask is that we be *Simpático*, that we try to understand their point of view and respect it. "Respect" is the keyword. It says

nothing about love, which is a love-some thing, God wot, but a rare commodity among families and much rarer among nations. Not all the people in our 48 states love one another. A young man from South Bend will soon learn that if he respects the Latin, the Latin will respect him. Simple, isn't it? Yes, but not easy.

Every American who goes South — whether for pleasure or business — should remember that he is an ambassador-at-large. He can make friends or enemies for his country, his company or himself, depending on how soon and how thoroughly he learns his *Mañana*, *Tiempo*, *Suavito*, *Dignidad* and *Simpático*. Perhaps, as he grows older and wiser, and has acquired *Salud y Pesetas*, he will even learn "time to enjoy them" — the most important lesson the Latin can teach him.

Up North we raise our glasses and wish each other "Health! Success!" But how many American businessmen even think of time to enjoy them? Some day, yes, they will retire and enjoy life. But now they must work hard and be successful. And then you read the morning paper! This dynamic young executive has dropped dead at 40, that high-powered tycoon at 45 has gone to Mayo's to have his stomach retreaded. Havana doctors tell me that nervous breakdown from overwork is so seldom encountered they have no pat phrase for it in Spanish.

Perhaps we can show the Latins how to make money faster, but they can teach us how to stick around longer to enjoy it.

Crooks took Frank Norfleet for an easy mark but found that one angry man is more to be feared than an army

# One-Man Posse



*Condensed from Southwest Review*

LEWIS NORDYKE

FOR my money, a four-star detective in the war on crime is an 80-year-old cattleman living near Hale Center, Texas. His name is Frank Norfleet, but peace officers call him "The One-Man Posse." Because of a casual act of honesty, this rancher was cast suddenly into a living mystery play that lasted three heartbreaking years.

No one who looked upon this undersized stockman, on an afternoon in November 1919, would have thought him a Sherlock Holmes. His face was weathered from a lifetime on the open range, his hands sinewy from twirling of ropes and a six-shooter. He was 54 at the time, slightly more than five feet tall, and weighed only 135 pounds.

Chatting with a chance companion in the lobby of the Adolphus Hotel in Dallas, Norfleet noticed a bulging leather wallet lying on the floor only a few feet away. By picking it up he changed the whole pattern of his life. Inside was a roll of greenbacks; exactly \$240. There was also a certificate, attesting that the owner, "J. B. Stetson," was bonded for \$100,000. And membership cards in the "United Brokers" and a fraternal order. The owner of the purse and Norfleet were lodge brothers!

Finding Mr. J. B. Stetson was simple enough. A stern-faced fellow, he wanted to reward his benefactor with \$100. Norfleet waved the money aside. While he was not rich, he confided that he owned 10,400 acres of fine pasture land; his cattle and horses were unsurpassed.

"Well, Norfleet," rumbled Stetson, "there's one thing I *can* do. I buy and sell stock on a private exchange, and I'm going to cut you in on a sure-fire deal—you needn't put up one cent!"

Within a few hours Frank Norfleet learned that he was richer by \$20,000. Stetson led him on to an office to collect, but at the pay window a technical obstacle was raised. As Mr. Norfleet was not a member of United Brokers, he would have to show "confirmation money"—that is, produce \$20,000 in cash to prove that if he *had* lost, he could have paid up.

Hastening to a bank, Norfleet did some long-distance telephoning and came out with the cash. By that time, however, his benefactor had gambled for him again; now the winnings had soared to \$45,000, and the ecstatic cowman would have to produce another \$25,000. He and an associate of Mr. Stetson went to the ranch, several hundred miles away, and



from neighbors borrowed the full amount.

As one enchanted, Norfleet hurried back to Dallas and turned over the money to Stetson. Within one hour he was to have it back with his winnings, a total of \$90,000.

But when he let the cash out of his hands the spell was broken! Like smoke in a fog, Mr. Stetson and his four associates disappeared. Frank Norfleet had been bilked.

The Dallas police advised him to keep mum. "It will be easier to catch the gang that way," they said.

"I'm going to tell the world!" shouted Norfleet. "I want to warn everybody of what I know now — no get-rich-quick scheme is ever on the level. Besides, it will worry those crooks to know I'm after them."

"You're going after them?" grinned the police.

"Yes!" said Frank.

Promptly he telephoned reporters and asked them to inform the crooks that an angry cowpuncher was on their trail. The Associated Press blared his plans all over the land.

Mattie Eliza Norfleet took the next train to Dallas, sat down with her husband and faced the thing. Her verdict was: "Go get 'em!" Then Mattie went back to the ranch, which for three years she ran on faith in Frank's crusade.

Setting out to capture the criminals, who had the whole United States in which to hide, Norfleet asked himself, "What did they look like?" The man who stood with him when he picked up the planted wallet was cross-eyed. One of the clerks in the fake exchange office had curly hair. The man who had gone home

with him talked too much. A fourth was short and dumpy. The master crook, who had called himself Stetson, had a harsh face and blazing eyes. Squinty! Wavy! Gabby! Squatty! And Fury! The odd part of it is that the master crook's real name was Joseph Furey.

Everywhere Norfleet was harassed by peace officers who were too lazy to perform their duty or afraid to tackle shrewd crooks or had been bought off by the con men. The thing that helped him most was his utter lack of experience. He didn't know enough to doubt his own judgment. He did things no sensible detective would do. He knew so little about manhunting that he couldn't evaluate clues; so he just followed all of them.

It was from his wife that Norfleet got his first lead. "I noticed that crook you brought home seemed to gab about everywhere in the country except southern California," observed Mattie. "Why don't you start out there?"

Norfleet caught a train for Los Angeles. Now his mystical reliance on hunches prevailed. For no reason that he can remember, he left the train at San Bernardino. He went to police headquarters and told the sheriff of his mission. As he described the fugitives the officer gasped: "Who told you they were here?"

Irrational though it sounds, when the sheriff led his visitor to the bars of the bull pen, two screaming voices rose from the crowd of prisoners: "*Norfleet, for the love of God don't identify us! We'll help you if you don't!*"

Wavy! And Squinty! Soon they were taken back to Dallas and given

long prison terms; later Wavy hanged himself in his cell. Actually it was the newspaper story about Norfleet's determination to catch the crooks that caused the arrest of the men. A "prospect" being worked on by the fugitives read Norfleet's statement and informed the sheriff.

From his first two captives Norfleet learned that Furey had a home near Los Angeles and a girl friend in San Francisco, and that he had recently gone to Florida. Norfleet followed. All that winter he trudged from beach to beach, from hotel lobby to lobby, loafed around gasoline stations and orangeade stands. When no signs appeared of the men, he took a walk through a muddy field outside Daytona, then registered at a hotel. That evening, in the lobby, he flaked mud off his shoes and remarked that Florida real estate looked better than Texas oil. Maybe he might buy a celery farm! Within an hour several strangers were wooing him.

Their faces were strange but the approaches were familiar. Norfleet felt certain these Daytona confidence men were confederates or pupils of Furey -- so he let them believe that he had \$50,000 in his jeans. Soon he was introduced to a "big shot broker"; they drove to the race tracks and won some small bets. Presently it was suggested they repair to a private headquarters, where a man could place some real bets.

No sooner did Norfleet enter that low-lying house, a few feet from the sea, than something frightening in the air chilled his veins. Piles of money on the table did not distract his eyes from the faces of the men who crowded the room.

It seemed that a message had come; when the "big shot broker" read the note he turned pale. Later, Norfleet was also to read that message: "*This is Norfleet himself. If you let him get started, he'll kill every one of you. Don't let him get away.*"

Frank Norfleet was no mind reader, but he knew that he was in danger. He sprang to the door and covered the crowd with his six-shooter. Then he marched off the "big shot broker" as his hostage. On the way into town in the gangster's car, Norfleet learned that Furey had skipped town an hour before. Disappointed, he let his prisoner go; he had time only for his own quarry.

Winter turned to spring and no further trace was found; it was time to go back to the ranch. Financial affairs were sickly; Norfleet had to sell livestock and equipment at distress prices. Then word came that Norfleet's incessant publicity had caught up with a third conspirator; Squatty was in the Fort Worth jail.

*Three dozen and two to go!*

After Squatty's conviction, Norfleet doggedly resumed his quest. In California he found the house where Furey lived under an assumed name with his wife and son. He enlisted the help of two police detectives to guard the place while he continued his search. Furey came home, bribed the detectives and escaped again. Through a telegraph clerk Norfleet learned that Furey was again in Florida. So a second Christmas found him once more on the gold coast; this time with his son, Pete. Norfleet went straight to the Governor of Florida and obtained a state warrant for Joe Furey.

Together Norfleet and his son worked from town to town. And then one day Norfleet walked into an eating house and saw Furey sitting at a table.

"You're under arrest!" barked Norfleet, seizing a mighty wrist.

"Help! I'm being held up!" screamed Furey.

The crowd in the restaurant grabbed Norfleet while Furey began to edge away. Pete came running from across the street, and soon the swindler was safely in the hands of the law.

You might have thought that would be the end of Furey. But as the train pulled out for Texas, he leaped through a window and landed bloody but free on the station platform. Norfleet jumped through the jagged hole in pursuit and caught him. Twice more the prisoner tried escape; but on the 22nd of January, 1921, Frank Norfleet led the swindler into the Dallas jail. Joe Furey was given 20 years.

Only one of the crooks remained free. Norfleet took his daughter Ruth with him on his next journey, the two driving thousands of miles in search of Gabby.

Months later a tip came that Gabby, whose real name was Spencer, was in Denver. By spending conspicuously in Denver hotel lobbies, Norfleet attracted "spotters." The wretched comedy that had been played out three years before in Dallas was repeated. Posing under the name of Mullican, he was taken to a phony private stock exchange, investments were made for him, and he was asked for confirmation money.

New precautions had been added to the racket, however. This gang would not let their victim out of their sight; for nearly a week they all slept in the same hotel room while they waited for Norfleet's mythical confirmation money. Norfleet knew they would kill him if they guessed who he was. So one night he groaned and writhed in agony, feigning a toothache. They took him to a dentist. When he was alone in the chair, two gangsters guarding exits in the waiting room, Norfleet whispered his secret. The dentist, using an inner phone, called the police. Thirty-four men, with all the records of the fake exchange, were taken in the dragnet raid that followed. Twenty were sent to prison. Thanks to leads obtained by the confessions of those crooks, Gabby Spencer was found in a hideout in Salt Lake City, and sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary.

The cowhand's detective job was done; it had been a costly operation. His original loss had been \$45,000. His manhunt had cost him \$30,000 more and three years of his life.

But there were compensations. His exploits were known far and wide, and other victims came to him for advice. From him the police learned that the thoughts of a man not bound by rules or traditions might be more effective than their own. And the underworld learned that one righteously indignant victim is more to be feared than an army.

"A man ought to be able to take care of himself," says this strong old rancher. "The Government shouldn't have to do everything for him. Some things are private matters."

## *What You Can Know About*

# YOUR UNBORN CHILD

Condensed from *Woman's Home Companion*

AMRAM SCHEINFELD

**I**F for thousands of years parents have been asking questions like these about their unborn children, and the answers they got were usually wrong. Scientists lifted the veils off the mysterious first passages of life only recently, but now they have the answers right.

*Can we do anything to make our baby a girl or a boy?*

No. The sex is determined at the instant of conception by whichever of two types of sperm happens to fertilize the mother's egg. The parents can do nothing beforehand to determine their baby's sex.

*Can I foretell my baby's sex before it is born?*

No. The notion that boy fetuses kick harder is false.

*What color eyes will my baby have?*

If both parents have blue eyes, it is almost certain the baby will have them. If one parent has blue eyes, and the other had a father, mother,

sister or brother with blue eyes, there's a 50-50 chance for a blue-eyed baby. If both parents have dark eyes, but on each side there were blue-eyed relatives, there is a one-in-four chance of a blue-eyed child. If there were no blue eyes in the family, the baby will be dark-eyed.

*Is it true that a child is likely to resemble the parent with the more pronounced features?*

In some ways, yes. Taking individual features of both parents, the ones more pronounced — the longer nose, the larger ears, the bigger eyes, the longer lashes — have the greater chance of appearing in a child. Where some peculiarity of feature has appeared in successive generations of one parent's family, and that parent has it, there's an even chance that it will reappear in the child.

*Both of us are on the homely side. What chance for our child to be beautiful?*

A very good chance. While good-looking parents are more likely to have beautiful children, it is quite possible for two homely parents to be carrying hidden hereditary factors which, coming together in a child, can produce striking beauty.

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The statements in this article are based largely on material in the author's notable book on human genetics, *You and Heredity* (Stokes-Lippincott), and in his new book, *Women and Men* (Harcourt, Brace), supplemented by data from other authoritative sources.

*I hear so many stories of babies born with a peculiar birthmark or deformity because something shocked the mother. Isn't there something to it?*

Absolutely not. There is no direct connection whatever between the mother's nervous system and the child's, and no thought or experience of hers can produce a symbolic marking on the child. Only imagination and occasional coincidences have encouraged this theory.

*If we are in love, won't our child be more inclined to have a sweet disposition?*

Yes, but not because of heredity or prenatal influence — only because the atmosphere into which the child is born will be more conducive to producing sweetness of disposition.

*Will my child inherit the character of the parent with the stronger personality?*

No. A child inherits neither parent's character. It starts life with certain hereditary tendencies, resulting from a combination of genes received from both parents, but its character is shaped mostly by experience and training.

*My husband and I have had very little education. Does that mean our child will be born with less intelligence than one whose parents were better educated?*

No. A child's intelligence is not affected by its parents' education. Training or lack of it can in no way change the parents' hereditary factors for intelligence.

*My husband has returned from the service seriously wounded. Will any child we'd now have be defective?*

Not at all. So long as a man is

capable of fathering a child, his physical condition, state of health or age cannot affect the child's hereditary make-up.

*My husband had an infectious disease when he was young. Is there danger our child will inherit it?*

Absolutely not. No germ disease can be *inherited* by a child, although if the mother has been infected, she might *transmit* the germs so that the child would be born with the disease. If a man has been cured of the disease, his child will not be diseased because of him.

*Won't my baby have a closer blood tie with me than with my husband?*

No. Not one drop of the mother's blood, as such, ever gets into her baby. Her blood is broken down into various ingredients, which filter through the placenta, and from these the baby manufactures its own blood.

*What is the chance of my having twins?*

The chance with each pregnancy is about one in 90; about one in 8000 that you'll have triplets; one in 700,000, quadruplets.

*Isn't the last child in a large family apt to inherit a different character from the first-born?*

No. So far as inheritance is concerned, the order of birth is not a factor. But environment is. The newest arrival finds parents who are more experienced, often in better circumstances, and there are older brothers and sisters to help in the training. This is why the youngest child frequently is more precocious and independent.

Neglect may be the most wholesome remedy for these "problem children"

Condensed from Harper's

# What NOT to Do with Japan

WILLIS CHURCH LAMOTT

*Missionary to Japan 1919-1938 and for many years instructor at a Tokyo men's college*

WE CANNOT exterminate the Japanese people. When the war ends we shall have to live with them as fellow members of the human race. It behooves us, therefore, to consider how, as victors, we should win them into new ways of life.

In the first place, we will not get anywhere by thinking of them as subhuman devils. There is nothing in their blood that makes them a cruel, crafty and generally loathsome people. We have only to look at our fellow citizens of Japanese ancestry to realize that they are reliable, co-operative, resourceful and responsive to the challenges of life in a free country \* It is amazing to realize that so many of the traits ascribed to age-old tradition can be sloughed off in one generation, but it is true. Given the right environment and education, there is no reason why the Japanese should not become the raw material of a democracy.

Yet we must be prepared for a long, bloody and heartbreaking experience when Japan is occupied.

There will be no liberal underground to greet us. Our progress may become a succession of Japanese Aachens and we may face a decade of guerrilla warfare.

Our reception by the conquered people will depend upon how deeply the samurai mentality is ingrained in the character of the Japanese. From my own knowledge of the younger generation, I should say about 99 percent are committed to Bushido with all its brutality, arrogance and suicidal nihilism.

However, there exist degrees even in such a diabolical cult as Bushido. The samurai mentality has been achieved much more fully among the officers of the army than among the men. Likewise there is a line dividing the military from civilians. American soldiers saw Japanese officers pushing civilians off the cliffs at Saipan and tying grenades about their waists. Such treatment, along with officer-inculcated fear of American atrocities, rather than samurai ethics, probably accounted for most civilian suicides. Hundreds permitted themselves to be taken prisoner when it was demonstrated that they would be treated fairly. Thus lower class

\* "Hail Our Japanese-American GIs!" *The Reader's Digest*, July, '45.

Japanese civilians, along with the intelligent westernized middle class, are not by any means completely inoculated with the warrior ideals of the military.

How will the civilians react when the imperialistic house of cards comes tumbling down? We have learned that the Japanese is neither a superman nor a stoic. No other Japanese trait is so characteristic as that of suddenly giving up the struggle and relapsing into apathy. No amount of instruction in samurai ethics has quite succeeded in eliminating this trait. An inheritance from generations of Buddhists, the *shikata ga nai* ("what's the use?") spirit will surely reassert itself. It is quite possible that the lower-class Japanese, brought face to face with defeat, will shrug his weary shoulders and forsake the grandiose imperialistic designs of his rulers for problems nearer home.

Among all classes we may expect a sudden and violent release of tension. Since 1931 their courage has been kept screwed up to sacrifice pitch. When the rubber band snaps, the reaction against militarism and mystical imperialism will be terrific, especially among the intellectuals. New leaders will arise, new voices will be heard, new gospels offered. Although the Westerner thinks that the Japanese obediently accept everything the authorities offer, this unanimity is in reality new. The Japanese are, in fact, the most extraordinary faddists and cultists in the world. Throughout their history incredible crazes have been wont to sweep the country. The people will be challenged by any number of religious, political and economic schemes. Fol-

lowing defeat, if the intelligent classes are left alone, almost anything may happen.

When I say "left alone" I presuppose that Japan will be subjected to the restrictions and limitations recommended today by most authorities on the subject. This process having been started, the Japanese should be thrown back upon their own resources and forced to rebuild their national life by their own efforts without undue outside interference.

Accompanying this should be an enforced policy of absolute freedom of thought, debate, teaching, religion, press and radio. The tides of world opinion and world life must be permitted, even forced, to flow through Japan. The people will go to extremes, but in the end they will discover their place in the world.

The desire to stand well with others and to be "in the swim" -- a deeply ingrained Japanese trait -- will be much in evidence. Therefore, if a world trend toward democratic ways and international cooperation sets in, we may expect the Japanese to follow and in the process adjust themselves to life in a civilized world. But the world must be civilized, for the Japanese will take advantage of every lapse into the old ways, particularly the dark maneuvering of power politics, to assist once more in their climb to world power.

Since the Japanese of today are the product of coercive education, imposed upon them by their own rulers, it would be folly to coerce them into our own way of thinking. It would be worse than folly to impose such a course upon them by puppets controlled by the United

Nations. It would lead them to despise us and do little to commend democracy to them.

Yet a reconstructed education of Japanese youth must be given a boost in the right direction if it is to succeed. If it is not done in the interests of democracy, it will probably be done in the interests of Soviet national theory. In fact, there are probably more and better-trained Japanese communists or Red-tinged leaders waiting to step into the breach than there are liberals. On the other hand, most educated middle-class people will probably be more readily turned toward liberalism by the post-war swing. Once given a start along the right road, Japanese education should be left to the Japanese.

We should, however, not be disappointed if the results do not conform to our patterns of democracy. Politically and economically the Japanese will probably be influenced more by Chinese and Soviet experience than by Anglo-American. They may be expected to be impelled less by political rights than by a desire for social and economic improvement.

Have the Japanese people a capacity for self-government? The answer, while not clear, is more nearly positive than negative. Their "passion for organization" and for coöperative action was demonstrated in our relocation centers and is obvious to all who have lived in Japan. It has deep historical roots, for under the feudal system the lower classes were permitted great autonomy. Representatives of the farmers and heads of the guilds administered the village. Towns and cities similarly were administered by municipal elders.

Finally, the irrepressible question arises: What about the Emperor? It appears logical to most Americans that either the present Emperor should abdicate or the dynasty should be terminated. For although the Japanese ruler is supposed to be above party and government, he has been maneuvered into a position in which he is a puppet of the military rulers and the symbol of his nation's military aggression.

The Emperor is, moreover, the key figure of the ideology that must be repudiated before reform can take place. He is not merely the head of the state. He *is* the state. In him are tied up the concepts of racial superiority and national destiny to such a degree that these dangerous ideas will persist so long as he is permitted to wear his halo of divinity.

However, defeat will inevitably dilute the idea of divinity, which is the dangerous element in the Japanese imperial concept. Events will make it clear that the Emperor was duped by his advisers into taking a course in which he did not believe, or else that he was actually responsible for the policies which ruined his country. That will be a rude awakening for millions of Emperor-worshippers. Add to this a liberated education, freedom of thought, a policy of popularizing the life of the imperial family, and within a generation or two we might have in Japan something approximating the English monarchy.

Therefore, let the representatives of the United Nations disregard the mumbo jumbo associated with the Emperor's divinity and demand his abdication. Then let a regency be



set up to rule on behalf of his son. Ideas of divine right die slowly; but such a course would, if accompanied by a liberal government policy, lead to the gradual evaporation of the halo that now surrounds the Emperor.

It will be objected that the "leave them alone" policy is not sufficiently hard-boiled. But it is far more realistic and less dangerous than other proposed policies. It is safer than backing a puppet, who may turn against us, Japanese-fashion, and use us for his own ends; it is surer than re-education administered through the bungling and inept efforts of Americans, Chinese or Russians; it is sounder than attempting to "run Japan" for a generation or a century, and then giving up the impossible job and benevolently helping the Japanese get on their feet again. Moreover, armed rule by victors over too long a period may have the effect of putting down the social uprisings by which the Japanese people may for the first time in history rise to self-consciousness.

The place to be tough and hard-boiled is at the point of supervising and enforcing the military and eco-

nomic restrictions imposed upon Japan, and by a system of international security making it impossible for her to align herself with some hungry power that will rearm her "to preserve the peace of East Asia." If the United Nations crack down ruthlessly on all such infringements, then the future of Japan should be left for the Japanese people to work out for themselves with fear and trembling.

For three quarters of a century the Japanese have been the problem children of the world, pampered and praised, feared and mistreated, patronized and used to achieve our own particular ends. Neglect by the rest of the world for a lifetime will be wholesome. Their designs for imperial expansion crushed, they should be permitted to live to themselves until they discover whether they have anything to contribute to the culture and civilization of the world. The Japanese have lost their chance of becoming a great nation. Now they will be given another chance, that of becoming a good third-rate power. If left alone they ought to be able to achieve it.



### • *Fowl Play*

» A MAN in Springfield, Ill., discovered that neighbor's chickens scratched up seeds in his victory garden as fast as he planted them. Finally, in desperation he came home one night with several neatly lettered shipping tags. Punching holes in large kernels of corn, he attached the tags to them with fine thread, and scattered the corn through the ravaged vegetable garden. Next morning the chickens wasted no time in gobbling up the golden kernels. But a little later, their owners read with surprise the tags fluttering from their bills: "I have been a bad bird. Please keep me home before I get killed."

— AP, UP

# Try Giving Yourself Away

Condensed from Forbes • ANONYMOUS

LIKE MOST people, I was brought up to look upon life as a process of getting. The idea of giving myself away came somewhat by accident. One night, lying awake in my berth on the Twentieth Century Limited en route to New York, I fell to wondering just where the Centuries passed each other in the night. "That would make a good subject for one of the New York Central's advertisements," I thought to myself—"Where the Centuries Pass." Next morning I wrote the New York Central Lines, outlining the idea and adding, "no strings attached." I received a courteous acknowledgement, and the information that the Centuries passed near Athol Springs, N. Y., nine miles west of Buffalo.

Some months later I received a second letter informing me that my idea was to be the subject of the New York Central calendar for the new year. You may recall it: A night picture of the oncoming locomotive of one Century and the observation platform of the other, a scene rich in color and railroad romance.

That summer I traveled a good deal, and in almost every railroad station and hotel lobby and travel office I entered, even in Europe, hung *my* calendar. It never failed to give me a glow of pleasure.

It was then that I made the im-

portant discovery that anything that makes one glow with pleasure is beyond money calculation in this world where there is altogether too much grubbing and too little glowing.

I began to experiment with giving-away and discovered it to be a lot of fun. If an idea of improving the window display of a neighborhood store flashes to me, I step in and make the suggestion to the proprietor. If an incident occurs, the story of which I think the local Catholic priest could use, I call him up and tell him about it, though I am not a Catholic myself. If I run across an article some Senator might want to read, I mail it to him. Sometimes I even send books to virtual strangers when I feel sure they would be interested in a "find" I have made. Several fine friendships have been started in that way.

Successful giving-away has to be cultivated, just as does successful getting. Opportunities are as fleeting as opportunities for earning quick profits. But you will find that ideas in giving are like some varieties of flowers—the more you pick them, the more they bloom. And giving-away makes life so much more exciting that I strongly recommend it as a hobby. You need not worry if you lack money. Of all things a

person may give away, money is the least permanent in the pleasure it produces and the most likely to backfire on the giver. Emerson was wise and practical when he wrote, "The only gift is a portion of thyself."

People have different things to give. Some have time, energy, skill, ideas. Others have some special talent. All of us can give away appreciation, interest, encouragement — which require no money expenditure unless for a postage stamp or a telephone call.

The giver-away should "major" in the items in which he is "long," and fill in with the rest. Having no special talent myself, I specialize in ideas and appreciation and assorted surprises. If I am buying popcorn at a popcorn wagon and a couple of urchins are watching longingly, I order three bags, pay for them, hand the urchins their two bags and walk away without a word. It never fails to make the world more exciting for three people.

Of course you will be tempted to backslide. An idea popped into my head one day which I thought some department store might be able to use profitably. "Now *this* idea is worth money," I said to myself. "I'll try to sell it."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said my wiser self. "You'll not spend your time peddling an idea; you'll give it away and get it out of your system."

So I wrote a letter to one of the world's most famous department stores, outlining the idea and presenting it to them. It was immediately adopted with appreciation, and now I have a big department store

as a friend. Simple appreciation, for example, is one of the most acceptable forms of giving-away. I have found that authors, actors, lecturers, public servants — even the biggest of them — are hungry for genuine expressions of approval. We think of them as being smothered with appreciation, whereas all too often they live on crumbs. The manufactured publicity that is created to promote them does not warm their hearts. What they crave is the spontaneous, human, friendly appreciation of the people they are trying to serve.

The other day I was in a hotel dining room where an orchestra was playing. It was a good orchestra, offering well-chosen selections, well played. On the way out impulse prompted me to stop and say, "Gentlemen, I have thoroughly enjoyed your playing." For a second they looked almost startled. Then all of their faces broke into smiles and I left them beaming over their instruments. My own day went off better for it, too.

Another discovery I have made is that it is almost impossible to give away anything in this world without getting something back — provided you are not trying to get something. Usually the return comes in some utterly unexpected form, and it is likely to be months or years later.

For example, one Sunday morning the local post office delivered an important special-delivery letter to my home, though it was addressed to me at my office, and the post office had discharged its obligation by attempting to deliver it there. I

wrote the postmaster a note of appreciation. More than a year later I needed a post-office box for a new business I was starting. I was told at the window that there were no boxes left, that my name would have to go on a long waiting list. As I was about to leave, the postmaster appeared in the doorway. He had overheard the conversation. "Wasn't it you who wrote us that letter a year ago about delivering a special delivery to your home?"

I said it was.

"Well, you certainly are going to have a box in this post office if we have to make one for you. You don't know what a letter like that means to us. We usually get nothing but kicks."

I had a box within the hour. Bread upon the waters!

After years of experience, this is how I have come to feel about my hobby: I have a job which pays me a living, so why should I try to drive a sharp bargain with the world for the extra ideas and impulses that come to me? I say let the world have them if they are of any value. I get my compensation out of feeling that I am a part of the life of my times, doing what I can to make things more interesting and exciting for other people. And that makes life more interesting and exciting for me, and keeps my mind keener.

As if this were not enough, I find that friends multiply and good things come to me from every direction. I've decided the world insists on balancing accounts with givers-away — provided their hands aren't outstretched for return favors.



### *That's the Spirit*

» A SAILOR who had always been plagued with hiccups when under emotional strain began to think he was rid of the malady when he survived boot camp without a flare-up. Then, deep in the South Pacific, his carrier was attacked. Planes zoomed and dived, bombs crashed into the sea. Suddenly it came — the worst case of hiccups he'd ever had. He tried to stifle them, but without success. In desperation he turned to a buddy: "Hey, fellow, I've got the hiccups," he shouted. "Do something to frighten me!"

— Grace V. Guman in *Coronet*



### *Covered by the Law*

» GUESTS in a Cairo hotel, hearing a scream in the corridor, discovered a damsel in negligee being pursued by a gentleman who was, to put it bluntly, nude. Later it developed that the impetuous Romeo was an English major, who was promptly court-martialed. His lawyer won him an acquittal, however, by virtue of the following paragraph in the army manual: "It is not compulsory for an officer to wear a uniform at all times, as long as he is suitably garbed for the sport in which he is engaged."

— MABEL DANA LYON, quoted by BENNETT CERF in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

An ex-clergyman who has rendered an invaluable  
human service to all America

# *Evangelist of Fire Protection*

Condensed from Redbook • PAUL W. KEARNEY

ON MARCH 4, 1908, two men stood opposite the firehouse in Collinwood, Ohio. One was the police chief, the other a Cleveland minister. As they talked, the fire alarm rang and they saw smoke billowing from the grammar school a block away. Both men headed there on the run.

Children from the main floor were filing out the front door in good order, but other children upstairs were jumping frantically to the ground from smoke-belching windows. Hearing screams of anguish from the rear, the men raced around and found the back door locked. They clawed at it desperately. Finally they pried it loose with a bar and found a ghastly pile of human bodies stacked 12 feet high at the foot of the stairs.

The children on the bottom were already crushed to death; those in the center were unconscious; some on top were still struggling and screaming. But so hopelessly jammed was the human mass that the distraught men could pull only a few bodies free.

One hundred and seventy-three children and three teachers died in that deathtrap.

Overwhelmed by the futility of his efforts, the clergyman was con-

fined in a hospital for seven nightmarish months. When he was discharged his doctors forbade him to resume his pastorate, but the evangelist didn't mind. He had received a new call — to preach the gospel of fire protection. That is how T. Alfred Fleming started on the road to fame and incalculable human service.

After serving as assistant fire marshal of Ohio, he was elected to the state legislature. When World War I broke out, Governor Cox made him State Fire Marshal. Then the erstwhile preacher came into his own.

Fleming went after arsonists and enemy saboteurs and sent many to jail. He also attacked the owners of firetrap dwellings. At one fell swoop he issued orders to raze 600 tenements in Cleveland alone. When the owner of the largest one threatened to fight him in the courts, Fleming appeared with 75 wreckers before dawn on the day of the deadline, and in four hours had the rattrap down. He billed the owner for the costs — and collected.

After his brilliant service as Fire Marshal, the National Board of Fire Underwriters grabbed the former preacher to tour the country as a one-man task force to fight the

fire demon. Tall, rawboned, square-jawed, Fleming combines fervor and eloquence with amazing endurance. Now celebrating his 25th anniversary with the National Board, he has made 30,000 talks (often as many as seven in one day) in 650,000 miles of travel.

He eats, drinks and sleeps fire protection. While attending church services one Sunday, he found every exit door but one locked tight — so that everybody, leaving by the main door, would have to shake hands with the clergyman. When "T.A." called the minister's attention to this grave hazard, he was told to mind his own business.

Fleming hustled to fire headquarters, returned with the chief.

"I want the locks off those doors in five minutes or I'll chop 'em off," snapped the chief. "Every Sunday from now on I'll have a man here in civilian clothes. If he finds those doors locked again during services, you're going to jail."

In a midwestern hotel Fleming was horrified to see the night watchman locking the fire-escape doors "to keep out thieves." The night clerk told him to go elsewhere if he didn't like it. "T.A." went to the fire chief and propounded a plan to teach them a lesson. "I'll go back to the hotel," he said, "and in exactly 15 minutes I'll pull the firebox in the hall. Send everybody you can spare, with instructions to raise hell. It wouldn't hurt if you had some newspaper photographers around, too."

When the alarm came in, scores of men, armed with axes, pike poles, roof cutters, shoved through the

milling crowd, loudly demanding: "Where are these locked fire-escape doors?" When the goggle-eyed manager appeared, he got a bawling out from the chief which cured him of locking fire escapes.

Once Fleming found 238 epileptic children housed in a four-story frame building with only one exit, no fire escape, and every window barred. Learning that the state legislature had killed a fire-escape appropriation as "unnecessary," Fleming sought the Governor. After visiting the institution with "T.A.," the Governor wrote a blistering message to the legislature which produced not just new fire escapes, but a new building.

In a southern town the Parent-Teacher Association became so wrought up by one of Fleming's talks (in which he put the finger on 36 critical fire hazards in their school) that it sent a delegation to the school board. "Either you start building fire escapes within a week or we take our children out of school," they said. The board got busy. A school superintendent in another city, however, rejected Fleming's recommendations. Two months later one of his schools burned to the ground -- with 77 dead.

Fleming's travels have led him to ominous discoveries. One was a midwestern auditorium, built to seat 12,000 people, which had an inadequate entrance and only two secondary exits. One door opened ten feet above the river — with no stairs leading down. The other, also without stairs, opened on a pile of crushed stone 12 feet below.

Other horrible finds were a new million-dollar school with escape

chutes whose unapproved doors were padlocked and the keys lost; a five-story loft building whose sprinkler system had never been connected with the water main; an insane asylum with 1800 inmates protected by a fire hose that wouldn't fit the hydrant; and a home for blind children, four stories high and all wood, with a water flow too weak to reach above the second story.

In addition to his job as director of conservation of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, Fleming is chairman of the Fire Prevention Week contest of the National Fire Protection Association. His first competition, 15 years ago, attracted 71 entries; in 1944 they totaled more than 1900.

"Modern fire fighting must begin at the architect's drawing board, not at the hydrant," he says. "Of course it is stupid to toss a hot match into a waste basket, but how can you justify the erection of a costly building so full of inherent flaws that a nitwit with one match can burn it to the ground?"

Fleming lectures to architectural schools, dramatizing the common errors architects have been making for generations. These include excessive, undivided floor areas giving a small fire immediate access to vast amounts of fuel; unprotected vertical arteries such as open stair wells and shaftways which enable superheated air to sweep from cellar

to roof and involve the entire structure in a few minutes; combustible roofs; and lack of approved automatic protection such as sprinklers.

The Evangelist of Fire Protection has his hands full, during the war, with the concentration of Army and Navy supplies. He cites the instance in which two fires within a week wiped out enough stored grain to provide a year's supply of breakfast cereal for an army of 600,000 men. Other unnecessary fires destroyed two shiploads of tires, rationed stocks for 146 grocery stores, 60,000 chickens and \$2,000,000 worth of eggs, and \$5,000,000 worth of war supplies on a pier.

When your blood begins to boil from such tales, Fleming cites two examples from the other side of the ledger: the famous Merchandise Mart in Chicago and the huge Bush Terminal Buildings in New York. Housing billions of dollars' worth of valuable materials, these two buildings have had many outbreaks of fire. But because they are properly built and protected with modern automatic systems, the fire loss amounted to about \$5 per blaze!

Fleming declares there is no more excuse for million-dollar fires today than there was for that locked door in Collinwood 37 years ago. And as long as he has strength to climb on a speaker's platform the Evangelist of Fire Protection will continue to preach that truth.

» A MIDWESTERN newspaper heads the list of births, marriages and deaths briefly: "Hatched, matched, and detached." —*Parade*

# *It Pays to Increase Your Word Power* By WILFRED FUNK

MANY of us have very fuzzy ideas as to the precise meaning of words we use every day; hence we may fail to make ourselves clearly understood at times when clarity is important. With this in mind, watch out for the word "punctilious" in this test. Often used loosely, it has a sharply defined meaning. Consult your dictionary after you are through and see how "punctilious" differs from such similar words as "sedulous," "scrupulous," "conscientious."

Opposite each of the 20 words below, selected from issues of *The Reader's Digest*, are four words or phrases. Check the one you believe to be *nearest in meaning* to the numbered key word and compare your choices with the answers on page 34.

- |                                                                                                                                                     |                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| (1) apperceptive (ap'ur sep'tiv) A: acutely worried. B: intelligently discerning. C: deceiving. D: open-minded.                                     | (11) ensconced (en skonsed') - A: surrounded. B: seated. C: honored. D: settled comfortably.                                                                                                              |
| (2) dictum (dik'tum) -- A: an autocratic ruler. B: a law. C: a mode of expression. D: an authoritative statement.                                   | (12) collusive (kuh liu'siv) A: secretly arranged between two or more to defraud another. B: collected together. C: supercilious. D: glued.                                                               |
| (3) vestigial (ves tij'i al) -- A: unmarried. B: aged. C: having become small and degenerate. D: having assumed priestly robes.                     | (13) minimal (min'i mal) A: most delicate. B: youngest. C: most unlikely. D: least.                                                                                                                       |
| (4) reciprocal (re sip'ro kuh) A: inversely related. B: approving. C: diplomatic. D: engagingly frank.                                              | (14) ineffable (in ef'uh b'l) A: inerasable. B: unutterable. C: inadequate. D: not producing the effect intended.                                                                                         |
| (5) impound (im pound') - A: to collect water for irrigating purposes. B: to measure. C: to strike. D: to balance the cargo on a ship.              | (15) neophyte (nee'o fite) A: a sacred vessel. B: novice. C: a precious stone. D: new organic tissue.                                                                                                     |
| (6) fluorescent (floo'o res'ent) - A: flound. B: flowering. C: eloquent. D: giving off rays.                                                        | (16) bilk (bilk) - A: to founder. B: to deceive. C: to get drunk. D: to curse.                                                                                                                            |
| (7) sotto voce (soh'to voh'chay) - A: fraudulent. B: baritone. C: in a low voice. D: musical.                                                       | (17) educable (ed'vu kuh h'l) A: can be brought out. B: can be found out. C: can be easily led. D: can be educated.                                                                                       |
| (8) echelons (esh'uh lonz) - A: struts on an airplane. B: arrangement of troops. C: viaducts. D: electrical waves.                                  | (18) exorcise (eks'or size) - A: to practice. B: to drive out evil spirits. C: to train for health. D: to exaggerate.                                                                                     |
| (9) incommunicado (in'kuh miu ni kah'doe) A: close mouthed. B: with one's identity concealed. C: irreconcilable. D: without means of communication. | (19) punctilious (punk til'i us or til'yus) - A: minutely particular about details and forms. B: finically careful about trivial matters. C: cautious about important matters. D: governed by conscience. |
| (10) serried (ser'id) A: broken. B: uneven. C: compacted in rows. D: toothed on the edge like a saw.                                                | (20) arbiter (ahr'bi ter) - A: a hard worker. B: a judge. C: a cross-bow. D: a despot.                                                                                                                    |



# CONTRACT WORD GAME

by JACK BARRETT

**T**HE OBJECT is to reduce each word in length, one letter at a time, until you have reduced it as far as you can. Every letter deleted must leave a new word, one letter shorter; and the order of the letters must not be changed. Each letter removed counts one point. No. 1 has been filled in to show the procedure. The author totaled 56 points (see his list below, after you have tried). Can you top that score?

- |                                     |             |
|-------------------------------------|-------------|
| 1. THOROUGH: through, though, tough | 8. CAROUSE  |
| 2. MORON                            | 9. WAIST    |
| 3. NATIVE                           | 10. VARLET  |
| 4. BEREFT                           | 11. REVEL   |
| 5. MANAGER                          | 12. SHINGLE |
| 6. CRACKLED                         | 13. LOUNGE  |
| 7. BOUNCE                           | 14. SHALLOW |
|                                     | 15. STOOP   |

## *Answers to: "It Pays to Increase Your Word Power"*

|     |      |      |      |                           |                        |
|-----|------|------|------|---------------------------|------------------------|
| 1—B | 6—D  | 11—D | 16—B | <i>Vocabulary Ratings</i> |                        |
| 2—D | 7—C  | 12—A | 17—D | 20—19 correct             | superior               |
| 3—C | 8—B  | 13—D | 18—B | 18—15 correct             | excellent to very good |
| 4—A | 9—D  | 14—B | 19—A | 14—12 correct             | good                   |
| 5—A | 10—C | 15—B | 20—B | 11—8 correct              | fair to poor           |

## *Contract Word Game: The Author's Score*

(Dropping other letters in certain words may give you different results — but will your score be higher?)

|                                              | Pts.  |
|----------------------------------------------|-------|
| 1. THOROUGH: through, though, tough          | 3     |
| 2. MORON: moon, moo                          | 2     |
| 3. NATIVE: naive, nave, ave                  | 3     |
| 4. BEREFT: beret, beet, bet, be              | 4     |
| 5. MANAGER: manage, mangle, mane, man, an, a | 6     |
| 6. CRACKLED: cracked, racked, raked, rake    | 4     |
| 7. BOUNCE: ounce, once, one, on              | 4     |
| 8. CAROUSE: arouse, rouse, ruse, use, us     | 5     |
| 9. WAIST: wait, wit, it, I                   | 4     |
| 10. VARLET: valet, vale, ale                 | 3     |
| 11. REVEL: reel, eel                         | 2     |
| 12. SHINGLE: single, singe, sing, sin, in, I | 6     |
| 13. LOUNGE: lunge, lung, lug                 | 3     |
| 14. SHALLOW: hallow, hallo, hall, all        | 4     |
| 15. STOOP: stop, sop, so                     | 3     |
|                                              | <hr/> |
|                                              | 56    |

The people of Guam, after nearly three years of Japanese bestiality, know the meaning—and the cost—of patriotism

# These Are Americans

*Condensed from Collier's*  
**QUENTIN REYNOLDS**

**B**ECAUSE the people of Guam proved in no uncertain terms that they are strong and patriotic Americans, it might be interesting to meet them. They are one of the most honest, decent, attractive peoples on earth. Thousands of soldiers and sailors respect them, many marry them, and a great many more swear they will return to this green friendly island when the war is over.

Meet first 29-year-old Father Oscar L. Calvo, good-looking and filled with such holy zeal that hard-boiled Marines say in awe, "The guy is a saint." Before the war the island had two native priests, but one of them, Father Jesús Basa Duenas, was beheaded by the Japanese for withholding information. He knew where the radioman George Tweed was hidden, but torture could not open his mouth. He died for his Americanism.

During the Japanese occupation Father Calvo rode all over the island giving spiritual consolation, telling his people, "One day the Americans will come!" He had many sick calls during those 32 months. Pedro Alvarez, just 17, was brought to the Jap prison for questioning. Three days later he stumbled back to his father's home, bleeding from a dozen wounds. A doctor said quietly, "Get Father Calvo." He arrived in time to

administer the Last Sacrament. These sick calls always occurred after someone had been taken for "questioning."

When George Tweed escaped, five other American seamen had gone with him. But they were caught and made to dig their own graves. One asked for a priest. The Japs laughed. Only once did they permit Father Calvo to give solace to a man about to be beheaded.

The natives of Guam do not talk of the past; they talk of the future when their six cities will be rebuilt. Smiling-eyed, 52-year-old Agueda Johnston asked me to visit the high school of which she is principal. "It is in the ruins of the old school," she said apologetically, "and it has no roof. But we find it all right."

It was she who had collected and sent food to Tweed. But the Japs caught on and brought the woman to prison for questioning. They stripped the clothes from her back, and the lash screamed 25 times through the air to cut jagged bits of flesh from her. Lying in a pool of her own blood she raised her head and laughed at the beasts who thought they could break her.

Agueda's life really began in 1911 when she married William Gautier Johnston of Tennessee. He was a six-foot-two Marine, a graduate of Pea-

body College, stationed on Guam and assigned to teach English to native teachers who in turn would teach the children. Agueda was his most promising pupil. They were married and raised seven children.

After taking his house and all his possessions, the Japs sent Bill Johnston to a concentration camp in Japan, where he died. Agueda worried about vivacious, beautiful Marian, 22, for the Japs had their own uses for native beauty. If she couldn't protect her loved ones with her strength, she would do it with her brain, so she circulated a rumor that Marian (as healthy a girl as ever lived) had tuberculosis. The Japs have a horror of the disease, and Marian was never molested.

B. J. Bordallo owned ten taxis, an automobile accessory store, two meat markets, a large ranch in the hills. The Japs took Bordallo's 340 head of cattle and his stores and cars. Later they decided that he knew where the escaped Americans were hiding. B. J. parried their questions. The officer signalled to a squat, fleshy Saipan native called the Lash Man, who had strong arms and could hit harder than the small Japs. The Japs beat B. J. three times a day for six days, but he said no word and the escaped Americans still played solitaire in the caves behind the hills. Somehow he recovered.

The three Gutierrez sisters were named Hannah, Harriet and Rosa. When news came that the Americans were coming, the Japs ordered 8000 of the natives inland to a con-

centration camp—a 16-mile march on foot through the jungle. "Hannah wasn't very strong," Harriet told me, "and was to have another child. A Jap soldier hit her several times on the back with the flat of his sword. She kept stumbling but they made her keep up with the rest. At the concentration camp she lived only an hour....Forgive us, sir. We hate the Japanese."

During the War Bond drive in Guam it was hardly reasonable to expect much. For 32 months the people had been getting less than two yen (about five cents) a day from the Japanese for their labor. Either that or a handful of rice. But when the drive ended, \$211,955 had been subscribed, a per capita subscription of \$15 per adult.

The Marines have been captivated by the people of Guam. Whenever a shipment of candy arrives at the Post Exchange it goes very quickly, and an hour later you'll see bright-eyed youngsters munching happily on chocolate bars. These Marines of ours can fight like hell, but they also make very fine ambassadors of good will.

I was visiting a native family in a village we had hastily constructed to house them. It was a nice little house, and had everything but a key to the door. I commented on this.

"A key?" The man of the house burst out laughing. "We have several thousand Marines taking care of us. We don't need to lock our doors."

These are real Americans. There never were any quislings on Guam.



A new kind of sound recording brings fascinating possibilities  
for entertainment and convenience

# *WIRE THAT TALKS and SINGS*

Condensed from Science Illustrated

HARLAND MANCHESTER

YOUNG Marvin Camras, son of Russian immigrants, worked his way through the Illinois Institute of Technology by building laboratory equipment. He was the kind of student who poked his nose into everything mechanical and electrical. His cousin, William Korzon, a bathroom baritone with radio ambitions, thought that it might help if he could hear himself sing. Unable to afford disk recordings, he asked Camras if he could put together some sort of voice-recording machine.

Camras set to work after hours. After six months his contraption, made from odds and ends, stood complete in the Camras parlor, and the family gathered around. While Korzon whistled "Yankee Doodle" into a microphone, a fine steel wire unreeled from one spool and wound up on another. Camras then ran the wire through the machine again, and Korzon's whistled tune came clearly from the loudspeaker.

The thing worked. Camras itched for a chance to get first-class materials and technical help and go to town with it. So he took the experimental model to the Armour Research Foundation. They promptly put him on the payroll and told him

to forget everything else. And now his discoveries have been incorporated in a trim, light, precision-built machine produced by General Electric, the Utah Radio Products Company and 16 other Armour licensees.

The Army and Navy are taking these machines as fast as they can be turned out. Thousands are used on planes, where they record all messages and orders and whatever information the fliers wish to speak into the mike; others are used on warships. Now the wire recorder is being groomed for a spectacular civilian career.

Disk records are easily scratched and broken, the spool of wire is not. That is only one advantage. I heard an entire symphony played from a single spool. No one got up to change records, nor was there a pause and annoying whirr while a mechanical changer did its work. The wire record had been made at a rehearsal of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and Désiré Defauw, conductor, pronounced it the most faithful recording he had ever heard.

The possible length of a recording depends only on the length of the wire. In one widely used model, a spool about four inches in diameter

holds about two miles of wire; it records for 66 minutes. Sets can be built which will record for eight hours or more; ordinary models probably will run two hours nonstop.

Recordings of temporary interest, like office memoranda, can be quickly erased and the wire used again and again. But if the owner wishes to keep a fine musical transcription or valuable oral document, it apparently will last forever. One wire recording was played 200,000 times, with no loss of fidelity. Every word of the formal proceedings of the San Francisco conference has been recorded on wire for posterity.

This is the way it works: A microphone is connected to an electromagnet. Between the poles of the magnet travels a stainless steel wire, about the diameter of human hair. Sound waves vibrate the diaphragm of the mike, causing corresponding variation in the electric current in the magnet. The wire passing between the poles is thus magnetized in variable degree, depending upon the strength of the current at the instant. The pattern of magnetism laid on the wire is the precise counterpart of the sound that entered the mike.

When the wire, thus magnetized, is fed again between the poles of the magnet, this time connected with a loudspeaker instead of a microphone, the variation of electrical impulses recreates the sound faithfully.

The idea is almost half a century old — Valdemar Poulsen, Danish inventor, worked it out in 1898 — but wartime aviation is responsible for its present development. The Army needed some means of recording test-

flight data and the logs of missions over enemy territory. Fliers could pencil notes on pads strapped to their knees, but that was not good enough. Disk recording was out of the question. The wire recorder will operate upside down or at any angle; there is no needle to jump from its groove, and vibrations mean nothing to it.

A field set soon to go in production is housed in a flat box about the size of a brick. Battery-powered, it weighs only three pounds and can be carried in an overcoat pocket. Its small microphone can be worn in the lapel. This set only records; it will not play back. But the records made in the field can be heard over "play-back" recorders in offices or homes.

There is already a big demand for these field sets. Nebraska wants its county agents to have them, for interviewing farmers and making notes in the field. Salesmen, insurance claim adjusters, law-enforcement agents — in fact all people who travel and have to make reports — will welcome this pocket stenographer which can't make mistakes. Reports can be dictated as fast as one can think, regardless of time, place, weather or lighting conditions. And statements can be recorded in the voice of the person interviewed, particularly useful for the newspaper reporter, who will have positive proof that he has quoted his man correctly.

The recording on wire of phone conversations is a promising and also a controversial possibility. It would be simple enough to press a button when you get an important call and record it on wire, and it is possible to attach a recorder in such a way

that it will take messages even when you are out. Many phone talks, however, are definitely "off the record." Concerned about inroads on privacy, Walter S. Gifford, president of AT & T, recently suggested that if recorders are widely adopted, some signal should be agreed upon which would notify the telephone user that his conversation is being taken down.

Wearproof wire recording of music, to be sold in competition with disks, is another possibility. Armour has developed a high-fidelity master recorder, and a machine for making many wire records simultaneously from the master spool. One firm has its eye on the juke-box trade. Armour engineers believe that scratchless wire records will become especially popular in the field of classical music. Also anyone with a recorder and a good FM set could make his own records at home, skimming the cream from radio programs.

The other evening a Boston editor and his wife wanted to hear their favorite radio program and they also wanted to go to the movies. They did both. They set an alarm clock and left. At nine the vacant apartment was flooded with music, and the recorder on this experimental set

began operating. When they returned they pressed a button, and the program that they had missed poured from the loud-speaker. Equipped with recorders, postwar radio sets will cost perhaps \$75 extra.

Marvin Camras and his colleagues have been experimenting with the recording of high-frequency sound waves. A machine that records around 3000 vibrations per second is good enough to make the voice intelligible. Machines with a ceiling of 15,000 are able to record the wider range of musical vibrations. Beyond the sound vibrations that we can hear there are exciting mysteries awaiting the explorer. These inaudible supersonic vibrations — sometimes called "death whispers" — have been used by experimenters to kill microbes, insects and even frogs and small fish; to homogenize milk, mix paint and "crack" petroleum. Vibrations of 200,000 per second — far into this curious realm of "silent sound" — have already been recorded on wire.

Thus a new tool of fantastic potentialities has been devised. The unblazed trails will lure Camras and others. Meanwhile the proved uses of the singing, talking wire will be enough to fascinate the rest of us.

### *Bang-up Salesmanship*

» THE rumble of an Army convoy passing through a small southern town brought the people out to line the main street. Suddenly there was the flash of a small dog, the hiss of air brakes, and the crash of heavy trucks smashing together. The cab door of the rear vehicle opened and a GI driver stood on the running board, ruefully surveying crumpled bumpers and fenders. Then he grinned. Cupping his hand to his mouth, he yelled to the crowd: "Buy more War Bonds!"

— Contributed by Cpl Roland H Kruger

A device first used as an innocent convenience  
has become a menace to democratic government

# *Government Corporations*

## *SHOULD BE WIPED OUT*

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

MANY people imagine that a country can lose its liberties only through some such spectacular disaster as a violent revolution. In truth, more often liberties are quietly frittered away. The process of whittling some of them away, right here in this country, is well under way. A little legal invention has done more to enfeeble our republican form of government than all the would-be revolutionists ever have accomplished. That invention is the corporation.

A famous lawyer once said that he cared not what law Congress might pass, he would undertake to find a way to circumvent it in 48 hours by the manipulation of corporate organization.

Here is an example: A big bank which blew up in 1932 was in almost every business under the sun. It owned a tool factory, ran a hotel and was preparing to operate a barroom as soon as prohibition was repealed. The law forbade the bank to engage in certain kinds of business. So the officers merely split the bank into two corporations. One operated a bank. The other engaged in all the enterprises forbidden to the bank. It

was called an "affiliate." Both companies were owned by the same stockholders and operated by the same officers. They were in fact one business. By means of a legal fiction they were considered as two.

The government which denounced private corporations for doing such things is now using the same corporate device to violate its own laws and to drive a coach and four through its own Constitution.

ONE of the great provisions of the Constitution is that which reserves to the people what is known as the Power of the Purse. When kings assembled the first parliaments to plead for money, the burghers and merchants demanded, in return, more say in the government. And they finally established the principle that the right to levy taxes belonged to the people represented in parliament. That principle is in our Constitution, and rightly, because whoever controls the purse controls the State. Our Constitution says: "No money shall be drawn from the Treasury but in consequence of appropriations made by law; and a regular statement and account of the receipts and expendi-

tures of all public money shall be published from time to time." Simple as they are, those are monumental words which cost seas of blood before they became so commonplace.

ANOTHER feature of our Constitution is that only Congress can enact laws. That is because our ancestors knew from bitter experience that they must be eternally on guard against the yearnings of even good executives for power. In the past, therefore, whenever our President wished to start some new government activity he had to ask Congress to pass a law and to provide for the bureau or department which would administer it. The President could appoint the commissioners, but only subject to confirmation by the Senate. The money to pay the bills had to come by appropriation from Congress.

But now Presidents have found a way to get around all this Constitutional machinery. Here is how it is done:

The President selects some dummy directors and has a charter issued to them, by Delaware, New Jersey or some other easy-chartering state. The powers of the corporations are granted in the charter instead of by an act of Congress. The President appoints the directors, often without asking the consent of the Senate. Next the "corporation" must have money. Instead of getting it as an appropriation from Congress, the President may arrange for the corporation to "borrow" it from some other government corporation. Thus we see a government bureau brought into existence disguised as a corporation.

It gets powers, officers and money without any *direct* law or appropriation of Congress.

But does not the lending corporation get the money from Congress by appropriation? Not necessarily. That corporation, too, can and does get the money from an authorization by Congress to "borrow" from the Treasury.

Of course some government corporations have been created directly by Congressional act - the TVA, for instance. Others, however, have been created by the Executive under a blanket and often vague authorization in some general act. Still others are created without any authority in law, but later - the President having produced a situation from which it is difficult to withdraw - Congress is forced or wheedled into giving a sort of backhanded validation through some oblique or incidental provision of law.

A good way to understand the difference between an old-fashioned bureau and a government-incorporated bureau is to consider the Post Office. It delivers the mail and runs a huge express business known as the parcel post. It is paid for its services by its customers. All the money it receives it turns over to the Treasury. The money to run it is appropriated by Congress each year. Its affairs are controlled by the Comptroller General and audited by the General Accounting Office. Congress, if it so wished, could discontinue or reduce any of its activities any year by withholding appropriations.

Suppose, however, the Post Office was reorganized as a great business corporation owned by the Govern-



ment under a charter issued by Delaware. The Government would authorize it to borrow money and would lend the money. The Post Office would pay its expenses out of revenues and its capital stock and its borrowings. It would not ask appropriations. It might run for years without seeking funds from Congress. It would refuse to submit to supervision by the accounting services of the Government. Congress could not change or drop any service by cutting off its appropriation, because the corporation would have a continuing fund of its own. Congress could pass a law to change this but the President could veto it.

An extreme example was the Board of Economic Warfare, now transformed into the Foreign Economic Administration. The BEW was established by an executive order. It was not formally incorporated but operated as a corporation and through other corporations. The order set forth that the BEW's chairman could draw operating funds from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. If the Navy wants money it has to go to the Budget Director and then to Congress, where two separate committees examine the requests, call witnesses and may refuse the funds. But not the BEW. If it wanted money—say a hundred millions—it commanded the head of the RFC to “lend” it. Without discussion or even knowledge

of Congress, he had to fork it over. The President so decreed.

**M**ANY of these corporations bypass inspection. They do not have to go to the Budget Director and will not permit the Comptroller General to examine their affairs. There is almost no way to find out what they are doing, unless it is by a Congressional investigation.

Moreover, their operations are often hidden behind a web of many corporations in the manner formerly used by some of our utility and banking concerns. For instance, at the request of the BEW, the RFC created the Metals Reserve Company, the Defense Supplies Corporation, the Rubber Reserve Company and the United States Commercial Company. One at least of these—the Metals Reserve Company—created its own subsidiaries, the Colonial Mica Corporation and the Copper Recovery Corporation. To make it all the more complicated these concerns appeared in the official records as subsidiaries, not of the BEW, but of the RFC. Some of them existed merely on paper and were used merely to push book-keeping entries around in pursuit of the complicated purposes of the founders.

When this battery of “corporations” went into action it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to follow their devious



trails. Behold them! The United States Treasury would borrow money from the people. The RFC would then borrow it from the Treasury. The BEW would borrow it from the RFC. The Metals Reserve would get it from the RFC through the BEW and the Colonial Mica would get it through the Metals Reserve. Samuel Insull in his bravest days never did a better job than this.

Generally this bookkeeping mumbo jumbo had two objects. One was to escape the requirements of the Constitution and the laws. The other was secrecy. Secretary Ickes charges that the Metals Reserve Company built a huge aluminum plant in Canada, that it cost \$68,000,000, and that neither he nor the President nor Congress knew anything about it! The Copper Recovery Company established a bank in Brazil in partnership with the Brazilian government without Congress knowing anything about it. Comptroller General Lindsay Warren told a Senate Committee that he was surprised to read in the *Congressional Record* of three government corporations of which he had never heard.

It cannot be pleaded that all this is a product of the haste and needs of war. One corporation is at least 40 years old. At least 28 were organized before the war began.

All this began with no other motive than to provide an easy method of segregating a government activity which had the form of a business enterprise. The whole thing is so clouded in mystery that it is hard to know how many such cor-

porations there are now. One report lists 51. Senator Byrd, who has led the fight to tame these wild birds, says there are 55. The Budget Director says there are 101. He says the Commodity Credit Corporation alone carries on its activities through 50 separate corporations. All these government corporations carry on enterprises of almost every sort - banking, lending, mortgage, insurance, production, merchandising and transportation - with assets of at least 27 billion dollars.

The root of the trouble lies in the RFC. This was formed hastily in 1932 to meet a specific emergency - to lend money to banks and other financial institutions exposed to ruin in the developing financial crisis. Congress created it and authorized it to act as a lending agency. But when a new administration came in it was promptly taken in hand for all sorts of purposes. It was empowered to borrow money from the Treasury for *general unspecified purposes*. According to Senator Byrd it has borrowed \$14,000,000,000 for general unspecified purposes and with this has created a revolving fund of \$46,000,000,000, which it uses for many purposes not specifically authorized at the outset by law.

This made the RFC a kind of pool or reservoir into which Congress dumped billions of unappropriated and loose dollars. Congress thus abdicated its historic power of the purse. It created a huge purse - the RFC - and handed that purse over to the President, who could dip into it at will and in secrecy for billions. The public does not know yet how these billions were used.

This whole institution of government corporations got its final expansion from a theory of government which has been growing dangerously in Washington. The object, as it has now developed, is progressively to reduce the role of Congress. One of the pet schemes is to get the Executive out from under the power of Congress over appropriations. Its proponents favor the "blank check" appropriation, whereby Congress passes lump sums to the Executive to be expended as he sees fit.

Of course this would be an abdication by Congress of the most powerful weapon of protection the people hold against the ambitions of a bold executive. Congress, instead of handing out to the President fixed sums from the national purse, would hand over the purse itself. Congressmen who wanted money for government purposes in their districts would have to go with hat in hand to the President. They would get their cut out of the purse only on condition that they play along with the President. The uses to which the RFC and these government corporations have been put is a tremendous step in this direction.

The plain course for Congress is to bring to an end this whole experiment. There is not one solid argument that can be made for the government corporation. The practice, in the light of experience, is open to so many abuses that it ought to be stopped forthwith. There is not one useful purpose which a government corporation serves which cannot be served by an ordinary bureau.

Congress, alarmed, is now consider-

ing a bill to force these corporations to submit to the Budget Bureau their contemplated expenditures and to bring them under the Comptroller General and the General Auditing Office. As far as it goes -- clipping the wings of these birds -- it is a good bill. But this is merely regulation. Yet even to this they are objecting. The TVA, Commodity Credit Corporation and various others protest that this will hamper their activities. Of course this is completely answered by the fact that the Post Office -- a business enterprise -- employing more people than all these corporations combined, manages to operate as our most efficient government enterprise without the aid of this slick device. The remedy is not to regulate these corporations but to abolish them and reform those which have a useful purpose as ordinary government bureaus.

UNLESS this is done it will be possible in a future period of crisis for some audacious executive to transfer almost all the functions of government to giant corporations in which the government would be a stockholder. All the business of government would thus pass into the hands of a great holding company almost completely freed from the protecting devices of our constitutional system.

No one need suppose this is a vague fear. It has already happened on a giant scale. The whole thing is too full of danger to be dallied with. It should be ripped ruthlessly out of our government.

# *It COULD Happen Here*

— Condensed from The Detroit Free Press

— — — MALCOLM W. BINGAY

**T**HERE is not a person in Europe today who will admit ever having been a Nazi at heart.

Industrialists, merchants, craftsmen and shopkeepers all explain that they hated Nazi policies but had to go along to save themselves from torture, imprisonment — or loss of business. Laborers and farmers simply shrug their shoulders and say they did not understand.

Throughout Germany the refrain is the same: "*We did as we were told.*"

There is no record of any Nazi's proudly proclaiming his faith, as heroic men have done since time began, going to their death gladly to stand by the eternal imponderable values of life and thus inspire other generations unto eternity.

All the time I was listening to these alibis I was thinking of my own America.

I was thinking of Huey Long, *der Führer* of Louisiana, and of the whole corrupt mess of the first Fascist State in America. I was thinking of Frank Hague, political boss of the once-sovereign state of New Jersey, and

of other great bosses of municipalities, men of vast wealth and power, who determine national elections.

I was thinking also of some of our great financial and industrial and mercantile leaders who play ball with political corruptionists — willing to pay sordid money for favors granted, or fearful of reprisals unless they do come through.

I was thinking also of certain labor leaders who wax fat at the expense of the "little men" they exploit, who extort vast sums from employers who are either equally corrupt or too rat-like to defy them. They live like millionaires by proclaiming to the gullible that they are fighting for the working man against the rich.

I was thinking of racial and religious hatreds in America — the hates upon which the Nazis fed and grew so powerful that they destroyed a civilization; hates which in their ultimate horror brought us to Buchenwald and Dachau, where we saw sights which seared our souls.

Yes, I found in the hell that once was Germany an indictment of my own beloved America.

All the time I was listening to the slimy pretenses of these German leaders that they "had to go along," I was thinking of American leaders whom I have heard say the same

MALCOLM W. BINGAY, editorial director of The Detroit Free Press, was one of the delegation of American editors invited by General Eisenhower to examine at first hand the evidence of atrocities in German prison and concentration camps.

thing, that "they had to play ball."

In Munich I visited the beer gardens, the subbasement hideouts, wherein were the beginnings of the Nazi movement. The leaders of "the party" were saloon brawlers, criminals, perverts, fanatics. Yet, by a combination of Ku-Klux bigotry and Al Capone gangster techniques, these brutes conquered all the continent of Europe and left it a shambles. These foul murderers were not stopped because the German people lacked the courage to defy their ultimatums.

The story of the rise of Nazism in Germany is the story of a people who lost their moral sense in seeking security. It is the story of the world today. It is the story of the horrid appeasement at Munich. It is the story of America wherever men think more of profits and political preferment and comfort than they do of the souls God gave them, to make them free.

The only difference between what happened in Germany and what could happen in America is that the Germans, for countless generations, have learned to obey while we have not, and that the Nazis could apply Huey Long and Al Capone methods while the vastness of America precludes such efficiency in destroying all opposition.

Man with his burning soul  
Has but an hour of breath  
To build a ship of truth  
In which his soul may sail...  
For death takes toll  
Of beauty, courage, youth,  
Of all but truth.

John Mascheld, "*Philip the King*"  
(Macmillan)

But have we not, too, been facing down the road to hell, lured by the mirage of personal prosperity and security?

The writer has too deep and profound a faith in America, and the ideals that are planted in the very marrow of our bones, to believe that we will drift without any sense of moral responsibility, as did the Germans, until we are destroyed. But it is going to take more than pious platitudes to save us. There must be a rebirth of conscience, a realization that real success cannot be determined by the social register. This rebirth must come from the mind and the heart and soul of the individual American citizen.

Only then can the United States become the country of our dreams. Only then can it be restored to the ideals for which Washington prayed at Valley Forge and for which Lincoln gave his life.

» THE ballplayers in a western city were delighted by the news that the Army had classified their most prominent umpire 4-F. Reason: faulty vision.

—*This Week Magazine*

Our treatment of the original Americans seems designed to  
perpetuate poverty and dependence

## *Set the* American Indians Free!

BY O. K. ARMSTRONG

A YOUNG fullblood Indian, sergeant in the Army Air Corps, stood before his tribesmen on the Winnebago reservation and told of his experiences on many fronts. Then he said: "I'm leaving again, to finish this war. When we Indian servicemen get back, we're going to see that our people are set free to live and act like American citizens!"

There was silence. One by one the older men came forward and threw their arms about his shoulders, their faces tense with emotion. Then the younger men, among them two boys in Navy uniform, gathered about the sergeant in earnest talk. He had given voice to an unmistakable determination on the part of American Indians to demand full rights of citizenship.

Speaking with grim accents, this Winnebago told me: "We're tired of being treated like museum pieces. I'm a mechanic. I want a real job. They're not going to send me back to live in a shack and loaf around in a blanket!"

Few know the shameful story of the present status of the Indians. By fire and sword the settlers drove

them from their lands. Then, in 1824, the Government established a Bureau of Indian Affairs to "civilize and emancipate" the Indians. Reserved areas were set aside for the tribes, where they could live while they learned the white man's ways.

Today about 220,000 Indians still live upon 210 reservations. Legally they are free to come and go as they please, and to take up any work they choose. Actually most of them are tied to their reservations and to old tribal ways.

In three important respects they have never been emancipated: They are restricted in property rights: without consent of their superintendent they cannot own land on the reservation, or sell it, or mortgage it, or lease it. They live under conditions of racial segregation. And they are subject to special limitations and exemptions *because they are Indians.*

In recent months I have visited many reservations. I talked with tribal chiefs, farmers, teachers, with Indians prominent in business and politics. I talked with agency superintendents and employes — able,



conscientious men who are working tirelessly to better the lot of the Indian. All agreed that the Indian problem is a national reproach.

The great majority of the members of Congress heartily applaud the stand of Representative William G. Stigler of Oklahoma, himself a Choctaw-Chickasaw Indian. Speaking to the House last April, he said: "There should be an early and complete rehabilitation of the Indian so he may go forth in the world and take his place by his white brother, asking only an opportunity to prove his worth."

More than 22,000 Indians are serving with our fighting forces. Many have given their lives; many more have won decorations. There can be no doubt that all who return from the service will seek a greater share in America's freedom. About 45,000 other Indians from reservations have been working in war industries. Most of these have tasted economic opportunity for the first time, mastering skilled trades. They're not going to forget that they made a good living on their own.

**W**HY AREN'T the Indians free? The policy of segregation and special treatment is deeply rooted in the past. Early reservations were concentration camps, where troops kept the inmates subdued. By the middle '70's, reservations had become centers of paternalistic control, where able-bodied Indians waited from week to week for the agents to distribute beef and clothing.

It became apparent that the reservation system was pauperizing

these wards of the Government, so in 1887 an Allotment Act was passed, presenting individual Indians with tracts of land, usually 160 acres. The act provided that for 25 years title to the land would be held in trust by the Government, after which ownership would pass to the Indian and he would be a full citizen. The motive was good: to keep the Indian from being cheated out of his land by unscrupulous tribesmen or white men. But there was no sound program for educating the Indian to be self-supporting on his land or to be assimilated into industry.

When, in 1891, the act was amended to extend the 25-year trust period, other amendments closed the door to full citizenship. If the ambitious and industrious Indian left the reservation he risked losing his rights in tribal land and money. If he stayed he could not own a farm or add to it by purchase. The policy of *perpetual guardianship* took firm root.

Although all native Indians were declared citizens of the United States by act of Congress in 1924, the act made no provision for the details of their emancipation. Today only Congress or the Great White Father, the Secretary of the Interior, can remove restrictions upon ownership of property. With their land held in trust by the Indian Office, Indians are in the anomalous position of being both citizens and wards of the Government. They cannot use funds owned by the tribe without consent of the Office, even for coöperative enterprises. Their money is not their own until the

superintendent doles it out for a specific purpose.

Young people in Indian schools, at ages when white children are taught self-reliance, are trained in dependency. They are required to ask superintendents for spending money and must get permission to purchase books, clothing and personal effects. If an adult Indian secures a government loan for purchase of livestock, machinery or household goods, the agency assumes control of all such personal property. If the Indian farmer's cow produces a calf he must not sell the calf without permission.

Lands held by reservation Indians - - 56,000,000 acres - - are not subject to state, county or local taxes. Hence they cannot vote in Idaho, New Mexico and Washington, because of constitutional provisions forbidding suffrage to Indians not taxed. They cannot vote in Arizona because of a law denying the ballot to "persons under guardianship." North Carolina requires that voters be able to read and write to the satisfaction of the election registrar - and a Cherokee holding an M. A. degree from the University of North Carolina was told by an election judge: "You couldn't read or write to my satisfaction if you stayed here all day."

Surplus reservation lands not allotted to individual Indians have been opened by tribal councils for settlement by whites. Individual Indians can also lease part of their allotments. The Indians have found it more convenient to lease to whites than to farm for themselves under government restrictions. Not more

than one acre out of four on reservations is now used by the Indian.

Many Indians to whom land was allotted have died, but their lands could not be sold nor their estates settled without the Government's permission. Heirs were given "book-keeping equities" in the original allotments. Continued dividing of the tracts has gone on until now the problem of "fractional heirships" has reached fantastic proportions. Some bits of land have as many as 200 heirs. The Indian Office must find them and get their consent before the land is leased. Thousands of acres of Indian lands lie idle because heirs cannot be found. I talked with a returned veteran who had tried to rent a 40-acre tract. "There are more than 100 heirs for that piece. Some are lost. We can't rent it," the supervisor finally informed him.

THE LATEST Government efforts to meet the Indian problem have been in the wrong direction. In 1934 Congress passed the Indian Reorganization Act, by which the Department of the Interior was authorized to purchase land and hold it "in perpetuity" for tribal use. Further allotments to individual Indians and sale of Indian lands were banned. The act provided for organization of tribes into "corporations" and for "communal" use of land and machinery.

One effect of the Reorganization Act has been to force a collectivist system upon the Indians, with bigger doses of paternalism and regimentation. Under the plan, the tribal council is the ruling power, but



since the council is completely dominated by agency officials, it actually functions only with the advice and consent of the Indian Office. The tribe assigns each member Indian the plot of ground he is to work, in true collectivist pattern.

SINCE THE PLAN went into effect the Office has spent about \$2,000,000 per year buying land—often for tribes that have more acres by far than they ever use. The Shoshones and Arapahoes at Wind River, Wyoming, have 1,500,000 acres of land, 300,000 of which are not needed by the Indians and are rented to whites; yet the Indian Office has spent nearly half a million dollars to add ranch land and equipment to the tribal estates. For the Blackfeet tribe in Montana, \$95,252 was spent for land, although the tribe has leased out 747,068 acres of its vast holdings.

In a recent report, Senators Thomas of Oklahoma, Wheeler of Montana, Chavez of New Mexico and Shipstead of Minnesota, members of the Indian Affairs committee, offered this stinging indictment:

"While the original aim of the Indian Service was to make the Indian a citizen, the present aim appears to be to keep the Indian an Indian and to make him satisfied with the limitations of primitive life. The Bureau has been concerned with segregating the Indian, condemning him to perpetual wardship, and making him the guinea pig for experimentation."

The most advanced tribes are those that have had the smallest

connection with the Indian Office. The Choctaws, Chickasaws, Cherokees, Seminoles and Creeks in Oklahoma show how our Indians, through freedom rather than restriction, may become an integral part of our national life. During the settlement of the Indian Territory, Indians mixed freely with the whites and adopted white ways. Lands were granted in fee to Indians individually.

In 1908 Congress gave full citizenship to 60,000 (about 80 percent) of these Oklahoma tribes. Their members helped found the state and have occupied high positions in business, education and public affairs. Every Oklahoma legislature has found Indians in positions of leadership. Former Senator Robert L. Owen is a Cherokee. Chief Justice Samuel E. Welch of the state supreme court is a Chickasaw. The late Will Rogers was a Cherokee. In the courthouse at Claremore (Rogers' home town) I asked J. C. Gipe, deputy sheriff, how many county officials are Indians. Sixteen of the 20 proved to be of one-quarter blood or more.

Yet every major policy of the Bureau in recent years has tended toward revival of tribal autonomy and ancient customs. Separate CCC camps were maintained for Indian youths. There were separate sewing rooms for Indian women and separate projects for Indian men under the WPA. Segregated hospitals are maintained on the reservations. A restricted Indian is not permitted a loan from the Farm Security Administration; he must deal with the special loan service of the Indian

Office. Proposals have been made by Bureau officials that problems of Indian war veterans be handled by a special division of their office.

Tribal control and governmental regulations constantly remind the Indian of his inferior status. Indians loiter about agency offices, waiting to ask permission on matters that a free farmer would decide in an instant. Congressmen from reservation states are familiar with letters such as this one from Charlie Red Shirt to Congressman Francis Case of South Dakota: "My oldest daughter receive Sioux benefits. She want to buy milk cows because we like dairying. But they want her to buy beef cattles and they make her feel bad. If they let her go and buy what she want in the first place she would have about 30 or 40 head of cattles by this time."

One Sioux farmer, disliking an old horse, sold him for \$75 without permission and reported he had disappeared. The horse had to be found. The superintendent's report fills a small volume. Two field men after long search and the expenditure of about \$2500 of taxpayers' money, settled the matter. The Indian was given a strong reprimand -- and the horse.

*Every agency official I talked with cried out against the bureaucratic red tape of the service.* Nothing, it seems, can be done simply or promptly. Suppose Jack Muskrat wants to borrow money to plant a crop. He takes up the subject at the agency office. The matter must come before the tribal council. A "farm plan" must be worked out especially for Jack. The superintendent must ap-

prove. The credit unit must study and approve the plan. A loan agent showed me a stack of complicated forms, reports, letters and printed instructions. "That's what it takes to get one Indian farmer a loan," he said. "No wonder they'd rather rent the land and loaf."

THE COST of keeping Indians wards has risen year by year. In 1928 the appropriation for the Indian Office totaled \$10,000,000, supporting 4000 employes. Critics in Congress declared it was time to emancipate the Indians and let the Office "work itself out of a job." Yet by last year the number of employes had increased to 7383. And in the appropriation bill for 1946 the Indian Office requests \$32,000,000 and 306 new positions.

For all the vast expenditure, how many Indians are there? Nobody knows.\* In 1934 the number was put at 234,792, including 30,000 in Alaska. Now the Indian Office "estimates" a total of 419,970. Congressmen say that the figures are padded to obtain ever-increasing appropriations. Persons with no more than 1/256th Indian blood help to swell the total.

Despite government outlays, most reservation Indians live in poverty. Until war work came to their aid, not more than two percent of

\*There is no official definition of what constitutes an Indian. Census Bureau enumerators in 1940 were directed to list as Indians "any person of mixed blood if one quarter or more, or if the person is regarded as an Indian in the community in which he lives."

reservation families averaged more than \$500 income a year. Living conditions are often extremely bad. Disease is prevalent and infant mortality is high.

Two pressing tasks confront Congress and the Indian service:

The first is to provide legislation that will remove restrictions from — and thus emancipate — every Indian who is able to manage his affairs.

The second is to chart a new course for the Office of Indian Affairs, whereby its efforts, during the time it remains in existence, are directed toward assisting all Indians to be self-supporting.

What Indians, now restricted, should be declared competent? Opinions vary, but agreement is possible on immediate emancipation of:

1. Honorably discharged veterans of the present war. This would be an act of simple justice for those who have fought for freedom.

2. All Indians born from this time forward.

3. All persons of less than one-quarter Indian blood.

4. Graduates from a standard high school or its equivalent.

5. All others who are competent to manage their affairs. Definite provisions should be made for determining competence. Any Indian should be permitted to apply. Veterans of past wars might automatically obtain removal of restrictions.

Ownership of real and personal property will bring responsibility for support of schools and other public services. It will furnish the same incentive for thrift and good management that are enjoyed by the

Indians' white neighbors. I asked a young Indian farmer, plowing with a shaggy team, what he needed most. He replied, "Tractor. Not agency tractor. Mine!"

The assumption that most Indians are agricultural has been a tragic mistake. Many are skilled craftsmen. They are potential engineers, mechanics and technical workers. Iroquois and Onondagas in industrial centers are recognized as among the best structural steel workers in the world. Navajos who have been trained off the reservation have become competent draftsmen, laboratory assistants and nurses. Indian girls from Haskell Institute in Kansas are noted as accurate stenographers and efficient secretaries. Graded on careful tests for mechanical aptitude, Indian youths from 15 to 22 years old at the Flandreau, South Dakota, school scored a higher average than white students of corresponding age in Detroit.

Frank Beaver, veteran leader of the Winnebago tribe, told me: "Give our boys and girls training as Americans, and not as Indians, and they'll set themselves free!"

The words of Lincoln's Secretary of War now sound with new significance. To a Congressman seeking an interview for a bishop who protested conditions among the Indians, Mr. Stanton exclaimed: "The Government never reforms an evil until the people demand it. Tell the good bishop that when he reaches the heart of the American people the Indians will be saved."

It is time for the people to demand that this evil be reformed.



*He came from Spain just to look at Boy Scouts*

# BB BRITAIN'S *Pet Spy*

Condensed from Newsweek

*As told to Al Newman by a former British undercover agent*



IN October 1940 Franco's government requested admission to the British Isles for a Falangist who had something to do with the youth movement in Spain and wanted to study the British Boy Scouts during wartime. The Foreign Office said, "Righto, come ahead." They knew the man, and were positive that everything he saw or heard went straight to Berlin.

He was our own pet spy and we loved him dearly. A few of us, acting as Scout officials, met him at an airfield and tucked him into a suite at the Athenaeum Court Hotel. That suite was probably the greatest job of concealed microphones and tapped wires ever accomplished. We furnished him with liquor and everything else he wanted.

At that time there were only about three heavy ack-ack batteries in the London area. One of them we moved into the park across the street from the hotel. They had orders to fire continuously, as fast as possible, all through every raid, whether there was anything within miles or not. What a row they made! Since there was at least one raid every night, our pet spy spent most of his time in the air-raid shelter, convinced by the noise that London was thickly studied with ack-ack protection. We let him inspect the battery — a crack

three-incher outfit — and even furnished a few Boy Scouts for the occasion.

Next, we took him out toward Windsor to look at more Boy Scouts. By what might have been the sheepest coincidence, but wasn't, just about the only fully equipped regiment in all the British Isles and all the tanks we possessed were assembled there. We said that this outfit of fine, tough-looking guardsmen was merely a small force which could be spared from the defense of the island, and had been detailed as a ceremonial bodyguard for the royal family. We could see how surprised he was, but he swallowed it whole.

Then we took him to a seaport where every available fleet unit had been mustered. We hinted delicately that secret additions to the Home Fleet enabled us to keep these ships as the defense of one port. His eyes popped a little at that, but there it was before him and he had to believe what he saw. We also showed him more Boy Scouts. He was beginning to get awfully sick of them by this time and so were we, but it was part of the game.

Our greatest triumph of stage management was his trip to Scotland by plane. You remember how thin our air power was at that time — a few Hurricanes, fewer Spitfires. Well, all

the way up we ran into squadron after squadron of Spits. The sky seemed full of them. How could he know that it was the same squadron ducking in and out of the clouds and coming at us from all angles and altitudes?

On maneuvers in Scotland we showed him the same regiment of guards and the same tanks that he had seen near Windsor. I was afraid he might recognize a few of the guardsmen, but he didn't. We explained that this was just a small, poorly equipped force, reoutfitting to join others training over a wide area, and that the whole maneuver army was merely what could be spared from the main defense forces. Oh, yes, there were a few more Boy Scouts about the premises.

On the way back to London we ran into more Spitfires — hundreds of them. If I hadn't known what was going on, I'd have been taken in myself. Shortly after this he left.

Later I saw portions of his report — don't ask me how we got it because that is a secret. The document was appalling. Britain was an armed camp. Any rumors of her weakness were merely attempts of a crafty foe to inveigle Germany into an inevitably disastrous invasion. All this was eyewitness stuff, and apparently great weight was given to it in Berlin.

I often wonder what happened to our pet spy. He was quite a presentable chap. We loved him dearly and cared for him tenderly. But I'll bet ten pounds he still dreams of Boy Scouts. I know I do.

## Giving Him the Ring-Around

*Ferenc Molnár in The Captain of St. Margaret's*

A HUNGARIAN cavalry officer, needing money to pay his gambling debts, decided to sell an old family ring. He put it in its red leather case and mailed it to a moneylender in his home town, an old man named Schurz. Knowing that Schurz was a sharp bargainer, the officer enclosed the following note: "If you want to give 3000 crowns for this ring, keep it. If not, send it back at once. I won't take a penny less."

Contrary to instructions, the old man replied: "Ring not worth 3000. Give 2000 at most."

The officer, furious, wired him: "Price of ring 3000. No haggling."

The next day came a wire: "Offer 2500. Positively no more."

At this the officer lost patience completely. He wired: "Ring 3000. Return it immediately."

In a few days along came the parcel. The officer opened it and there lay the leather case, carefully tied up and sealed. An enclosed note said: "As an expert I tell you that this ring is not worth 3000 crowns. You would never get that much for it. However, because I like you, I raise my offer to 2800 crowns. That is my final word. If you want to sell at that price, don't open the case, just send it back. If you don't, keep your ring. I wouldn't buy it."

The officer, thoroughly exasperated, vowed he would not sell the ring any cheaper, and would try to sell it to someone else. Breaking the seal, he opened the red leather case. The ring was not there. In its place was a tiny paper with these words: "All right, all right, don't get excited. I will give you 3000 crowns."

— Published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce



*"The farm was a heavenly place for a boy"*

## MY UNCLE JOHN'S PLACE

Condensed from "Mark Twain's Autobiography"

MY UNCLE John was a farmer, and his place was four miles from my home in Florida, Missouri. I spent some part of every year at the farm until I was 12 or 13 years old. The life which I led there with my eight cousins was full of charm, and so is the memory of it yet.

It was a heavenly place for a boy. The house was a double log one, with a spacious floor (roofed in) connecting it with the kitchen. In summer the table was set in the middle of that shady, breezy floor, and the sumptuous meals—well, it makes me cry to think of them. Fried chicken, roast pig; turkeys, ducks, geese, venison, squirrels, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, prairie chickens, biscuits, hot batter cakes, hot buckwheat cakes, hot "wheat bread," hot rolls, hot corn pone; fresh corn boiled on the ear, succotash, butter beans, string beans, tomatoes, peas, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes; buttermilk, sweet milk, "clabber"; watermelons, muskmelons, cantaloupes—all fresh from the garden; apple pie, peach pie, pumpkin pie, apple dumplings, peach cobbler—-I can't remember the rest.

The farmhouse stood in the middle

of a large fenced yard. In one corner were a dozen lofty hickory trees and a dozen black walnuts, and in the nutting season riches were gathered there. Behind the house was the orchard, and beyond that were the Negro quarters and the tobacco fields.

All the Negroes were friends of ours, and with those of our own age we were in effect comrades. We had a faithful and affectionate ally and adviser in "Uncle Dan'l," a middle-aged Negro whose sympathies were wide and warm, and whose heart knew no guile.

I can still see the white and black children grouped on the hearth in Uncle Dan'l's kitchen, with the firelight playing on their faces and the shadows flickering upon the walls, and I can hear Uncle Dan'l telling the immortal tales which Uncle Remus Harris was to gather into his book and charm the world with, bye and bye; and I can feel again the creepy joy which quivered through me when the time for the ghost story was reached—and the sense of regret, too, for it was always the last story of the evening, and there was nothing between it and the unwelcome bed.

I can see, with perfect clearness, the family room of the farmhouse,

with a trundle bed in one corner and a spinning wheel in another; the vast fireplace, piled high on winter nights with flaming hickory logs from whose ends a sugary sap bubbled out, but did not go to waste, for we scraped it off and ate it; the lazy cat spread out on the hearthstone; the drowsy dogs braced against the jambs, blinking; my aunt in one chimney corner, knitting, my uncle in the other, smoking his corn-cob pipe; half a dozen children romping in the background twilight; a cradle — out of service, but waiting, with confidence; in the early cold mornings a snuggle of children in shirts and chemises, occupying the hearthstone and procrastinating — they could not bear to go outside where the tin basin stood, and wash.

Beyond the road outside the front fence was a dense young thicket, and through it a dim-lighted path led a quarter of a mile; then out of the dimness one emerged abruptly upon a level prairie which was covered with wild strawberry plants, vividly starred with prairie pinks, and walled in by forest. The strawberries were fragrant and fine, and in season we were there in the crisp freshness of the early morning, while the dew beads still sparkled upon the grass and the woods were ringing with the first songs of the birds.

I can call back the solemn twilight and mystery of the deep woods, the earthy smells, the faint odors of wild flowers, the sheen of rain-washed foliage, the clatter of drops when the wind shook the trees, the far-off hammering of woodpeckers and the muffled drumming of wood pheasants, the snapshot glimpses of disturbed

wild creatures scurrying through the grass. I can call it all back and make it as real as it ever was, and as blessed.

I can see the woods in their autumn dress, the oaks purple, the hickories washed with gold, the maples and sumachs luminous with crimson fires, and I can hear the rustle we made as we plowed through the fallen leaves. I can see the blue clusters of wild grapes hanging among the foliage of the saplings, and I remember the taste of them ~~and~~ the smell. I know how the wild blackberries looked, and how they tasted, and the same with the pawpaws, the hazelnuts, and the persimmons; and I can feel the thumping rain, upon my head, of hickory nuts and walnuts when the gusts of wind sent them down. I know the stain of blackberries, and how pretty it is, and I know the stain of walnut hulls, and how little it minds soap and water, also what grudging experience it had of either of them.

I know how a prize watermelon looks, sunning its fat rotundity among pumpkin vines and "simblins"; I know how to tell when it is ripe without "plugging" it; I know how inviting it looks when it lies on the table, and the children gather for the sacrifice, their mouths watering; I know the crackling sound it makes when the carving knife enters its end; I can see the split fly along in front of the blade as the knife cleaves its way; I can see its halves fall apart and display the rich red meat and the black seeds, and the heart standing up; I know how a boy looks behind a yard-long slice of that melon, and I know how he feels; for I have been there.

Our foremost champion of individual liberties and states' rights found himself first opposed to union, then fighting zealously to preserve it

# Patrick Henry:

# Genius of Liberty

By DONALD and  
LOUISE PRATTIE

VERY American knows seven words that Patrick Henry spoke: few could tell you what he did to give us liberty. Yet of the patriots who struck for freedom, Henry was the spearhead. He began by demanding for the Colonists the rights of Englishmen. Many would have been content with a safe dependency on the mother country. Not Henry. He was all American; he was born in Virginia in 1736, with his back to the sea and his face toward the frontier and the future. He "grew up with the country," reaching maturity just as our nation reached it. He was homespun — the first of our "backwoods" leaders, of the fiercely independent, non-conformist breed of the Scotch.

Like many another great man, he was unsuccessful at everything he tried, till his genius was identified. He set up a store and failed. He married at 18 a bride who brought him a small sandy plantation. Unlucky at farming, he went back to storekeeping, only to fail again. At



23, he found himself with four children, a mountain of debts, and no special training.

But he had a brilliant memory, a logical mind, quick wits, slow angers. He was stubborn in debate yet courteous in address. He could

always understand what the common man was thinking and could rouse him as the wind rouses the sea.

OWARD what career did these gifts point? The answer flashed on the young man's mind. But how, without leisure and money, could he study for the law? He borrowed a standard work on jurisprudence and a digest of the Virginia laws. In six weeks he had stowed these under his shock of red hair. Then, in his ill-fitting country clothes, he went to the colonial capital of Williamsburg and presented himself to the learned examiners for the bar. They soon detected how scant was his knowledge. But where essential justice was concerned he was infallible, a "born" lawyer if not a



dently, in a low voice, as if abashed at his own opinions. Slowly he let his voice rise, till the wooden walls of the church thrummed with it.

"Gentlemen may cry 'Peace, peace!' But there is no peace! Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?"

"Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, *give me liberty or give me death!*"

Fired by Patrick Henry's words, the delegates authorized the training of troops. News came that Lord Dunmore, the royal governor, had seized the colony's store of gunpowder at Williamsburg. Rousing the militia of his home town, Patrick Henry at its head marched on the capital. The frightened Dunmore fled to a warship, and sent payment for the powder. Next day he declared "a certain Patrick Henry" to be an outlaw.

**B**UT now that outlaw was off to the Second Continental Congress, which elected George Washington commander-in-chief. On his return, he took the foremost part in drafting a constitution for Virginia, and was elected the state's first governor.

When, after seven terrible years of struggle, victory came, the problems of the states were appalling and their debts mountain high. There had been plenty to cry for war when Patrick Henry made it popular, but few were in a hurry to pay for it. The most suicidal thing any politician could do was to propose to redeem the public word and pay off the veterans. Yet Henry forced Virginia to tax herself more heavily than Great

Britain had ever tried to tax her. And he was five times elected governor.

But now this man feared in a strong central government the death of states' rights and individual liberties. When the Constitutional Convention was called to form a union out of the toothless confederation of states, Henry refused to attend as a delegate. When the Constitution was sent to the states for ratification, Patrick Henry opposed it bitterly.

Yet when Virginia and the other states ratified the Constitution, Henry manfully announced his acceptance of it. Nonetheless, he became the center of opposition to federal power, as Washington became the tower of federal strength. Not one day would Patrick Henry serve under the new government, though Washington offered him the posts of Secretary of State and Chief Justice.

Patrick Henry was still battling for your liberties and mine. To him, as to Jefferson and others, there appeared a gaping hole in the Constitution. And into that chasm were slipping, he warned, the very principles for which the Revolutionary soldier had fought and died: freedom of speech and assembly, freedom from imprisonment without trial, the right to bear arms, to a trial by jury, to criticize government and officers, and liberty of religious conscience. The people had no check upon the arbitrary encroachments a centralized government might some day make.

On this subject Henry never ceased to talk until at last popular opinion forced through the first ten amendments to the Constitution. It is of these, the Bill of Rights, that the

average American thinks when he speaks of the Constitution in glowing terms.

Less than 60 years of age, Henry was now an old man, broken by three decades of tremendous exertions. Wishing for nothing so much as the pleasures of country life, he withdrew to "Red Hill," where there were green lawns and grandchildren tumbling on them.

ANOTHER man of the times, older and even greater than Patrick Henry, had also retired to his farm and his family life, where he might have rested content in the knowledge that no man ever did more for his country. But Washington could not rest. For he saw that country torn with disunion. One party was crying for war with England, the other for war with France. The champions of states' rights had passed resolutions which declared that any state had the power to nullify acts of the federal government. Both state and federal elections were approaching, and the young country was rent from within. The center of disaffection was Virginia. And as Patrick Henry went, so went Virginia. The master of Mount Vernon dipped his quill in ink, to cover page after page of eloquent pleading.

...At such a crisis, when measures are systematically pursued which must eventually dissolve the union, ought characters who are best able to rescue their country remain at home? I hope that you will come forward at the ensuing elections. Your weight of character and influence in the House of Representatives [of Virginia] would

be a bulwark against such dangerous sentiments as are delivered there at present. I conceive it to be of immense importance at this crisis that you should be there.

Your most Obedt and very  
humble Servt  
Geo. Washington

And Patrick Henry lifted his eyes from the page as if he had heard a battle trumpet. Just as we know today that the nations must unite for peace, so Henry knew that no right of state was as precious as the right of the United States to exist indivisible.

Announcing that he would support the Federalist John Marshall for a seat in Congress, Henry himself ran for the Virginia Assembly. Though sick and infirm, he journeyed 20 miles to Charlotte to speak. News that Patrick Henry had come back into the arena swept the state; crowds were waiting to meet him as he came out on the steps of the tavern on that March day in 1799. He seemed bowed with years; his careworn face was pale. His voice began haltingly. The union he had denounced so tellingly as a compact fraught with danger to liberty, he must save, lest disunion snatch all our liberties.

But never had Patrick Henry stood so tall as when he straightened his bent form, like an old soldier. His voice, unleashed, lashed out. No state, he warned, has the right to pass upon the validity of federal laws. No part can be greater than the whole.

"I am asked what is to be done when a people feel themselves intolerably oppressed. My answer is:

# THE LASTING LAUGH



It's amazing how stories get around. Each month The Reader's Digest receives thousands, and each month certain anecdotes are sure to reappear. Some of them have been popping up over and over again for years, from all parts of the country. And, oddly enough, they are usually told as actual occurrences in which the authors themselves took part. The favorites, judged by their longevity and wide popularity, appear to be the following:

✓ Uncle Seth has a tactful way of telling evening visitors it's time to leave. As the town clock strikes nine, he says to his wife: "Come, Manna, we must go to bed so these folks can go home."

✓ Seeing a man and a dog playing checkers, the spectator expresses amazement and says the dog would make the man's fortune in the movies or a circus. Man is unimpressed. "I wouldn't say he was so danged smart. I've beaten him four out of the last five games."

✓ A small canner in Alaska has trouble selling his white salmon. Grocers tell him that housewives want the pink kind. He solves his dilemma with a label which reads: "Finest WHITE salmon — Guaranteed not to turn pink in the can."

✓ A small boy enters a streetcar with his head completely covered by a brown paper bag, with holes for

eyes and nose. All at once the bag comes off, revealing a child's pot jammed tightly on his head. The crowd roars with laughter, and the mother exclaims: "It may be funny to you, but it isn't to me. I'm taking him to a doctor to have it removed."

✓ A group of men are boasting of their quail-hunting feats. The stories get better till one man says: "Why I brought in 65 birds yesterday." A stranger who has been listening announces: "Well, I don't guess you know me, but I'm the game warden, and the bag limit on quail happens to be just 20 birds in a day." Whereupon the man says: "Well, I guess you don't know me. I'm the biggest liar in this county."

✓ At a military funeral the aged mother of the deceased faints as the volley is fired. "My God, they've shot Grandma," shouts the little boy.

✓ A lady on a Pullman is annoyed by the snoring of a man in the upper berth. She knocks on the ceiling of her berth and finally the man stops snoring and calls, "I saw you come in, and I'm not coming down!"

✓ A generous tipper at a hotel finds a new waiter serving him his breakfast one morning and remarks: "You are not my regular waiter — where is Charlie?" Reply: "Boss, Charlie ain't serving you no mo'. Last night I done won you in a crap game."

✓ Then there's the native who gets sadly confused in giving directions and finally confesses: "Mister, if I was going to Harrodsburg, I just wouldn't start from here."

✓ A schoolteacher on a crowded streetcar spots a familiar face and smiles. The man stares blankly, so she makes the situation worse with a bright, "Oh! Pardon me! I thought you were the father of one of my children!"

✓ Several hundred employes are being released from an aircraft plant due to the cancellation of a government contract. Two Negroes are overheard discussing the situation. Says one: "I thought I was froze to this job." The other replies, "Brother, you were froze, but now you is defrosted."

✓ A child, lost in a store (or station), is found with two nuns who seem much amused. The child has asked them if they are lady penguins.

✓ A man, in a bus or store, absent-mindedly starts off with someone else's umbrella, and apologetically returns it when the owner objects. Later in the day he stops at a repair shop to pick up several umbrellas he'd left there, and on his way home meets the lady whose umbrella he'd almost taken in the morning. She

says: "I see you've done pretty well today!"

✓ A village half-wit is the butt of much ridicule. Whenever people offer him the choice of a nickel or a dime he invariably takes the nickel. After it's gone on for years someone takes pity on him and tells him a dime is worth more than a nickel. Half-wit replies: "But if I took the dime, people would stop offering me money and I wouldn't even get the nickel."

✓ A small boy and his mother are crowded into a department-store elevator. A stout lady just in front of them starts berating the man beside her. When the elevator stops the protesting man gets off, followed by the indignant woman. Later, Junior remarks: "She stepped on my foot. But I got even with her — I pinched her good and hard."

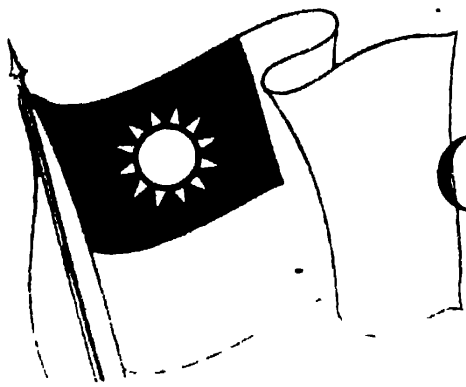
✓ A man orders steak and is asked by waiter or friend, "And how did you find your steak?" He answers, "I just lifted up one of the potatoes and there it was."

✓ A man gets a marriage license and returns next day to have the name of the girl changed. The clerk says it will cost \$2 more. Man replies, "Don't bother. I'll marry Susie. 'T ain't worth the difference."



» A WASHERWOMAN, annoyed by cars on a dusty road soiling her clean clothes, posted this sign on each side of her washing: "Drive Slow — Big Washout Ahead."

— *The Emancipator*



Industrialization of China will create a  
fabulous market for U. S. goods

# CHINA

## *Can Also Help Us*

*Condensed from Collier's*

**DONALD M. NELSON** • *Former chairman, War Production Board; special emissary to China, 1944*

CHINA has become one of the Big Powers. This fact not only affects the fate and future condition of Asia but is of tremendous importance in our own lives in America.

When Japan is defeated, the present great organizing force in the Orient will be eliminated. A commercial vacuum will be left in the areas formerly dominated by Japanese trade, where one billion two hundred million people live. This must be filled by Chinese industry, or chaos will follow, with the resultant horrors of unemployment and shortages of goods.

The Chinese are highly intelligent people and realize that they can be a great power only if they are a strong industrial nation. They have every intention of being one. What they lack in natural resources they make up in manpower and willingness. They will need our help, just as we needed the capital of England when we were building our own industries after the Civil War. But they will neither need our charity nor want it. Charity and imperialism often go hand in hand, and nothing

could be worse for our postwar relations than the thought that we were imperialistic-minded.

We will help China because it is a sensible business policy. We shall not come as philanthropists: we expect to make business investments that will be sound and profitable.

China has coal resources adequate for many years to come, and she will have the iron ore of Jap-occupied Manchuria and the water power of the Yangtze and Yellow rivers. She is the world's greatest producer of tungsten, holds second place in antimony and fourth in tin refining. The country also has mercury in exportable amounts and is self-sufficient in manganese. There is, however, almost no discovered petroleum and little copper.

After a thorough survey I am convinced that China can replace the Japanese in the cheap textile trades. This is one of the greatest essentials in Asia because it is a business that supplies the billion people who earn no more than 40 cents a day. There is plenty of technical skill in China, and before the war there were the beginnings

of a textile industry. When she was the world's fourth largest producer of cotton, China had 5,000,000 spindles (the Japanese owned almost half). Even when the Japanese drove the Chinese back from the seacoast, many of the plants were transported inland and are still operating. The endless resourcefulness of the Chinese in maintaining these and other factories in the face of the most astounding difficulties makes it plain that no nation is better equipped to make the turnover from agriculture to industry.

The greatest of all plans for China concerns the damming of the Yangtze Kiang. This great river is compressed by high cliffs near the city of Ichang at the geographical center of China, an ideal dam site. By use of locks, river navigation will be made possible from the China Sea to Chungking, a distance of approximately 1500 miles. The dam would provide a water supply for farm lands in drought periods, and, more important, would act to halt floods that have devastated the lower Yangtze for centuries.

Dr. John Savage, chief engineer of the United States Reclamation Service and regarded by many as the world's foremost hydroelectrical engineer, has reported that the largest hydroelectrical development in the world can be constructed at the Yangtze Gorges. He says that the dam will have a generating capacity of 10,500,000 kilowatts a year — twice as much as the present total of TVA, Grand Coulee, Boulder and Bonneville.

Completion of the full power program might well be extended

over decades. The first power units will supply the beginnings of industry, and additional units can be added as industry grows. The Chinese themselves will build the dam, and the cost of the hydroelectric units can be liquidated as the project advances.

Dr. Savage estimates that the whole project could be built at a cost of one billion dollars. The equipment and engineering costs might well be financed by a loan from our government to the Chinese government. Under a plan of gradual development the initial investment of this country would not need to be great, and the Chinese government will naturally finance part of the venture.

The Yangtze Gorges Dam will stimulate the erection of metallurgical industries — steels, ferroalloys, aluminum, tin; it will provide power for the electrification of railroads; and it will create an industry for the production of nitrogen fertilizers. China is predominantly an agricultural nation (85 percent), with most of its farms as small as an acre or two. An abundant supply of low-cost fertilizer would be of enormous benefit.

China is also a nation trained in handicraft. Before the war, the Japanese swamped the American market with knickknacks which sold for small sums but in total amounted to big business. The Chinese could capture much of this with ease, because they are as deft as the Japanese and far beyond them in beauty and imagination of designs.

It is my idea that the financing and operation of the new Chinese

industries should be shared by Americans and Chinese. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and other Chinese leaders with whom I have discussed the matter favor such a plan. In the beginning, American capital might amount to 60 or 70 percent, with an agreement that — over a period of, say, ten years — part of the American interest would be purchased by the Chinese until they controlled the properties. This would overcome the fear in all borrowing countries of putting themselves in the hands of their creditors.

Experts maintain that after the war we must almost double our own national income for full utilization of our facilities and resources. Obviously we can't do that from inner expansion of trade alone; we shall need to export on a huge scale. A great part of our present industry is centered in capital goods — plants producing planes, locomotives, machine tools, Diesel engines, road equipment. We must find a market for these capital goods, and the home market is fairly well saturated. Much will be sold to replace destroyed equipment in countries already industrialized, but that will take up only part of the slack. Therefore we must export to countries now poor and eager for industrialization.

An obvious question is whether we are making a mistake by building

up a nation that may eventually become an industrial rival. The history of Canada reveals the fallacy of that theory. As Canada industrialized, our trade with her mounted by leaps and bounds. Our exports to Canada were \$455,446,000 in 1915; in 1940 they climbed to \$744,231,156. The United States sells almost as much to fewer than 12,000,000 Canadians as it does to the 120,000,000 people in Latin America. In short, with Canada's economic development has come greater productivity, a higher income level and higher purchasing power.

Trade is not always a two-way proposition; sometimes it is three-way. One cannot think in terms of China and the United States simply swapping commodities — it will not always be possible to get Chinese materials in return for the machines we have supplied. But China can sell textiles to Malaya, and Malaya can supply rubber to us and so obtain American dollars with which to pay China. For these dollars we can then sell the Chinese some of our capital equipment. This means, in effect, that we get rubber in exchange for machinery.

The industrialization of China is not China's problem solely; it is our own. For we also are going to have to live in a postwar world. ■

» UNABLE to get rid of a tenant because of OPA rules, a Houston landlord took matters into his own hands. The tenant, who lived on the other side of his duplex, was a woman. When he removed the wall between the apartments, she moved. —UP

# Life in These United States

DRIVING over a side-road detour in Tennessee, a friend and I saw smoke pouring from a long shedlike building which appeared ready to explode into flame. My companion braked the car and dashed to a pump in a farmyard opposite, and I was about to follow when my eye was caught by a crudely lettered sign on the smoking structure: **THIS BUILDING IS NOT ON FIRE.**

By this time my friend was lugging a bucket of water toward the building. As he reached it a farmer stepped out. "You city folks have nearly wore out my pump," he said irascibly. "It's been goin' on ever since they started using this road for a detour. Maybe my sign ain't good enough for you to read. But it does seem like you would know how you cured dark-fired tobacco."

— ARGYLL SPRINGER (*Birmingham, Ala.*)

★  
IT HAPPENED in a neighboring town, at an auction of city lots that were being sold for delinquent taxes and bringing an average of \$600, with a few going over \$1000. An elderly gentleman, who had been waiting patiently for one particular lot to be put up, opened the bidding with a ridiculously low offer of \$25. Down in front a soldier, leaning heavily on a pair of crutches, and still wearing his "battle scars," hopefully raised the bid to \$30.

The old gentleman raised his voice so that all could hear. "If that soldier wants that lot, I will not raise his bid."

There was a hush, while the auctioneer waited silently for another bid, then almost reverently announced, "sold to the soldier for \$30."

— MRS. PEARL AULIN (*Orange, Calif.*)

★  
TEXAS was enjoying a welcome rain

after a long dry spell, and Pete, the hired man, worked on, enjoying it too, until the farmer called to him to come in out of the rain. "I don't mind getting wet," said Pete.

"Maybe you don't," said his employer. "But I want every drop of that rain to fall on Texas."

— JOSEPH GERRARD (*Lethbridge, Canada*)

★  
AT A fashionable boarding school overlooking the Hudson River, a 19-year-old student, whose room opened conveniently onto a balcony removed from the eyes of the world, was cultivating a deep all-over sun tan. No textbooks, nothing more grueling to do than watch a small airplane which frequented the neighborhood. Her peace was abruptly broken one afternoon by the close approach of the plane. As it passed overhead a small missile landed accurately on the balcony. Wrapped around a small stone was a note which read: "I love you."

— MRS. A. C. G.

★  
THE suave-looking man at the table next mine in a San Francisco restaurant put on his most seductive smile as the pretty waitress approached. "Nice day, cutie," he said.

"Yes, it is," she replied. "And so was yesterday and the day before. My name is Marie, and I know I'm an attractive girl, and have lovely brown eyes, and I've been here quite a while and I like this place, and I don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working here."

"My pay is satisfactory, and I don't care to go dancing or to a show with you as my time is precious. I'm from Oklahoma, and my father is the chef here. He played professional football, and last week he pretty near ruined an insurance



man who tried to have a date with me. Now, what'll you have — roast pork, Irish stew, hamburger or fried liver?"

— ROLAND SISKIND, RM 3-C (*Admiralty Islands*)

I HAD just moved into my parsonage at Canterbury, Connecticut, and there was keen interest in the city pastor's eagerness to have a victory garden. One farmer plowed the back yard, another brought a load of manure; ladies sent seeds and plants.

One corner of the garden, shaded by two fine apple trees, troubled me, and I said to a middle-aged Polish farmer, "I hate to cut down those trees, but I need to make full use of the space. What would do well in the shade?"

The farmer considered the question, puffing contentedly on his corn-cob pipe. Then he grinned and said, "Plant a chair!"

— THE REV. P. J. CLEVELAND (*Canterbury, Conn.*)

THE YOUNG volunteer receptionist at the Charlotte (N. C.) Memorial Hospital had noticed an old gentleman who had been sitting in the lobby for about an hour. Finally he came over to her desk and asked whether Mr. C. E. Jones could receive visitors. The young lady consulted her card index and said, "No."

"How is Mr. Jones getting on?" asked the old gentleman, and was told that his card showed he was progressing very nicely.

"I'm glad to know that," said the gentleman. "I've been up in that room ten days and couldn't find out a darn thing from the doctor. So I dressed and came down here to find out. I'm C. E. Jones."

— HARVEY WILSON MOORE (*Concord, N. C.*)

This incident reveals an American characteristic. Time after time I had seen Jim Blakeslee in our club reading-room chatting with a fellow member whom I had never met. The other day I came in as the latter was leaving, and asked Jim who the man was.

"Why, that's Ed," said Jim. "Don't you know him?"

"No," said I. "What's his last name?"

"Oh," said Jim, "I don't know him well enough for that."

— ALEX F. OSBORN (*Buffalo, N. Y.*)

THE DAY after my discharge from a naval hospital, I boarded a bus in Providence, bound for Worcester. I was in a bitter mood, and the contrast between the entertainment-seeking civilians and my suffering buddies made me feel that Old Glory flew only at naval bases, army camps and over graves on the battlefields.

A few seats ahead a strained looking young sailor was sleeping, and at every curve his head lurched uncomfortably. The whole bus seemed to watch that tossing head. Then a dignified lady left her seat, sat down next to the sleeping boy, and gently eased his head against her shoulder. When she left the bus, an attractive girl moved up and took her place, then an old woman — all strangers, all acting like a well-drilled team, all with the same proud, affectionate expression. Not once did the sailor awaken.

At Worcester, the driver awoke the lad and he hurried away. I felt better. I had been wrong about a lot of things. I was home among my own.

— GEORGE ELIAS (*Woonsocket, R. I.*)

★

*The Reader's Digest invites contributions to "Life in These United States"*

FOR EACH anecdote published in this department, The Reader's Digest will pay \$100. Contributions must be true, revelatory or humorous unpublished human interest incidents, from your own experience or observation. Maximum length 300 words, but the shorter the better. Contributions must be typewritten, and cannot be acknowledged or returned. All published anecdotes become the property of The Reader's Digest Association, Inc. Address "Life in These United States" Editor, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, New York.

Puerto Rico, under the leadership of Luis Muñoz Marín,  
moves to escape our cockeyed kindness and to  
achieve self-government

## *"Unhand Me, Uncle!"*

BY J. P. McEVOY



The richest power in the world — the United States — has only one poverty-stricken colony: Puerto Rico, a little bigger than tiny Delaware and with fewer inhabitants than metropolitan Pittsburgh. Most of the time, since we took Puerto Rico from Spain nearly 50 years ago, we have had to keep it under an economic oxygen tent. Occasionally we would change our policy — drag it out, set it up on its feet, and then kick it downstairs with a stern parental injunction that it get busy and take care of itself. Then, as we virtuously turned back to our favorite task of advising other nations what to do about their colonies, we would hear a dull thud outside. That would be Puerto Rico, falling on its face again. Once more we would have to stop in the middle of our pious lecture and drag our little protégé back into the house for more oxygen and forced feeding.

This cockeyed kindness has all but ruined Puerto Rico economically — but it has matured the Puerto Ricans politically. Also it has bound all the fighting factions who hate each other very dearly into one blood brotherhood with one burning purpose, namely to call for a showdown now and decide once and forever

whether Puerto Rico will be allowed to wriggle out of the clumsy and embarrassing embrace of Uncle Sam, the amateur imperialist.

Spearheading this campaign is a shrewd, burly politico named Luis Muñoz Marín, president of the Puerto Rican Senate. He looks somewhat like a friendly bear, and the country people like him and trust him. On this broad, earthy base he has built in seven years the powerful Popular Democratic Party, which won the last election by two to one. One reason for their victory was the man Muñoz Marín. The other reason was the plan — and that was Muñoz Marín, too. His plan was simple. "Everybody is talking about freedom," he argued, "and this is our hour to strike. Puerto Rico is a colony, and it must be embarrassing to the United States, which champions freedom for everyone, everywhere, to have a colony. Let us help the United States free herself from this embarrassment. But to do that we must first get together and agree on what we want."

That was not so easy. Some Puerto Ricans wanted Independence, complete, absolute. Others wanted Statehood, others wanted Dominion status. "Let us get everybody to agree to

submit these questions to a referendum of our own people," said Muñoz Marín. "But first let us get the Congress of the United States to agree that they will give us the status we choose."

Muñoz Marín came to Washington, heading a commission representing all the political factions in the island. They persuaded Senator Tydings, who had fathered an outright independence bill, to adopt their more comprehensive substitute measure. Muñoz Marín argued that this measure provides "a straightforward method of solving the colonial problem on the basis of self-determination in democratic terms and in the American tradition."

These were shrewd words, this was good timing, and Muñoz Marín knew it. The future peace of the world will largely depend on finding a satisfactory answer to the colonial question — satisfactory, that is, to the colonies.

Nor would this be a new role for us. Of all the great powers, we alone have set a colony free — the Philippines. We actually gave them an independence date — one they could set their watches by. And the word was "independence," too, and no double-talk.

But Puerto Rico does not want outright independence with no economic help. Puerto Rico has been our baby for a long time, and we can't just drop it and walk away without a backward glance.

Muñoz Marín and the Puerto Rican Legislature aren't asking for anything except the passage of Senate Bill 1002. This bill provides that a referendum shall be held and

offers the people of Puerto Rico the opportunity to vote their choice among three solutions: Independence, with the economic amendments suggested by the legislative commission; Statehood; Dominion status.

Statehood would be what it is for any other state. Under Dominion status all citizens continue to be citizens of the United States, but Puerto Rican sovereignty is acknowledged so far as internal affairs are concerned. The sovereignty of the United States is maintained so far as international affairs are concerned.

Few Puerto Rican leaders believe there is any possibility of Statehood. They look upon the United States as a very exclusive club with 48 members, which levies dues too high for the poor Puerto Ricans. If Puerto Rico were a state, income-tax funds would go to the U. S. Treasury, not to the Puerto Rican Treasury as they do now and as they would under either Independence or Dominion status.

The leaders feel most hopeful of Independence, especially since the Puerto Rican people have agreed that in any event the United States must always have complete military rights for the defense of the Panama Canal and the Western Hemisphere. This would include present and future bases, and free entry and transit of necessary troops.

Muñoz Marín says the economic conditions that should go with independence include free trade between Puerto Rico and the United States. This may be limited from time to time by mutual agreement.

He says no definite date should be set for cutting off economic help — any more than a doctor sets a date for stopping treatment. Senator Tydings had to agree that outright independence would mean downright chaos.

We don't know what status the Puerto Ricans will choose if the opportunity is presented to them. But we do know what they don't want! They don't want to continue being a colony. We may think that we are treating them better than any other colony is treated, but they don't care anything about that. They don't want to be part of any system of government, no matter how velvety its touch, in which the final authority does not spring from the consent of the governed. Remembering 1776 we can hardly quarrel with that and keep a straight face.

How did we get mixed up with Puerto Rico anyway, and how mixed up are we? For hundreds of years she was a Spanish colony. Then, following the Spanish-American War, she was dropped into our lap. After two years of military rule we let the Puerto Ricans elect their own representatives to the lower house of the legislature, but we reserved the right to appoint both the Executive Council, which served as the upper house, and the Governor.

In 1917 we adopted the present setup under the Jones Act. The people elect a House of Representatives and a Senate. The President of the United States appoints the Governor, with the consent of our Senate. This Governor (at present Rexford Tugwell) can veto bills passed by the Puerto Rican legis-

lature. The legislature can pass bills over his veto by a two thirds vote, but then they go to the President of the United States, who can approve or disapprove. As it works out, he always supports the Governor — giving us the final veto over anything the Puerto Ricans may want to do. Moreover, our Congress retains the power to annul any and all laws passed by the Puerto Rican legislature. This gives you some idea why the Puerto Ricans are so annoyed by their colonial status.

But just being annoyed is not good enough. Are they sufficiently mature, politically, to run their own house? Yes, says Muñoz Marín, "Puerto Rico is the best rural school for democracy in the New World". He points out that practically all men and women of voting age register and 85 percent actually vote.

Campaigning in every part of his country since he founded the Popular Democratic Party in 1938, Muñoz Marín has pounded home the responsibility of citizenship. "You can sell your vote for two dollars," he tells his people, "or you can have the kind of government you want. You may not trust politicians, but you can elect people you can trust." He presented a specific program, and told the people that all the legislative candidates of his party had pledged themselves to support this program. "If you believe in this program, vote for us. If you do not, vote for the other fellow. If we are elected and do not follow this program, you will know that we are not to be trusted. Vote against us next time."

"The Puerto Rican understanding

of democracy is clear and simple and deep," he says proudly, "and the people are vigilant to see that their mandates are carried out. True, the habit of buying and selling votes did exist in Puerto Rico, but today that is the exception. You would run a real risk if you tried to buy the vote of even the poorest 'jibaro' (countryman)."

To illustrate, Muñoz Marín tells of the druggist who also owned a farm and who tried to persuade an agricultural worker on election day last year to accept \$5 in exchange for going home and not voting. The worker was a "Popular," the farmer-druggist a Liberal. The worker stepped out into the street and shouted: "Listen everybody! I have just been offered \$5 by this druggist if I would promise not to vote. I have no money but I can work - and I now offer this druggist to work 15 days for nothing on his farm if *he* will go home and not vote!"

One share-cropper was given a new pair of shoes by an opposition party worker, presumably in the hope that these would win his vote. Says Muñoz Marín, "as the share cropper came into town on election day with his new shoes he presented a shining contrast to the bare feet and broken-down footwear of his fellow countrymen. But no one said anything to him, no one insulted him, no one even reproached him. They just kept walking all over town after him with their eyes fastened on his well-shod, corrupted feet! Dozens of people, then hundreds of them. That's all!"

The root of Puerto Rico's problem is the gulf between her political

hopes and her economic despairs. Two million people must wrest their living out of little more than a million acres of arable land, much of it not too good. No mineral resources have yet been found. The sugar mills furnish employment during the harvest, only a few months a year, and there is little industrialization to supply needed jobs and income. It does not take an economic genius to see that if each inhabitant must, in effect, live off less than an acre of ground, poverty will rise with him in the morning and go to bed with him at night all the days of his life, and the name of his beautiful island — Puerto Rico (Rich Port) — will be a perpetual mockery.

Muñoz Marín realizes this — that the stubborn fact behind the poverty of Puerto Rico is that Puerto Rico was made poor by nature. Nobody is to blame for that. But neither is it necessary to lie down and take it. Muñoz Marín and some other energetic Puerto Ricans have come up with a program which includes a more equitable distribution of land, combined with a long-term program to help small farmers become homeowners and food-producers. The people must not be so dependent on a one-crop economy — sugar — that will always have its ups and downs according to the curves of world production. The present government is also making a determined effort to encourage industries in Puerto Rico.

What of the future? Economic stability awaits a wise, just solution of the political situation. There can be nothing but bigger and better

muddling by us in Puerto Rico's affairs so long as she continues to be part waif, part wastrel, the colonial Patsy of the Caribbean.

Muñoz Marín sums it all up succinctly: "The American people do not wish to exploit Puerto Rico. If the colonial system were abolished there, it would be a long step toward reaffirming the world leadership of the United States and the great hold this country has on the hearts and minds of men everywhere. Under this bill, presented at the unanimous request of the legis-

lature and of all political parties in Puerto Rico, this policy can be carried out without any additional cost to the United States. Actually it would work toward decreasing United States economic commitments in Puerto Rico. Granting our plea for self-determination would give concrete proof of sincerity to all peoples, especially in Latin America; it would suggest one workable solution to the complex colonial problem; and it would provide a model of trusteeship for the whole world. Eventually — why not now?"

## Wild Wisdom

*Prize-Winning Letters -- VII*

*Selected by ALAN DEVOE*

**W**OODSMEN and other outdoor observers tell amazing stories of the wisdom shown by creatures of the wild. From thousands of observations sent by readers, here are some of the most challenging.

### BURGLAR PROOF

Near my house in a forest of the Belgian Congo, I have been watching a little squirrel (called "Mu-nkyeme" by the Bakuba people) ever since he was a youngster, and have learned his astonishing precautions against the big tree snakes which are his greatest enemies. Every evening, before Mu-nkyeme retires into his hole in a hollow tree, he bites off a leafy branch about 12 inches long. Holding it in the middle, he backs into his hole. Then he gives the little branch a bite just strong enough to crack it, but not to sever it. Yanking and tugging, he pulls it, V-shaped, into his entranceway, until it is wedged absolutely fast, with the leafy ends bunched in an impenetrable mass on the outside. Any snake or other in-

rauder, trying to push in, would block the hole still tighter. But in the morning the squirrel needs to give only an easy push from inside to send his burglar-proof apparatus tumbling to the ground.

For six years now I have watched my small furry neighbor, and he has never failed to perform his evening ritual as a prudent jungle householder. — H. Wilson

### LAST RITES

'On our Nebraska farm was a cottonwood grove in which thousands of crows roosted each night after forays into our cornfields. My father heard that they would leave a place where a dead crow was hung, so he laid a freshly killed crow in the crotch of a tree.



That evening the crows circled over the trees for a time, cawing excitedly. Then they began settling on the ground until the entire flock was standing in a semicircle. An old crow hopped into the cleared space, facing his fellows, and they grew suddenly quiet. We could hardly believe our eyes as the old crow cawed in a rising crescendo of agitation, then resumed his place in the circle. Another crow flew out and addressed them. Several of the listening crows cawed responses. It looked like a town meeting.

When half a dozen crows had spoken, the entire flock rose into the air and followed the first speaker. He picked the dead crow from the limb, much as a fish hawk carries a fish in its claws, and flew low over the ground until the weight of the dead bird brought him to a stop. Another crow immediately swooped down and carried the burden a similar distance. A third crow picked up from there, and, flying low over our pasture pond, dropped the dead bird into the water.

At once all turned about and went back to the grove. Once more the trees were black and silent with roosting crows.

— Wilma Hays

### TALKING TACTICS

Can animals talk? My friend Alonzo, Algonquin trapper who has spent 50 years in the forests of Quebec, believes so. One January day he watched two buck deer as they ran single file through the deep snow. Behind them, as yet out of sight, was a pack of wolves baying on the scent. The lead deer labored on,

breaking trail for the buck at his heels. Suddenly both stopped. The first one turned to the second and "said" something, according to Alonzo. In an instant the second deer bounded forward and took the lead, giving the trail breaker a needed rest. They went on this way for a few hundred yards, when they again reversed positions. Had they run side by side in the unbroken snow they would have been overtaken. By frequently changing places, one could rest while the other plowed forward. In this way they outdistanced the wolves. Alonzo sums it up: "Maybe dey can't talk, but dey know what dey say!" — John Durant

### REYNARD SETS A TRAP

One winter day when I was out for a walk in the woods I heard the bark of a dog. Almost immediately a fox emerged from the forest, and, in spite of my nearness, ran down to the nearby lake, covered with ice.

The fox continued out on the ice until he came near the open water. Cautiously, gingerly, he went to the very verge. Then, with delicately precise footwork, he backtracked along his own trail until he came to the beach. There, with a great sidewise leap from the trail, he vanished into hiding among some evergreens.

The dog that I had heard barking came tearing out of the woods, hot on the fox's track. He rushed out on the snow-covered ice of the lake. Running hard, head down, he had no inkling until it was too late. There was a splash, a yelping, and he had been claimed by the icy water.

—Ove Olsson, Olofstrom, Sweden



» MY SISTER, who runs a chicken farm in upper New York state, hires a handy man whom she pays by the hour because he only works when he feels like it. But when living costs began to rise, my sister felt it was only fair to increase his pay and broached the subject to him. He just shook his head. "Oh, no, ma'am. I figgers I lose enough money now as 'tis when I don't work. I don't figger on losin' more."

— Contributed by Edward J. Kelly

ALLAN A. MICHIE

By wireless from Germany

# GERMANY

## *Was Bombed to Defeat*

Here at last are the FACTS

Condensed from Skyways

*"It is beyond a shadow of a doubt that your bombing shortened the war by at least two years,"* said Professor Doktor Eduard Houdremont, harassed head of the once-great Krupp industrial empire.

He should know. Krupp's gigantic plant at Essen covered 2150 acres. Not one of the 200 buildings is intact.

In all, perhaps a hundred key German cities, with their factories, were heavily attacked. I have seen 29 of these cities, flying low over them or clambering through the ruins.

Mere words are inadequate to describe the fearful retribution that has overtaken Hitler's Reich. Millions of houses are gutted or smashed to fragments (of Dortmund's 50,000 houses, for example, only 2500 are

From official German documents and intelligence reports, from interviews with factory managers and city authorities, and from firsthand observation from air and ground, Allan A. Michie here reveals the terrific effect of the bombing of Germany by the Allied air forces. Mr. Michie arrived in London on the first day of the war and has covered the activities of the RAF and the American Air Forces ever since. In *The Reader's Digest* for January, '43, appeared his article "How Much Has Bombing Hurt Germany?" Here he gives a definite answer to that question.

habitable); thousands of factories, large and small, are destroyed or out of production; utilities and transport systems have come to a standstill. Millions of Germans are living a troglodyte existence in cellars. Thousands of bodies still lie under piles of brick and stone.

As early as October 1943, official German figures conceded that 1,200,000 civilians had been killed or were missing in air raids. No one knows to what awful total that figure had climbed by V-E Day, because the statistics were destroyed in Berlin's air raids.

Berlin no longer exists as a city. Hamburg is 85 percent destroyed. Official German figures show that 20,000 died, 60,000 were injured in Hamburg on the night of July 25, 1943, when a fire-bomb inferno raged through the dock areas. Nazi officials tore off their uniforms and ran into hiding to escape the enraged survivors. The inner city of Cologne has been almost 100 percent destroyed. Bremen is half wiped out.

The combined damaged areas of London, Bristol, Coventry and all the blitzed cities of Britain could be dumped in the ruins of just one medium-sized German city and



hardly be noticed. The raid on Coventry in 1940 marked the peak of Luftwaffe destructiveness; and there the Germans dropped 200 tons of bombs. By that standard Berlin suffered 363 Coventrys, Cologne 269, Hamburg 200 and Bremen 137.

The Ruhr is the largest single concentration of heavy industry and coal mines in the world. And it was a vulnerable air target within easy reach. The Germans couldn't move their heavy industries to safer areas any more than we could move Pittsburgh to Montana. Nor has anyone yet been able to put huge steel mills underground.

Hundreds of night fighters and 2000 anti-aircraft guns guarded the approaches to this vital area. Continuous industrial haze provided a perpetual smoke screen. Fifty target decoys using dummy buildings and false fires were set up around the Ruhr and west of the Rhine to lure British night bombers into the open countryside.

Against these obstacles the RAF did comparatively little damage for a time. But in March of 1943, aided by new blind-bombing devices, target-indicator flares and still secret marking devices, the bomber command began the real battle of the Ruhr. Two years later the last Ruhr chimney stopped smoking.

Dr. Paul Maulick, managing director of the syndicate to which all German steel mills belonged, admits that bombing reduced German steel production from 20,000,000 tons per year in 1941 to *practically nothing* in 1945. Damage to railway and canal communications all over Germany prevented transportation of raw ma-

terials and cut the production of steel by 80 percent, while direct hits on the furnaces finished it off.

"In the end," he admitted, "we couldn't continue to repair the railways because we needed steel to make rails; and we couldn't produce steel because the railways couldn't bring ore and coal to the furnaces."

THE HEART of the Ruhr is Krupp's. The first gun this factory ever produced for the Berlin government was a cast steel three-pounder, ordered in April 1844. Exactly 100 years later the last gun left the Krupp workshops. Krupp specialists had been designing mammoth guns to shell Britain, possibly London, from the French coast. How near they came to success can still be seen amid the ruins of the heavy-gun shops, where colossal mortar and gun barrels lie twisted from high explosives.

London may never know what it was spared from new V-weapons. An RAF bomb in the middle of 1944 destroyed the safe in the laboratory of Krupp's chief of construction, Professor Erich Müller, where plans of great guns and new V-weapons were stored. By the time new plans could be drawn in safer laboratories in Silesia and Austria and sent back to Krupp, the tool sheds had been wiped out by bombs.

Under cover of bad weather, Krupp's attempted to rebuild half of the ruined plant in the winter of 1943-1944. But a single raid in March 1944 undid three months' repair work. Five more frantic months of reconstruction ensued, then the bombers again attacked.

One bomb cut the main water supply line from the Ruhr River to the plant, and steel production dropped from 42,000 tons daily to nothing in a few hours. This was the end; not one of the 28 departments produced anything more.

Krupp's personnel manager, when I questioned him, hotly denied that the factory's workers were guilty of absenteeism after heavy air attacks, but Krupp's production charts give him the lie. Throughout 1943-1944 work in every department was held up because of "nonarrival of workers." Charts show, for example, that eight percent of the potential work hours in April 1944 were lost during alarms and raids, and an additional 20 percent were lost when workers failed to show up because they had been bombed out, stranded without transport, were injured or sick, or deliberately absented themselves.

WHEN a special force of British Lancasters broke the Möhne Dam in May 1943, one of the great exploits of the war,\* they not only flooded the coal mines and put most of Dortmund under water, but — a fact only now revealed by Krupp's records — they also shut down for lack of electric current Krupp's great rolling mill, 50 miles away.

Rivalling the Krupp empire as a producer of armaments was Germany's huge Rheinmetall-Borsig, at Düsseldorf. There is not a single building of Rheinmetall-Borsig with roof or walls intact. One thousand

special factory firemen fought a losing battle against incendiaries which burned out what high explosives didn't destroy. Great steel pillboxes intended to defend the Atlantic Wall against invasion, massive armored cupolas fitted with 4.7-inch guns for the Siegfried Line, huge 75-ton armored turrets for heavy battle cruisers — all now lie twisted and blasted amid the wreckage.

Lying about like super ninetins in another section of the plant, I came across fantastic mortars, more than 23 inches in caliber, and scores of their shells which weighed 4000 pounds. Only seven of these mortars had been produced when the RAF raids smashed the place.

The United States Eighth Air Force was ordered in 1943 to destroy the Luftwaffe fighter force on the ground and in the air. The Luftwaffe had begun a building program to quadruple its fighter force. It had to be paralyzed if there was to be any successful invasion of Europe.

The Eighth had some discouraging times but it fought on. Blessed providentially by six days of unheard-of clear weather in February 1944, it delivered devastating attacks on five German aircraft plants and destroyed production accounting for 75 percent of Germany's total fighter output. In the first five months of 1944 the back of the Luftwaffe was broken, and on D Day General Eisenhower could confidently tell his men when they embarked for Normandy, "Don't worry about planes overhead. They will be ours." They were.

Except for sporadic sorties and an occasional defense of a target of

\*See "Operation As Arranged," *The Reader's Digest*, February, '44.

highest priority, the Luftwaffe was out of the air from Normandy to the Elbe. A captured German soldier said the German army had coined a new method of aircraft identification. "If we see silver planes, they are American," he said. "If they are black, they're British. If we can't see them at all, they're the Luftwaffe."

The Eighth Air Force was also assigned the job of destroying Germany's synthetic oil plants, and by November 1944 every such plant in the Ruhr was out of production. In the files at Hitler's headquarters there is a letter dated September 16, 1944, from Albert Speer, Reichsminister of War Production, to Reichsleiter Bormann, Hitler's deputy:

The idea is spreading that reconstruction of synthetic oil plants and refineries is purposeless, since the enemy always finds a suitable moment, soon after resumption of work, to destroy these installations again by air attack. We must not allow ourselves to give up hope. All resources must combine for the reconstruction of synthetic plants and refineries. Heil Hitler!

But all Speer's efforts and an army of German and slave workers could not put together what the bombers had knocked down. In November 1944, General Stumpff, responsible for the fighter defense of the Fatherland, had to issue drastic orders: no gasoline was available for training flights, and combat flights could be made only in defense of highest priority targets.

The effects of these cuts were soon seen. German fighter pilots, sent into combat after 150 hours flying train-

ing, as compared with 500 to 600 hours for United States pilots, were knocked out of the skies.

The synthetic oil factory at Leuna, west of Leipzig, the largest in Germany, was the most heavily defended industrial plant in the Reich. It was protected by a smoke screen 30 miles in perimeter and by upwards of 450 heavy ack-ack guns. Leuna was raided 21 times, and production dropped to about one fourth of capacity. Bombing this one plant deprived the Wehrmacht of enough gasoline to operate 12 armored divisions for three months.

IN THE Ruhr I visited what is left of Germany's first synthetic oil plant (started with \$7,000,000 in United States loans, by the way). According to Dr. Karl Eugen Spanier, chief technical director, his plant received an urgent message from the German high command immediately following D Day: "Unless oil production is increased immediately, the Luftwaffe will be grounded by the end of the year." Special bonuses were offered to research workers to speed up the processes. But June 15, 1944, a week after D Day, bombs heavily damaged the research laboratories. The next day another raid knocked the heart out of the factory. After eight weeks frenzied repair work got it back into partial operation. Then came other heavy raids. No more production ever came from that factory.

Medium and fighter bombers, as well as the heavies, were turned loose against Germany's intricate network of railways and canals. By the end

of 1944 the only freight cars the Germans sent into the Ruhr area were old ones they were prepared to lose. Rail traffic out of the Ruhr had been reduced 75 percent. When the Dortmund-Ems canal was cut, coal stocks piled up at the Ruhr mines and caused severe coal shortages all over the rest of Germany.

According to official German figures, 2,000,000 foreign slave laborers, in addition to the regular German railway workers, were employed in repairing railway damage. Fritz Knickenberg, chief inspector of the great Hamm marshaling yards, supervised 4000 railway men plus 8000 laborers constantly employed on rail repairs. "From 1943 onward," said Knickenberg, "your bombers were far more punctual than our trains, and after January 1945 our repair gangs were unable to cope with the damage." By March 1945, when the Germans were desperately trying to assemble forces in the Ruhr to halt the Allied armies' advance, loaded troop trains sat on sidings for three to ten days, waiting for locomotives to move them.

IT WAS a newspaperman who supplied the apt definition, "tactical bombing is knocking over the milk pail every day, while strategic bombing is an effort to kill the cow." The day-to-day job of knocking over the milk pail was generally left to the United States and British tactical air force which operated from just behind the front lines.

Captured Germans and their documents reveal that German troops and

material were constantly thwarted in their attempts to reach the fronts where they were needed. Two German divisions were ordered from Bordeaux to Normandy to help stem the Allied invasion. There was no gasoline, and it took 14 days for the divisions to reach the Normandy battlefield by foot and horse transport.

The First Panzer Division took ten days to get from Ghent, Belgium, to Normandy because of detours forced by blasted bridges. German troops were ordered from the Russian fronts to Normandy. They moved by rail as far as the Rhine. Then they started for the Seine on foot. They arrived just in time to be swept up by the advancing Allied forces.

"Every ton of bombs dropped on Germany's industries will save the lives of ten United Nations soldiers when the invasion comes," said Chief Air Marshal Harris in 1943. The casualty count from D Day to V-E Day is the proof of his prediction. The Allied armies were able to reach the center of Germany without the long-drawn agonies and the fearful casualties of World War One.

But the aerial battle of Germany was not won without great costs. When the totals are drawn, it will be found that the combined losses of British and American airmen from September 3, 1939, when the air battle to destroy Germany began, to V-E Day, far exceed the toll of dead in the combined British and American land forces from the invasion of Normandy to the end of the war in Europe.

# Hay Fever Gets the Needle



*Condensed from Liberty • PRISCILLA JAQUITH*

IF YOU'RE one of the 5,000,000 Americans who annually suffer from hay fever, here's good news. In 90 out of every 100 cases a new, simple treatment banishes sneezes and sniffles without the innumerable hypodermic injections of older methods.

See what happened to Johnny, a Chicago youngster who came down with hay fever last year. For weeks the family doctor hunted the cause, scratching Johnny's arm and rubbing into each scratch a different pollen extract. Johnny suffered all through the hay-fever season, then learned he was sensitive to 21 different pollens. The doctor wrote for advice to Dr. Arthur F. Coca of Lederle Laboratories at Pearl River, New York, the man largely responsible for putting the new technique into family doctors' hands. As a result, instead of being injected with 21 different pollens, Johnny has been getting just one — ragweed's, which does the job.

It all stems from the discovery, based on 20 years of medical research, that in this country the scores of hay-fever plants can be grouped into four families: ragweed, grass, pigweed and Russian thistle, and wormwood. If you are sensitive to the pollen of any plant, you can be cured by the antigen of that plant's *family* — the pollen poison which,

when injected, works to immunize the body. And if you live east of the Mississippi you can disregard all but the ragweeds and grasses, the only hay-fever plants in that area.

Today hay fever ranks first among the nonfatal chronic diseases in the United States, afflicting 10,000 new victims every year. It isn't really a fever and it's never caused by hay. It comes from tiny particles — pollens, dusts, fur, dandruff, or any of hundreds of other things. The victim feels as if he's stricken with flu, with sinus headaches and malarial chills thrown in.

Small wonder, then, that sufferers will go to extremes to escape their affliction. Some lock themselves up in their homes with doors and windows shut tight against pollen. Others install expensive air conditioning. One midwestern housewife wears a gas mask.

The greatest number, however, escape by running away in the summer — the hay-fever season. Every year thousands flock to the New Hampshire mountains, to Maine, the northern Great Lakes resorts, or any place relatively free of pollen.

Medical men did not recognize hay fever as a disease until 1819, when John Bostock, a London doctor, wrote down the symptoms of his yearly bouts of sneezing. He believed

the cause of hay fever was sunshine. Not for 50 years was that theory exploded — and then only because Dr. Charles H. Blackley accidentally jostled a bouquet of grasses which ballooned pollen into the air and gave him a hay-fever attack that started him on 30 years' research.

Dr. Blackley carried out thousands of experiments. Despite the pain, he rubbed pollen into his eyes and sniffed more than 100 different kinds. By means of kites he sent oil-coated slides 1500 feet aloft to snare dust. Finally he discovered a painless test. He rubbed pollen into a scratch on his arm; if poisonous to him, the dust raised welts like giant mosquito bites. That method is still used.

A similar accident — a cloud of pollen over a rye field in Germany — sent Dr. W. P. Dunbar on the search for a cure. He isolated the pollen grain that caused the trouble, nearly killed a friend with the first injection — far too large — of pollen extracts, and popularized pollen serums.

Too scared by his first injection experiment to make another on a human being, he shot his mixture into a horse and then injected the horse's serum into hay-fever victims. Dozens of people claimed they felt relief and Dunbar marketed the serum for years. Doctors today know it has no curative effect.

Other experimenters returned to Dunbar's original pollen-injection idea. An Englishman, Dr. Leonard Noon, made the first successful injection. Then three Americans tried it on themselves, and today's treatment was born.

Botanists, traveling through the

Everglades, along the Columbia River, in the Ozarks, on Boston Common, even 10,000 feet in the air, charted the haunts of the guilty pollens. Thanks to them, your doctor knows which plants are most common in your neighborhood and he can therefore judge which ones probably cause your sneezes. He can ignore goldenrod, roses and almost all the other flowers our parents used to blame. They are guiltless unless you walk right up to them and sniff their blooms, for their fat, sticky pollen grains are too heavy to be carried by the air.

Wind-pollinated plants are pollen factories of incredible output. One clump of orchard grass with perhaps 15 stems will turn out 900,000,000 pollen grains — and four or five grains are enough to cause an attack. Ragweed is even worse: one giant plant can produce about eight billion pollen grains in five hours.

Under the microscope, pollen grains reveal themselves as little yellow baseballs. They are light enough to soar three miles high and ride the wind for hundreds of miles. Hence it is impossible to wipe out hay fever by erasing pollen and dust from the air. The best chance to avoid the disease is by treatment. And by tracking down the guilty substance.

Many odd stories result from this hunt. A Hollywood magnate, tested for dozens of things, proved sensitive only to deer hair. His doctor thought the experiments a failure — until the man explained that his wife had recently adopted a pet fawn. A businessman suffered from June 1 to Labor Day. Again, dozens of trials. Guilty, one Panama hat. He threw

the hat away, and with it went his hay fever. A beautician, so ill she was carried by ambulance to a hospital, blamed ragweed. Her doctor found that the real criminal was gum in the wave set she had been using in her beauty shop.

Even to people whose hay fever is caused by these odd dusts (and they number about one in ten), the new technique is helpful. After four tests doctors can dismiss pollens and start tracking down the real culprits.

The development of this new technique was a long, slow process. Out of long experimentation by various doctors, came the classification of noxious plant pollens and desensitization of the patient by botanical family. Now available to people all over the country, the new technique simplifies treatment and cuts the cost

for the 90 out of every 100 whose hay fever comes from plant pollens. Instead of having to pay for special extracts of all the pollens to which you are sensitive, you can use an already prepared solution: for Easterners, a mixture of ragweed and grasses; for Westerners, a mixture of pollens of all four families. Some persons recover completely after eight injections. Most of them need two a week for six weeks before the hay-fever season. Even if you don't begin injections until the middle of the season, you feel better after a few injections.

Today's hay-fever treatment happily makes obsolete Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' prescription of 50 years ago: "Gravel is an effectual remedy. It should be taken eight feet deep."

### *Advice to Parents*

» THE first art of being a parent consists in sleeping when the baby isn't looking.

— Anonymous

» THERE is little use to talk about your child to anyone; other people either have one or haven't.

—Don Herold

### *Reactionary!*

» WHEN my Great-aunt Mary, a woman of spirit and strong convictions, heard that Grandfather had installed in his house the first bathroom in town, she drove in from the farm to see him. She would not enter the house, but sent word peremptorily for her brother to come out to the carriage. When he stood below her at the curb, she leaned forward and announced in a reverberating voice:

"Charles Kimbrough, if you are going to disgrace your wife and children by the indecency of bringing the privy under the very roof with them, I shall never set foot in the house that contains it."

With that she drove off down the street — and didn't set foot in that house for ten years.

— Contributed by Emily Kimbrough, co-author of *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*

# *The Most* **UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER** *I'VE MET*

By Louise Dickinson Rich

*Author of "We Took to the Woods"*



It was a person you'd never know was in the house. For weeks after the day when he knocked on our door and said in his diffident way, "My name is Gerrish and I'm wonderin' if you can use a man around the place," I would forget to set a plate for him at the table. He was as easy to forget as the air. He was just a little brown man of about 60 who looked, as all country men do, ageless. Young for his years, he trod lightly and seemed tireless. When I wanted him to split wood or carry water, he was there, as silent as a shadow and as faithful. When the need of him was past, he was gone back to his boat-calking or garden-ing. He was the hired help and he knew his proper place.

At 5:30 he arose and kindled the kitchen fire. By the time I'd come down he was in the woodshed splitting wood, and I would see nothing of him until I announced breakfast by beating on the old circular saw blade which my husband Ralph and I had hung by the back door.

At breakfast everyone eats lustily, excluding me from any conversation because, as Gerrish put it, "Louise ain't rightly herself till she's had time to get her feet braced for the day."

So I would sit silent while Ralph and Gerrish discussed the day's program — the garden to plant, or a porch floor to paint, or a new roof to be put on the guide's house. If it were fall, Gerrish might be sent to tramp the upland woods in search of the deer which every family in central Maine hangs to freeze in an outbuilding against the snowbound winter.

No matter what was asked of him, Gerrish would say, "Cal'late I can manage," or "Hain't never turned my hand to that, but likely I'll make out." As soon as he'd drained his coffee cup and taken a final doughnut to ballast the leftover piece of last night's blueberry pie, which he'd voluntarily eaten in order to "save," he'd be gone. Except for the brief midday meal, I wouldn't see him until supper. Then he'd eat quickly and excuse himself. Since his bedtime was "soon's it's dark under the table," it took me a long time to become acquainted with the man.

One morning when I was trying to do the washing, make strawberry jam and plan a short story simultane-



ously, my six-year-old son Rufus was stricken with the complaint common to most lone children — the What'll-I-do-now-Mom Blues. He was driving me mad when Gerrish came into the kitchen, gave the situation a glance, and said apologetically, "The Boss wants me to peel them cedar poles. I kind of miss a young-one under foot, now my own four are growed, so I was wonderin'—"

The cedar poles were in a clearing back of the clothesyard, so while hanging out some sheets I made a reconnoitering trip. I heard Gerrish say, "'Less you keep on the off side of the log when you're limbin' out, you're liable to chop a foot off. Heed what I say." Visions of severed arteries crossed my mind, as I burst through the bushes. "I'm keeping a snug watch on him," Gerrish said placidly. "He ain't goin' to learn to handle an axe any younger." So monumental was his calm that I was convinced.

Fifteen minutes later the air was rent with howls, and I flew out of the house. Rufus was sitting on a log with a broken axe handle in his hand, crying at the top of his lungs. Gerrish was squatting opposite him, smoking his pipe. "The young-one's got a notion that bawlin' will fix that there axe shaft," he said. "If it works, it'll be a real handy thing to know. Any time he wants to give up and try something else, I'm willin'; only it seems like an awful waste of energy if bawlin' will do it."

Rufus and I both looked at him, and it was at that moment that we both gave our trust. Rufus wiped his eyes and asked briskly, "What tools you want me to get from Dad?"

Right then I lost my baby: he became Gerrish's right-hand man.

Being Gerrish's right-hand man involved the adoption of a whole ethical code. One day I came across Rufus sitting on a rock with his chin in his fists. "Why don't you go play with Gerrish?" I asked.

"We don't play," he said with dignity. "We work."

"Excuse me," I apologized. "Why aren't you out working with him?"

"He and Dad are looking for boom logs and they won't let me in a canoe till I can swim. Gerrish is going to teach me Sunday."

"Can't he teach you today?"

He looked at me scornfully. "Dad's paying Gerrish to work weekdays. We can't swim on Dad's time. That's stealing. Gerrish says so." It was as simple as that, the difference between right and wrong, honesty and dishonesty.

Most people are meticulous in paying dollar-and-cents debts, but to him money was only one form of currency and no more important than time or effort. Once I saw him struggling to mend a pair of the leather covers woodsmen wear to protect their woolen mittens from rough usage. I said, "Here, let me do that." The next morning when I came down to get breakfast, the kitchen floor was scrubbed as white as stone.

"Heavens," I said, "you must have been up before daylight to get this done. You don't have to do my work, too, you know — not but what I'm grateful."

He smiled his little lopsided smile. "I know you don't relish hosin' down the deck, and you done me a favor yesterday."

He even insisted on making up any time taken off for very special occasions. We live in a logging country, and one of the big events of the year is the spring drive, when the pulpwood which has been cut during the winter is floated 50 miles down the chain of lakes to the mills. Wonderful fishing accompanies the drive. The fish follow the logs to feed on the grubs that drop from the rotting bark. There is a dam within sight of our house, and the minute I see the crew go out on the walkway to lower the sluice gates I beat the gong, and we all drop whatever we're doing, grab our rods, and high-tail it for the dam. It's wonderful up there in the spring, with the sun shining warm and bright and the wind crisping the clear water.

One Sunday after the drive went on downriver and left us to our old ways, Gerrish said to Ralph, "What you want I should tackle today?"

"We don't work on Sunday," Ralph replied. "You lost track of time?"

"Nope. I owe you 18 hours, time I spent fishin'. Figured I'd make it up the next few Sundays." And nothing we said could change him.

We had a Siberian husky named Cookie, and while she was expecting her first litter it became apparent that things were not as they should be. She refused food, and lay for hours panting. One morning she howled dismally and ran into a dark corner of the tool shed.

Gerrish looked at her and shook his head. "She ain't right. I helped out for a vet once, a spell back. Seems like I could rec'lect enough, if you was a mind to leave us alone —"

Rufus spent that long morning huddled on the shed steps, sobbing miserably whenever Cookie howled. I tried to induce him to come into the house but he only looked at me numbly and shook his head. Suddenly the shed door opened and Gerrish squatted beside the child. "S'pose you could lend me a hand? I got to have a feller to hold Cookie's head in his lap, and not bawl. Bawlin' would make her nervous. S'pose you could do it?"

I started to protest as Rufus scrambled to his feet, but Gerrish silenced me. "Things are comin' along all right," he said. "Sittin' around listenin' to her howl an' imaginin' things, a young-one can get some wrong notions in his head. Only sure way of shaking them loose is show him the truth. The truth ain't nothing to be 'shamed or scared of."

Half an hour later Rufus hustled into the house. I never saw so radiant a face. "We got four pups," he announced importantly. "Mom, you know about dogs having pups? It's —" He sought the right word and proudly produced his newest one. "It's interesting."

Gerrish was the wealthiest man in the world, in all the ways that matter. He had a job, the clothes in which he stood, and control over time and space and circumstance. I remember one day when he and I were paddling to Upper Dam, to pick blueberries. The little white half-moons of beach, the rocky points slipping past, the hazy summit of Mt. Washington climbing into the sky far away were old and familiar to us. But out of a silence he said, "Right over there ain't a bad site. Good game country and easy defended against the Indians."

"Only thing is," I told him, catching his mood, "there's not much level ground for pasturage or a garden."

For the moment we weren't the boss's wife and the hired help; we were the first two white men ever to lay eyes upon this lonely country. Around the next point lay — who knew what? Death, perhaps, by ambush. The ledges, the shore line — all that was familiar and stale — suddenly took on a freshness and the beauty of the strange, and life was wonderfully rich and new. It was with almost a physical shock that I came back, when Upper Dam came into view, to the blueberry bucket at my feet where had been a long rifle and a blanket roll; came back to my own time and my own self.

I remember the day before Gerrish died. We'd been planting some little apple trees, for as he said, "you like to leave something for your grandchildren to remember you by. Happens you can't leave them a million dollars, an' I don't know anything they'd get more comfort out of than a good-bearin' Northern Spy." We were sitting on the porch overlooking the river — Ralph and Gerrish and I —

and the setting sun was in our faces and our ears were full of the lovely sound of water rushing over stone.

"God, but I'm glad I'm me, sittin' right here this minute," Gerrish said. "I been lucky all my life. I can't never remember wishin' I was someone else, or some place else. Ain't many been as lucky as I been."

And I knew that he was right. Not many have such a love of living, such a palate for life, that merely existing is as much as a man can bear for the sheer miraculous joy of it. That is the kind of luck that is given to no one; and few are wise enough to win it.

He died the next day, as he had lived — quietly, causing the least possible trouble to anyone. His eager heart just stopped beating.

It was weeks before I could remember not to set a plate for him at the table. It has been three years, and I still find myself saving things to tell him when he gets in from the wood lot. He is like the foundations under us or the roof-tree over our heads — something to depend upon and forget.

He was the hired help; but I believe that now, wherever he may be, he at last knows his true place.

## Definitions

» **HEALTH** is the thing that makes you feel that now is the best time of the year.

— Franklin P. Adams

» **HELICOPTER**: an egg beater with ambition.

— *Skyways*

» **A HICK town** is one where there is no place to go where you shouldn't be.

— Robert Quillen, quoted by Alexander Woolcott, *Long, Long Ago* (Viking)

» **ETIQUETTE** is learning to yawn with your mouth closed.

— *It Pays to Be Ignorant*, CBS

The handwriting is on the wall for Japan.  
Will she make invasion necessary?

# Doom Over Japan

*Condensed from The American Mercury*

THOMAS M. JOHNSON

THE GREATEST armed might ever assembled is closing in upon doomed Japan. Its magnitude staggers the imagination. It makes the force that crushed Germany look puny by comparison.

America sends the greatest war fleet the world ever saw. Our Navy today has 25 battleships, 70 cruisers, 105 carriers, 125,000 vessels in all. That is more vessels than the Navy had men when the war clouds first gathered.

Our air strength is on the same scale. The Navy now has 35,000 planes. The Army has 40,000, including the B-29's, the most powerful bombers ever built. We built 2168 of these super-giants by the end of May 1945. Thousands of Flying Fortresses and Liberators that hammered Germany are on the way to help destroy Japan.

By January, 3,000,000 more American soldiers will be added to the formidable force already in Asia. The world's greatest merchant fleet — 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 tons of shipping — will take them there and keep them supplied.

And we shall not be alone. Hundreds of British warships are already in the Pacific. At Okinawa they

helped us directly, and their operations to the south keep drawing off Japanese strength. The RAF's Lancaster bombers and superfighters will almost immediately join our own heavies on the bombing runs to Japan. Canada will send 60 warships and 30,000 combat troops to fight under American command. France, the Netherlands, Australia and New Zealand are supplying ships and men.

It is estimated that the land armies — including the Chinese — eventually to be marshaled against Japan will total 15,000,000 men, most of them veterans.

Japanese leaders know this. They had observers in Germany who saw the might of the Allies. Moreover, their own navy has been reduced by ours to the size of one of our task forces. Our submarines and bombers have blocked their main supply routes. Some of their great cities already lie in ruins. The inevitable outcome, when we strike with the full power of the mightiest military machine ever assembled, must be apparent to Japanese statesmen and military men. The great riddle is, what will they do?

Can we bomb Japan out of the

war? Can we make her surrender unconditionally without invading her home islands? The Army says, "We can positively destroy Japan's industry." But, as Admiral Nimitz asks, "How much can the Japs take?"

We have been grinding Japan down. She cannot live without ships, and our submarines alone have sunk 4,500,000 tons of Japanese shipping. They have cleaned up the southwest Pacific, blockaded the China coast, backed the Japanese against their own shore line. Our submarines, surface ships and planes together have sunk 6000 ships totaling 7,000,000 tons, including virtually all of Japan's larger vessels. The enemy has barely 2,000,000 tons of ships left — hardly enough to serve the normal needs of the home islands alone.

Japan itself is a bomber's dream. Germany nearly succumbed to bombing, yet the Germans' industrial area was three times the size of Japan's and the targets to be destroyed were much more dispersed. Most of Japan's industrial cities are on or near the ocean, and our planes can approach with little warning. They do not have to fly over hundreds of miles of anti-aircraft batteries as they did in Europe.

Perhaps one fifth of all Japan's homeland production comes from home workshops in flimsy bamboo, wattle and paper houses. Three fourths of the railroads are single track; many trunk lines skirt the sea and use numerous bridges and tunnels that make bottlenecks when bombed. The vulnerable Tokyo yards handle one third of all traffic on Honshu, the principal island.

We are obliterating all this as we have virtually obliterated Formosa's not inconsiderable industry. By early summer we had destroyed nearly all the major war production plants in Japan's eight leading cities — of which 100 square miles had been burned — and we were turning our attention to the secondary cities. We had done this largely with two American weapons: the B-29 and the M-69. The M-69 is a tube weighing eight pounds; when dropped it spits a rose-colored oil gelatine that flames at 3000 degrees Fahrenheit. Another type burns in water; still another spatters synthetic lava.

Tokyo radio calls the B-29 "Mister Bee." Its sting is ten tons of incendiary or high-explosive bombs. These planes now have to make the grueling 15-hour, 3000-mile round trip from the Marianas, but soon they will be closer-based and thus more deadly. In April we dropped 10,000 tons of bombs; in May, 24,000. General Arnold has announced that 2,000,000 tons will be dropped on Japan in twelve months — twice as much as Germany ever took in a year.

The early summer phase of our air war struck at Japan's first line of defense — her air force. We have reduced her overall plane production to half what it was six months ago. Her air force, at midsummer, is almost as impotent as was the Luftwaffe in the closing phase of the European war. Her army and navy combined have about 4000 combat planes left. They can no more put out the conflagration they kindled December 7, 1941, than their bucket brigades could save Tokyo.

When we blast a Japanese in-

dustrial target it usually stays blasted. The home workshop system is hard to re-establish in a burned-out city. The Japanese do not repair or rebuild damaged factories as quickly or as well as the Germans did. The Tokyo radio reports that already 5,000,000 people have fled from five bombed cities. Many of the workers who remain must live in underground shelters or mere trenches.

Increasingly, the Japanese transfer machines and workers to Korea, north China, and especially Manchukuo. We harass them en route — and presently we shall reach them there, too. Okinawa is to be developed as the greatest advance naval and military base ever set up anywhere, and from there we can cut Japan off from her northwestern reservoirs as we have from her southwestern.

Japan cannot stand that. In raw materials she is the poorest of any great power. She produces almost no oil, aluminum, copper or rubber. Though she has found a few substitutes, she is living increasingly upon her stock piles. But what is a stock pile worth after a visit from B-29's?

Japan attained her steel production — ten percent of ours — only by using scrap iron we sold her, which cannot last forever. Manchukuo's annual output of steel equals our output for only one week, of coal two weeks, of oil four days.

These lands northwestward are Japan's reserve rations against starvation for her dense-packed 75,000,000 people. Only one fifth of her homeland area is arable, and she never raised half the food she

needed. Now our blockade has cut her down to bare living rations of rice, fish and one pound of vegetables weekly. The government broadcasts instructions for making "delicious bread" from pine sawdust.

Manchukuo is cultivating 11,000,000 acres of rice, soybeans and grains. Korea sends rice. All funnel into Japan across the straits of Korea and Tsushima, and already we are blockading the straits by air.

So Japan braces herself for the last stand. How desperately fanatical it may be, Okinawa and the "Special Attack Units" portend. Suicide is officially proclaimed Japan's last best hope of victory. The idea began when Japanese airmen tried to crash-dive their planes upon our ships' decks. They are the "Kamikaze," the reincarnated "heavenly wind" that once saved Japan by dispersing Kublai Khan's fleet. Clad in funeral robes, they pilot cheap planes carrying 500 to 2000 pounds of high explosives. They are supposed to be supremely brave but just the same they are sealed into their cabins and are often followed by watchers lest they lose their nerve. Admiral Marc A. Mitscher said recently that one percent of them hit their targets, and that this proportion diminishes as we wreck their take-off fields on Kyushu.

Jap suicidal mania has spread. A new species, the "Jiretsu" (Unequaled Loyalists), landed a bomber on an American air strip and burned some of our planes. Suicide rammers have brought down a few B-29's over Tokyo. Two suicide boats smashed into one of our large

landing craft and sank it. Japanese General Tada sees "no other way to overcome the present crisis" than to form more of these Special Attack Units.

Through such desperate measures, Japan hopes to sicken the softer Americans by the high blood-cost of victory. Her leaders trust their people's fanaticism to endure longer than did the Germans. The Japanese do draw strength from adversity -- but, as their radio admits, not too much adversity. In extremes they sometimes become "dazed and listless" or wildly emotional. Tough Japanese morale is finally beginning to show some signs of deterioration under air raids, fires and privations. Bad news permeates the country despite rigorous censorship and regimentation. We speed the process by leaflets dropped from B-29's and by broadcasts to the upper-class Japanese who have short-wave radios.

Thus far Japan's government says that it will "fight to the last." Perhaps this means that force alone can break her fanaticism. Perhaps she will prove a nation of Kamikazes.

So we marshal unprecedented

power. While our land forces regroup, our air and sea forces, in the greatest siege in history, try to bomb, burn, starve Japan into submission without invasion. If this effort brings surrender, wonderful! If not, it has blazed a way for invasion.

And, if needs must, invasion there will be. Perhaps first the invasion of China, of Manchukuo, of Korea: Perhaps we will hit Japan first, then, if necessary, the northwestern zone. Certainly the complexity and scale of the coming operations in Asia will dwarf Europe's D Day. For when we land we encounter a Japanese army of some 5,000,000 men. That is larger than the German army we met. They will fight more fanatically than the Germans, and about two thirds of Japan is a paradise for drawn-out guerrilla warfare.

Allied leaders hope, by B-29 and M-69, by bomb and shell and ship, to avoid that weary, costly task. But they do not shrink from it. We and our allies have dug and burned the Japs out from Burma to Okinawa. If we must, we can do it again in Honshu. Japan is doomed.

### *Not To Be Sneezed At*

» GROUND crews and fliers at an American airfield in China liked the kindly Chinese who served them, but found some difficulty in pronouncing their names. This they settled by providing their own names -- such as Woo Pee and So Long. A particular favorite they dubbed, simply, Sneeze.

But this Chinese, knowing a little English, felt he was being ribbed. He finally got so worked up about it he asked the Colonel to please make the men call him by his right name.

The Colonel assured him that he would write out such an order at once. "And," asked the Colonel, "what is your right name?"

"Ah Choo," was the reply.

— Contributed by Horace R. Harris

# The Fine Art of Diagnosis

BY HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

HARVEY CUSHING, the brain surgeon, was once examining a woman patient who complained of severe headaches and vertigo (dizziness). His office had just been redecorated, and the odor of fresh paint was so strong that Cushing himself had a slight headache from the fumes.

"Does this smell of paint bother you?" he inquired casually, as he proceeded with his examination.

"I don't smell anything," said the woman.

"Anosmia," murmured Cushing to himself. Translated for the layman, "anosmia" means "loss of the sense of smell"; this condition is often caused by a tumor in a certain region of the brain. Further investigation satisfied Cushing that his patient was suffering from such a tumor — which was then surgically removed. The woman's headaches and vertigo disappeared.

AN ATTRACTIVE but very nervous young married woman, consulting the great diagnostician Harlow Brooks, described her symptoms as follows: "Doctor, I'm jumpy and jittery all the time. Sudden noises alarm me and I'm short tempered with my husband and children — even though they're darlings —"

"Wait a moment," interrupted Dr. Brooks. "Did your usually considerate

husband complain bitterly last night about your throwing off the bed-clothes?"

"Why yes, Doctor; come to think of it, he did."

Dr. Brooks smiled benignly. "Your trouble, madam, is an overactive thyroid. Last night was quite chilly, but because persons with a hyperactive thyroid develop more body heat than others, you felt warmer than your husband — hence needed fewer blankets. We'll give you a metabolism test, just to make sure."

The test proved Dr. Brooks' diagnosis. After a month of simple medication the patient's jittery symptoms disappeared and she was sleeping tranquilly under a normal coverage of blankets.

SIR WILLIAM OSLER had an undoubted genius for spotting obscure maladies at sight. His most tragic diagnosis was on a friend who had just returned from a term of military service in India.

Osler and his friend were smoking and chatting before a pleasant fire in the doctor's home. The doctor, a magnetic raconteur, was unfolding an unusual medical history, when he noticed that the guest's cigarette had burned down to a stub and was searing his fingers. Yet the spellbound man seemed to be feeling no pain. Osler knew that such deadening of



the nerves could mean only the most dreaded of diseases—leprosy. It then became Osler's painful duty to announce this heart-breaking fact to his friend, who died a few years later at the leper colony.

INTO DR. WILLIAM MAYO'S office several years ago came a well-dressed, ruddy-faced man, his forehead creased with worry. "I've been a locomotive engineer for 20 years," he began. "Never had a sick day in my life. But for the past year I've been fainting at the throttle every time I come to a certain curve. I go into a complete blackout for about half a minute. What's the matter with me, Doctor? Have I got epilepsy or something?"

Dr. Mayo didn't bother to make even a perfunctory examination. Pointing to the engineer's starched

collar he asked. "Do you wear that collar at work?"

The engineer reddened. "Yes," he admitted. "They call me Gentleman Jim, and kid me about it. But I wear it anyway." Then defiantly, "What's that got to do with my fainting?"

Dr. Mayo arose and pressed his finger against a big artery in the engineer's throat. "If I pressed hard enough here," he explained, "I'd cut off the blood supply to your brain and you'd faint. Now when you take that curve, you lean out of your cab window and your high starched collar shuts off the supply of blood to your brain. For a complete cure I prescribe a lower, softer collar."

The engineer followed Dr. Mayo's instructions, and although he lost something of his dandified reputation at least he didn't faint any more.

### Ultimates

» IN Lansing, Mich., a man wed only four weeks asked for a divorce on the grounds that his eyeglasses were out of focus when he married.

— Sydney J. Harris in *Chicago Daily News*

» QUESTIONED by police about his habit of walking backwards, a man in San Francisco replied: "I like to see the expression on the faces of people who are following me."

— *Los Angeles Tribune*

» IN Hartford, Conn., the Aetna Life Insurance Co. announced that it had settled satisfactorily the claim of a girl who had sprained her wrist while wriggling into a girdle.

— *Time*

» ABOUT 2500 silver finger-bowls and 7000 finger-bowl trays were released not long ago for Government sale. The Navy, which had ordered them for use on warships, found they wouldn't be needed after all.

— AP

» A MINK coat, draped over the back of a chair in a New York night club, bore a huge inscription on the label: "Paid for by myself." — Walter Winchell

# THE SOVIET'S IRON FIST

## IN RUMANIA

BY LEIGH WHITE • Condensed from *The Saturday Evening Post*

AT THE Yalta Conference, Marshal Stalin joined with Roosevelt and Churchill in issuing the declaration on liberated Europe. Among other things, that document promised concerted action on the part of the Big Three "in assisting" the liberated peoples "to destroy the last vestiges of Nazism and Fascism and to create democratic institutions of their own choice," and "to form interim governmental authorities broadly representative of all democratic elements in the population."

The trouble with the Yalta declaration is that the Soviet interpretation of such key phrases as *democratic institutions* and *democratic elements* is altogether different from that of Britain and the United States. Nowhere has this unpleasant fact been more in evidence than in Rumania.

Bucharest today is plastered with anti-Fascist slogans, but there is no more freedom of expression now than there was under the Nazis. Only newspapers which have no politics or which support the Communist Party line are permitted to be published. Public gatherings for any purpose other than to further the ends of the new regime are forbidden. *Timpul* (*The Times*), long respected for its independent editorial policy, has been suppressed because it "falsely" accused the state employees' union of attempting to

"nationalize" apartment buildings. Earlier, *Vitorul* (*The Observer*) and *Dreptatea* (*Justice*), the Liberal and Peasant party organs, had been banned: the first for publishing an editorial in praise of freedom of the press; the second because of an editorial accusing the so-called National Democratic Front of attempting to establish the dictatorship of a single party. Both papers had also criticized Russia's methods of enforcing the armistice terms.

Liberal and Peasant party leaders believe that Russia is prepared to use the threat of nonfulfillment of the armistice as a club with which to force Rumania to become a part of the Soviet economic system. "Dinu" Bratianu, chairman of the Liberal Party, told me that Rumanian oil producers complained that it was frequently impossible to make the deliveries required under the armistice terms. They would be given orders to deliver so many tank cars of petroleum to a given place, the penalty for nondelivery by a certain date would be so many extra cars of oil. But the Allied (Soviet) armistice commission, they alleged, made no allowance for the fact that the Soviet-operated railroads often failed to provide the tank cars or to deliver the cars to their destination on time. No matter how much oil they did deliver, their penalties were such

that their accounts with the Soviet government remained the same.

Wheat growers complained of the same sort of difficulties. Because of NDF's insistence on immediate land reform, proprietors of farms in excess of 125 acres, knowing they were to be expropriated, saw no reason to invest money in seed or to make any effort to fill their quotas. In consequence, Rumania, normally one of the largest wheat-exporting countries in Europe, was facing the worst crop failure in her history — a failure which Bratianu gloomily predicted would be used as a further excuse to sovietize Rumania's economy.

Possibly such criticisms were unjustified. Possibly the complaining oil producers and wheat growers were men who had formerly collaborated with the Germans, just as had many of the men who now support the NDF. Was that sufficient reason to suppress *Vitorul* and *Dreptatea* and to prohibit all further activities of the parties that they represent?

"The only difference between the Russian and German occupation," Iuliu Maniu, president of the Peasant Party, told me, "is that when the Germans were here we had a Rumanian dictator. Now, instead of Antonescu, we have Vishinsky."

Dr. Maniu predicted that if a free election were held his party would poll 70 percent of the votes. But he saw no chance of a free election. "Although the Peasant and Liberal parties were the principal factor in getting Rumania out of the war," he said, "our newspapers, radio programs and public meetings have been suppressed. The peasant guards, the Rumanian police and gendarmerie,

have been disarmed. Only the NDF has arms today."

Maniu and Dinu Bratianu are both old, old men. Always conservative, they undoubtedly seem reactionary to the Russians and their Communist admirers. Yet no one can accuse them of having lacked courage in opposing Antonescu and the Germans. And both have a wide following among the Rumanians.

In the days of Antonescu people lived in terror of the Iron Guard's night arrests. Today they live in terror of the night arrests by the Citizens Militia in collaboration with the NKVD (Russian Commissariat of Internal Security). Many of the people arrested have been innocent of any offense save opposition to the policies of the Soviet-coached NDF.

Seventy thousand persons of German origin have been deported as slave laborers to Central Asia, and 36,000 refugees who fled from Bessarabia prior to the Soviet occupation have been removed to other parts of the Soviet Union. The Allied (Soviet) armistice commission began its deportations on January 6. The American and British observers on the commission were not informed of the proposed action until January 4. By the time official protests could be delivered from Washington and London, the deportations had been carried out.

Many persons were deported whose only offense was a German-sounding name. According to Prime Minister Petru Groza, there had been 600,000 *Volksdeutschen* in Rumania, of whom two thirds were Nazi Party members. Almost all the Nazis, he admitted, had fled from Rumania before the

German retreat. Thus the bulk of the Germans deported as slave laborers were precisely those who had failed to join the Nazi Party.

Groza, a good-natured, well-to-do businessman, has long opposed the Peasant Party. He received our party of correspondents in the presence of the three leading Communist members of his government. Before he answered any of our questions, Mr. Groza turned to them for approval. When they approved, he answered in vague, general terms. When they disapproved, he announced that such "difficult" questions could be answered only in writing.

Most of our questions inevitably fell into the latter category. They were duly answered after several days' delay. The answers bore unmistakable signs of elaborate "processing" by the Rumanian Communist Party. At a subsequent luncheon, Mr. Groza let Anna Pauker and Petre Constantinescu-Iasi, Minister of Propaganda, do most of the talking.

Constantinescu-Iasi, a wild-looking man with gray hair, is the former first secretary of the Rumanian Legation in London. He was removed from his post a few years ago because of his Communist affiliations.

Anna Pauker is the real power in Rumania. Although she has no official position, she is always on hand at public gatherings, where she usually sits at the left of the principal speaker and gives advice. A former teacher, she is a professional Communist agitator whose activities so endangered her life in anti-Communist Rumania that she was forced to seek refuge in the Soviet Union in 1925. But she returned a few years

later and was active in underground work until her arrest in 1935. Sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, she was later freed to go to the Soviet Union in exchange for Rumanian prisoners held by the Russians. She has been a Soviet citizen for the last 12 years and now holds dual citizenship.

Talking with me in Bucharest, Mrs. Pauker said that in Rumania there was "much too much for too few people and not enough for the others." She said she was determined to see that a "leveling process" occurred. She denied, however, that she or her fellow Communists intended to sovietize Rumania. "We shall content ourselves with necessary reforms," she said, adding that private business would be respected "as long as it does not oppose the policies of the National Democratic Front." She felt that "time is on the side of the NDF."

Presumably she meant that Balkan Communists no longer need advocate the immediate socialization of industry and commerce, since the process will inevitably be brought about by the Soviet Union's policy of sealing off these countries from contact with the outside world.

That the process will not be entirely peaceful, however, is indicated by the measures necessary to install the Groza government. Last December A. Y. Vishinsky, the Soviet Vice-Commissar of Foreign Affairs, had approved the appointment of General Nicolae Radescu as Prime Minister. Even then, however, Petru Groza was being groomed to lead a government more in line with the Soviet's ideological requirements.

On January 28 the NDF published a ten-point social and economic program. It included land reform, compulsory education, the purging of "Fascists" from the army and government, the raising of living standards, and the betterment of relations with the Soviet Union. That seemed reasonable enough. But the methods used to implement this program precipitated the crisis leading to Rădescu's overthrow and the permanent alienation of the Liberal and Peasant parties.

"Spontaneous" demonstrations advocated the immediate seizure of the larger agricultural properties. Peasants were urged to trust the NDF to legalize their seizures as soon as Groza became prime minister. Similar "spontaneous" demonstrations were held in front of government offices to remove the "Fascists" by force. Sometimes the persons removed really were Fascists and sometimes they were simply persons whose definition of democracy was different from that of the NDF.

Rumanian workers and white-collar employees were paid a full day's wages if they participated in the "spontaneous" demonstrations. They were docked a day's wages the first time they failed to do so, and fired the second time. School children and university students were told that their grades would depend on the enthusiasm with which they demonstrated.

Early in February a serious riot took place at the Malaxa Metallurgical Works. According to Tass, the Russian news agency, armed Fascist members of the Iron Guard invaded the plant and ousted its

duly elected workers' committee. The railroad workers, appealed to for aid, "liberated" the plant the following day, but only after Georgiu Apostol, Communist leader of the railroad workers, was gravely wounded.

According to trustworthy informants, what actually happened was this: An NDF delegation broke up an election meeting of the factory workers and announced that a list of Communists had been named to head their committee until their union had been purged of "Fascists." In the ensuing uproar a union leader from the Peasant Party took the floor and read aloud the Soviet constitution, which guarantees free elections. Caught off guard, the Communists could not oppose an immediate election. Communist appointees received only 700 out of more than 4000 votes. The remainder were cast in favor of non-Communist candidates, mostly supporters of the Peasant Party.

The following day several truckloads of railroad workers armed with machine guns drove into the factory grounds and called on the Malaxa workers to oust the "Fascists" elected the day before. The delegation was led by Apostol, who was accompanied by two NDF Ministers. Shooting broke out, and Apostol and several others were wounded. It was announced that Apostol was not expected to live. NDF newspapers began to talk about avenging his death by reprisals against the "agents" of the Peasant Party "responsible for the bloodshed."

Apostol, however, was well enough by February 24 to take a leading part in the "spontaneous" demon-

stration against the Radescu government. The demonstrators — many of whom, Rumanians allege, were paid — cheered speakers who denounced Radescu as a “butcher” and a “murderer,” and demanded the immediate formation of a government led by Petru Groza.

General Radescu, an old army officer of conservative leanings, is known for his loyalty to what he considered his country's interests. He was an outspoken opponent of the German occupation and Antonescu's dictatorship, and spent two years in a concentration camp because of his opposition to Rumania's part in the war. Naturally he resented being called a “butcher” and a “murderer” by people whom he regarded as little better than criminals themselves. On February 24 he delivered a broadcast denouncing the “nationless and godless,” whom he accused of having “set fire to the country and bathed Rumania in blood.”

“Under the mask of democracy,” he continued, “a democracy which at every step they trample underfoot, these frightful hyenas hope to gain control of the country.” He called on the Rumanian people to “rise as one man to face the danger.”

Three days later Mr. Vishinsky arrived in Bucharest. Informing King Michael that he was acting on written instructions from Stalin, Vishinsky delivered the following ultimatum: The king would be given until six o'clock that night to announce Radescu's resignation and until eight o'clock to announce his

successor. At that time it was four o'clock.

King Michael immediately called a conference of the leaders of all parties in the government. It was agreed that Radescu should resign in favor of Prince Barbu Stirbey. But when the King sent the radio station a proclamation announcing Stirbey's appointment it was suppressed by the Soviet censor. Later the King was informed that he had been expected to appoint Petru Groza. Vishinsky warned him that his refusal would be regarded as a “hostile act” which would make it impossible to “guarantee the further independence of Rumania.”

Ultimately Groza was empowered to form a cabinet, with the proviso that its posts would be divided equally between the “historical parties” and the NDF. But on March 6, when the Groza government finally took power, not a single one of its members could claim any connection with the “historical parties” of Rumania, except for Foreign Minister Georgiu Tatarescu. And he, I am told, was a Liberal who had turned collaborator and had been listed for trial as a war criminal.

Speaking to a “spontaneous” gathering of NDF supporters in Bucharest, Mr. Vishinsky said: “A new page has opened in the history of Rumania, written in golden letters of patriotism and friendship for the Soviet Union. Our Red flag brings independence, prosperity and glory to all freedom-loving people who join with the U.S.S.R. to build a new world.”



' 'T aint funny, McGee,' is Molly's constant warning.  
But millions disagree

# *Fibber and Molly,* an All-America Team

*Condensed from Advertising & Selling • LARRY WOLTERS*

IF DR. GALLUP ever wants to check on the best-known address in America, he won't have any trouble. Around forty million persons would probably vote for 79 Wistful Vista. They might not be able to locate it exactly. But they would all know it as the home of Fibber McGee and Molly, where the welcome mat is always out, and a pile of junk avalanches out of the hall closet when you hang up your hat.

There was no immediate stampede to radios when Molly first warned "'T aint funny, McGee" back in April 1935. But by April 1941 Fibber and Molly had the most popular program on the air, and they've been neck and neck with Bob Hope and Jack Benny ever since.

This dizzy climb of an ex-Peoria couple named Jim and Marian Jordan confounded the major oracles of show business. Hollywood and Broadway had never heard of them — or of Don Quinn, the ex-cartoonist of Grand Rapids who wrote their stuff.

People like Fibber and Molly because their comedy is friendly, cheerful and neighborly. McGee is the

average man — trying to convince his neighbors he is a big dealer. He boasts and brags, pretends and postures. Garrulous and gullible, he constantly sticks his neck out. And Molly carefully and patiently helps him pull it back in.

"Why, if this idea of mine goes the way I think it will, we'll most likely move into the White House," Fibber shouts.

"And if it goes the way your ideas usually go," Molly says, "we'll move into the doghouse."

As a Red Cross solicitor McGee soon fancied himself in charge and thought of going to Washington because of the importance of his role. But since no one encouraged him he decided against it: "Too crowded. I couldn't do my best work. People are sleepin' on billiard tables there."

"Oh, well," observed Molly, "what's another seven hours behind the eight ball to you?"

A cheerful extrovert, McGee is usually on the offensive. But he's had to develop defensive fighting abilities, too. To taunts about his graying hair he



retorted: "Just because there's a little snow on the roof doesn't mean the fire's out in the house."

McGee is impulsive; and it was a bit of impulsiveness that got Jim Jordan his opening wedge in radio, back in the crystal-set era. He and Marian were visiting in suburban Chicago, in 1924, when they tuned in on a singer so bad that Jim said in disgust: "Marian and I could do better than that."

Someone said: "Betcha \$10 you couldn't." Jim didn't have the \$10. But the bathtub tenor was singing on WIBO, just a few blocks away, so they marched to the studio. The broadcasting boss hired them on the spot, and they became "The O'Henry Twins" at \$10 a week — for both.

Fibber McGee is a realization of Jim Jordan's wildest pipe dreams. Jim, a farm boy, married Marian, a coal miner's daughter, in Peoria in 1918. Jim was determined to become a great singer; Marian hoped to become a concert pianist. Both had considerable talent. But for several years they had little chance to demonstrate their abilities. Jim worked in the local tractor plant, sold washing machines, switched to vacuum cleaners, was a day laborer, finally tried insurance. After baby Kathryn arrived, the Jordans sang evenings at club affairs to boost their income. From that they went into vaudeville, playing tank towns. When Jim Jr. was born and two babies proved too many for a touring act, Jim tried to go it alone and failed.

Then it was that Jim and Marian Jordan discovered radio. But that

job as the O'Henry Twins lasted just five months. It didn't pay their rent and installments on the piano. So they returned to vaudeville. One day they ran into an old friend from Peoria who was an executive of Chicago's WENR. Jim and Marian talked enthusiastically about the future of radio — and accepted an offer of \$60 a week. Since 1927 they've never been without a radio contract.

At WENR their first stint was a kid show titled "The Air Scouts with Marian and Jim." Teeny, the first McGee character, was created on this show; she's the little girl who says "I betcha you don't know who I am, I betcha." Marian got the idea from the chatter of her own little daughter.

Finally the Jordans got a real break. They met Don Quinn, a commercial artist who was a frustrated cartoonist. Quinn had been sending cartoons to magazines. The magazines threw away the pictures but used the gags. Quinn thought this indicated that he was cut out to be a radio comedy writer. The Jordans let him try.

Quinn came up shortly with a script he called "Smackout." The chief character, a rube grocer, was always smack out of everything and alibied with tall stories. Marian played Teeny and several crossroads characters. A Chicago advertising man thought he saw some possibilities in "Smackout." He had long been interested in the Burlington, Wis., Liars' Club and envisioned Jordan in the role of whopper-teller. So the Jordans and Quinn framed a new show. They took a character



that Marian had created years before and renamed her Molly. From a combination of "Smackout's" hayseed grocer and the Wisconsin liar they created Fibber. And the two were installed as husband and wife at 79 Wistful Vista.

The Johnson Wax people decided to take a chance as sponsors, and in April 1935 the newly assembled company moved from Chicago to New York's Radio City for the première on NBC. "Just another one of those things," Quinn heard one "expert" remark in a control booth. "It won't be with us long."

But it stayed on the air. Fibber's whopper telling and Molly's abuse were pretty preposterous stuff at first and the Jordans knew it. So they took a bold step. They heaved the caricatures out the window and developed the flesh and blood characters of Wistful Vista. Henceforth nothing would happen that wasn't possible on their own street in Peoria.

The transformed Fibber and Molly were drawn from life -- from Jim and Marian Jordan's lives. Quinn began putting the warm friendliness of home into the scripts. Fibber gabbed of duck hunting on the Illinois River, of his adventures with Fred Nitney of Starved Rock -- a state park in Illinois. The Jordans' milk bottle cap inspired one gag. For years Jim had observed stamped on the pasteboard an invitation to visit the milkman's establishment. Now Fibber and Molly accepted the bid, and Fibber found that the cows were milked to the strains of "mooooooed music," except in one barn where a farm hand explained the cows preferred news commen-

tators. "We call this our H. V. Kalten-barn," he said.

Quinn's No. 1 rule for radio writing is: Keep it clean and keep it friendly. Situation comedy, he feels, leaves listeners with a feeling of refreshment, whereas rapid-fire gags machine-gun them into exhaustion. He has one other rule: Be fair in all things. Every line -- every word -- is carefully weighed lest it hurt or offend someone. Quinn wrote much of the story for the Jordans' latest picture, *Heavenly Days*, the title inspired by Molly's favorite exclamation.

The Jordans spend most of the year at the comfortable home they built at Encino, near Hollywood. They also own a large ranch near Fresno, Calif., stocked with Aberdeen Angus beef cattle. Their idea of a swell evening is to gather people around the piano and sing.

Serious-minded, meticulous, unspectacular, Jim Jordan looks like a businessman -- and don't think he isn't. He is a partner in several lively enterprises in Peoria and Kansas City, including a realty company and a plant that manufactures sandblasting machinery.

Success hasn't hurt the Jordans. "We've had high ratings lately, and apparently a lot of people listen, but..." That's as much as they will say about themselves. Marian and Jim are still Peoria and always will be.

When we asked how it feels to be at the top of the ladder, Jim reflected a moment and then said: "It's a nice place to be, but I can't forget how many people are helping to hold the ladder up."



# UNCLE SAM'S FREE-LANCE TAX INFORMERS

By PAUL D. GREEN

Condensed from Nation's Business

IN THIS year of the biggest tax collections ever—35½ billions—it seems probable that tax evasions are also at a peak. Checking up on a New York chain restaurant operator who apparently could lose thousands of dollars a night in Miami dice games without turning a hair, Treasury agents eventually forced him to admit he had “forgotten” to report \$1,250,000 of income. The Treasury is currently engaged in its greatest drive against such chiselers.

Today, more than ever, officials welcome the efforts of a small, unheralded group of citizens who aid the government in collecting its tax bill for reasons of patriotism, or desire for gain or vengeance. Last year, tips from these informers enabled the Treasury to collect \$2,500,000 in additional income taxes. The 65 tipsters got \$77,000 in rewards—from \$6.93 for the one who put the finger on a \$108 tax deficit to \$17,000 for the tipster which turned up a \$917,000 tax fraud.

In the past ten years, the Bureau of Internal Revenue has collected as a direct result of informers' tips \$20,577,432.22 in additional income taxes and shelled out \$655,360.92 in commissions or rewards “for services rendered.”

*Comment by John Taber, Republican authority on finance in the House of Representatives:*

*I frankly do not like enforcement of tax laws by informers. It is a European custom which flourishes in all countries where an intrusive government interferes in affairs of citizens and oppresses them with taxes. Hitler and Stalin even called on children to report refractory parents. The informer paid to betray a friend or relative is an abominable and un-American institution. While governments ought to use information from whatever source it comes, in law enforcement, it ought not cultivate among its people so corrupting a practice.*

*By George E. Outland, Democratic Congressman from California:*

*I realize that this common practice of using private tips to discover tax evasion is necessary if we are going to have maximum tax returns and minimum tax evasions. However, I must say that I dislike very much that my Government has to rely on disgruntled employes and jealous relatives as sources of information. I would much prefer to think that patriotism, rather than jealousy or greed, was the incentive behind private tips to the Treasury Department. It may be too much to hope for, but I should like to think also that the time will come when the American people will so develop their sense of public responsibility in matters of this nature that the need for private tips on tax evasion will be reduced to the vanishing point.*

The highest tax collection ever made as a result of a tip was \$2,643,219.93 in taxes and interest from a man who made use of personal holding companies to hide his income. The reward in this case was only one percent of the tax collected, excluding interest, because the assistance of the informer was negligible in comparison with the work involved in proving the Treasury's case. It took 40 agents several years to build up the case from sketchy and scattered records.

The highest individual commission ever paid was for \$79,999.93 in 1940, which went to a quartet of bookkeepers for a large transport firm that had hidden its assets and profits in foreign branches.

Information regarding suspected or known tax evaders comes by letter, wire, telephone or in person. Treasury agents investigate every tip that seems authentic. Not all result in recovered taxes. Revenue agents annually receive thousands of crank letters—usually anonymous—mentioning the names of individuals or firms alleged to be defrauding the Government.

Plain grudge letters without basis of accusation go into the wastebasket. Unless the writer gives evidence that he has personal knowledge of the affairs or records of the evader, his letters are ignored. Treasury men can spot an authentic clue by a highly developed sixth sense, and follow it up assiduously. The first move is to check the last tax return of the individual or firm reported. Then a Treasury agent contacts the informer to see if he will render further assistance.

The amount of commission paid to an informer is limited to ten percent of the tax collected, but the all-time average is about three percent. It depends strictly on the value placed on the informer's assistance by the Bureau. Merely pointing the finger of suspicion is not enough—concrete assistance must be given. The fee will be higher if the informer is obviously saving the Government money in time and labor.

Informers are usually disgruntled employees, jealous relatives or former associates. Wives who suspect hubby is holding out on them have been known to report their spouses with telling and costly results. Ex-wives, short on alimony payments from apparently affluent ex-spouses, are also in the informer clique. In-laws have reported relatives with whom they have had difficulties. Occasionally, patriotic citizens lead Treasury men on the trail of tax evaders, but they don't claim fees.

All informers who expect to collect commissions must put in a formal claim, which has to be approved by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue and the Secretary of the Treasury. Tips run in shoals. As soon as the Treasury's recent drive to collect unpaid taxes from black marketeers was announced, Collectors' offices were swamped with letters naming alleged evaders.

Their consciences prodded by the publicity about the drive, hundreds of persons throughout the country hurried to their local offices to amend their March 15 returns. Uncle Sam is lenient with anyone who makes a clean breast of an "error" or oversight. But such voluntary ac-

tion must come before the offender has knowledge that the Treasury is onto him. Once the machinery of enforcement has been set in motion, it is costly for the evader.

Treasury men are hoping to break up the black marketeering rings in meat and gasoline, as they did the bootleg liquor rings. Secretary Mor-

genthau has unleashed a small army of 600 agents in an effort to trap black marketeers. He has asked for 5000 more, so great are the apparent defalcations. A citizen who helps the Treasury collect just taxes from this, the lowest element of our population, will have had a share in winning the war.



### Street Scenes

» A SEATTLE COED, trying to find a place to park in the University district, finally doubled-parked. As she alighted from her car a policeman approached and said gruffly, "Drive on, no double parking, you'll get a —"

Before he could finish, the coed with her most alluring smile said, "I must go into this shop for a moment. Won't you please drive around the block for me?"

This he did, not without a chuckle, and she did her errand without the inevitable ticket.

—Contributed by Ruth P. Steiner

» SAN FRANCISCO'S railway station, like most others these days, gives servicemen and their wives first chance at train seats. As a result, women traveling alone have learned to attach themselves to obliging gobs. Some of the gatemen, wise to the game, call out as they open the gates: "Only one wife to a sailor, please."

—Oden and Olivia Mecker in *Coronet*

» STROLLING along a residential street in New York one afternoon, I saw a group of people hovering around a baby carriage. Noticing that each person turned away with a chuckle or an outright laugh, I peered into the carriage, too. There was a sleeping baby, with a note pinned to the blanket:

"Please leave this baby *completely alone*. I know she is here and she is probably crying. *Do not rock her*. The Mother."

—Contributed by Margaret A. Rasmussen

» TWO OFFICERS parked an Army vehicle in downtown Tulsa, Okla., and went into a restaurant for dinner. While they were eating, two MPs came in and scrutinized all Army personnel. The officers asked them what they were looking for.

"The driver of that command car," said one MP. "They're writing all over it."

"Who is?" asked one of the officers. "The kids?"

"No, they are grown-up ladies."

"Good," said the officer, "get their names and addresses."

"Don't have to," said the MP, "that's what they're writing on the car."

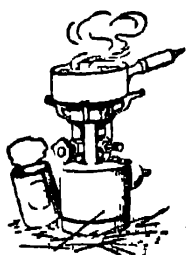
—Contributed by Captain M. N. Horowitz

A stove to warm the GI's heart—and other accomplishments

## *He Has Provided*

# *A LOT OF COMFORT*

*Condensed from The American Legion Magazine • LEWIS NORDYKE*



W. C. COLEMAN, a 75-year-old Kansan, figured out a little gasoline stove which gives the boy in a foxhole, tank or bomber a combination kitchen range, hot-water system and heating plant that is easy to carry. About the size of a quart thermos bottle, it weighs three pounds, is a cinch to operate, is absolutely foolproof, and is easily the most popular nonshooting piece of equipment to come out of the war.

On a cup of gasoline from plane or jeep, the soldier can have a fire for two hours in his tent or foxhole; he can warm rations, brew coffee or cook a meal. He can heat shaving water in a couple of minutes.

The stove was designed for skitroopers and Alaska patrols; but the device filled such an enormous need that it is now standard equipment for all branches of the service. The millionth stove was sent to a fellow Kansan, General Eisenhower, last April.

It's versatile. The case makes a quart-sized stew pan. The top makes a smaller one. The stove lights instantly, burns with a blue flame that is practically invisible even at night. Temperature and altitude make no difference; it worked equally well in the humid jungle, in the Aleutians or high in a bomber.

The stove burns any kind of gasoline—a trick which makes engi-

neers marvel. The lead in ethyl gas wouldn't vaporize and quickly gummed up stove burners. Coleman's engineers solved the problem.

The GIs appreciate little things that Coleman added to the stove. He fastened on all removable parts with little chains. No one can endanger his life by pouring in gasoline while the stove is burning, for when the fill plug is unscrewed the pressure puffs out and the stove can't burn. Spare generators, other parts, and a wrench are attached inside the frame. For foxhole comfort, the control screwhead is so made that it stays cool; no burned fingers.

"You have no idea what a big thing some practical little device like a successful stove is in the life of a man at the front," Ernie Pyle wrote, and went on to tell how the Coleman stove always worked. Soldiers brew coffee just before battle, Tomnies depend upon it for tea, Commandos take it along on raids.

Coleman's name has long been known in rural America. In 1899 he was selling typewriters to earn money for a law course in the University of Kansas. A flood of white light pouring from a drugstore in Brockton, Alabama, attracted his attention. It came from a gasoline lamp. Coleman, half-blind since boyhood, had never been able to read

at night; but under the soft glow of the gasoline lamp he could read the labels on the bottles.

People who have to depend on a dismal kerosene light should buy this wonderful service, Coleman thought. So he set up an agency in Oklahoma. Then he found that gasoline lamps had a bad name. They worked poorly.

Coleman then had the novel idea of selling light instead of lamps. He rented lamps and agreed to keep them working. Storekeepers jumped at the chance to buy light, provided they didn't have to tinker with the lamps. Within a year Coleman was lighting a score of towns in Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Nevada and California. He hired lamplighters to tend the lamps. In working on defective lamps, Coleman learned why they wouldn't function. Then he designed one that worked. He sold millions of them -- still sells a lot, in areas not yet electrified, and in far-away lands.

For the benefit of people who rarely had a chance to attend sports events, Coleman proposed to light a football field for a night game. That was in 1905. One of Coleman's crazy ideas, people thought. But Fairmount College and Sterling College played their football game that year at night.

Coleman also perfected an outdoor gasoline lantern, which today is

almost as popular in the services as the GI stove. He wanted a lantern that would withstand a Kansas twister, so he tested it for several years in blizzards and rainstorms. Now his lantern is standard equipment in outposts and where power lines have been destroyed.

When the war started, Coleman was heating more American homes than any other manufacturer. His farm stove looks something like a cabinet radio, because Coleman wanted it to be as attractive as a piece of furniture. One model burns oil, another gas. One stove will keep a five-room home at an even, comfortable temperature. The ordinary stove sends most of its heat up the flue or to the ceiling. This one doesn't. The heat can be deflected to any part of the room by simply adjusting a side door on the heater.

Coleman is a silver-haired, kindly man who looks much like a retired small-town preacher. His 16-acre plant did \$10,000,000 worth of business a year even in peacetime. Now he has more employes than ever, and he intends to keep every wartime worker who wants to stay.

He is ready to come out with a new line of heating equipment, but a big part of the plant will have to be devoted to the making of the GI stoves. Apparently every fighting man who has used one wants one.



» In South Carolina, a highway filling station and barbecue stand, forced to close because of wartime shortages, posted a huge sign: OPENED BY MISTAKE.

— Contributed by Gertrude Tyson

# The Lives of WINSTON CHURCHILL

Condensed from Life

CHARLES J. V. MURPHY AND JOHN DAVENPORT

**T**HE German war, for which Winston Churchill rallied civilization, is over, and now this Englishman stands forth as the last truly great man of the Western world. Among his contemporaries no one else has understood so well or expounded so eloquently or defended so fiercely the conception of a "decent, tolerant, compassionate, flexible, and infinitely varied society" which is the free state.

Not so long ago Churchill himself said, "Those who can win the victory cannot make the peace; those who make the peace would never have won the victory." But at 70 he seems to be disregarding his own advice.

Why does he do it?

Churchill is not just hanging onto power. He has some old scores to pay off against Japan — lost colonies to recover. He fears a drift of his own people from the self-imposed discipline of war to the laxness and purposelessness that overtook England after the last Armistice. At the very time when the cry is for more homes and comforts the ledgers of No. 10 Downing St. show a scary depletion of resources — shipping sunk, investments scattered, a million

men dead and wounded, the new colossus of Russia risen over Europe, and world leadership passing to a United States that hesitates to grasp it. In this situation Churchill has the idea that only old men with memories of two holocausts and the lotus years between will be wise enough to prevent another war.

**S**O A final paradox is in the making for a life already filled with paradox. Most statesmen strain to possess the future; Churchill reminds men not to forget the past. He is a Tory, but he brought the Socialist Beveridge into the British government 37 years ago. He is an imperialist, but an imperialist who reawakened his own countrymen to the grandeur of the British Commonwealth of free nations. He is one of the fabled drinkers of a hard-drinking empire, yet his capacity for sheer drudging work appalls a younger generation. He is the man whom England shunted off into political limbo — "brilliant but unreliable." But the bad penny turned up to rally decent men to their duty. "Arm yourselves and be ye men of valor."

The truth is that Winston Churchill

is not one man but many — journalist, historian, biographer, soldier, painter, bricklayer, aviator, boulevardier and, of course, statesman. His lives are endless. They began at Blenheim Palace, one of England's great country houses. Winston is the son of the famous American beauty, Jennie Jerome, and Lord Randolph Churchill, a witty, clever, fashionable young man who, against great opposition, rose to the second highest position in England, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

IT was because of his father's doubts that he would ever make a lawyer that Winnie was put in the army class when he entered Harrow at the age of 12. From Harrow Winston went to Sandhurst, where young English gentlemen prepared for the army and where he led his class in tactics and fortifications, the two most important subjects. At 20 he was gazetted a sublieutenant in the Fourth (the Queen's Own) Hussars. So began the military career of which no one has written with more zest and care for posterity than Churchill himself.\*

Much of his martial apprenticeship (India, the Northwest frontier, the Sudan, the Boer war) was played out in the role of war correspondent as well as soldier. Young Winston, the highest-paid man of his trade at the age of 24, not only wrote about the last spectacular cavalry charge at Omdurman on the Nile against the dervishes; he

himself rode knee to knee with the 21st Lancers, firing a Mauser pistol and personally accounting for at least five of his country's enemies.

Churchill's India was not all "polo and pigsticking," as his critics have charged. During the stifling afternoons at Bangalore, while his brother officers enjoyed the siesta, the ambitious hussar read and stored away in a phenomenal memory the great literature that he had missed at Harrow and Sandhurst — Plato, Aristotle, Darwin and Macaulay — and steeped himself in the *Decline and Fall*. And here no doubt, in Gibbon's prose, was the model for the sweep and resonance of the Churchillian prose style.

While home on leave Churchill decided suddenly that the army bored him. For one thing, he had expensive tastes which a subaltern's pay and a 500-pounds-a-year remittance from his mother could not begin to supply. Moreover, his blunt newspaper criticism of various British field commanders had not sat well with his superiors. He decided to follow his late father into politics.

A year later, when he returned from the war in South Africa after a fabulous escape from a Boer prison camp, the workmen of Oldham welcomed him as "England's Noblest Hero" and elected him to the House of Commons. At 26, when his rolling stone finally came to rest in Edward VII's first Parliament, it had made a hash of the old adage. He had participated in three wars, finished four books, put aside a \$50,000 nest egg through his writing and lecturing, and started a new career.

\*See "A Roving Commission," *The Reader's Digest*, July, '40.



In 1903 his discontent with Tory principles drove him into one of his most dramatic acts of his career: entering the Commons chamber, bowing stiffly as was the custom to the bewigged Speaker, he wheeled about and walked not to Arthur Balfour's Conservative side, but to an empty place on the opposition side along with young David Lloyd George, the rising Welsh radical.

The Liberal landslide of 1906 that ushered in the British equivalent of the New Deal swept Churchill along with it. He helped to whip a series of historic reforms through the Tory opposition — improved working conditions in the factories and mines, old-age pensions, labor exchanges. The Liberals whooped up the income tax and broke the power of the House of Lords.

An innate conservatism finally pulled Churchill back to political orthodoxy. In 1911 when Asquith proffered the post of First Lord of the Admiralty it was like home to the prodigal. From the slippery, contentious issues of soup kitchens and unemployment he turned to the hard, dramatic facts of gun calibers and sea power. The Germans were feverishly building up their High Seas Fleet to challenge British supremacy. A naval race was on, with England's life at stake.

Here was the beginning of the Churchill of the popular myth. Had it not been for him, the British navy might well have had a Pearl Harbor of its own in 1914. He fired aged admirals, promoted young men to command, raised the seamen's pay, nurtured naval aviation, shifted the fleet from coal to oil and prudently

covered its future sources of supply by buying into the rich Iran oil fields. Thanks to his energy, when Germany invaded Belgium the British fleet was already at battle stations.

Churchill's star, so bright in 1915, fell like Lucifer's when a major expedition he had pushed met with disaster on the rocks of Gallipoli. Few of his countrymen ever got it through their heads that a thoroughgoing investigation absolved him of blame. In a cabinet reorganization Churchill was thrown out.

He turned up in France as a major of the Grenadier Guards, was seven months in the trenches when Lloyd George became Prime Minister and recalled him to London to be Minister of Munitions. There he learned about war production and completed his education as a war man.

CAME THEN that wasted interlude between wars in which England had little use for its great man. During the 1930's he wrote trifles for newspapers and magazines, gambled furiously at Monte Carlo, played the stock market. The paintings he made at this time are the record of an aimless wandering — landscapes of the Riviera, Dutch canals, Norwegian fjords.

These have been called the wilderness years, but Churchill going downhill was equal to most men at the peak of their careers. No other writer in England, except Shaw, surpassed his earnings of \$100,000 a year.

He completed the four-volume *Life of Marlborough*, often working

into the night — a habit he had acquired in the Admiralty. But the life he breathed into the reputation of his long dead ancestor seemed to be at the expense of his own. He was the despair of hostesses. There were still flashes of the fine talk that had made a thousand dinner parties famous. But often he sat silent and glowering. He seemed without life, "an unlit lamp."

Awakening, when it came, ran true to form. Behind the clashing verbalisms of Right and Left which were bemusing statesmen and intellectuals, Churchill saw the flesh-and-blood villain. As early as 1932, before Hitler became Chancellor, Churchill was urging his government not to be misled by the German cry for equal status in Europe: "All these bands of sturdy Teutonic youths, marching through the streets and roads of Germany with the light of desire in their eyes, are not looking for status. They are looking for weapons."

England seemed indifferent. The young men of Oxford resolved not to "fight for King and country." Labor sneered at his outdated "war-mongering." Churchill's own party had no program but appeasement. At one of his infrequent appearances at a party caucus, he delivered a furious tirade against knuckling down to Hitler, concluding, "Is it for this you propose to fling away the ancient heritage bequeathed to us by the architects of our magnitude and renown?" Harold Nicolson followed him out of the room, congratulated him and, as a writing man, asked if he had improvised the final phrase on his feet. "Im-

provised be damned," Churchill snapped. "I thought of it this morning in my bath and I wish now I hadn't wasted it on this crowd."

But it was not all fine phrases. He obtained and reported the fact of German rearmament and the growth of the German army. "Stop it! Stop it!! Stop it now!!!" he wrote in the spring of 1936; and he called for a grand alliance based on the League of Nations and including Russia.

Came Munich and Neville Chamberlain landed at Croydon waving a piece of paper. Churchill made answer in Commons: "I will begin by saying the most unpopular and most unwelcome thing. We have sustained a total and unmitigated defeat."

One year later, when Britain declared war, Chamberlain had no choice but to bring back into the government the man whom he had once described as "impossible to work with." Logically he went into the Admiralty. "Good old Winnie!" On battle stations all over the world British officers rejoiced. The effect on Churchill was equally electric. The unlit lamp blazed.

But his spell at the Admiralty was brief. In the shock of the German invasion of Belgium and Holland, the Chamberlain sands ran out. A coalition was the only answer. Labor refused to serve under any Conservative except Lord Halifax, former Foreign Minister, or Churchill. Halifax wisely declined, saying the task called for a commoner.

After Dunkirk Churchill's duty was plain. With all Europe lost, with Russia leagued with Germany and the Americans still wrangling over the virtues of neutrality, he addressed his ministers: "Well, gentlemen, we are alone. For myself I find it extremely exhilarating." Lord Halifax recalls going into Churchill's office and hearing him extemporize the sentences which a week later would echo round the world, "We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds." Then Churchill's voice turned soft as he added, "And if they ever get to London, I shall go into that pillbox at the end of the street — and I am not a bad shot, you know."

Not pillboxes but the daring of the RAF saved England. Churchill knew the air as perhaps no other top-ranking statesman knew it. Every morning there arrived in his bedroom, with the breakfast tray, a report on the number of unfilled bomb craters in the runways of the Kentish flying fields. He haunted the underground cavern from which Sir Hugh Dowding directed his RAF swarms. He was there on the famous occasion of September 15 when the Luftwaffe came roaring out of France in full strength and fought to the outskirts of London, only to turn away with 185 planes shot down.

This was the decisive battle of the year, one of the decisive battles of history. Thereafter came the night bombings. Twice the Germans nearly got Churchill. On one occasion, while he was having dinner with friends at No. 10, a heavy bomb landed close by, blowing out the

windows. Like a general taking charge of a battlefield, Churchill ordered the servants to the cellar; then he and his guests descended with the plates and the wine glasses to finish off the dinner, seated on upturned wooden boxes.

Meanwhile the great speeches followed one upon the other, like the tolling of a mighty bell; and all over the world men of different faiths and parties stopped to listen. As an orator he has made much of Britain's stand "alone." But England's traditional policy is to fight with allies and — a point which is often overlooked — to fight in a cause which will bring in allies. The allies which Churchill coveted were Russia and the U. S.

GERMANY's invasion of Russia was a windfall, though Churchill had for some time predicted it. The winning of America was a more complicated business. The tides in America were running strongly for England. Churchill set out to harness them.

There was nothing petty about Winston in search of an ally. At the time of the destroyer-base deal he tossed in the rights to Newfoundland and Bermuda as "gifts." Thereafter he whooped up orders for material from the U. S., and ran through Britain's remaining gold reserves with a spendthrift's gusto. When his friends in the City protested against the reckless dissipation of the nation's inheritance, he answered softly, "Remember the parable of the bread on the waters."

When the final windfall — Pearl Harbor — occurred, Winston an-

nounced that the Cabinet would declare war immediately. Then he put in a call for the White House, to say that England would of course do the proper thing. The "proper thing" was for Churchill to proceed with his entire entourage of admirals, field marshals and generals straight to a White House Christmas. Two fears sped him on his way. One was of a panicky diversion of American power to the Pacific. The other was that America's concentration on war would prevent a further meshing of Anglo-American decisions.

If his fears had any basis in fact, the meeting in Washington quickly dispelled them. His celebrated conversation blazed across the dining table, but for once it was not a monologue. Churchill, who almost never lingers in the Commons to hear anyone else speak, evinced a hearty appetite for Roosevelt's dialect stories. The mood may well have been set by Harry Hopkins, who, on seeing some British marines stationed outside the White House, remarked, "How the hell did they get in here? The last time we had them around they burnt the place down."

Long after Roosevelt had gone to bed, Churchill would sit in Hopkins' room in Lincoln's study, canvassing supply problems. What jolted Hopkins most was the "Prime's" ability to wake clearheaded and come bouncing into his room in the early morning with, "Harry, what have you done about that matter we discussed last night?"

Churchill put out from these shores carrying no umbrella of appeasement. As he stepped aboard a British Overseas Aircraft Clipper,

he rang for the steward, called for a whisky and, raising his glass to the crew, proposed a toast:

"Here's to England, home and beauty — and a damn good row."

ONE OF THE early Anglo-American decisions, regarding the American landing not on the shores of Europe but in North Africa, involved Churchill in what was probably the most distasteful and most dangerous mission of his career. For it had been agreed with Roosevelt that he would explain and justify the move to the desperate Russians, who were then falling back toward Stalingrad.

Churchill likes to think of himself as a "wandering minstrel" trouping from "court to court, singing the same set of songs." But there was little to suggest the merry troubadour in the grim-faced pudgy man in the "siren" suit who clambered out of an RAF bomber in August 1942 to begin the famous Moscow Conference No. 1. A "flaming row" is the term one high-placed Englishman applied to the meeting. Stalin was unmoved by Churchill's eloquence. He dismissed the North African landing as a mere diversion; it would not lift the terrible weight of the German armies off Russian backs. By the third day Churchill was sunk in gloom.

Bolshevism had been an obsession of Churchill's early political career. Now his buried wrath came flooding back. His aide tried to shush him, apprehensively pointing out the room was probably wired. Instead of calming the Prime Minister, the warning sent him rushing from one

wall to the other to direct the full power of his invective into every suspicious fixture. Then, looking up with an impish grin, "That will at least make for interesting reading."

In the late afternoon Stalin summoned Churchill to the Kremlin. Somewhere common ground was found and the scion of Marlborough made a real beginning toward justifying the ways of the West to the son of the Georgian shoemaker.

At Teheran, however, in December 1943, the first meeting to bring Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin together, the Russian demand never wavered: let the main German army be engaged from the east and from the west. Churchill reviewed the risks of a stalemate and the alternatives in detail. In the end the great Normandy landing was agreed to.

SO THE German fate was settled. On D Day, Churchill was champing in Eisenhower's private railroad car in the south of England. He wanted to cross the Channel with the troops. Eisenhower stopped him. But nine months later, when the Rhine was crossed, Churchill was not far behind the British spearhead, perched on top of a clumsy amphibious vehicle, proclaiming, "On we go . . . . We are driving back a beaten army to the dire sink of iniquity — Berlin."

Churchill has outlived England's most dangerous enemy. Ahead may be the opportunity of fulfilling the role of peacemaker. But looking out from his little island, he sees a still-unfinished war half the world away and, close by in Europe, a scene of

devastation, poverty, and catastrophe. He has warned his countrymen, "Let there be no mistake about it. It is no easy cheap-Jack Utopia of airy phrases that lies before us."

Five years ago the war man promised, "The day will come when the joybells will ring again throughout Europe, and when victorious nations will plan and build in justice and freedom a house of many mansions where there will be room for all." Now we may well ask: what kind of house does Winston Churchill want?

His political philosophy begins, of course, with his own country. One way of preserving British security, Churchill has again and again reminded his people, is to rebuild some kind of League of Nations. His talk is all of the need of "supports" and "buttresses" to prop up the new world order. And of these he numbers four as paramount to Britain's interest: (1) the maintenance of the British Empire and Commonwealth; (2) the "fraternal association" of the Commonwealth and the United States of America; (3) the alliance of Britain and Russia, and (4) the revival of the "glorious continent of Europe."

In Europe Churchill has run through all the permutations of power-balancing only to find no final answer. A balance-of-power game is lost when the power to be balanced outweighs the total strength that can be collected against it. With Germany, Italy and France in varying degrees detached from the power game, Russia is in a position which no country has ever occupied in the history of Europe. Churchill sensed what was coming when, after

the last war, he warned an American friend, "Watch Russia — that's where the weather's coming from."

WILL the strong east wind of Russia be a friendly wind? Or will it shriek and howl around England's cottages? Careful study of the Churchillian policy suggests that he is assuming the first, but not overlooking the long-term possibility of the second. What he has seen of Russia has revived his admiration for the Russian people. He likes to think of the Anglo-Russian 20-year treaty as a "cantilever bridge" thrown over Europe. It is his constant theme that the tighter Russia can be bound by such friendly arches into the general Western security scheme, the less chance she will have for disrupting it. Yet in clasping the Bear to his breast, Churchill is under no illusion as to the nature of the animal.

Then there is India. In 1942, with the Japs at the gates of Bengal, Churchill was confronted with an Indian demand for complete independence as the price of allegiance. He squeaked through that crisis, but

will the Indians be satisfied with the promise of full Dominion status, or will they lurch out of the Empire, creating perhaps a vast and divided subcontinent?

Churchill often states the patent fact that both in India and China, Britain and the U. S. have responsibilities which cannot be lightly put aside. And it is just here that his policy of somehow maintaining the Empire as a going concern merges with his passion for holding at all costs to American friendship. The U. S. and the Commonwealth, he never tires of repeating, "are united by other ties than those of state policy and public need. Common conceptions of what is right and decent, and above all the love of personal freedom — these are common conceptions on both sides of the ocean among the English-speaking peoples."

Two summers ago Harvard University gave Churchill an honorary degree. He gave Harvard and a cheering audience his immortal apostrophe on the destiny of England and America: "If we are together nothing is impossible. If we are divided all will fail."

### *Basic Training* •

» IT WAS an hour before train time in the Minneapolis railroad station. I wanted to make a purchase, but hesitated to leave our nine-months-old baby with my sailor husband, who was somewhat inexperienced at baby-tending. He assured me, however, that he could manage all right, so I left. When I returned a half hour later, I found him engrossed in a newspaper. "Darling," I cried, "the baby!" Briefly he motioned to a nearby seat where a soldier was giving our daughter her bottle while two sailors stood by observing closely. "Prospective fathers," my husband explained. "Good training!"

—Contributed by Mrs. Marie Miller



## "YOUR MISSION IS TO CONTACT THE RUSSIANS"

One of the most fantastic episodes of the whole war occurred shortly before V-E Day when a young lieutenant of the Seventh Armored Division was ordered to advance with his reconnaissance troop beyond the American lines to find the Russians. This 24-year-old West Pointer never guessed that, with fewer than 100 men, he would have to bluff his way over 60 miles through the whole German 12th Army.

Cut off from communication with his headquarters, plunging forward because he dared not admit his weakness by turning back, Captain Knowlton achieved the disarming of thousands of German troops and the surrender of several German towns.

His breezy narrative, written in a letter to his wife and not intended for publication, is packed with drama, suspense and a sense of high adventure, and is spiced with humor typically American. The climax comes with his roisterous and convivial meeting with our Russian allies.

IT was while I was running prisoner escort, and had just sent my platoons way back out of radio contact, that Sully\* got through to me. "Hey, Bill," he said, "Headquarters has been trying to raise you. Get down to Ludwigslust immediately — they have another mission for us." I swore to myself. We had been on the move all night crossing the Elbe through wind and stinging rain blowing down from the Baltic, and

\*KNOWLTON's fellow officers on this expedition were Lieut. William Sullivan (Sully), Lieut. Earl Harrell, Lieut. Harry Clark and Lieut. Henry Temple.

then since dawn had been on a reconnaissance mission ahead of the task force which had just taken Ludwigslust on the plains northwest of Berlin. I made arrangements for all platoons to drop what they were doing and get down to Ludwigslust immediately. I opened up the siren on my armored car, put the accelerator to the floor, and went down the road doing 45. That order to proceed to Ludwigslust was to prove to be the key point in my career.

LUDWIGSLUST was a seething mass of captured Germans in uniform. I finally managed to find our Division Headquarters.

"Knowlton," the Colonel said, "Ludwigslust is as far as we are allowed to go and our troops are drawn up along a north-south line just outside the town.

"I want you to take your troops and contact the Russians. They are somewhere to the east — between 50 and 100 miles, according to rumor. Get someone from their staff and bring him here.

"The German 12th Army lies between you and the Russians," he continued. "If you get in trouble we can send you no help. Do not get too entangled, and let me know your progress. Good luck to you."

He shook my hand, which both touched me and made me a trifle apprehensive. You shake hands with people you don't expect to see again for a long, long time, and I didn't like it.

To make speed, I decided to leave my assault guns behind. Harrell's platoon was off on another mission,

so I started with only two platoons, less one section, and three headquarters armored cars. I put Clark's car in front, a mess of peeps, my car, a few peeps, Sully, and then the rest of the first and third platoons. Altogether we were about 65 men.

I looked at the map. I could snoop along the back roads and take my chances fighting, or I could barrel right down the main road as though an army was following me and hope no one would shoot. I decided to barrel down the main road, and so we started off.

This was the mission of the war, and my heart was singing as we swung out onto the road. But my heart was pounding a little, too, for this could be a nasty mess, as we found out later.

We soon passed through the American lines. The road beyond was jammed with German troops retreating to the American zone. They were mostly drunk, and upon seeing us they would shout and throw down their weapons. That gave us the keynote for the situation and we went faster. The crowd started thinning out, and soon we were hitting open stretches before sighting the next group. Each time there would be a tense moment. The Heinies would aim their guns, then stop, puzzled as to why we stayed seated up on top of the turrets and made no move for our guns, and finally they would decide that we must be a heluva big force to behave that way, and throw down their weapons.

After traveling ten kilometers we reached Neustadt. The streets were jammed with civilians and soldiers, just as though it was a holiday. The



crowds were singing and everybody was very jolly. The soldiers laughed and waved when they saw us, and held up *Panzerfausts* for us to see, then threw them away. It was contagious. As soon as one soldier threw away his weapon, everybody did.

It took us almost two hours to go through Neustadt, and we finally resorted to directing traffic ourselves. I got hold of a German SS\* Lieutenant, and had him organize a traffic force from the SS troops in town. It was worth the price of admission to see the faces of the German soldiers as they drove into town to find SS and Americans directing traffic side by side. We had a circus.

On the other side of town was a thick pine forest through which the road ran. We were held up by a snarl of broken-down trucks, over which soldiers were clambering in search of food and clothes. I began to get a little worried. Several SS came out of the woods, got food, and then went back. I could see their machine guns, and they looked like a hard bunch, but I called to them to come back out of the woods. They stopped and looked around startled, and then ran for their machine guns. I thought we were done for, but I didn't want to fire and bring the whole crowd down on our necks. So we all stayed seated and continued to yell at the SS as though it was inconceivable to us that someone should want to resist the large force that was following us. They came out and gave up their arms.

There were so many weapons that we couldn't possibly break them all.

\*The SS, or Schutz-Staffel, an elite corps.

So we finally took the pistols, and told the men to go back 15 kilometers in that direction and turn in all weapons to the Americans there. I promised them that the huge force following us would not fire on them; in fact, I said, they would probably be so well camouflaged that the Germans would not see any of them until they reached the rear areas at Ludwigslust. I lied more in that day than I ever have in all my life.

WE reached the end of the forest and started across an open space. My heart sank as I happened to glance to the side. On our flank, about 1000 yards away, was a battery of four of the hugest anti-tank guns I have ever seen. I realized that the others had not seen them, so I stayed seated on the turret and acted as though everything was all right. The four guns swung into our column, started tracking us as we moved. My throat went dry, and my stomach, already tight from the cold, tightened more. I think I must have prayed, but I can't remember a thing except those guns tracking us. Suddenly they stopped, and four heads came up over the parapet. These krauts looked for a while, and we paid no attention to them. A few more heads came up — and finally about 45 men came out from the position, throwing their rifles away as they did.

The whole trip continued like that. We would come on a group of Germans, they would aim, we would yell at them to throw down their arms, they would comply, and off we would go. We ran across a lot of tanks — Tigers, Panthers — and as-

sault guns, all complete with crews. After sweating out so many of those damn tanks during the Ruhr pocket, it was like being behind stage at the theater to see those Germans running them. We took the firing pins out and sent them on their way.

It was really something to see Germans throwing away their arms by the thousands—by regiments and battalions. Once a kraut Colonel came up the column, stared insolently at me, and ordered all the soldiers to stop throwing away their weapons. One soldier had a bazooka in his arms to throw away, but when the Colonel yelled at him he stopped and looked inquiringly at me. Several other soldiers stopped and watched. It was quite tense. I jumped out of the vehicle, walked up to the Colonel, put my hand in his face and pushed hard. Then I turned to the soldier with the bazooka and told him to throw it away. He still hesitated, so I yelled at him in a harsh tone of voice. He grinned and threw the bazooka away. I turned back to the Colonel and chewed him out thoroughly, asking him who he thought was running his regiment — he or I.

PARCHIM was the damndest town I have ever seen. Someone had telephoned ahead that the American Army was coming; so when my little force pulled into town, there were two German MPs on each corner to direct us through. The route was posted for us, and SS kept the crowds on the sidewalks and off the streets. German soldiers lined the road six deep all the way through the city — all cheering loudly. Someone had

given them the impression that we were going to fight the Russians.

Finally we came into Lühz, and right there I got as scared as I have ever been in my life. We had just tried to get headquarters on the radio and discovered we were out of contact. So here we were 40 miles inside enemy lines with about 65 men, in the center of the German 12th Army, and with no prospect of getting out alive if they decided we were not to leave. And here in Lühz we encountered some of the real fighting men of the Wehrmacht, with many SS among them. They sat on mammoth tanks and field-artillery pieces, their faces were grim and dirty and bearded, and they kept their guns leveled on us. They were a tough collection and they did not like us.

Ahead of me was a huge General, riding in a staff car with a motorcycle escort of SS troopers. I had to do something or else we were *kaput*. I pulled my armored car over in front of his auto, and casually leaned out, pushing one of the SS machine pistols aside. "*Wo gehen Sie, Herr General?*" I asked.

He turned a raging purple face on me for daring to block. "I can't understand you," he said. "Get out of my way."

"Where are you going, chum?" I said. "I'll get out of your way when I find where you are going."

"I am going to Parchim," he screamed.

"OK," I said. "Just so I know where you are. Driver, pull out of the General's way." We eased over, and the General tore off in a cloud of dust and SS troopers. He turned

out to be the corps commander of that sector, but more about that later.

I was feeling pretty good about that time, and I almost died laughing when I saw Sully. He came up from behind on a German MP who was feverishly trying to direct traffic east. Sully tapped him on the shoulder, and the MP looked around to tell him to wait a minute. It was a perfect double take. The MP turned back, started to direct traffic, realized that it was not a German, and turned back with his chin dropping to his chest. Sully placed a hand on each shoulder, spun him around, and started him directing traffic from the east to the west.

A few minutes later Harrell caught up with us. Then an SS came to me and demanded to know what the Americans were doing here. I told him we were heading a large force, and asked where the Russians were. He told me they were 50 kilometers away. So we had chased 50 kilometers through enemy territory to reach Lübz, and here we were still a hell of a long distance from the Russians.

I tried to reach headquarters again on the radio, but still no luck. By now the SS were crowding around the car and their attitude was definitely hostile. Any more indecision on our part would result in trouble.

There were several courses open. We could go on and meet the Russians, but it was getting dark, and the problem of identifying ourselves came up. The signal was a certain type of flare, of which we had none, and at night they could not see our emblems. Also, as we approached

the German-Russian lines we could expect fire from the Germans. We could turn around and go back, but if we ever showed enough indecision to turn around we were all dead men. That was written in the SS men's eyes. Last of all, we could stay in Lübz and sweat it out all night.

MORE and more and bigger and bigger artillery pieces were going by, tanks were filling the night air with the noise of clashing steel, German officers were screaming harsh commands—it was one of the most magnificent and yet terrifying sights I have ever seen.

I made my decision. "Sully," I called, "take the troop out of town on top of a hill and see if you can regain radio contact. Sergeant Ladd, come with me." So the troop pulled on, and Sergeant Ladd and I started to elbow our way through the German troops.

As we reached the center of town, a Major with a huge potbelly came stumbling down the street with a meek little civilian beside him. "I surrender the town," he sputtered. "The General is not here, so in the name of the General I surrender."

"I know," I replied. "I just talked to the General. He went to Parchim."

"Oh, good," said the Major. "You talked with General Hernlein, then. I surrender the town. This man here is the Bürgermeister."

The Bürgermeister mumbled something about a pleasure to see the American Army (meaning Sergeant Ladd and myself) and doffed his hat.

I brushed him aside and spoke to the Major brusquely. I was so tired

that I couldn't see straight, but I tried to sound tough and business-like. "First, I want a Command Post."

"Right over here," said the Major, "the SS have a Traffic Control Point. It was also a Division CP until the Generals left."

"Run the SS out and I will use it," I ordered, and so we started through the town, with people leaning out of windows staring and soldiers pushing up to see the new military commandant. I looked neither to the right nor left, but strode down the street with the Major and Bürgermeister puffing along behind.

The CP, a former bar, was full of SS and parachute officers. I spotted a Colonel sitting at a huge table with a map on it. "I'll sit there," I said; and the Colonel reluctantly vacated the chair. The other officers stood watching me with steely eyes.

I had to move quickly to continue the bluff. I ordered all civilians off the streets to their homes. German soldiers could pass through the town, but must leave their arms there. I arranged with the Bürgermeister to turn over the brewery as an arms collection point.

THE Parachute Division Hermann Goering, one of the crack divisions of the German army, was in town; so I organized them as MPs and told them they were to keep traffic moving, to see that all traffic passed by the arms collecting points, and that all troops turned in their arms. They got hot and in about an hour traffic was flowing smoothly. I permitted them to keep all large tanks, as there were many soldiers riding on these

pieces, and I wanted to get as many as possible back to our lines.

I was really sweating by then. My radio operator came in and said, "Sir, I put that message in for you and here is the answer." I opened his note and read: "*Sir, I cannot contact any station — we are cut off from any friendly forces.*"

"Thank you, Sergeant," I said. "Notify them that I will comply and stay here awaiting further orders." He saluted and left.

I turned to the Germans. "I have just received word from my headquarters that I will remain here for the night and move forward in the morning to meet the Russians."

They screamed bloody murder, wanting to know why I didn't move forward that night. I took a little of that and then got mad, told them that we were soldiers, and if our general told us to stay there that night we would stay.

All our vehicles came back into town and parked in the main square. I arranged for two platoons to stay with me in the CP, living upstairs in a hall. The Germans complained that it was an SS billet, but I ran the SS out and moved in.

So far the day had been the biggest piece of deceit in history. The bluff was working only because they thought I was the whole American Army, and because they thought that when I met the Russians there would be a line of demarcation. I knew that if I got in trouble no one could come and help me. I knew that this territory would be Russian after the war.

I was hardly settled when the phone rang. It was the German

Major in charge of Parchim. "Herr Kommandant," he asked, "when are the other Americans coming?"

"Oh," I answered, sweating like a pig, "they will be there very shortly. Many tanks and infantry. If they don't get there tonight, they will in the morning."

The Major sounded a little worried. "Have you any instructions for me?" he asked.

I saw my chance to double the magnitude of his job. "Yes," I said, "you will collect the arms from all troops and turn them all over to the Americans when they arrive."

He screamed like a wounded eagle.

"I don't give a damn what you think," I yelled. "I am military commandant and I order you to disarm everybody." A brilliant thought hit me. "And don't forget that Corps Headquarters out there with General Hernlein." And I hung up.

A Captain from the Hermann Goering Division arrived. He stated that his General did not believe there were American troops in Lübz, and wanted a cigarette as proof. I'd be damned if I was going to give any Heinie an American cigarette, so I wrote a note as follows:

*This is to certify that American troops have this date captured Lübz, Germany.*

*William A. Knowlton,  
1st Lt., Cavalry.  
Commandant.*

With this note I enclosed a piece of chewing gum.

A Captain from the Panzer Marine Brigade came in. He was big and nasty. He spoke English very well and started giving me a hard time. He was defending on a line farther

east, and insisted that I go out and meet the Russians immediately. I told him I'd go out when I was ready, and that I was not sending any of my people out in the night for him or anyone else. He tried to browbeat me into telling him my orders, and how many troops I had, and every few minutes that telephone would ring and a voice would say, "Herr Kommandant, the American troops are not yet here in Parchim."

"They will be there," I would say, the sweat oozing from my brow.

Here is the setting and a cross section of conversation in that CP:

As the lights go up we find a battered beer joint, filled with young strong German soldiers. Upstage is a huge desk, a picture of Adolf Hitler behind it, at which our worried leading character is sitting. The only light is almost a spotlight shining directly on the desk, making it seem like a third-degree setup. His dirty combat jacket is ripped and tattered by shrapnel, his face is filthy, and a two-day stubble grows on it. As the curtain opens the Panzer Marine Brigade captain is speaking. He pounds his fist on the table.

Panzer Capt.: You must go out and meet the Russians tonight. They are advancing here in this room (from German word *Raum*, meaning space) and you must meet them. They are here or here. (Pounding map for emphasis.) You must go out tonight.

Knowlton: Don't tell me what to do. My orders are to stay here and meet them here.

PZ Capt.: You are not in communication with your headquarters.

Knowlton: Certainly I am, but my orders are to stay here.

Engineer: Herr Kommandant, the General just had me lay a mine field outside the town here. May I go to my company now with my detail?

Knowlton: No, get out there and take up the field again. Here is a pass so the other American troops will not stop you. (Troops being nonexistent.)

Engineer: But the General ordered me to —

Knowlton: Get out and take up that field.

PZ Capt.: The Russian will not advance tonight, because he will be sleeping with our beautiful German girls. Our lovely girls will be raped.

Knowlton: Propaganda!

German Cpl.: Herr Oberleutnant, these men wish to check the bulb above you for to the electric go make. (Telephone rings.)

Knowlton (To telephone): They are coming now. (To Captain) I will not go anywhere tonight. (To workmen) Get your dirty feet off my neck!

German Cpl.: Sir, I beg your pardon, but the Bürgermeister wishes to know if he can go home to bed.

PZ Capt.: You will see when you are fighting on the banks of the Polish rivers — when the Russian has finished sleeping with our beautiful

German girls. You must go out tonight.

GI (entering with struggling SS man): Sir, this lousy bastard tried to drill me —

SS man: Dieses verdammte amerikanische Schwein — (telephone rings.)

Telephone: Herr Kommandant, the American troops are not yet in Parchim and the Herr General has ordered all troops to take up arms and return to the front. What shall I do? When are the other Americans coming?

GI: Shuddup, you kraut, or I'll knock your teeth out.

German Major: Herr Kommandant, the brewery is now full of arms. Where are the soldiers to turn in their arms now? (A few rounds of Russian artillery fall outside.)

PZ Capt.: See there. Here come the Russians! You must go out and meet them here — in this room. You must get your men up.

Knowlton: Yes, he can go home now. Yes, the troops will be there soon. Find another factory for the arms — I don't care where. Get your feet off my neck, you kraut bastard. Get that Bürgermeister out of here — he makes me nervous. Which direction is that artillery coming from? No, I will not go out tonight with any patrol. Etc. etc. etc.

This went on for hours until I was worn out. Remember that I had not slept for two nights and days. The final blow came when this arrogant Panzer Captain leaned over the desk, rapped on the map, and said, "I think you are bluffing. First, I think you are no longer in communication with your headquarters; and second, I think there are no American troops nearer here than Ludwigslust, and that no more are coming."

Dead silence fell over the room — hard, hard eyes stared right through

me. In that silence, the outside sounds suddenly became louder. I heard the clashing of tank trucks, the sputter of trucks, the songs of the SS carrying clear in the cold, bitter wind, the crack, crack of hobnailed boots, the loud commands of German officers.

My spirits fell. "Knowlton," I thought, "you were a damn fool to think you could ever get away with it. Right above you sleep 60 men who trust you, and you have led them into a deathtrap. This is your last bluff, and it had better work. You used to claim you were an actor. This is your last chance, son."

So I squared my shoulders and stared at the crowd. "Don't be stupid. Do you think I'd be dumb enough to come way in here, take over three cities, and disarm several hundred thousand German soldiers unless there was a large force following me?"

The Captain stopped, scratched his head. "No," he answered, "I guess not."

"Now I'm going to bed. I'm dead tired."

There were loud protests. Everyone screamed that the Russians would attack during the night.

"I don't give a damn," I said. "I don't care who comes unless I get some sleep. Good night!"

The entire room clicked their heels and gave the Hitler salute. "*Gute Nacht, Herr Kommandant.*"

The next morning I went downstairs and things were critical. The German High Command had discovered that I was the only American force this side of Ludwigslust,

that we had disarmed, by SS count, 275,000 German troops, and that the whole German Army were laying down their arms in Lübz. Orders were issued for them to take up their arms again, and shoot us if we resisted.

I had a half-hour argument with an SS Colonel from the corps staff. We agreed that all troops going west would lay down their arms, while those going east could keep theirs. He made that agreement because he was too proud to admit that there were any German troops retreating from the east. So he went away -- his honor satisfied -- and my boys continued to do a land-office business at the arms-collecting points, of which we now had several.

Soon, however, several fistfights broke out between my boys and the SS. Only the guts of certain of my boys kept things from getting out of control. But it could not last much longer. The only solution was to get out on patrol, so we could save our face and still avoid the ultimate shooting match.

I got my armored car ready and had Harry Clark's platoon follow me. Before I started I got two officers from a German engineer outfit and put one over each front wheel of my car. "Now, gentlemen," I pointed out, "if my car hits a mine, you will be just as dead, or slightly more so than anyone in the car." We started down the main road to Plau -- my two officers sitting on the front like two bird dogs, just scanning hell out of the road for mines. Best mine-detectors I ever saw.

The country in this area is rolling, and as we neared Plau we could see

for great distances — so also could anyone on the other side see us. I could hear the sound of firing in the distance ahead, and began to worry about the problem of mutual recognition. We had been assured that the Russian tanks would all have white triangles and that they had been oriented on our markings. But at the distance from which someone could shoot at us our markings were not too legible

As we neared a small town, one of the German engineers suddenly shouted, "There is our German artillery!"

TRAVELLING along the skyline from east to west was the longest column of horses, horse-drawn wagons, and marching men I have ever seen. I grabbed the field glasses, took a look, and handed the glasses to the German. "Look again, Herr Hauptmann," I told him, "and then tell me for how long the German army has had Cossacks in high fur caps riding the column!"

Well, we had gotten that far — now the question was how to make the historic junction without getting a lot of people killed. I called up a peep, climbed on the front of the radiator with a big white flag, and started down to the town. As we rounded a corner there was a Russian Major, looking at a map. I leaped off the peep, clicked my heels and saluted, yelled "*Ya Amerikaneetz Oberlitnant,*" and shook hands with him.

Thus at 0925, 3 May 1945, was junction made between the American and Russian forces north of

Berlin. It was the first contact on the other side of the Elbe.

I radioed Harry to bring the rest of the vehicles down, and then the Major guided us through his troops to the Colonel. The Russian army is unique. I expected a military machine, manned by stern-visaged men, with a lot of mechanical equipment. What we found was a conglomeration of horses, German trucks, bicycles, civilian wagons, rusty old field pieces, Cossacks, tommy guns, motorcycles. There seemed to be no system, and people just wandered in and out of the column at will with apparently no orders or particular jobs. Every other man was an officer. Everybody grinned, saluted us, and yelled some unintelligible gibberish — while we grinned, saluted, yelled, saluted, waved, saluted and grinned.

Finally we caught up with the Colonel. I expected a big Russian with medals hanging on his chest and a tommy gun in one hand. What I found was a farmerlike individual, serenely driving a two-horse wagon as though it were Sunday in Central Park. Sitting beside him was a girl in uniform. I later learned that she was a Russian nurse named Maria.

When the Colonel learned who I was and from where I came, he got out and pranced around, all grins. We shook hands and slapped each other on the back. I soon found out that the way to make an impression on a Russian is to run up, hit him a clout on the back that would fell an ordinary man, grasp his hand in as tight a grip as possible, embrace him, grin like a hyena, and yell loudly "*Tovarish!*" or "*Ya Amerikaneetz!*"



Maria came flying out and we smooched her and slapped her back. She was built like a small ox, very close to the ground, and with a 44 bust. While everybody was hitting everybody else on the back and jabbering, the Colonel got out his Russian map, which looked like Chinese to me, and I got out my map, and between us we figured out which route I had come. He expressed great wonder that I had been able to pierce the German lines and somehow get behind his Task Force so that we came up on them from the rear. It's a good thing we did. The Russians had no white triangles on their vehicles, and they all stared at ours saying, "Oh, look, comrade—the Americanetz have a star on their cars."

The Colonel got out a red pencil and we signed each other's maps, marking the place where we met. Then I got out the bottle of Three-Star Hennessy I had brought for a gift and handed it to him. He in turn handed it over to Maria and we all grinned at each other.

I had no one with me who could speak Russian, but I had a kid who could speak Polish. So the Colonel sent for a Polish-speaking officer—a very young Major—who finally came wandering up. The conversation had been a little bit sorry until then, but once this Pole appeared things livened up a little. We batted the breeze a while longer through him while millions of Russians climbed all over my armored cars, trying the guns, talking to each other on the radios, opening and closing the hatches, and generally acting like the eighth grade on a visit to the

military exposition. Every now and then one would let go a burst with a tommy gun, or with one of my machine guns, which would narrowly miss killing the whole staff—at which everybody would laugh uproariously and hit each other another clout on the back.

THEN the Colonel sent word to the division commander what had happened. The division commander sent back word that he would be right up for lunch, and to pick out a good C.P. So the Colonel selected a good C.P. and Harry and I, with about ten Russian Majors and Captains, and Maria, repaired to the C.P. for lunch.

I wish Military Government could have seen the Russians take over a new C.P. The Colonel looked around at the neighboring houses, picked out the nicest, and said "I'll take that." Immediately several Cossacks galloped up to the house, hurtled off their horses, and strode into the house. There were several crashing sounds; I heard some glass break, a few splintering noises of wood, probably doors, one loud crash, a scream—and then the door opened and two aged Germans came flying out, evidently propelled by a large Russian boot. They had no sooner lit than a Cossack appeared at the door carrying a German boy by the seat and neck. He cleared the hedge with that one. There were more noises of doors smashing and glass breaking. In this manner was the new C.P. taken over.

When we arrived in the living room all the preserved fruit from the

house was on the table. Pretty soon two good-looking Russian girls came in, carrying a platter of fried eggs and other edibles. I thought they were camp followers of some sort, but found out that one was a corporal in the infantry and the other a captain in the cavalry.

THE Colonel strode in and seemed satisfied with what he found. He took my bottle of Three-Star Hennessy, plus a bottle which Clark had donated, and poured us all a water-glass full. I was looking at the thing speculatively when suddenly all the staff rose to their feet, and the Colonel said in booming tones, raising his glass on high—"Trrrrrooooo-man, Staaaleen, Churchilllll." Whereupon everyone clinked glasses with everyone else.

Then they drank. I say "they" drank advisedly, because every Russian there gulped a water glass of cognac in one swallow. Clark and I took a good, healthy swig — and my throat burned for several minutes. The Russians all roared with laughter and belted each other, and gave us to understand that Americans were a namby-pamby race because we could not take a little slug of cognac.

Ghosts of the Wild West heroes smirked at us, and I could see that the prestige of the American frontier days depended on us. So Harry and I rose to our feet and took the whole glass at one gulp; and then collapsed, our eyes watering, trying to look as though that was what we had been going to do all the time, so there.

The next thing we knew there was a water glass of vodka at each place,

and all the Russians were standing. We rose swiftly, if a little unsteadily, and the Colonel proposed, "*Ameer-rika, Rooooossia, Ingelant*—" and we went into the bell-ringer act again. This business continued every time a new officer came into the room, until I was high as a kite.

At one point we gave the Colonel a pack of cigarettes — and thereby learned something about why so many millions of Germans were fleeing the Russians. He fumbled in his pocket, but could not find any Russian cigarettes to give us in return. Obviously international good will was hanging in the balance; so he summoned a Russian corporal and whispered in his ear. The corporal gathered a detail of several men and left. Two minutes later I heard a commotion outside and then in walked the corporal with eight packs of German cigarettes and gave them to the Colonel, who in turn presented them to us with a great flourish. "German," he said, "but good."

Pretty soon the division commander came in. He was a man of a great deal of intelligence, and we had quite a conversation. I explained to him that I had been sent by my General to bring a member of his staff back to American headquarters. He said that he would go with me.

I then explained that there were many Germans still with arms between us and the American lines. He became quite annoyed that I had not disarmed every German between the Elbe and the Baltic; while I explained that I had only 100 men. He accepted my explanation, making a few comments on how much

harder the Russians had to fight for their prisoners. I told him that we too had had a few battles since Normandy.

This division commander finally told me to tell my General to meet him in the church at Lübz. I was to go back to Ludwigslust with this message, taking with me the Polish-speaking Major, who was still busily proposing toasts.

During our lunch ceremony the war had been stopped. Now it started all over again. I used to wonder how the Russians could hold all that liquor. I found out the answer; they don't. I watched the task force commander issue his attack order. He reeled out of the house to the field where his officers were assembled, all alert and with notebooks poised. He stood there for a minute, held up the map — back to the officers, so that no one could see it — and then started mumbling something about "we go from here to thish plashe and then we go to thish plashe," all the time pointing to the map which no one could see. I can't understand much Russian, but I got as much out of that order as anyone there.

He went on with this mumbo jumbo for a while, until the officers looked at each other with that "the-old-man-is-drunk-again" look, folded up their books, and yelled the Russian for "Hey, gang — the bastards are over that way. Let's go!" So

several thousand happy-go-lucky Russians shot into the air and at each other, and the weird column started weaving down the road.

On the way back to Lübz I happened to glance around — and almost fell out of the turret. Sticking out of the assistant gunner's seat on Clark's armored car, looking like a jack-in-the-box was our drunken Russian major. He had a towel over one arm, a huge razor in his hand, and was laughing uproariously while trying to shave the gunner.

WE finally got back to Lübz, and maybe I didn't sweat going through the German lines again. I kept thinking of that Panzer Marine Captain and his anti-tank gun. But Russian tank columns had already taken Neustadt. There a Russian Captain sidetracked me and made me drink and share a chicken with him, while he alternately hit and kicked an SS Major he had in his car with him. Later I got back to Ludwigslust and reported that my mission had been completed.

As an additional note, the next afternoon I was called to General Gavin's CP, and in a ceremony there the Silver Star was pinned on me by the General. I feel especially proud of that, because it came from another division than my own. I wear the medal but B Troop won it, and I wear it for them.



SEPTEMBER • 1945 •

# The Reader's Digest

ARTICLES OF LASTING INTEREST • 24TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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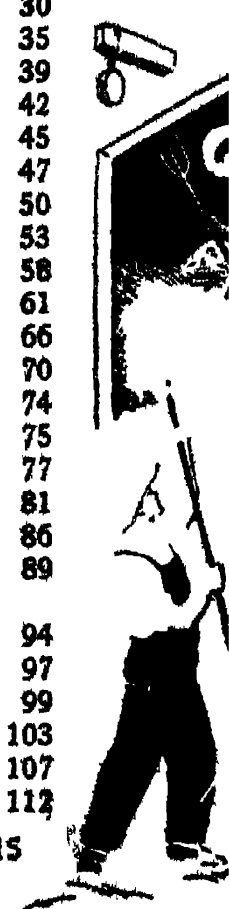
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Peace in *Deeds*

# *Eight Things to Do*

## ABOUT THE SOVIET UNION

By WILLIAM HARD

WE ARE urged to have "good will" toward the Soviet Union. But peace does not come just by "good will." It does not come even by "liking" some country. Any number of Englishmen and Americans liked each other in 1776; and yet the two sides fought for five years — in the very midst of a great web of intimate admiring friendships across the battle lines.

\* The relations between nations are not those between a lovesick lad and his sweetheart; and they cannot be said with flowers. Or with toasts. Torrents of toasts are now being drunk to "the historic friendship between the United States and Russia." But toasts were likewise drunk at the Washington Arms Conference in 1922 to "the historic friendship between the United States

and Japan." International dinner parties have nothing to do with international destinies.

As a first step toward peace, let us quit sentimentalism. Sentimentalism is not peace. It is a profound enemy to peace. It blinds us to the realities which have to be seen and subdued if peace is to be gained. The true road to the gaining of peace is paved not with sentiments but with actions.

The San Francisco Charter provides for consultation among the United Nations, but it does not provide any specific ways of meeting the basic realities now facing us. A basic reality lying between the United States and the Soviet Union, for instance, is the suspicion entertained by many Soviet citizens against the United States



Government and equally the suspicion entertained by many United States citizens against the Soviet Government. A recent Gallup poll showed that in three months the percentage of our citizens who regarded the Soviet Union as being trustworthy for postwar collaboration had gone down from 55 to 45. And it had not gone down just in some special "class." It had gone down in all social groups, in both major political parties, and at all educational levels.

WHAT are the causes of this reality? I think a root cause is the fact that we have been trying to practice the "Great Power" theory of peace. We have been trying to make the Great Powers into virtually the sole "trustees" of the whole world. But if the Great Powers are trustees, then all the other powers are simply wards. They are under the tutelage of the Great Powers. And, then, therefore, in the end, at their *disposal*.

This is the theory of sanctified aggression. It has often been attempted, and has invariably had two successive consequences.

1. Each Great Power, in order to become greater, and in order thus to increase its supposed "power for peace," strives to expand its sphere of influence, by open force or by covert cunning, among the smaller powers. We do not like today to say "spheres of influence." We are mealy-mouthed. We say "security zones." They nevertheless are just what our more honest ancestors called them: spheres of influence.

2. These spheres expand and grow

toward one another until they overlap and clash. Then the makings of the next Great War — which never is anything but a war between Great Powers — are ready to be kindled.

We now are in the first of these two stages — and, partly, in the second. Let us observe the Soviet Union working at the "sphere" idea; and then, equally unflinchingly, let us observe Britain and France and the United States.

In almost all of Central Eastern Europe, "liberated by the Red Army," the Soviet Union proceeds to practice deportations and liquidations, and proceeds to exclude — or narrowly restrict — all observers from other countries, and proceeds to set up governments controlled by Communists responsive to Moscow only. It proceeds to make half a dozen countries — running from Poland on the Baltic to Yugoslavia on the Adriatic — into Soviet annexes.

But now why did Britain and the United States allow this process even to start? Why did they bow to that false phrase "liberated by the Red Army"? All countries liberated from Germany were liberated by the joint efforts of all the Allies.

Did Britain erase from its memory the British fleet which had strangleingly blockaded Germany? Did Britain and the United States forget their air forces which had crippled Germany's war industries and transportation system? Did they retain no recollection of the British and American armies which, in Africa, in Sicily, in Italy, in France, in Belgium, in the Netherlands, in

Germany, drew hosts of German soldiers away from the Soviet front? Did the United States count as nothing its lend-lease offerings to the Soviet Union?

In lend-lease — to March 31, 1945 — the Soviet Union got from the United States, among many other things, the following: 158,000 guns of all calibers, 13,300 airplanes, 312,000 tons of explosives, 1500 locomotives, 540,000 tons of rails, 406,000 motor vehicles. "These vehicles," says President Truman in his last lend-lease report to the Congress, "carried — on some Soviet fronts — more than half the supplies moving up to the Soviet troops." And the President also remarks:

"During the year ending March 31, 1945, lend-lease fats and oils sent to the Soviet Union comprised more than half of the supplies of these commodities consumed by the Soviet armies *and by the Soviet urban population.*"

Why then did the United States and Great Britain fail to object, from the very beginning, frankly and firmly, to the obvious Soviet intention of using an Allied joint victory to add some 60,000,000 non-Soviet Central Eastern European people to the area of sole Soviet domination?

The answer is abundantly historically clear. The historic "sphere" idea was not the Soviet Union's only. It was, at base, everybody's.

Greece, for instance, passed to the British sphere, just as manifestly as Rumania and Bulgaria passed to the Soviet sphere. In Greece, from "liberation" till now, the British have exercised sole supremacy.

Italy passed to the sphere of the Americans and the British, especially the British, who (for instance), for a purely British reason and by a purely British edict, forbade the Italians to include their distinguished statesman Count Sforza in their cabinet.

Syria and Lebanon, before the war, belonged to the French sphere. During the war the Free French Government conceded them their independence. Soon, though, the French perceived that the Great Power theory was getting revived. They thereupon revived their claims to certain special "sphere" advantages in Syria and Lebanon. How could a power be "Great" without a great "sphere"?

Now Syria is only about 250 miles from the Soviet Union. Yet Britain and the United States, thousands of miles away, proposed to settle the affairs of Syria and Lebanon in a conference to which the Soviet Union was not invited. Here, to Soviet eyes, was an attempted Anglo-American "front" or "sphere" in the Soviet Union's back yard.

II IRAN adjoins the Soviet Union. It is part of the oil area of the Near East. The Near Eastern oil reserves are among the richest in the world. They are virtually monopolized by British and American oil companies. They vastly exceed the oil reserves of the Soviet Union. Yet, without prior arrangement with the Soviet Union, the United States Government permitted American oil companies to approach the Iranian Government for new oil concessions.



Again the Soviet Union could see an attempted Anglo-American "front" or "sphere"—this time right across its border.\*

TANGIER is in Morocco, in Africa; but for centuries it has been part of the European political scene. The greatest modern international effort to settle the affairs of Morocco was the Algeciras Conference of 1906. It was attended, automatically, by Russia. Yet France and Britain and the United States have now proposed to settle the future international status of Tangier at a conference without the Soviet Union.

What is all this but a race by the Great Powers into what George Washington called their "combinations and collisions"? What is all of it but the stock stale story of a world divided first into fractions and then into frictions?

The frictions have smartly begun.

British and American newspapers point accusing fingers at bloody coercions in Soviet-controlled Rumania and Bulgaria. Soviet newspapers point accusing fingers at bloody coercions in British-controlled Greece.

The Soviet Union, enraged by American oil pressures in Iran, encourages local disturbances which upset the Iranian Government and produce a new Iranian Prime Minister. The Soviet Union also warmly resents its exclusion from the conferences regarding Syria and Lebanon

and Tangier, and demands admission.

The United States and Britain hotly attack the one-sided Communist character of the Polish Government erected by the Soviet Union at Warsaw. That government thereupon gets reconstructed and "democratized." But let us just look at this alleged American and British diplomatic "victory."

In all the Soviet-created and Soviet-controlled governments of Central Eastern Europe there are two key posts. One is the Ministry of "Interior" or "Security" or "Police." It decides which citizens shall be in jail and which at large. The other is the Ministry of "Education" or "Propaganda." It decides what the citizens at large shall read and hear and know. The ministers in these two key posts, if unchecked, can virtually decide the outcome of all forthcoming "elections." Almost invariably both posts are held by Communists, wholly responsive to Moscow.†

So let us gaze at the new Warsaw governmental line-up in an overwhelmingly non-Communist Poland:

Chairman of the Presidential Council: Bierut, a Communist. First Vice Prime Minister: Gomólka, a Communist. But especially: Minister of "Security," Radkiewicz, a Communist. And Minister of "Propaganda," Matuszewski, a Communist.

All tried and true Men of Moscow. And no proposed Allied joint check upon their electioneering activities.

What sort of guarantee is this of

\*See "The Big Three in the Near East," by Andre Visson, *The American Mercury*, May, '45.

†For a detailed objective report of this situation, see a dispatch in the *New York Times* of May 26, 1945, by C. L. Sulzberger.

the "free and unfettered" elections promised to Poland by the Big Three at Yalta? What sort of advance is this toward the world promised to all of us by the San Francisco Charter, a world in which the Big Five will act *jointly* to conclude the problems of the war and to organize the fruits of the peace?

This is nothing but a relapse into the world we always have known, a world of new divisions of spoils and thereupon (as we already see) of plans for new great conscript armies and navies in preparation for new impending wars.

I respectfully suggest eight ways out, eight *actions*.

1. Invite the Soviet Union to any and every international conference in which it could conceivably have even the remotest interest. Fight upstream against the tendency of the Great Power theory to break the Big Five down into the Big Four, the Big Three, the Big Two, and, in sphere after sphere, the Big One. Try to fulfill the dream of our distinguished statesman Cordell Hull: the dream of a world *without* spheres. Invite the Soviet Union to the conferences regarding Syria and Lebanon and regarding Tangier. Stop negotiating only with Britain about world oil. Invite the Soviet Union to join those negotiations and agree upon arrangements for the conservation and orderly development of the oil resources in Iran and in every other disputed and critical oil area of the world.

Invite the Soviet Union also to a broad international conference regarding the vital Dardanelles. The Soviet Union is putting its own sole pressure upon Turkey on that prob-

lem. But it is not a problem for the Soviet Union and Turkey alone. The present Montreux Convention of 1936 regarding the Dardanelles bears the signatures of nine nations, including even Japan. The problem is an international problem. Let us not tamely let it become a Soviet sphere and then resentfully make a retaliatory Anglo-American sphere in some other part of the Near East. The true policy would be:

Make every sphere of contention a theme of open international conference; and publicly and vigorously invite the Soviet Union to attend. Prove to the Soviet Union that we are not trying to exclude it anywhere in this world from a complete expression of its legitimate aspirations.

2. Appoint for all liberated Europe a commission of authoritative representatives of the Soviet Union, Britain, France and the United States to organize and execute a policy of breaking down all barriers to complete informational enlightenment in every European liberated region. Let Soviet publicists and commissars, diplomatic or commercial, travel as they please in the regions occupied by the armies of the Western democracies. Insist upon it that a like liberty shall be given in Central Eastern Europe to our journalists, foreign-service officers, industrialists.

•  
**L**ET the Soviet Union cease to prevent our oil industrialists, for instance, from looking at their own prewar oil properties in Rumania. The time has come to *demand* reciprocity from the Soviet Union in these matters. It is ridiculous and

humiliating to open our occupied regions to Soviet knowledge while cravenly permitting the Soviet Union to close its occupied regions to ours.

LET us have friendly relations with the Soviet Union but let us not lose our own self-respect. We cannot and should not ask the Soviet Government to stop controlling the press in its own country. We can and should demand that it stop suppressing the freedom of the press of its Allies in regions which it has liberated only with Allied assistance. We can and should do this in the very name of close friendship with the Soviet Union. Let our Government candidly tell the Soviet Union Government the truth: namely, that every day of such Soviet press suppression is a day of decline of Soviet prestige in the United States.

3. Let the Liberated Europe Commission mentioned in Point Two take a close interest in the oncoming elections in all liberated countries. The Soviet Union held elections in Eastern Poland and in the Baltic States during the period from 1939 to 1941 when it was allied with Germany. Those elections were preceded by numerous executions and vast deportations. From Eastern Poland more than 1,000,000 people were deported to remote recesses of the Soviet Union.\* When the elections took place only one ticket of candidates was permitted. In each country it of course won by a landslide. In the Baltic State of Lithuania

it got 99.19 percent of the votes. And that figure was printed in a London newspaper, from a Soviet news agency, 24 hours before the polls were closed.†

If such elections are now held, for instance, in Soviet-occupied Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Western Poland, Eastern Germany, they will carry no moral conviction at all to the American or British people. The Big Three said at Yalta in February of this year that they would "jointly assist" the people of every liberated country to have "free elections." Let them now make good that promise.

And not only in Soviet-occupied countries. Also in American-and-British-occupied Italy. And in British-occupied Greece. In Greece a monarchical reactionary Greek army is ostracizing and persecuting the Leftists and ruthlessly trying to dominate the Greek political future. Let the Liberated Europe Commission "assist" the Leftists in Greece, equally with the Rightists in Yugoslavia, to go freely to the polls.

The elections which will make the new Europe must be free and fair. If they are not, the Soviet Union and the Western Allies will be driven farther apart. Let us not just *talk* about that disaster. Let us *act* to prevent it.

4. The Far East is even more dangerous to world peace than Europe. Cordell Hull has truly said that this world war began in 1931 when Japan invaded China and took Manchuria. Journalists warmly

\*See the official report of the International Labor Office on "Displacement of Population in Europe," 1943, page 59.

†See Bernard Newman's *The New Europe*, page 207, published by Macmillan, 1943.

friendly to the Soviet Union now tell us that the Soviet Union will presently add Manchuria to its sphere, just as it has already added Mongolia, at China's expense.\*

Let our Government do two things. Let it invite the Soviet Union to sign the treaty adopted at the Washington Conference of 1922 whereby the United States, France, Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, India, Belgium, the Netherlands and Portugal are all bound to "respect the sovereignty, the independence, and the territorial and administrative integrity of China."

But also let our Government, jointly with all those powers and with the Soviet Union and China, negotiate for giving the Soviet Union a full transit for its trade across Manchuria to the warm-water ports which winter-frozen Russian Siberia legitimately needs. Let us show a little initiative. Let us get out of our Anglo-Saxon habit of postponing decisions and of letting things drift till they drift over a precipice into a whirlpool. Let us take the lead about Manchuria and actively prove to the Soviet Union that we want its friendship there by helping it to get peacefully every practical economic opportunity it can rightfully claim. We shall ourselves be responsible for war in the Far East unless we have done everything within our power to make war unnecessary. Peace is not made just by a treaty *at one time*. It is made by deeds *all the time*.

\*See Walter Duranty in the *New York Times*, February 7, 1943; and Harrison Forman in *PM*, April 8, 1945.

5. Throughout Eastern Asia let us imitate the two most effective characteristics of the Soviet Union in dealing with Asiatic peoples. The first is its absolute renunciation of all racial discrimination. The second is its earnest efforts to improve the economic conditions of Asiatic life.

FIVE of the 16 Republics of the Soviet Union are in Central Soviet Asia, which comes to within nine miles of British India. These Republics have in all respects an equal status with the Soviet Union's European Republics. The Czar's Russians took land away from the natives and gave it to Russians. The Soviet Russians gave it back to the natives. They also leveled heavy punishments at "any advocacy of racial hatred or contempt" between Russians and natives or between tribes of natives. They then addressed themselves to the modernization and industrialization of those tribes.

The Uzbek Republic, for instance, has a population of about 6,000,000. By 1939 it had more factory equipment and more industrial production than Turkey, Iran and Afghanistan together, with a population of 45,000,000. It had more agricultural tractors than all Germany.†

The prime originator of these policies was Joseph Stalin — himself an Asiatic.\* He was the Soviet Union's first Commissar of Nationalities. He abolished all "racial disabilities." He has said: "The strength of the Red

†See *The Soviet Far East and Central Asia*, by William Mandel, Institute of Pacific Relations, Dial Press, 1944.

Army lies in the fact that it has been brought up in the spirit of the equality of all peoples." He announced, as the very first of his war aims, "the abolition of all racial exclusiveness."

**N**EVER forget: Stalin's heart is in Asia. And we Americans and British and Dutch and French, we "Western Democrats," can never hope to rival him there unless we have a similar nonracial broadmindedness and a similar passion for raising Asiatics to modern levels of living.

6. Approach the Soviet Union immediately on the problem of disarmament. A race with the Soviet Union in the accumulation of arms and armies would be ruinous. At current birth rates, the Soviet Union will presently have more inhabitants than all the English-speaking countries combined. With its European and Asiatic spheres, if world politics is permitted to produce spheres, it will in a few decades have 400,000,000 people within its military domain. And the Soviet Union is headed toward complete militarization.

The Soviet authorities have abolished coeducation in all Soviet schools, for the openly announced reason that the girls are in the way of the boys while the boys are getting prepared, from their youngest years, for the Red Army.\* The new Suvorov Military Academies take boys at eight to be trained for the officers corps. One of the pupils of the Kalinin Suvorov Military Acad-

emy — Vitali Morozov — saw battle action at the age of 12 and wears the "For Valor" medal. Does the United States want, does Britain want, to enter this kind of competition?

It is idle to say that the prospective conscript military preparations of the Soviet Union and Britain and the United States and France are directed against Germany and Japan. Germany and Japan are to be totally disarmed. It is idle to say that these preparations are directed against Small Powers. The Small Powers, all added up together, are militarily insignificant. These preparations for war by the Great Powers can be directed only against one another. They make a hypocritical mockery of the whole San Francisco Charter, the central theme of which is the *unity* of the Great Powers.

For friendship with the Soviet Union, and in order to try to wrench the Great Power theory into being a vehicle of peace and not just of Greatness, let us approach the Soviet Union on disarmament now.

7. *If* we can solve the question of spheres, and *if* we can solve the question of the armaments race, let us give the Soviet Union what it most sorely needs: American help in repairing the frightful devastations visited upon the Soviet Union by the Germans. I say "*if*." Because: would it not be silly to send machine tools and production machines and electric-power generators and railroad equipment and chemical-industry apparatus to the Soviet Union in order to give the Soviet Union strength for more spheres and more arms and armies? Would it not be silly for the Allies to help one another

\*See an article by A. Solokhin, head of Moscow School No. 89, in the Information Bulletin of the Soviet Embassy in Washington, December 21, 1943.

to be more formidable and dangerous to one another?

Let us get on the road of *peace*, and *then* let us help one another, *unstintingly*.

8. And to get on the road to peace with the surest feet, let us make the very most we can of the General Assembly, *of all nations*, in the new United Nations founded at San Francisco. Let that General Assembly be in session at all times.

The San Francisco Charter provides that the "Upper House" of the United Nations, the Security Council, dominated by the five Great Powers, shall function continuously. It requires only annual sessions for the General Assembly. But it does permit "special sessions" if a majority of the members of the new organization want them. Let them want them, and let the General Assembly, just like the Security Council, function continuously.

The Security Council contains within itself virtually all of the world's effective complete brute force. Only the General Assembly, *of all nations*, can represent the world's complete conscience. The General Assembly, with its duty of discussion and debate, can turn world thought and world light upon the controversies which after great wars have always hitherto driven the Great Powers

apart. It can in that way vitally help to clarify and assuage those controversies. It can help to keep the Soviet Union, the United States, Britain, France, China on the road of world service. Let the General Assembly do it, as the world's forum and jury of opinion. And let the United States, if it still believes that "all men are born free and equal," *all*, help the General Assembly to do it.

THE Soviet Union is potentially the Greatest of all Powers. To balance it let us not have combinations against it of other Great Powers. The only power balance to which the United States should belong is the balance of all human beings against exorbitant excesses of Greatness anywhere.

I started this article with being against international sentimentalism. I end it with being for international fraternity. I do not retract. Sentimentalism expends itself in dreams. Fraternity becomes fraternity only through realistic justice. In our relations with the Soviet Union, in our relations with any other foreign country, I say:

God grant us a right mixture of that holy idealism *and of that cynical common sense*, which, together, and only together, can give us peace.

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# RENDEZVOUS OF LOVE



ONE sunny July morning many years ago, Mr. Gilruth, the city editor of the Chicago *Daily News*, called me to his desk. "This ought to be a good story for you," he said, and handed me a sheaf of morning newspaper clippings. Disaster had come to the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus, traveling in Wisconsin. The circus train had caught fire in the night and scores of performers had been killed and injured.

"Go to Beloit where the circus is reopening today," said Mr. Gilruth. "It ought to make a good feature story."

I arrived in Beloit in time for the parade. It was a brave and heart-touching affair -- this parade of a battered, grief-stricken circus.

There were empty seats in the red-

\*\*\*\*\*

BEN HECHT, author and dramatist, wrote for the Chicago *Daily News* (1914-23), spending two of those years\*as chief of its Berlin bureau. In 1928 he and Charles MacArthur wrote the hit play *The Front Page*. Among Mr. Hecht's books are *Count Bruga*, *A Guide for the Bedevilled*, *I Hate Actors*, and his *Collected Short Stories*, which was published last spring. His motion-pictures include *The Scoundrel* (for which he and MacArthur received the Academy Award), *Scarface*, *Topaze* and *Wuthering Heights*.

and-gold wagons. There were riderless horses, and clowns were missing from the comic contraptions. But there was no hint of mourning; all was as gaudy and blaring as a circus parade should be in a small town on a summer day long ago. Listening to the band and watching the razzle-dazzle of the march, the young and old citizens along the Beloit curbs forgot that almost half the show lay dead and dying in hospitals.

I hunted up Mr. Thompson, the circus press agent. His hands shook and his eyes were red with grief and sleeplessness. Suddenly, as we watched the parade, his mouth opened and he seemed to be looking at a ghost. "That's Gus," he said. "I can't believe it."

He was looking at a man in an ill-fitting red jacket, green silk trousers and patent-leather boots who sat in the front seat of the lead lion wagon, clutching a whip. He held his head stiffly, eyes front, as the gilded cage rolled past. I got the impression he was asleep, with his eyes open.

"I can't imagine what he's doing there," said Mr. Thompson. "He doesn't belong in the parade. The

poor fellow must have gone mad last night."

Mr. Thompson told me the story as we drove out to the circus grounds. Gus was the young Swiss husband of Mademoiselle Lola, the lion tamer, whom he looked on as the greatest woman in the world. He stood outside the big cage during every performance and handed her the whip, the kitchen chair and other accessories she used for her animal act. At his belt he carried a loaded gun.

"You will use it in case anything happens in the cage," she had said to him. "But be sure it's *necessary*."

Lola and Gus were in one of the sleeping cars when the fire swept the circus train. Gus was knocked unconscious. When he came to, he was lying on the ground beside the burning cars.

Gus got to his feet and pushed his way through the firelit rescue workers. He saw Lola lying on her back. An iron bar had caught her as she was crawling half-burned from under the car, had gone through her body like a harpoon and pinned her to the ground. A large timber had fallen across her chest. But she was still alive. Wild screams came from her as the men toiled in vain to lift the broken section of the car. There was no chance of saving her.

Suddenly the screams stopped. Lola had seen Gus. He was bending over her, sweating and groaning and trying fiercely to help raise the wreckage.

"Gus," Lola whispered, "it's *necessary*."

Gus looked at the agonized face. A doctor spoke.

"There's no chance," the doctor

said. "She'll be dead before the wrecking crew can free her."

"It's *necessary*," the whisper came again from Lola. "Please, Gus!"

Gus drew the gun he had never yet used. He stood listening for a moment to the drawn-out moan from his fearless Lola. Then he fired. Lola became silent.

This was the story Mr. Thompson told me as we drove to the circus.

I looked Gus up in the dressing tent. Two men were arguing with him. "You can't take Lola's place in the cage," one was saying. "You've never worked with the cats, Gus. They'll tear you to ribbons."

"I must do her act," Gus said. He still looked like a man asleep, with his eyes open.

"What good will it do, Gus," the other man argued, "for you to go in there and get hurt?"

"I must do her act," Gus repeated. "It was promised me."

In any other business Gus would have been led away and put into custody for his own good. But the circus is a special world and the things behind the staring white face of Gus in his red jacket were powerful and legitimate arguments.

At the afternoon performance I sat near the animal cage and watched the lions and tigers glide in from the tunnel. The band was playing gaily and the spectators were waiting eagerly. There was a fanfare and the ringmaster stepped into a spotlight. His voice rose in the traditional sing-song of the arena, announcing that Lola, the world-renowned trainer of lions and tigers, had died in the disaster but that her place would be taken by her husband, who was de-



terminated to carry on her breath-taking and unrivaled performance as queen of the jungle beasts.

Gus in his red jacket and patent-leather boots, whip in hand, stepped to the door of the cage. The spectators, thrilled at this bit of "the-show-must-go-on" drama, applauded wildly. But no applause came from the watching circus people. They knew that Gus was walking into death.

I saw his face as he stood for a moment outside the little door. It was lighted and eager. Gus was keeping some sort of rendezvous with the wife into whose head he had sent his mercy bullet. I could almost see Lola in the cage, a shadow among the roaring and snarling beasts. And for a moment I knew, as if Gus had told me, that he hoped to find her and become one with her and the wild animals she had loved.

The small door opened and Gus stepped inside the cage. Hardly breathing, I watched. Gus cracked Lola's whip and called the lions and tigers by their names as she had done. The beasts snarled at this impostor, and backed away, roaring.

For several minutes it seemed as if Lola's famous act would go on as it always had. The lions circled angrily toward their tubs. The tigers slid along the sides of the cage toward their pedestals.

Then suddenly Lola's act disintegrated. One of the lions leaped. Two tigers leaped. Gus lay on the ground, claws tearing him and teeth rending him. Men with iron bars rushed into the cage. Guns barked.

Gus was rushed to the hospital. I learned from the doctors that he would survive; but they said he would come out less an arm and a leg.

I sent the story in, and next morning was back at the *News* office.

"That wasn't a bad yarn," Mr. Gilruth greeted me. "But what made the fellow do that? He must have been crazy."

Mr. Gilruth was more in the dark than the reader of this story today. For in the story the *Daily News* had printed there was no mention of what Gus had done under the burning car the night before. I had omitted the detail of Gus's shooting his doomed and screaming wife — because the police are not so sentimental about such things as newspapermen.

"Yes," the sharp Mr. Gilruth continued, "it was a good yarn, but a little confusing. You missed out somewhere on the facts. I felt that as I read it."

WELL, here they are, Mr. Gilruth — 29 years later — all the facts of the greatest love story I ever saw.



HORACE GREELEY once received a letter from a woman stating that her church was in distressing financial straits. They had tried all sorts of devices — fairs, festivals, suppers, mock marriages, and socials. Would he suggest something new to keep the struggling church from disbanding?

"Why not try religion?" the editor wrote back.

— E. F. Edgar

One of the great stories of the war: how the carrier *Franklin* survived the most fearful tragedy in the history of our navy



# Chaplain Courageous

Condensed from *Collier's*  
QUENTIN REYNOLDS

THERE had been 12 "General Quarters" during the night but no enemy planes had got through, and now the dawn had sent the Japs scurrying back to their bases on Okinawa and Kyushu. March 19 looked like just another routine day for the big Essex-class carrier *U.S.S. Franklin*, rolling along 50 miles east of Shikoku, on Japan's doorstep. At 7 a.m., fighters zoomed off her deck for a strike at Kobe, and then the whole ship was quiet.

Everyone felt pretty secure. The ship was in the midst of a huge task force. American air-combat patrol circled above. Thirty Helldivers warmed up on the big flight deck.

Captain Leslie E. Gehres stood on the bridge with his air officer and his navigator, peering at a low-hanging cloud bank. Down in the wardroom Lieut. Commander Joseph Timothy O'Callahan, the Catholic chaplain, was having breakfast with a few officers. The padre was a dark, slight-built man with the face of a perennial altar boy.

Then it happened. It was 7:07 a.m. There was no warning — just an explosion that shook the ship and,

before the sound had died away, there came another, so quickly that it might have been an echo.

What had happened? No one in the wardroom knew. But Captain Gehres, up on the bridge, knew. He saw a single-engined Judy flash out of the cloud bank, diving at 360 miles an hour. It came over the bows of the *Franklin* at 75-foot height, dropped one 500-pounder near the deck edge, swung around the island, and dropped another aft. As the skipper said later, "It was a Jap pilot's dream."

It was ominously quiet now — for 30 seconds. No one knew that the quiet was merely the prelude to the most violent tragedy in the history of the U. S. Navy.

The first bomb, slicing through steel plate to the hangar deck, exploded among gas tanks and planes. The second, landing in the midst of planes warming up on deck, blew them against one another, threw turning steel-bladed propellers against fuselages. Flame and a heavy billow of smoke covered the planes and the men and the deck.

Commander Edwin Parker, who

had just taken off in his Corsair, banked sharply, got on the tail of the Judy, let go a burst, and the Jap splashed. But he had done his work very well indeed.

For now the merciful interlude of 30 seconds was gone. Under the flight deck, the flames reached the bombs and the rockets, and it was as though the world had come to an end. The explosion lifted the huge *Franklin* and spun it sharply to starboard. A burst of flame 400 feet high leaped out of the deck edge. The exploding flight deck burst upward in a dozen places. Huge rockets went off with weird swooshes, zooming through the holes in the deck high into the sky like giant Roman candles.

The planes that were aft now began to burn fiercely. Hot bombs tore loose from them and rolled about. Fifty-caliber belts went off like firecrackers. Men lay stunned all over the flight deck. Men lay dead on the hangar deck.

The CIC (Combat Information Center) on the gallery deck burst upward in a tremendous explosion, hurling the men in it against the steel overhead. Every man there died instantly, except Lieut. W. A. Simon, the only one wearing a helmet. Close by, in the ready room, a dozen pilots died instantly. Fifty tons of stored bombs and rockets tore the *Franklin's* guts apart, 50 tons of ready ammunition drilled through her decks. Twelve thousand gallons of gasoline burned fiercely inside her. The skippers of the cruisers and destroyers for miles around watched and winced as they saw the *Franklin* racked by 31 major explosions.

Father O'Callahan tried to make his way aft, to get to the flight deck where the wounded were. He was met by barriers of flame and twisted metal. He knew how much dynamite and gasoline the ship carried, and that it was probably only a few minutes before the flames would reach a magazine that would blow the ship sky high. He knew and he accepted the prospect of death calmly.

Groping his way through corridors heavy with smoke, he reached a group of frantic men trying to climb through a hatchway to the deck. They were jammed in the hatchway, shocked numb.

"One at a time, boys!" Father O'Callahan called crisply, and when they recognized the authority in his voice some of the tenseness left them, and reason returned. "Take it easy. One at a time," he repeated, and one by one they hoisted themselves through the hatchway.

Every man on the ship shared something with Joseph Timothy O'Callahan. He talked their language, and they knew he was their friend. When you got into trouble he was always there with a word in your defense. Besides, he was somehow more than a cleric. He played poker with you and he wrote songs for the band and in port he'd have a glass of beer with you. "He only believes in two things," they'd say, "— God and the enlisted man."

Meanwhile, Commander Joe Taylor, second in command of the ship, was trying to find his way to the bridge. The flight deck aft was a jungle of debris and bodies; the smoke was so thick "you could eat

it and spit it." Taylor dropped to the deck and crawled, using the deck seams as guides. Finally he found the island. The bottom part of it was enveloped in smoke and flame and he couldn't get to the doors. But he found a chain ladder hanging down, and he scrambled up and tumbled over the side of the bridge. Gehres greeted him. "Your face is dirty as hell, Joe," he said.

By now every ship in the task force was figuring out some way to help the *Franklin*. Carriers had sent their fighters up to protect the stricken ship: the billowing smoke could be seen 40 miles away -- almost to the Japanese mainland. The cruiser *Santa Fe* and the destroyer *Miller* had come up and begun to play hoses on the flames.

Gehres asked the *Miller* and *Santa Fe* to take off the seriously wounded and the whole air group aboard. There is no discretion in this matter. These men must live to fight from another ship.

As Air Admiral Davison left he said to Gehres, "You'd better prepare to abandon ship."

"If you'll give me an air patrol and surface support, I think I can save her, sir," Gehres said. Admiral Davison shook hands and nodded. In the Navy, the captain of the ship is its boss.

Now the *Franklin* was dead in the water and had a 14-degree list to starboard. She drifted away from the *Santa Fe*, but the cruiser, commanded by Captain H. C. Fitz, turned about and crunched hard and fast against the sagging side of the *Franklin*. "Greatest bit of seamanship I ever saw," Gehres said.

The explosions kept coming. A magazine containing five-inch shells blew up. But Fitz, on the bridge of the *Santa Fe*, ignored them and ignored the debris, including whole aircraft engines, that sprinkled his ship.

From the bridge, Gehres saw Father O'Callahan manning a hose. Exhausted men numb from shock lay on the deck but when they saw the padre with the white cross painted on his helmet they climbed to their feet and followed him.

Hot bombs still rolled about the deck. If the heavy stream of the hose hit the sensitive noses of the bombs they would explode. So O'Callahan directed his hose at the deck a foot from the bombs and sprinkled and sprayed them, keeping them cool even though fires raged near them. The smoke was bad. Men could stand only a few minutes of it. They would fall back gasping, and O'Callahan would cry for more men. He seemed made of iron. Gehres said afterward that "O'Callahan is the bravest man I've ever seen in my life."

Fire threatened a five-inch magazine below, loaded with shells. O'Callahan saw the danger and rushed into the magazine, calling for men to follow. Heat had blistered the paint off ammo lockers, and heavy greenish smoke poured out. The padre wet down the lockers and the shells, and then helped carry the stuff out and dump it overboard.

Flaming gasoline sluiced down the sloping deck, floating flames that licked everywhere. O'Callahan turned his hose on it and swept it overboard. The fight to survive went on.

One of many who waged the battle was Lieut. (j.g.) Donald Gary, a former petty officer who had served 30 years at sea. Gary knew that many men were trapped in the messroom on the third deck aft. He walked through fire and water and blast to reach it — how, no one knows. In the messroom were 300 men. There were four entrances to the room. Three of the steel doors had been sprung by the heat and blast. The other exit was seemingly blocked by fire, but Gary got through.

"Form a chain!" he shouted. "Each man grab another man and follow me. Come in groups of 20."

Gary's small flashlight made no impression in the thick yellow smoke that filled the passageways. But he found a ventilator trunk. He led the men to it, removed the grate, got inside and began to climb. The men followed him and within a few minutes lay gasping on the flight deck. Gary went back many times. He brought every one of the 300 men out to safety. Captain Gehres later recommended him for the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Now, by transferring water and oil from starboard tanks to port, the ship was brought almost on an even keel. Captain Gehres decided to accept a tow from the cruiser *Pittsburgh*, and 30 men on the *Franklin* began to haul in the eight-inch rope. Ordinarily this would be done by winches, but there was no power.

"Yeave...Ho...Yeave...Ho," the men chanted as they hauled. The huge rope slackened and tightened and slackened and tightened, and every time it tightened a few extra precious feet came aboard.

When everything was secured, the *Pittsburgh* began to tow slowly. At least the *Franklin* wouldn't be a sitting duck when Jap planes came over. Most of her guns were out of commission, even if the men weren't too busy with the fires to man them.

Gehres noticed one 40-mm. battery that hadn't been touched. But could he spare the men to man it? Gehres sometimes thinks aloud. His 19-year-old Marine orderly, Wally Klimciewicz, heard him thinking out loud now.

"Begging the Captain's pardon, but may I have permission to man the battery?" Klimciewicz said.

"What do you know about 40-millimeters?" Gehres asked impatiently.

"I'm a Marine, sir," Klimciewicz said.

"All right, Marine. Go ahead."

The orderly scrambled down and half an hour later Gehres saw him with seven other men at the battery. Klimciewicz had gathered two cooks, one gunner's mate, a yeoman, two buglers from the band and another Marine orderly — and none too soon. Far above the horizon, black puffs dotted the sky. Enemy planes were coming in. The puffs blossomed closer as nearby ships began to fire. Klimciewicz hunched over the sights of his battery.

Then a Judy dived at the *Franklin*. Klimciewicz's 40's popped at her. The makeshift crew had to shift the gun by hand; the electrical controls were out. The Judy, coming at 300 miles an hour, was a hundred yards from the ship when she swerved sharply. The 40's had hit her, just enough to make her lose control.

She dropped a bomb and missed the *Franklin* by 20 feet. The explosion shook the ship — but no further damage was done. Klimciewicz and his makeshift crew had saved the *Franklin* from a hit that undoubtedly would have been fatal.

Twice during the afternoon Jap planes made desperate efforts to get at her. But now the whole fleet was fighting to save this amazing ship that refused to die, and more than 40 Jap planes were “splashed.”

Father O’Callahan still fought the fires, indefatigable after ten hours of it. The heat was so intense that, in spots, the steel itself seemed to be blazing. But the padre walked through smoke and fire with his hose, emerging unscathed. Men began to believe that if you were with him you were safe. They crowded around him saying, “What next, Padre?”

Now and then he would point to the bridge. The bulky figure of Gehres leaned over the rail. When the wind blew the smoke away you could see him, and Father O’Callahan would cry out, “Look at the Old Man up there! He doesn’t look worried, does he? Don’t let him down!”

After dark Gehres received a report that Japs were approaching in large numbers. He grinned. He felt by now that his ship was indestructible. As Commander Taylor put it, “a ship that won’t be sunk, can’t be sunk.” He was right. “Jap planes had been given the position we’d been at six hours before,” Gehres explains. “But we had been towed 40 miles since then. They went to that position, dropped flares, didn’t see us — and returned home.”

The night wore on, and Gehres breathed easier. He lighted a cigarette and inhaled deeply. “Watch that butt, Captain. It’s ‘darkened ship,’ ” a respectful voice said.

Gehres tossed the cigarette overboard automatically and then looked to see who had the temerity to reprimand the skipper. It was Wally “I’m-a-Marine” Klimciewicz. Gehres smiled. This is a good crew, he thought, a great gang to have along when you’re in trouble. He tried not to think of the dead.

The engineers below decks had stuck by their stations, although many had dropped unconscious in the 130-degree heat. By midmorning they managed to turn over the engines, and Gehres could throw off the tow.

Men on ships all around the *Big Ben* — as her crew affectionately call her — yelled when they saw the battered giant moving along under her own power, her flag snapping from her mast. They’d seen this ship blazing from dozens of fires. They’d expected her to take the final plunge any minute, yet here she was, a bit lopsided, smoke still coming from her hangar deck and through 20 jagged holes in her flight deck — but moving. She was alive.

There had been more than 3000 men aboard the *Franklin* the morning of March 19. Now 1496 were dead or wounded or missing — the most tragic casualty list ever sustained by a U.S. Navy ship. Since the “unnecessary personnel” had also been removed, just 704 officers and men brought the *Big Ben* to Pearl Harbor. Today each man has a card of membership in the “704 Club,” organ-

ized by Father O'Callahan — the most exclusive club in the world, whose members brushed elbows with death and shoved death aside.

At Pearl Harbor every admiral in Hawaii waited at the dock to pay his respects to the *Franklin*, every ship in the harbor saluted her. Men looked unbelievably at the huge holes in her. Thirty Waves had volunteered to sing the welcome song of the islands — "Aloha" — and their clear voices rang out in the plaintive strains of the traditional Hawaiian song.

The *Franklin* slid to the dock.

The crew was drawn up smartly on deck. Yes — even the 270 slightly wounded. The girls looked . . . they faltered . . . they broke down, and their song died. No one could look at this stricken ship without breaking down. No one but her own crew.

It was Father O'Callahan who started it, and the whole crew took it up. Up on the bridge Gehres nudged Joe Taylor and grinned as these men who had returned from death sang lustily:

"*The Old Big Ben, she ain't what she used to be,  
Ain't what she used to be . . .*"



### *Junior Smart Set*

» A KINDERGARTEN teacher, wishing to test the general knowledge of her class, laid a 50-cent piece on her desk and asked, "Can anyone tell me what this is?"

A small boy in the first row leaned forward, examined the coin, and promptly answered: "TAILS!"

— Contributed by Elmer Seveda

» MOTHER had just finished a stern lecture on the subject of Barbara's wayward little playmates. "Now tell me, dear," she concluded in a kinder tone, "where do bad little girls go?"

Barbara smiled winsomely: "Everywhere."

— 1 r-1 Wing Tips

» A TEN-YEAR-OLD pupil at a progressive school in a fashionable Washington suburb returned home one afternoon in a state of visible dejection. "What's the matter?" asked his mother.

"I'm afraid you won't like my report card," he ventured.

"And what are your marks?"

"I got 28 in geography, 32 in arithmetic, and 35 in spelling. But —" and a proud smile swept over Bobby's face — "but, Mom, I got 95 in postwar planning!"

— Frances E. Perkins, former Secretary of Labor

» A SIXTH grade English class was rehearsing its own radio program. One child, acting as announcer, asked for the imitation of a cat, then a dog, and so on until he came to Tommy, a quiet, shy youngster. "Tommy," said the announcer, "let's hear your imitation of a wolf." Gravely, Tommy gave a low meaningful whistle.

— Contributed by Marie Rheinfrank

A "dreamer" whose imagination has meant  
much to a Mexican town

# "Silver Bill,"



## PRACTICAL GOOD NEIGHBOR

By J. P. McEVOY

"SILVER BILL" Spratling, of picturesque Taxco<sup>\*</sup> down Mexico way, is the most successful businessman I know, for Bill has made a business out of his art and an art out of his business, and lives a dream life in a storybook town. Most other successful businessmen are working their heads off doing things they don't like, in places they hate, trying to save money they can't keep, in order to spend a few years when they are too old to enjoy them in a town like Taxco.

Bill is one of those artistic fellows who are dismissed by "hardheaded" businessmen as "impractical." He was one of those "impractical" professors, too, teaching young architects at Tulane University, New Orleans. But maybe professors of architecture are not so impractical. Or maybe it was Bill. Anyway, as this story will show, Bill neatly fits Harpo Marx's description of the late Alexander Woolcott: "A dreamer with a fine sense of double-entry book-keeping."

Some 20 years ago Bill was invited to the University of Mexico to give a course of lectures on Spanish colonial architecture. This took him

all over Mexico looking for classic examples. One day, 75 roller-coaster miles from Mexico City, he turned the shoulder of a hill and saw a jumble of faded red-tile roofs and steep cobblestone streets polished smooth by generations of burros carrying silver ore. This was Taxco, a picture-postcard town, whose story goes back to the great Aztec empire of Montezuma, when these same sun-baked hills poured out the fabulous silver hoard that bewitched Conquistador Cortez.

Bill fell in love with Taxco, desperately, irrevocably. But his regular job was in New Orleans and he was broke. A "practical" man would have gone back to his job — but Bill was a "dreamer," so he got busy and dreamed up an idea for a book about Mexico. Then he dreamed up a New York publisher to give him an advance so he could go on living in Taxco.

For background Bill needed books on Latin America and he couldn't afford them. So Bill turned book reviewer for the New York *Herald Tribune* for \$50 a month and free books, and lived happily for three years in elegant simplicity, while slowly, lovingly, like a contented silkworm, he spun out *Little Mexico*

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<sup>\*</sup>Pronounced "Tasco."



— a minor masterpiece of Mexican life.

If he could create a design for living three years in Taxco, Bill figured he could create one forever. But that would mean a home of his own. And that meant \$2000 — for Bill knew the house — in fact he was already living in it, in spirit.

Now Bill's book had made him a local celebrity. Most of the tourists who came to Mexico visited Taxco — and all wanted to meet Bill Spratling. Artists, too, came: Americans like George Biddle, Mexicans like Diego Rivera. When Dwight Morrow, then U. S. Ambassador to Mexico, drove into Taxco, it was natural that Bill should take him to see the abandoned silver mines and the great cathedral built by Don José de la Borda as a thanksgiving offering for the wealth he had dug out of these same hills. "God gives to Borda — Borda gives to God," Bill quoted, and Mr. Morrow agreed it was splendid that gratitude should take such a permanent artistic form. He himself felt very grateful to Mexico for the happy years he had spent there. Soon he was leaving as Ambassador and he would like to make some artistic gift, preferably to hospitable Cuernavaca where he had a home.

Bill volunteered an idea — what could be more artistic than a mural by the great Diego Rivera? What more fitting place in Cuernavaca than the historic Palace of Cortez? Morrow was enchanted. Diego was enchanted — this was in 1930 when he had more fame than fortune. Diego was even more enchanted when he saw the three big walls

and the great scope for a blazing, dynamic mural of the Spanish Conquest. But he was perplexed, too. How much should he charge the rich Mr. Morrow? Would Bill advise him?

To architect Bill a wall was so many square feet, whether you plastered it or painted a mural on it. How much did Diego get for his last painting? "Eight hundred dollars." How big was it? Diego couldn't remember, so Bill measured it. "Now," said Bill, "we'll measure the walls and figure your mural at so much per square meter. However, since your mural will be fixed on the wall and can't be resold you should charge less, say one half." Bill figured and Diego watched. "It comes to \$12,000," Bill announced.

Diego gasped, "But I'd be glad to do it for \$1000." "It figures out \$12,000," said Bill, dreamily. "If you can get \$12,000," said Diego, who didn't believe any such thing, "you can keep \$2000 for yourself." And so Cuernavaca got its mural; Banker Morrow got his wish; Painter Rivera got his \$10,000; and Dreamer Bill got his house.

Bill is even more grateful to the late Dwight Morrow for the hunch that grew into his prosperous business. One day in Borda's church the ambassador said, "Isn't it a pity the mines which produced all this wealth from these hills are abandoned, and the native silversmiths who could make such miracles are gone forever?"

"Morrow's words haunted me," says Bill. "Could a genuine folk art really disappear in a few short generations? Could it be revived? I

searched Taxco vainly for a silversmith — and then the countryside for a hundred miles around. Months later I found one old silverworker hidden away in a small Indian village. Even he remembered little and had to be retrained before he could make a few simple pieces I designed for him."

From this modest beginning, 11 years ago, Bill Spratling re-created a lost industry for Taxco and evolved a business that shipped last year all over the Americas \$1,300,000 worth of eye-arresting jewelry, tea services, flower bowls and water pitchers, all stamped "Spratling Silver." Bill still designs every piece turned out by Spratling y Artesanos (meaning Bill and his "artisans"). A less subtle employer might call them workers and boast of his factory. But Bill's artisans work in a *taller*, or studio, a colorful conglomeration of forges and benches that scramble up the mountainside just outside of Taxco on seven giant levels — a huge romantic ruin that looks like the Hall of the Mountain King. Some 400 brown, elfinlike silversmiths melt and pour, hammer and polish, and clamber from one level to another with their arms full of jade and gems and silver treasure.

On this very spot the ancient Aztecs mined silver and Cortez mined the Aztecs. Centuries later within these same old walls Don José de la Borda loaded his mules and sent them over the mountains to Mexico City. Last year Spratling bought this abandoned moon-trap for \$3000, painstakingly restored it, added a cafeteria, soda fountain and swimming pool, and then moved

in his eager little gnomes and apprentice pixies.

This unique "studio" is also a school, club, community center and practical clinic for solving the universal problems of labor and management. Here an artist, architect, dreamer and shrewd businessman is creating a native industry providing employment, building a prosperous community and transmuting Good Neighbor words into Good Neighbor deeds.

Bill has set up a committee, or *junta*, of *maestros* — master silversmiths who run the works. The *maestros* elect an executive committee every six months, and it is this *junta* which decides salary increases, declares holidays, schedules vacations, and even hires and fires the cook and okays the menus for the cafeteria. Incidentally, the cafeteria serves 11 meals a week to each worker for approximately \$1.50, or about 14 cents for a good meal — less than he would pay for a tenth-rate meal in town.

There are seven grades of workers, ranging from *maestros* — who can earn as much as 200 pesos a week (\$40 in U. S. money) — down to trial apprentices who are graduated to "craftsmen" when they can begin and complete one simple object. The average worker makes from 50 to 60 pesos a week, big money in little Taxco, and is promoted from grade to grade with corresponding pay increases only as his work passes the constant scrutiny of the master silversmiths. Even discipline is handled by the committee. There is plenty of opportunity and temptation for thievery where so many

precious articles are passed through so many hands all day long. Through the *junta*, Spratling shrewdly organized himself out of the hated role of detective, passing the problem to the workers themselves.

Says Spratling: "I find if you give the workers the responsibility of running an honest shop they can do a better job than the employer. It is practically impossible to fire a man, under Mexican labor laws, after he has worked for you 28 days, even if you catch him stealing; but if the workers catch him they have their own ways of getting rid of him, *pronto*."

Spratling takes green boys from the villages and farms, pays them while he teaches them, weeds out the misfits and develops the likely prospects. He buys building sites and designs houses for his older employes which he helps them to buy by advancing funds against their future earnings. Once a year he gives every worker a chance to become a designer and offers a prize for the best piece of original jewelry or silverware. He furnishes free material and allows a man three days with full pay to work out his ideas.

Out of this schooling Bill has developed his own top artisans and a lot of craftsmen who have struck out for themselves. There are several hundred shops and thousands of silversmiths making silver in Taxco today. Eleven years ago there was only one shop — Bill's. And his high standards of design, craftsmanship, wages and working conditions still set the pace.

Bill's artistic vigilance has ex-

tended to the town itself. When Spratling silver and tourist gold began to give the local entrepreneurs visions of chromium bars, neon signs and jerry-built subdivisions, Spratling went into action. He organized a protective committee of citizens, successfully campaigned to have Taxco declared an historic monument, and then helped draw up a rigid code now sternly enforced. All designs for new buildings must be in harmony with the old colonial architecture. No building may be torn down or used without approval. No signboards. No concrete sidewalks. No tin roofs. Even the color schemes must be harmonious. Result, Taxco has preserved the quaint Old World beauty which travelers come thousands of miles to enjoy.

When they like you in Mexico they give you a fiesta. Bands play, firecrackers boom, pretty señoritas kiss you and throw flowers at you, and everybody dances in the streets. Taxco does this for Bill every year. The date, June 27, was decreed by the state legislature to commemorate the opening of Bill's shop. Last year was the tenth anniversary and a super-duper. The master silversmiths competed to design the Silver Crown for the Silver Queen, and Bill himself crowned her at the Silver Ball which climaxed a three-day carnival. Everybody wore silver and cheered when the Tall Silk Hats from Mexico City made gallant speeches, praising Bill Spratling, the *norteamericano*, who had come to live in this little Mexican town because he loved it and remained to protect its beauty and help make it prosperous and happy.

Things you didn't know about  
the most American of crops

# Revolution in the Corn Belt

*Condensed from Harper's Magazine — KURT STEEL*



**F**OUR and a half million American farmers have put 13,000,000 bushels of seed corn into the ground this year. If all of it were planted in one field, that field would be about the size of the state of California. The harvest will be more than three billion bushels — enough to fill a freight train stretching half-way around the world. Corn is our greatest crop by any measurement — acreage, bulk or value. It is usually worth about as much as our cotton, wheat and oats crops combined.

The story of corn is more exciting than any list of statistics. To begin with, it is a mystery story. No one knows how corn originated. It is an orphan among grains, belonging to no known family. As if to make up for this, corn has attached itself so devotedly to man that for unnumbered centuries it has depended on man's help for its survival. No corn has ever been found growing wild. Why? Look at an ear, its kernels tightly packed together and wrapped in many layers of husk. When it falls to the ground, this wrapping prevents the individual kernels from sprouting. Or if by accident they do sprout, there will be so many in a hill that they will starve each other out.

We do know that the birthplace

of corn was somewhere in North or Central America, probably in Mexico or Guatemala. It has been continuously cultivated in the Western Hemisphere for perhaps 20,000 years. Taken to Europe in the 16th century, corn rapidly made itself at home. Today it is the one global plant. It can be grown in every land where man carries on agriculture.

Thus a revolution in corn culture should be of incalculable value in feeding and rehabilitating a war-shattered world. And just such a revolution is taking place. Its cyclonic center is "hybrid" corn.

This scientific revolution can be seen from a train window in all but four states. In Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and Ohio the change has already been so complete as to leave almost no traces of the old order. In the other eight states of the corn belt, and to a lesser degree in the rest of the 48 (for every state grows corn), the revolution is still going on.

What the traveler sees is first a field with the same ragged, unbarbered look that cornfields have had for thousands of years — and 200 yards beyond, a second field where the tasseled crest is as neat and trim as a crew haircut.

In the first field some stalks are

lofty and spindling, others short and stocky; the ears grow high, low and middling; and hundreds of stalks have been broken and uprooted by wind and hail. In the second field the plants are like identical paper dolls, not a single stalk is bent over, and the ears hang uniformly at waist height.

At harvesttime, since no machine can reach high and stoop low to gather ears, the first farmer must bring in his crop by hand, and it will take a good man to husk as much as 100 bushels a day. But in the second field any two high school boys able to drive a tractor can bring in the harvest with a machine which picks and husks 1000 bushels a day. In many sections of Illinois and Iowa 90 percent of the corn is husked by machinery. In 1925 it took 14 man-hours of hard work to grow an acre of corn. Machinery, on the best farms, has cut this to six man-hours of labor.

Last fall the old-fashioned farmer laid out no cash for seed; he used the most likely-looking ears saved from his own crop. The progressive farmer this spring paid a commercial producer about \$80 for enough hybrid seed to plant his 60-acre field. His yield will be some 25 bushels per acre more than that of his neighbor — or enough to bring him an additional cash income of \$900.

Scores of other advantages offered by hybrid corn are less apparent but even more important in the long run. For example, the University of Illinois has produced strains containing twice as much protein and three times as much oil as ordinary corn. Other strains especially rich in certain

elements have enormously speeded up the mass production of penicillin, of which corn steep liquor — a by-product of starch making — is an essential ingredient.

Ten years ago, less than one half of one percent of the corn planted in Illinois was hybrid. This year 98 percent of Illinois corn will come from hybrid seed; in Iowa, just under 100 percent.

But the amazing thing is not that in one decade a revolution has occurred in a grain culture older than the Aztecs. The amazing thing is that it waited those thousands of years to happen. For the discovery of hybrid corn required no modern machinery or intricate scientific knowledge. All it took was patience and endless hand labor — which the Mayas and the Aztecs had in abundance — plus ingenuity, which they had not.

Hybrid corn is one of the purest products of ingenuity, assisted by the peculiar anatomy of the corn plant itself. Corn, unlike other grasses and grains, bears not one but two different flowers on the same stalk. The male flower is the treelike tassel at the top, which sheds pollen. The female flower is the shoot, lower down on the stalk, tufted with corn silks. The pollen from the tassel falls on the sticky corn silks, fertilizing the female flower, which develops into the mature ear. Each kernel of corn is produced by one microscopic pollen germ.

Every tassel produces more than 20,000 times as much pollen as is needed to fertilize the shoot on its own stalk. This enormous oversupply has always been allowed to sift on

the breeze over the rest of the field. Thus in an old-fashioned field, each ear is helped along in its ripening by pollen from the tassels of a hundred different plants. Since each of these plants has a personality of its own — long or short ear, tall or stubby stalk, high or low starch content, and so on — the crop will be a mongrel mixture.

In hybrid corn, controlled breeding replaces this helter-skelter confusion. The technique is simplicity itself — combined with a staggering amount of patient labor. First a pure strain must be developed by careful inbreeding. This means fertilizing the shoot on a stalk with pollen from that same stalk and no other. A bag is tied about the tassel to collect the pollen, and then the bag is emptied by hand over the shoot, lower down on the same plant. All tassels in the field, of course, must be bagged. After seven years of this awkward and backbreaking work, a strain of corn will emerge which can be depended upon to show identical traits from season to season, if planted at least 200 yards from any other corn.

Some of the traits in any pure inbred strain will be highly desirable, others less so. For example, one strain may produce corn with an especially high starch content, but on a weak stalk. Another, poorer in starch, will have strong, deeply rooted stalks. So the two are crossbred to get high starch content on a strong stalk.

This crossbreeding of two pure strains means another three years of tedious labor. Again pollen is collected by hand, but this time it is transferred from the tassel on the one strain to the shoot on the second

strain. Finally, two such crosses are combined to give a double-cross, uniting the traits of four pure grandparent strains. This is the hybrid seed which is sold commercially. To produce it, 100 acres of rich land may have brought in no money for more than a decade while labor costs rose to extravagant totals. And out of a thousand such experiments only one may be commercially valuable.

Once a good double-cross hybrid has been developed, it can be reproduced year after year by a simple assembly-line method. The two parent varieties are planted together in the same field. One — it makes no difference which — is arbitrarily labeled "male," the other "female." One row of the first is planted for every three rows of the second. As soon as the tassels begin to appear in July, groups of girls ride through the field on high-wheeled platforms plucking the tassels from all the "female" rows. This detasseling process must be repeated at least every other day for a period of some three weeks and can cost as much as \$20 an acre. Since only the "male" plants are left with tassels, they alone can dust pollen over the field. As a result they cross-fertilize the "female" rows.

The ears formed on the "female" plants will thus combine the characteristics of both strains. When they are harvested, they are taken to commercial processing plants where every damaged kernel is removed. Then the ears are dumped into bins through which hot dry air is forced until the moisture content of the kernels has dropped from a maximum of 30 percent to 12 percent. The

hybrid ears next are shelled, and machinery grades the kernels by length, breadth and thickness. Finally the corn is stored, to be sold next spring as seed — seed guaranteed to produce an absolutely uniform yield.

All this is a far cry from the day when each farmer sorted out a pile of ears from his own corncrib and put them aside as seed. Indeed, once a farmer uses hybrid corn he actually sacrifices his right to grow seed corn of his own. For there is this additional peculiarity about a hybrid—it will not reproduce itself except in a spotty, uncertain fashion. It “breaks” into its component strains — just as children may resemble any one of four grandparents, or even a more remote ancestor. Hybrid seed corn must be bred afresh each year by the crossing of the parent strains.

The technique of breeding hybrid seed corn was first developed in 1905 at the University of Illinois by A. D. Shamel and at Princeton by G. H. Shull. Later other experiment stations and scientific-minded farmers took it up. One pioneer was Lester Pfister of El Paso, Ill., whose neighbors made fun of him as he doggedly kept crossing strains of corn, until he was \$35,000 in debt. Four years later he had a million-dollar-a-year business.\* Henry A. Wallace was another pioneer. Today there are five big producers and dozens of smaller ones, ranging down to individual farmers who carry on experimental breeding for their neighbors.

\*See “A Farmer Bags a Million Dollars,” *The Reader's Digest*, September, '38.

The versatility of corn extends far beyond its primary use as food and feed. More than 30 modern industries, from cotton goods to steel and explosives, now depend on refined cornstarch. Last year more than 100,000,000 pounds of adhesive dextrin, a kind of “roasted” starch, were used for every kind of sticking purpose from the gum on envelope flaps and cigarette papers to binder for castings in aluminum foundries. Another new product is a replacement for tapioca, formerly imported from the Dutch East Indies. About one fourth of every pound of candy sold today consists of corn products.

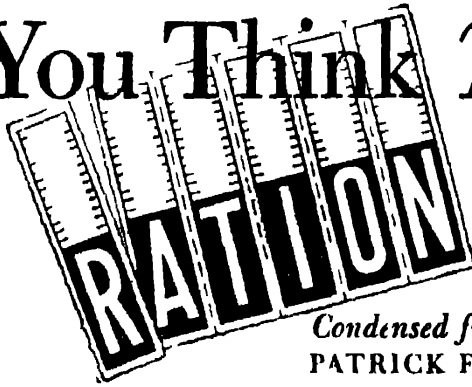
Corn has been turned to many medical purposes, from the manufacture of penicillin, sulfa tablets and synthetic Vitamin C to riboflavin for bread enrichment, and diabetic foods. Lactic acid produced from corn is used as a shock preventive in bad burns.

Cornstalks are suitable for paper and wallboard. Cobs serve a score of purposes from the production of gasoline and water-purifiers to the manufacture of plastics. Corn leaves yield nitrocellulose, and alcohol extracted from corn plays a critical part in the manufacture of such war materials as synthetic rubber, shatter-proof glass, lacquers and explosives. All told, corn today serves several hundred general industrial and food uses, and laboratory workers are constantly finding more.

The Aztecs believed that the corn plant was a direct gift to mankind from the gods. They may not have been so far wrong.



# So You Think *You've* Got Troubles



Condensed from *The American Magazine*  
PATRICK F. McAULIFFE

IF SHORTAGES give you a headache, pity the poor storekeeper! It's no fun to stand and stare at empty shelves — and sometimes it's dangerous. Butter-herserk housewives recently looted a New York State supermarket, dumping the hapless proprietor into a case of eggs and staggering off with armloads of rationed items.

Nothing like that has happened yet in my Stamford, Conn., store. But I've been beseeched, bulldozed and abused until my ears are numb. Even in my dreams I hear an endless succession of soprano voices demanding beef! *beef!* BEEF! And to give you some idea of the problems the retailer is up against, I've set down a few of my experiences — experiences that could be duplicated by almost any grocer.

Certain women suffer from a strange compulsion to buy anything that's scarce. The day after the false rumor got around that dried fruits were going back on points, one woman, who hadn't bought five packages in the past five years, walked off with a dozen boxes. For a time when I was forced to limit

purchasers to six eggs, many housewives said they simply *had* to have a dozen. When eggs were again plentiful, they were no longer interested.

Some shoppers resent any effort to restrict their purchases. They might feel different if they knew what I go through to get the little food they share. I've stood around the packing house for hours pleading for beef, and come away with just two scrawny lambs.

Just to stay in business isn't easy. Shortages and rationing have cut my volume a third. I've lost two thirds of my meat business. I pay my clerks double their prewar wages. And yet I'm not permitted to raise prices.

Before Pearl Harbor my partner, Ralph Carroll, and I operated two stores, turning over a quarter-million dollars' worth of groceries a year. Ralph is in the Navy; my brother James, who used to work with us, is in New Guinea; and 14 of our 20 employes are scattered over the world.

I've closed one store for the duration. I run the other with a butcher, a grocery clerk, an office girl, and two high school boys part time. On days when she can find someone to



look after our youngster, Mrs. McAuliffe helps out. I work 12 to 14 hours every weekday and several hours Sunday.

Friday is our busiest day. With two phones jangling, several hundred orders being made up, and customers, kids and dogs cluttering the aisles, the firm of Carroll and McAuliffe is bedlam. A fluff-brained customer is on the phone four times, giving her order piecemeal. A wealthy matron, dictating a \$25 order, demands that it be at her house by four o'clock — although the truck doesn't leave until 3:30, and the route, carefully plotted to stay within our gas allowance, calls for stops at 20 homes along the way. About the same time a little girl carefully strips the price and point-value signs from the shelves.

I believe wholeheartedly in what the OPA is trying to accomplish. But rationing has doubled my book-keeping and given me dozens of new forms to fill out. Keeping track of the points collected on deliveries alone means an extra hour's work a day, and marking the ceiling prices and point values on new stock takes most of Sunday.

The OPA has juggled ration rates until I'm dizzy. Just as I've memorized one schedule of point values — zingo! — there's a shift. Months back, Washington promised there'd be no more changes without prior notice to the trade, but they still break the bad news via radio.

It would help a lot if the ration authorities would crack down on wholesale practices that gum up food distribution. There's the matter of tie-in sales. "Why do you have so

many turnips in your store?" a customer querulously demands. I explain that every time I order a bushel of the peas she buys so readily the produce house sends me a bushel of turnips, too. With your order of one case of canned peaches the jobber asks you to absorb five cases of applesauce.

But the packing houses are the worst. One retailer recently threw out 357 pounds of scraps fit only for dog food that had been foisted on him along with a few steaks. Another found himself saddled with 200 pounds of chitterlings and fatback when he ordered 100 pounds of beef.

And there's the matter of black-market prices. The other day a jobber's representative offered me a case of practically unobtainable chocolate dessert at nine cents per package. My *retail* ceiling for that brand is eight cents! I understand there is a packing-house manager not far from here to whom you have to hand \$10 every time you want a side of beef. And a poultry wholesaler sells you chicken at strictly ceiling prices, then tacks on a phony \$10 "transportation charge."

Dealers who pay this blackmail have to charge over-ceiling prices, or they'd go broke. But it's their customers, demanding what they want to eat regardless of the cost, who are responsible. Not the wholesaler, not the retailer, but the *consumer* creates the black market. That's the ugly truth.

Too many women who buy War Bonds, give to the blood bank, and work for the Red Cross are utterly without conscience when it comes to food. I'm propositioned almost every

day. The other morning a woman who's traded here for years handed me a \$20 bill.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"Just to put one of those 100-pound sacks of sugar in my car."

Men will chisel just as much. A customer showed me a list of fancy groceries he wanted for a party. "There's just one hitch," he explained. "I forgot my ration book. And I bet five bucks you're going to insist on stamps." He seemed disappointed when I didn't say, "You lose!" and pocket the \$5.

Improvident housewives expect me to bail them out. A customer who has been on a buying binge and used up all her stamps wants me to "trust" her until the next batch is validated.

Most people know where I stand by now. "Well, Pat," said an old customer, "I'm afraid I won't be buying from you any more. You haven't any chickens, and I haven't any points. I'll just have to buy where they aren't so fussy."

That made me mad. But no madder than when another customer, with two sons in the Navy, sidled up and hinted, "I know you won't sell me a black-market turkey, but perhaps you know where I can get one?"

Certain customers will resort to any dodge to avoid paying the points they owe. I've known a woman to smear lipstick on a blue stamp and try to pass it for a red one. Just last

week a customer walked off with a pound of cheese, leaving the cash and what looked like 12 red tokens on the counter. When I scooped them up I discovered there were only six, split from edge to edge and spread out so the red sides showed.

People who resort to tricks like these can't seem to realize that if, as a result, rationing breaks down, they and their families will be the sufferers.

So far we've made out O.K. The inflation that everybody feared would follow in the war's wake hasn't yet arrived. The other day a customer complained about the cost of living. "You are paying no more for food than you did two years ago," I told her. Through rationing, your family, like mine, will continue to receive its fair share of the scarce items.

You can do your part to make rationing work better by checking up on ceiling prices and bringing violations to your storekeeper's attention; by not buying any more than you expect to use; by not spreading shortage rumors; and by telling any friend of yours who chisels that she's being both unpatriotic and silly.

Some days I get fed up with complaining customers, but then I remember the hundreds of homes where folks are cheerfully eating the stew meat and margarine I've sold them, and I know that real Americans are taking rationing in their stride. We'll all make out all right, if we play the game.



*We grow neither better nor worse as we get old, but more like ourselves.*

— May Lambertson Becker

'The story of the voice heard by more people  
than any other in history

# Bing, Inc.

Condensed from Life • LINCOLN BARNETT



WHEN Bing Crosby walks into the NBC studios in Hollywood to rehearse his weekly radio program, he usually looks as if he had just holed out on the 18th green and had by-passed the locker room. No necktie is ever in evidence. His sport shirt airily overhangs his slacks. His brown felt hat relaxes on the back of his head. He is likely to be chewing gum and sinoking a charred and potent pipe caked black with primordial ash.

He perches himself on a high bookkeeper's stool beside a microphone and wisecracks with musicians and sound engineers. When the time comes for him to sing, he shifts his gum into one cheek, clamps his pipe between his rear molars and effortlessly exudes the velvety, faultlessly enunciated baritone phrases that have made him the best-liked and best-paid entertainer in the world.

The air of imperturbable composure which Crosby wears at all times, in public and in private, stems from the inner relaxation of a completely successful man. No performer in history has ever achieved such ascendancy in so many media of expression. His films brought more

money into motion-picture offices last year than those of any other star. He topped all polls of radio listeners as the most popular singer on the air. His recordings have outsold all others by overwhelming margins for the last ten years. His songs are heard daily in canned concerts and short-wave broadcasts, in juke joints and private homes around the earth. Our fighting men have come to regard his voice as the voice of home. Crosby has become a kind of national institution.

Computed financially, Crosby's artistry is stupendous. He is not only the No. 1 money-maker in Hollywood, he is one of the great money-makers of all time. His contract with Paramount calls for a maximum of three pictures a year at \$150,000 apiece. His weekly radio broadcasts net him \$7500 for each half hour's work. The Decca Record Co. pays him royalties of about 2½ cents a disk, which last year totaled \$250,000. From three sources alone Crosby thus derives an annual gross income of more than \$1,000,000.

Crosby's assorted financial interests approximate in diversity those of Henry J. Kaiser. He owns real estate throughout Los Angeles. He

has a 10,000-acre cattle ranch in Nevada and is part owner of another in the Argentine. He breeds and sells race horses. He is chief stockholder of the Del Mar Turf Club, whose \$500,000 plant is now an aircraft factory, turning out wing-rib assemblies ("Bing's Wings") for Flying Fortresses. His initial effort as a motion-picture producer begot *The Great John L.*, which is currently doing very nicely around the country. Discussing Crosby's earnings, his friend Bob Hope declared recently, "Bing doesn't pay an income tax any more. He just asks the Government what they need."

Where some individuals clamber for success and wind up with ulcers, Crosby tends to belittle his abilities. He long ago ceased to worry about his thinning hair and nonretractable ears. When a friend warned him recently that his voice might be injured by his incessant pipe smoking, he grunted indifferently, "Oh, the kinda singing I do, you can't hurt your voice." He has an acute horror of pretension. Although he reads a great deal, no one ever sees him with a book. And though he denies all knowledge of classical music, he is often caught whistling phrases from operas and symphonies he insists he has never heard.

Crosby's lack of vanity is not, as some Hollywood cynics suppose, a kind of inverted affectation. He has always been surprised by the good things that come his way. When he was a boy, his mother had to drag him to a swimming meet from which he emerged with 11 medals. His brother Everett had to bludgeon him into trying for his first radio

contract. His friend Jack Kapp, president of the Decca Record Co., has to badger him every time he wants him to attempt any new type of song. When Kapp asked him to make "Silent Night," Crosby retorted, "Who do you think I am, Lily Pons?" Kapp got his recording in the end by cagily suggesting that Bing turn over his royalties to charity, and to date some three dozen charitable agencies have benefited through the sale of more than 1,500,000 impressions.

On occasion Crosby's supreme nonchalance exasperates his friends. One afternoon two years ago his 20-room colonial house in North Hollywood burned down. After much telephoning, his lyricist and good friend, Johnny Burke, located Bing at the Brown Derby as he was sitting down to dinner.

"Listen, Bing," Burke sputtered into the phone, "before I say anything I want you to know that Dixie and the kids are okay." Bing said, "Isn't that nice, Johnny? And how's your family?"

"Listen to me, Bing," Burke said, speaking very distinctly. "Your house burned down." "Oh, that old thing," Crosby drawled. "Did they save my tuxedo?" Despairingly, Burke shouted, "On the level, Bing, your house burned down this afternoon. You'd better hurry out here right away." Bing hesitated. "But I just ordered my dinner," he complained.

Burke thought Crosby was kidding again. But he wasn't. Having accepted the fact that his house was destroyed and his family safe, he saw no reason to forego dinner in order to view a pile of embers. After

eating he drove out and poked around amid the ashes until he spied one of his shoes, charred but not consumed. Inside it, untouched by the flames, he found what he was looking for — \$1500 in small bills which he had hidden for use at the race track next day. Nothing else was saved.

Crosby's prime professional asset is his extraordinarily agreeable, friendly, lyrical voice. It is completely natural. Dinah Shore once perceptively observed, "Bing sings like all people think they sing in the shower." He likes to sing. He sings while shaving, while driving a car and in every unoccupied moment of his waking hours. He never thinks about breathing, intonation or diaphragmatic control.

As a boy Bing took two or three voice lessons but gave them up when the baseball season began. He can read a score only in so far as he can see that the notes go up or down. But his sense of rhythm never falters, and the quickness of his ear astonishes musical associates. Crosby had never heard "Don't Fence Me In" before he walked into the studio to record the song. He ran over the complicated score, which tossed parts back and forth between him and the Andrews Sisters, a few times. Precisely one half hour after his arrival the master record was cut.

To all his recordings Crosby imparts a simple dignity and depth of feeling which once moved a friend of his to remark that he sings every song as though it were the best song ever written. Many of his nonjazz recordings sell with the year-to-year regularity of classics. In all,

60,000,000 Crosby disks have been marketed since he made his first record in 1931. His biggest seller is "White Christmas," 2,000,000 impressions of which have been sold in the United States and 250,000 in Great Britain.

Time and again Crosby has taken some new or unknown ballad and made it a hit singlehanded and overnight. The day after he sings a song over the air — any song — some 50,000 copies of it are sold throughout the United States. A few years ago Crosby's eldest son, Gary, liked an obscure number called "Little Sir Echo" and pestered Bing until he broadcast it. No one was more surprised than the publisher when "Little Sir Echo" suddenly soared to the top of the Hit Parade.

Ever since Pearl Harbor, Bing has tramped tirelessly around the country, entertaining at camps, hospitals and bases, never refusing an Army or Navy request. He has made innumerable short-wave broadcasts and transcriptions for troops overseas. For OWI he has broadcast in German to the Germans, who know him as "Der Bingle." Last summer he sang to soldiers in the front lines. No audience was too small or too informal for him. One day he inadvertently jeeped into enemy territory while hunting a forward outpost to sing for ten members of an anti-aircraft battery. In London, crowds mobbed a restaurant in which he was dining and refused to disperse until he appeared at a window and sang "Pennies from Heaven." An English newspaper remarked, "That did more for transatlantic relationship than a

hundred speeches. Thanks, Bing."

Crosby is adept at all athletics. He rises between six and seven in order to play golf before going to work. Since few of his friends share his liking for exercise at dawn he plays with caddies. He has won many golf tournaments and might easily be in the top flight of U. S. amateurs if his energies were less dispersed. During the New York World's Fair he won a \$100 bet by executing a perfect swan dive from the 50-foot board at the Aquacade.

Crosby contrives to spend some time every day with his four sons. They are tough kids but obey implicitly when he raises his voice a half tone. Afternoons he plays baseball with them, evenings he likes to tell them odd bedtime stories of his own devising. For example, in

the Crosby version Little Red Riding Hood is a jockey, the wolf is a crooked starter and Grandmother is the racing commissioner. Similarly Goldilocks' Three Bears turn out to be the Notre Dame backfield.

Precisely what the future holds for Crosby no one can conjecture. His star is still in the ascendant. His contract with Decca runs until 1950. His contract with Paramount runs until 1954. Records which he made ten years ago are selling better than ever before. To soldiers overseas and to foreigners he has become a symbol of America, of the amiable, humorous citizen of a free land. Crosby, however, seldom bothers to contemplate his future. If ever a day should dawn when the public wearies of him, he will complacently go right on singing -- to himself.



### *Busy Little Hans*

*A disgusted correspondent of the London Daily Mail, Lane Norcott, after interviewing captured specimens of the German General Staff, wired this story from Germany:*

IT BECOMES clear that the German people have always disliked the Nazi regime and hated war. They are the most fervent peace-lovers on earth, and Hitler has never been anything but abhorrent to them. Who, then, is responsible for this unwanted war? It was a small, bespectacled little kraut named Hans Puffler, of Bad-Muckinstein. In 1938 Hans, unknown to the German people, elected Hitler to office by disguising himself and running in and out of a polling booth 13 400,000 times. He alone shouted all those enthusiastic "Sieg heils" whenever his Führer paused for breath. Every one of those brown-shirted sub-men who used to goose-step down the Unter den Linden was Hans Puffler. He did it entirely with the aid of mirrors.

It was Hans Puffler who organized the concentration camps, who committed countless atrocities, who personally invaded Poland and started the war.

Do not let us blame the German people for the work of one man.

Of 66,000,000 German people it will soon be found that 65,999,999 were absolutely guiltless. Hans Puffler alone among the docile, home-loving gentle people is the real war criminal, and in our opinion he should be slightly punished.

— Bennett Cerf in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

# Picturesque Speech and Patter

Planes pigeoning home (Norman Corwin)  
... A veteran with a travelogue of ribbons across his chest (H I Brock) ... A conscience as clear as good flying weather (Russel Crouse) ... That ceaseless reconnaissance known as childhood (Arthur Stinger) ... Little lights sitting on the shore with their tails wagging in the water (Mary Jane Detzer) ... A woodpecker, telegrapher of the forest (F Herrera) ... Cattails like frankfurters roasting against the sunset's fire (Bobby MacDonald)

*Bonus to pick:* At least we don't need any points for a cold shoulder from the butcher ... Eschewing meat is not so tough as chewing it (Isabel Waitt) ... With the pork shortage, fewer hogs are growing up to be chicken salad (Ventura, Calif, *Star-Free Press*)

A Wave rippled in with two sailors in her wake (R W Williams) ... The days when B-29 was merely an apartment address (Ayers Brinser) ... She had to be taken with a grain of assault (Donald Day) ... As the evening wore on her face wore off (Walter Winchell) ... The revue was a lot of ham and legs (Ruth Capesius) ... He's strong in the courage of his connections (Frank Diamond) ... The proprietor went into convulsions of courtesy (G K Chesterton)

*Signs of the times:* Officer's club in the Pacific, "Rooms with adjoining towels" ... In telephone booth near Army camp, "Please limit calls to three girls" ... In a store, "Complaint department closed for the duration" ... Under a

sign, "Service Men, 25 Cents" a girl planked down a dollar on the ticket seller's table and said: "I'll take four sailors, please." (Radic Harris)

*Ad venture:* Can-can garters. Come in all thighzes. (*Esquire*)

He fell into her eyes up to his heart (J M Barrie) ... The pretzel posture of day coach slumber (William E. Barrett) ... Mahogany-faced sea captains (Van Wyck Mason) ... Fanning his interest with her long eyelashes (Rose Trent) ... I'm half Scotch and half soda (Sir James G. Bisset) ... As naked as a cornet solo (James Huncker) ... A boy with six forward speeds (Marcelene Cox) ... He wore his pants patched with flesh (*El Gráfico*)

*Definitions:* Temperament is temper that is too old to spank (Charlotte Greenwood) ... A blonde — an established bleachhead (*The Pelican*)

In a department store, "This sweater fits perfectly — I'll take the next size smaller" ... When 14,000 GIs piled aboard the *Queen Mary* with its passenger capacity of 2075, the captain shouted, "Kindly step to the rear of the boat" (*Detroit News*) ... America claims to have invented a machine which detects lies — I married one! (*London Opinion*)

*Radio quips:* I've got a horse so polite that when he comes to a fence he stops and lets me go over first (Jimmy Durante) ... I don't mind the loss of my watch, but in it I had a lock of my husband's late hair (Fibber McGee and Molly)

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ADDRESS PATTERN EDITOR, BOX 605, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

*The extraordinary achievement  
of the British in dispersing fog over airfields  
revolutionized air warfare*

# vs. Fog

Condensed from The Toronto Star Weekly • ALLAN A. MICHIE

URING Christmas week of 1944, when Field Marshal von Rundstedt's forces crashed through the thin American lines and into Belgium, the Allied position was serious. Unless our heavy bombers could be thrown into the battle, the German offensive might split the Allied armies. And in England, where the bombers were based, thick fog lay heavily over most of the airfields — von Rundstedt had craftily planned his push for Europe's worst winter-weather period.

However, the Germans didn't know about FIDO, ingenious Moses-like method of rolling back fog. One of the great hush-hush developments of the war, FIDO had been used for emergency landings and take-offs on RAF bomber airfields since November 1943. But this was the first time it had been called upon to clear skies for whole fleets of bombers.

At intervals during that critical week, great holes were suddenly carved from solid-looking white banks of fog. Out of them roared hundreds of American and British bombers to pound railway yards, bridges and supply dumps behind von Rundstedt's lines. When the planes returned, almost miraculously in soupy

overcast there appeared canyons into which they safely descended. At the end of that week, when fog in England was at its worst, almost 300 RAF heavies took off in daylight to stage a tactical bombing attack against St. Vith, before the Allied ground forces counterattacked. Von Rundstedt's offensive, broken up by this aerial pounding, went into reverse and Germany's fate was sealed.

Though it required much time and great ingenuity to develop, FIDO's mechanism is simple. Consisting of a huge rectangular box of pipes around — but 50 yards back from — the main runway and approach of an airfield, it burns vaporized gasoline under pressure. When first turned on FIDO gives off clouds of dark smoke, but as the gasoline is vaporized by its own heat it burns with a fierce yellow-white flame that is smokeless. The terrific heat causes moisture droplets — the basis of fog — to evaporate, and the fog above the runway disperses. Its peculiar code name came from the first letters of Fog Investigation Dispersal Operation, as it was known during experimentation. When it was demonstrated a success, satisfied RAF and U. S. airmen changed FIDO to mean



"Fog, Intensive Dispersal Of." Grateful airmen affectionately call FIDO's hole in the fog "The Grand Canyon."

FIDO not only saved the day in Belgium. It completely revolutionized air warfare by enabling Allied aircraft, previously grounded for agonizing days on end, to go out at will. With FIDO-equipped fields dotted over Britain, crews knew they could come back to safe landings even in the worst weather. On one particularly filthy winter day, returning U. S. bombers found all landing fields in the eastern half of England completely shrouded by fog. FIDO was switched on at Woodbridge, the great emergency landing ground in Suffolk, and in three hours 106 bombers went down through the hole to safety. That single FIDO operation saved from possible disaster 1060 American airmen and upward of \$50,000,000 worth of aircraft.

The story of FIDO goes back to the early months of 1942, when more and more RAF planes were lost in crashes at home airfields, which became fog-covered while the planes were out over Europe.

To Prime Minister Churchill it was acutely distressing that so many valuable airmen, who had fought through flak and fighters to Germany and back, should lose their lives when they returned home. Prewar experiments in fog dispersal, he knew, had been inconclusive. But now he sent memos to Britain's scientific and military research men, urging them to find some way to disperse fog over airdromes. The experts replied that it couldn't be done. One said: "You are trying to bring off another King Canute job."

Casualty lists continued to grow. On many nights more planes and crews were lost through fog crashes in Britain than were shot down over Germany. Churchill stubbornly refused to give up. In September 1942 he sent a memo to go-getting young Cabinet Minister Geoffrey Lloyd, who presided over the secret Petroleum Warfare Board which had just produced flame-throwing tanks and gasoline-burning defenses to guard Britain against sea invasion.

Lloyd took personal charge of the investigation and eventually called in 500 research workers from government departments and private industries. Technical publications were painstakingly culled, and engineers, meteorologists, scientists and experienced pilots met almost daily to pool their findings. Among possible fog-clearance methods considered were the use of supersonic waves, electrical discharges, absorption of moisture by chemicals, drying by refrigeration, and outdoor air-conditioning apparatus.

From the outset, the experts agreed that heat methods offered the best chance of success. They knew that fog and hot air cannot live together. Moisture condensation is caused by the atmosphere cooling below its water-vapor saturation point. Therefore if this process is reversed, by heating up atmosphere again, condensed moisture is evaporated and fog is dispersed. The difficulty, however, was in raising sufficient heat over a large enough area to clear a runway. The Bomber Command had set as an objective the clearance of a space 3000 feet long by 150 feet wide, to a height of 100 feet.

Poring through a prewar German scientific publication, Dr. A. O. Rankine of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, one of Lloyd's advisers, came across a report on the successful use of a line of burners to distribute heat over a large area. Experiments with this method were pressed. The fruit growers of Kent were asked to contribute their orchard heaters; the London, Midland & Scottish Railway Company built a huge coke-burning plant; and the Imperial Chemical Industries built a set of massive blowers using aircraft engines to blow heat across runways.

In an unused water reservoir at Staines, just outside London, Geoffrey Lloyd and his experts worked day and night setting fires. Workmen made an enormous 1000-yard trough in which coke was burned, and another of similar size to burn raw gasoline. On November 4, just 39 days after Churchill's memo had set the work in motion, the first success was achieved. At Moody, down in Hampshire, a fog of 50 yards' visibility was cleared by gasoline burners in an area about 200 yards square to a height of 80 feet. On the same day, at Staines, an even more noticeable clearance was made in denser fog by a line of coke braziers.

Coke produced less smoke than gasoline, but it took longer to light up and required many men to keep the fires going. Gasoline gave off a heavy, dark smoke which was almost as bad as fog, but it could be lighted up quickly and pumped straight into FIDO burners from the gasoline-pipe network which covered Britain. FIDO's team decided to concentrate on gasoline apparatus.

By then the fog battle had become a race against time. The U. S. Eighth Air Force was daily growing in strength and the RAF Bomber Command had reached the point where it could stage almost nightly 1000-bomber raids — if the fields were not fogbound.

It was decided to test a full-scale FIDO apparatus at an operational RAF airfield. The Pathfinder station at Graveley, in middle England, was selected because it had the unenviable reputation of having the thickest fogs in the country. One 500-yard-long rectangular box of pipes was laid out around the approach, and another along the runway. When the first test burn was made, in January 1943, smoke and glare brought out all fire trucks from 50 miles around the airdrome.

For the next few months Graveley was perversely unaffected by fogs. But on the night of July 17, as Lloyd and his collaborators watched with joy, nice thick fog descended. Groping their way to the FIDO pumps, they switched them on and waited. For agonizing minutes nothing happened. Then, almost imperceptibly, the fog lifted from the runway, and in seven minutes they could see sky.

Air Vice-Marshal Bennett hopped into a bomber and took off through the cleared lane. FIDO was switched off and slowly the runway disappeared in a thick muck. Fearful that the clearance had been a fluke, the apparatus was switched on again, and again the runway was cleared. Bennett came down and landed. Three more times he took off and landed, while FIDO was switched on and off, before experts were willing

to believe that for the first time in history fog had been mastered.

Churchill ordered six full-scale FIDO installations made ready for the autumn fog season. On the night of November 19, 1943, FIDO saved its first lives when four RAF Halifax bombers landed successfully at Gravelley although dense fog surrounded the field. Ten minutes after FIDO had been lit, visibility on the runway had increased to the equivalent of two to four miles while stars pecked through above.

At another airfield one day, while FIDO was switched on to allow an RAF Coastal Command airplane to take off on an urgent U-boat search, a British Lysander, its radio out of order was flying overhead trying to locate a place to put down. When the pilot suddenly saw FIDO's canyon opening beneath him he came in and landed. But the airfield authorities, not knowing he was there, switched off FIDO. By the time the Lysander had taxied off the runway, the fog had resettled over the field so thickly that it took the fuming pilot more than two hours to grope his way to the flying control tower.

By the end of the war in Europe 15 airfields in Britain and one on the Continent were equipped with FIDO.

Admittedly, FIDO has been costly. It takes 80,000 gallons of gasoline to keep the average 2500-yard installation going for 60 minutes. In all, FIDO fields used up 30,000,000 gallons of gasoline, at a cost of \$12,000,000, from its experimental stage to V-E Day. But the costs are gradually being cut down as methods are worked out for avoiding waste.

FIDO will make a contribution to peacetime aviation. No longer will bird-walking weather — ground fog so thick that, in airman's language, even birds must walk — necessarily prevent airplanes from landing or taking off. The British are installing the latest form of FIDO, equipped with a master electrical switch which ignites a whole burner line simultaneously, at their new civilian airfield at Staines, which has an average of some 60 foggy days yearly.

FIDO was born of necessity, in the urgency of war. But those who gave birth to it have the added satisfaction of knowing that, like radar, it will be of lasting benefit to the world.

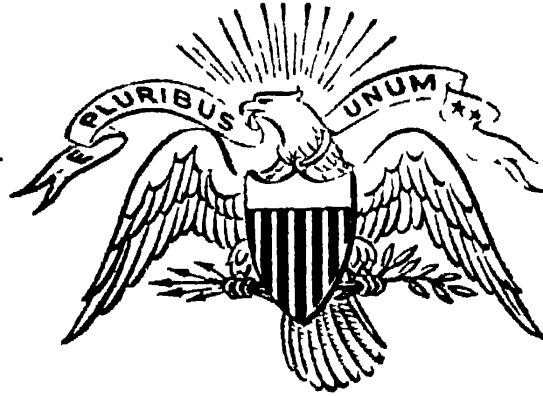


### *The Little Man Who Wasn't There*

» A NAVY physician on a battleship in the Pacific recently received from his fiancée a snapshot taken on a beach and showing two couples smiling contentedly while his girl sat alone at one side, forlorn and lonely. The accompanying letter explained that this was how she was fretting away the time until he returned. At first the physician was delighted, displaying it proudly to several fellow officers. That night, however, after studying it a long time in silence, he turned to his roommate. "John," he said, "I wonder who *wok* that picture?"

— Contributed by Robert J. Doyle, war correspondent of the *Milwaukee Journal*

# *The* Responsibility of Power



*Condensed from an address by JOSEPH C. GREW  
Undersecretary of State*

THE new position of the United States is that of the most powerful nation on earth. The new role of the United States, in the community of nations, is one of service and leadership. It is the greatest challenge in all the history of the American people.

We should not be afraid to talk about our power, but we should take care neither to whisper nor to shout about it, neither to boast nor to apologize. Our power must be recognized by ourselves, as it is recognized by the rest of the world, else we shall fail to accept the responsibilities that power inevitably imposes. Our friends abroad fear, not that we will recognize the fact, but that we shall fail to recognize it.

The tragedies of history are the tragedies of the misuse of power: the decline of nations inevitably follows the possession of great power without the exercise of great leadership. But history also provides examples of the survival of virile and mature cultures through the wise use of power. The British people, for example, would be the first to acknowledge their own mistakes in the period of acquiring power, but they have learned modera-

*Only by the wise use of our might can  
we preserve the greatness of America.*

tion and concession in retaining it.

In its most obvious form, our power consists of planes, ships, tanks, guns, and men who are skilled in their use. We have also what is even more important under conditions of modern warfare: a vast military potential in industrial plants, and scientific and technological skill.

We have been accused of many things, but never of being a militaristic people. It would therefore be not only untrue but mischievous to suggest that we shall ever use our military power to threaten the peace of the world. We shall use it as we have used it in two world wars — in the service of law and justice and human freedom, in the service of peace on earth. We are about to enter into a compact with other peace-loving nations to make sure that military power — *ours and theirs* — will be used, and used only for that same high purpose.

If our military power is the product of grim necessity, our economic power provides us with a glorious

opportunity. But let us not confuse economic power with gadgets, machines and assembly lines. It is essentially a human thing. It consists in the vitality of a people, their creative genius, their capacity for patient, hard work. Our economic power must be used to strengthen the peace of the world.

It must be used, first, to raise our own standard of living and our own level of employment. More than that, we must plan our production of goods and services and their distribution abroad in such a way as to enable our friends, whose countries have been devastated, to get back on their feet again, to employ their own people so that they can produce goods for us and buy goods from us in ever-increasing volume. If in the years to come we should think narrowly of the so-called "danger of competition from abroad," there will be no revival in Europe, no sound prosperity at home, no growth of world trade, nothing but recurrent depression, political instability and perhaps another world conflict.

The war has clearly demonstrated the extent of our economic power. What we do not fully understand is the extent of our moral and spiritual power among other peoples. In order to do that, we would have to see ourselves as others see us. Each foreigner's idea of America is, of course, conditioned by his personal experience, by his contact with the printed or spoken word, with the motion pictures, by his personal acquaintance with an American, or with a relative who has emigrated to the United States.

But at the risk of overgeneralizing,

I would say that, in the main, the rest of the world has the impression that we are tremendously big, incredibly rich and extraordinarily lucky. There is a rather remarkable idea abroad that we have achieved this happy state not through hardship, stamina and courage, but through the workings of divine Providence. That is one reason why our friends abroad are not impressed by expressions of our high ideals.

They are, however, deeply impressed by the qualities of character and integrity which they have found in some of our leaders. They are also impressed by acts of statesmanship — concrete acts that have shown concrete results. I should like to give you, as examples, the power of two men and two actions.

First is the regard, verging on reverence, that was felt for Franklin D. Roosevelt by millions of humble people in every part of the world. They looked upon our late President as their friend. They saw him as the champion of all humanity in a hard and ruthless world. And, in the eyes of these foreigners, all other Americans somehow shared in his reflected glory.

General Eisenhower is another example of an American who has earned the affectionate admiration of millions of Europeans. One might expect him to be worshiped primarily as a great architect of victory, but the people have shown remarkable insight by recognizing the simplicity and humanity of the man no less than his military genius.

Two acts of statesmanship which have enhanced our moral power are the policy of Philippine independ-

ence, which has contributed to our prestige in the Orient, and the Lend-Lease Act, which underwrote the defeat of the Axis and the survival of freedom in the world. Lend-Lease was a classic example of the use of power to strengthen the hands of peace-loving peoples. Only by such uses of power, by such acts of statesmanship and enlightened self-interest, can we hope to preserve the greatness of America as a people and an idea.

It may be said that only in moments of great national peril are nations capable of such bold and imaginative acts. But there is a continuing peril in dealings among nations. We cannot for a moment relax our vigilance. A selfish, ill-considered action, or denial of responsibility by a nation, may start a chain of events that leads

to disaster. We cannot for a moment surrender to what Winston Churchill called "the craven fear of being great." Power cannot be left idle like money in an old sock. It must be used constantly and wisely to fortify the friends of peace everywhere in the world, and thereby to fortify ourselves.

The problem of the exercise of power over a defeated enemy is complicated in the extreme, but it is relatively simple compared with the problem of blending the power of friends and allies. General Eisenhower developed a successful pattern for doing this in wartime. We shall have to learn how to do it in creating peace. The road will be hard. If we should ever be fainthearted or cynical at any step along the way, then our power would become a curse instead of a blessing to mankind.



### *Pardon, But Your Slip Is Showing*

» FROM the *Tulsa World*. "The Sixth armored will be withdrawn to the United States before the end of the summer, where it will either be held in strategic reserve or demoralized."

» ITEM in *House & Garden*: "Nothing gives a greater variety to the appearance of a house than a few undraped widows."

» FROM the society column of the Elkhart, Kan., *Tri-State News*: "Jocelyn Mayberry was hostess at a yawn party at her home Monday afternoon."

» REPORTING on teachers' salaries at Cape May, N. J., the *Philadelphia Inquirer* said: "The mayor said that unless added revenue was forthcoming, several teachers indicated they plan to leave their pests."

» A UNITED PRESS report announced: "Mrs. Frank Scully, wife of the author of the best seller *Fun in Bed*, today gave birth to a seven-pound eight-ounce daughter."

» A NOTICE in a New Mexico paper: "Mrs. Martin wishes to announce that the recent death of her husband will in no way affect the Mercantile Store. Mrs. Martin will marry on."

Having one's career interrupted by war can be a lucky break

## *Springboard into Opportunity—*

# The Chance to Make a Second Start

*Condensed from Future • LAWRENCE N. GALTON*

**T**he two young men in uniform were discussing a problem now bothering millions of Americans. "Nothing," said one, "can ever make up to us what we've lost by having our careers interrupted. When the war's over we'll have to start from scratch again."

"Maybe it will be just the reverse," the other said thoughtfully. "Maybe no gift is so precious as the chance to make a second start."

If the experience of countless outstanding Americans means anything, the second man is right. Returning service men face a springboard into opportunity.

In 1917 a young man, just out of law school and about to take his bar exam, went to war instead. A captain in the Marines at the Armistice, he decided to stay in the service. Then one evening in 1920 in Peking, he was seriously injured. A year later he was retired, still sick, unable to return to law or any indoor job.

The young man went home to Spokane, married his high school sweetheart, and got a job selling vacuum cleaners from door to door. At the end of a year he had sold enough of them so that he could buy an interest in the business.

Today, at 48, Eric Johnston owns the two largest electrical companies in the Northwest, serves as director of several corporations and is the youngest man ever to be president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

"I believe," Johnston says, "that many a veteran will be as grateful for his second start as I am for mine. The break with the past can be a big break for the future."

Before World War I, Roy Grumman took the first job he could get after college -- a routine affair in the engineering department of the New York Telephone Company. He had been in it a year when the war came.

After his discharge Grumman didn't go back. He had flown for the Navy. Aviation, he decided, was what he wanted. He went to work for a little 18-man company. Today Grumman has his own company, builders of Hellcats and a large percentage of all Navy combat planes.

"Looking back," Grumman reflects, "I'm sure the opportunity for a change to something in which I was really interested would never have occurred except for the war."

It's a sad fact that few of us ever

make a real decision on the most important thing in our lives — our career. We drift into a job from necessity or lack of determination. But war forces some of us onto new roads.

Ronald Colman studied for Oxford, preparing to become an engineer; but at 16, when his father died, he had to give up school and take a job as office boy in a London steamship company at \$2.50 a week. Five years later he had worked up to junior accountant — at \$12 a week.

When World War I broke out, Colman was among the first British soldiers to see service in France. Back in London after a medical discharge, he decided to become an actor. He got a few walk-on parts, finally headed for the New York stage in 1920 with three clean collars and \$37. Today he is one of Hollywood's highest paid stars.

Many returning service men will have gained new wisdom and maturity from their military experiences around the globe. Out of that should come wider horizons.

Carl Sandburg, born of Swedish immigrant parents, became a milk-wagon driver at 13, later a barber-shop porter, a scene shifter in a theater, a truck operator. At 17 he rode freights westward, worked in Kansas wheat fields, washed dishes in city hotels. Back home again, he decided to become a house painter.

Then came the Spanish-American War. It was while Sandburg was in the Army that he was influenced by a friend to get an education. When the war ended he worked his way through college, got into newspaper work. Today Carl Sandburg, the man who once wanted to be a house

painter, is one of America's outstanding poets and biographers.

Even in the same field of endeavor the second start may have good effect. Maury Maverick had just begun to practice law in Texas when the United States entered World War I. He promptly enlisted, was commissioned a first lieutenant, and at St.-Mihiel brought in 26 German prisoners singlehanded. Severely wounded in the Argonne, he was cited for gallantry and received the Silver Star.

When Maverick came home it wasn't just to return to law, though he had to do that for a living. He determined to enter politics and fight for peace and the preservation of personal liberty. He battled against the Ku Klux Klan, organized a Citizens' League, served in Congress and as Mayor of San Antonio.

Today he is a vice-chairman of the War Production Board, in charge of the Smaller War Plants division. Maverick has a reputation for being outspoken and unequivocal. Asked why he never pussyfooted, he replied, "Having died twice in France, it isn't worth while to avoid one political death by being a demagogue."

Edward Molyneux had to earn his living in London at the age of 16. He drew pictures for magazines, became assistant in a London dress-making establishment. In August 1914 he joined the British Army as a private and by the time he was 21 was a captain. His right hand put out of action, the sight of his left eye gone, Molyneux returned in 1919 to screw up all his courage for a peacetime endeavor. Beginning on borrowed capital, he opened his own



dress shop in Paris. In two years he had become the world's largest couturier, employing 1200 people.

It won't be easy for boys who have become men to return to college again. Yet many thousands have done just that — and gained from the experience.

Edward Martin left college to participate in the Spanish-American War. When he returned from the Philippines he resumed college and was graduated in 1901. "It was the hardest job of my life," Martin says, "but it made me realize that by proper application one can attain any goal he sets for himself."

When World War I came Martin didn't hesitate to give up his law practice. Returning from overseas, he found himself without a client; yet in three months he developed more business than he could handle. His third interruption came with the present war. Later, retired from active duty because he was over age, he had to make his fourth start. "I got," Martin says, "into the toughest job of my life — Governor of Pennsylvania."

Some men whose schooling was interrupted by this war may not be able to go back. But even that may not be a stumbling block.

Walter Pidgeon left college to enlist in World War I. He was crushed between two gun carriages and spent many months in the hospital. Dis-

charged in October 1918, and told to take an easy job, he became a bank messenger in Boston. He spent his evenings studying singing and dramatics, always on the watch for an opening in the theater. Finally he got his chance with a stock company. Today he's one of Hollywood's top-ranking stars.

Or take Alfred D. Runyon. The family moved so often that his schooling was eccentric. While he was in public school the Spanish-American War broke out, and at 14 he joined the Minnesota Volunteers. When he returned from two years of guerrilla warfare in the Philippines, Runyon wasn't able to resume his education. Nevertheless he decided to become a newspaperman. Starting on small papers, he soon graduated to metropolitan dailies and eventually acquired a reputation as a sports writer. In the last 40 years Damon Runyon has pounded out close to 100,000,000 words — in newspaper stories, features, fiction and motion pictures. The kid soldier who never went back to finish grammar school is one of the highest-priced writers in the world.

Making a second start requires imagination, determination and hard work. It's easy to succumb to fears, to question how much ability one really has. And there's always the risk of failure.

But determined men have overcome all that.



*One truth we gain  
From living through the years,  
Fear brings more pain  
Than does the pain it fears.*

—John Golden

# Man's Best Friend

## III

Edited by  
ALAN DEVOE



BECAUSE dogs possess not only the instincts and strange sensings of their wild ancestors, but also the special loyalty which centuries of association with humankind have given them, they are the subject of thousands of amazing stories. The following reports were sent in by readers.

### *The Seeing Heart*

OUR little mongrel, Tinker, was undeniably a nuisance, always getting underfoot, tripping people on the stairs, racing us to the front door when the bell rang, refusing to be budged from the big lounge chair by anything less than brute force. Then my aunt came to stay with us. Incredibly, Tinker at once became a gentleman. He would wait decorously at the top of the stairs until our guest had descended. He kept out of her way when she walked through the house. The lounge chair was his only until he heard her approach, and then he would instantly jump down and lie quietly at her feet.

We shall never know how our little Tinker understood that my aunt was totally blind.

— Betty Malligan

### *Stratagem*

OUR Airedale, Toby, had long been in sole possession of the sleeping basket in the living room. But as her son, Sammy, grew up she would find him already comfortably asleep in it, night after night, when she was ready to retire.

So Toby developed a stratagem. When she found Sammy in the basket she would calmly stroll past him into the kitchen. There she would pick up an old bone and rattle it on the floor — till Sammy came running. Then, just as he got to her, she'd

drop the bone and run like mad for the basket, curl up and give a fine imitation of being sound asleep

— M/Sgt. Robert Sommerhoff

### *The Message*

MY black retriever, Smudge, always looked mournful when I put on my flying clothes and left him; and he was always quietly glad to see me back. But this time when I returned from the bombing mission his greeting was delirious. He barked wildly, jumped up and down, wagged his tail furiously, and kept licking my hands.

One of the men asked anxiously: "You were in a bad spot of trouble for about 20 minutes tonight, weren't you, sir? At ten minutes past eight? You see, I brought in Smudge's dinner and he started to wade into it as usual, when he suddenly stopped, stared and growled. Then he walked round and round, making a queer distressful noise, and finally lay down in the corner with his head on his paws. We made a note of the time. At 8.30 exactly Smudge jumped up, shook himself, barked, wagged his tail, returned to his plate and cleaned up his food. Tell me, sir, did something happen on your run tonight?"

At ten minutes past eight that night my crew and I had had the most terrible time of our lives. Our plane caught fire. When we finally got the flames under

control, and knew we were going to make it safely home to England, it was just 8:30.

— Flight Lieutenant H. L. Mackay, D.F.C.  
in *London Calling*. Submitted by Clare Davies

### *Me Too*

MOVING from our mountain camp to another which lay on the far side of a ravine, we made trip after trip, carting our belongings across the narrow bridge that spanned the gorge. We thought we had finished, but it seems we had made one slight oversight. Across the bridge came struggling my little fox terrier, Sharkey. Eying us reproachfully, Sharkey was valiantly lugging his feeding dish.

— Helen Schumm

### *Lost and Found*

IN INDIA I had a cocker spaniel named Brownie, who loved to accompany me and help out at golf. When I practiced driving, he would retrieve the balls for me, carrying them gently so as not to mar them. When I was playing, he would watch the flight of the ball, dash over to where it had dropped, and no one could budge him from beside it until he was sure I knew where it was. Brownie was especially good at finding lost balls.

One day the ball fell in a rice field, in soupy mud eight inches deep. A group of Indian caddies rushed to the spot, feeling for the ball in the soft mud with their bare feet. Brownie, however, refused to assist them. He just sat stolidly and watched. I coaxed and urged, to no avail. At last disgusted, I ordered him to go home.

Brownie looked at me for an instant, brown little head tilted, eyes puzzled.

### Motto for a Dog House

I love this little house because  
It offers, after dark,  
A pause for rest, a rest for paws,  
A place to moor my bark.

— Arthur Guiterman in  
*Lyric Laughter* (Dutton)

With as much reproachful dignity as a small spaniel can muster, he splashed over to one of the caddies and "pointed" — straight at the fellow's waist. Taken almost as much aback as the caddy, I sternly stretched out my hand. Shamefacedly the Indian produced the golf ball from the folds of his loincloth in which he had hidden it.

— The Rev. Victor Hugo Sword

### *Installment Plan*

VICKY, our cocker spaniel, had been trained from puppyhood to watch for the mailman and bring the letters to us in her mouth. Sometimes she carried as many as six at a time. As a reward, she always received a dog biscuit.

One day Vicky, more excited than usual, came running to me and dropped a letter at my feet. When I gave her a biscuit, she took it and ran out of the room. In a few minutes she was back again with another letter. This puzzled me, but true to my bargain I rewarded her again.

Investigating, I found Vicky curled up in her favorite chair, munching on the last of the second dog biscuit, with one paw carefully guarding *another* letter for future delivery.

— Beverly G. Wood

10

*FRANCIS and KATHARINE DRAKE*

*The war is not over in Europe for millions of former slaves who are still adrift. Not since the Exodus from Egypt has there been such a mass hejira as that loosed by the wholesale liberations of victory. Singly, in pairs, in columns, these Displaced Persons are trudging across the face of Europe, walking by day, by night, over highways and fields, sleeping in ditches and ruins, living as they can, and often dying. Here is the picture of a single crossroads in their historic march.*

HIS is the day on which the new American bridge across the Elbe is to be opened for traffic. Up to now the racing Elbe, dividing the Allied and Russian zones of occupation, has been an impassable boundary for vast bands of French nomads, the vanguard of millions of human shipwrecks whose lives must somehow be re-established in this titanic unscrambling of history. To them, the Elbe has become a symbol, for on the other side begins the roadway dreamed of during the nightmare years of bondage — the roadway home.

For some, home really exists as it does in their memories, a home with welcoming arms, a bed, clean sheets, hot food, a newspaper, a little plot of land. For hundreds of thousands, it will be only an empty word, a

**SHORTLY** after V-E Day, Roving Editor Francis Drake and his wife made a trip through occupied Germany. The most memorable scene they witnessed during their travels is the one depicted in this article.

pile of rubble in a wilderness of death; but all yearn to find it.

Until today there has been no bridge across the Elbe — all were long ago destroyed by bombs. But an American Engineer Battalion has built a new one with incredible speed, and named it Friendship Bridge. Now it is ready. On the Russian side is an avenue of red flags, a frontier guard and a barrier. On our side, American and British troops, French officers and a convoy of trucks waiting to carry the refugees to France.

Under the hot sun, a great column of French slave labor toils out of Russian-controlled Prussia toward the Bridge. The column stretches to the eastern horizon, an incredible black outline, thick as the road, undulating across the country. It is a sight almost beyond belief, an awful human snake of suffering people, crawling painfully toward the west, hour after hour.

In the degradation of their bodies, nationality and even age and sex are hardly distinguishable. Women

in their 20's show the gray hair and wrinkled skin of age. The old are walking mummies. All are unwashed, unkempt, shapeless, every element of human dignity stripped away by the Master Race. Hands, black and broken-nailed, are used for scratching. Many still wear the striped livery of their slavery, others ancient rags of coats or strips of sacking, and through the holes we can see the slave numbers tattooed on their shrunken arms and legs.

There are babies, wheeled in boxes on wooden wheels, each mother trying to keep sun and flies from the little wizened creature in the box. The people are laden like pack mules. Like this they had marched from Berlin and beyond Berlin, their bundles lashed to their bodies, stuffed in sacks, fragments of paper, held together with twine, shoestrings, old stocking legs. A few lucky ones have dilapidated gocarts, even impromptu rickshaws fashioned out of wooden crates and rusty bicycle rims.

The stench is appalling. Heavy on the hot air, it fills our throats, sinks into our clothes, the same awful smell that hangs like a plague around every prison camp. They stand or lie, human cattle in stinking rags, these who had been the decent men and women of France.

A Frenchwoman, a correspondent, her eyes filled with tears of shame and pity, moves down the line, telling them that they are *free*, that France is waiting for them. Their faces light at her speech, they try to touch her uniform; but they do not dare believe. They only gaze numbly toward the west, their eyes fearful, their tongues locked in anxiety.

Now things have begun to happen on the bridge. A British general is meeting with American, French and Russian officers in the center of the span. Lists are checked, barriers removed.

"*Attention! Attention!*" a French officer shouts into a microphone.

Movement, like an electric shock, trembles along the footsore column lined up on the bank, over the burdened backs and shoulders, sweeps into all eyes a look of quivering expectancy. The suspense is almost unendurable. Even for onlookers, it snatches at the throat, it stings the eyes, it thumps unsteadily against the heart. The Friendship Bridge is open.

"*Attention! Attention, les Français!*"

Five abreast, comes the order. The throng moves forward. Bundles break from their moorings, are retethered to aching shoulders by a dozen agitated hands. A wheel comes off a gocart, swerves drunkenly and disappears into the river with a splash. A baby whimpers.

Inch after inch the tired feet limp forward, covered by every type of footwear, matching, unmatching, makeshift. Some are in paper-padded rags, a few are bare; all proclaim the miles of blistered misery that lie behind.

And now the first ones are on the bridge. Already they can see the friendly faces on the other side, the American, the British uniforms, field kitchens, First Aid units, the blessed truck convoys that will transport them back to their beloved France. *Courage, mes enfants!*

Now only 30 yards and they will gain the center of the bridge.... A

woman sobs. Her bare and dirty feet are bleeding, leaving a sticky trail across the yellow wood. But it is not for that her tears are streaming. She holds a little boy up in her arms and points a trembling finger at a French uniform. "*Vois-tu!*" she whispers. "Look, my little one!"

Anxiety is lessening with every forward shuffle. The numbness, the distrust that slavery has frozen on these people is cracking like a film of ice as the procession moves, halts, moves on again. First hesitantly, then with returning confidence, hands are outstretched to grasp the hands of officers standing beside the parapet. Soon handshakes are not enough. There are kisses, bear hugs, tears bordering on hysterics. The onlookers have only one expression, an expression of overwhelming compassion.

Now only 20 yards to go, ten, five . . . The ranks behind are also creeping closer. A few more steps and the leaders will pass the center of the bridge, will stand securely on that roadway homeward.

Suddenly, like a fresh breeze fanning across a sluggish pond, a ripple passes over those weary, tear-stained wanderers. It is a moment almost indescribable. In scores of toilworn hands there all at once appears a stick, a pole, a crooked little branch. From scores of filthy bundles are whipped three bits of stitched-together cloth, incalculably precious, concealed there long ago in the mad

hope that some day, somehow, this deliverance might really come to pass. The materials are crumpled, coarse, unequal, but they are unmistakably, triumphantly, the blue, white and red of the French flag. *Le tricolore!* . . .

The leaders straighten, the whole bloc follows suit. Shoulders hitch up, chins lift and clouds of dust fly out as hands brush hurriedly over the ragged clothing with an absurd flourish. A last look backward, across the bridge, across the evil years, and then all eyes are front, all faces turned toward the shining sun. Downtrodden, degraded, enslaved, all that and more, but how can Tyranny extinguish that spirit of man born free?

"Forward!" shouts the loudspeaker. "*En avant, les Français!*"

There is a pause, a second of unearthly silence, and then a thin, sweet voice pitches the key. The first bars of the *Marseillaise* lift from the very center of Friendship Bridge and float across the Prussian river.

*Allons, enfants de la patrie,  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.*

*Contre nous de la tyrannie . . .*

The voices are so weak that the great anthem comes only as a quavering chant, but it soars invincibly. With bursting hearts, these brave men and women of France stumble forward toward the waiting trucks, marching once more beneath the banner of their beloved country.

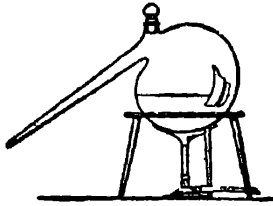


» A CHICAGO meat dealer christened Elias Harlampopoulos had his name anglicized to Louis Harris. Soon he petitioned the court to change it back to Harlampopoulos, explaining that most of his customers were Greek and couldn't pronounce Harris.

— Reader's Scope

A new emergency ration, "MPM,"  
is a major answer for relief feeding

# How We Can Help Feed Europe's Hungry



BY PAUL DE KRUIF

WITHOUT endangering our own diet, we can help feed Europe's hungry. By taking action on recent discoveries in nutritional science, we can stretch our own short food supply while saving the lives of those whose need is far more desperate than ours.

In the words of Herbert Hoover, it's 11:59 on Europe's starvation clock. We can send little of our own short store of the standard protein foods -- meat, eggs and milk; and while we can ship wheat out of our gigantic surplus, wheat is lacking in body-building protein. But now chemists have provided the life-saving answer: they have converted soybeans into powerful protein food that is *palatable*. Plentiful soya plus abundant wheat can change Europe's famine ration into a diet meaning the difference between life and death for millions.

The Office of War Information reports that in many of Europe's liberated countries the average diet contains less than 1800 calories daily, insufficient to maintain strength for long, and utterly inadequate to give

people the energy to produce the additional food they need so gravely. But it's more than enfeebled energy that threatens the devastated continent. For the past four years Europe's people have been living on rations dangerously low in protein -- and protein starvation breeds pestilence. Tuberculosis is already on an alarming upsurge. It's more than good neighborliness, it's to our own interest to hurry death-fighting protein to a Europe that's now a breeding ground of infection for our own soldiers and for America itself.

To those who think of food in pre-scientific terms the outlook is gloomy. British Food Minister J. J. Llewellyn reports that the world is short 2,500,000 tons of meat, 1,400,000 tons of sugar and 1,000,000 tons of fats and oils, and that this deficit will last three years at least. He laments that no manipulation of foodstuffs in overseas countries can do more than touch the fringe of Europe's coming famine. Yet this somber prediction reckons without the recent revolution in the science of nutrition.

The hopeful fact is that modern famine-fighters no longer think of

food in terms of meat, milk, butter, eggs and vegetables, but rather in nutritive essentials — calories, proteins, minerals and vitamins. Calories can come from any food; proteins do not have to come from meat, eggs or milk, but can be got from a combination of legumes and cereals; synthetic vitamins are as lifesaving as those in meat, vegetables or milk.

Viewers-with-alarm have reckoned without the soybean, a powerful newcomer among America's major food crops. From a yearly yield of some 10,000,000 bushels in 1930, this lusty leguminous youngster now fertilizes our fields, feeds our livestock and gives chemicals to industry at an annual rate of 200,000,000 bushels.

The soybean's power to nourish human beings as well as animals is undoubted. It is ten to 15 times richer than wheat flour in minerals, five to ten times richer in the principal B vitamins, and four times richer in protein. It contains protein very nearly as good as that in the best cut of beef. For 5000 years the soybean has been the poor man's meat in China. But this versatile vegetable has had one failing: Western people, in general, haven't liked its taste and have refused to eat it.

Luckily for Europe's threatened millions, chemists have now licked this one lack in the soybean. They've de-bittered its protein so that it takes on the taste of any food with which it is blended. Last spring's famine in Greece was checked with the help of soya in our War Food Administration's stew. But now the threat of starvation has spread all over Europe. Will it be possible to make soybeans

so tasty that they can be made a major part of Europe's diet, along with wheat?

The positive answer has come from California. In 1943, Clifford E. Clinton, who owns and manages two large cafeterias in Los Angeles, was serving as consultant on food to the War Department and UNRRA. He foresaw today's menace of European hunger and asked scientists of the California Institute of Technology to fight it. For their experiments he provided a money grant.

Caltech's Dr. Henry Borsook turned nutritional practice topsyturvy by beginning in the kitchen instead of the test tube. He hired a skilled French cook, Mme. Soulangue Berzceller, and in her Caltech kitchen palatability became boss of the experiment. The result, late in 1944, was the "multi-purpose meal."

Its tasty formula is dominated by 68 percent of soybean grits, low in fat and high in protein. To this are added dehydrated potatoes, cabbage, tomatoes, onions, leeks, parsley and spices. It is fortified with calcium, concentrated Vitamins A and D, and the major B synthetic vitamins. It is a satisfying, sustaining food; it has eye appeal, bite appeal and taste appeal. I've eaten it, and can testify that it's good.

The multi-purpose meal, or MPM, is simple to prepare. All that's needed is a kettle, water and the fire to boil it for 30 minutes. Two-and-a-quarter ounces of MPM, dry weight, furnishes the major portion of a highly palatable, nutritious meal for one person. It becomes a casserole dish, a stew or a soup, depending upon whether you add five, eight or 14



ounces of water. One ounce of any kind of fat brings the caloric value of MPM up to one third of a day's life-sustaining ration. If no fat is to be had, then two slices of bread make up the necessary calories.

When a little fish, meat or cabbage is added to the MPM stew as a base, the meal assumes the taste of a fish dish, a meat dish or a vegetable stew. Even in the most devastated areas of Europe there's some fish and meat — even if it's only rabbit, marmot or wild fowl — to vary the monotony of MPM alone.

The new meal is well within the economy of the liberated nations. For five cents per serving, MPM can give Europe's hungry the nutritional equivalent of a meal consisting of one-quarter pound each of beef, peas and potatoes, and one-half pint of milk. Because it is dehydrated, MPM is compact and easy to ship.

Of course the proof of this life-saving pudding is in its eating, and it has come triumphantly through its field trials. It is being served regularly to 7000 children in the Burbank, Calif., schools and in more than 200 other schools in southern California, with high acceptance by pupils and teachers. In varied entrée combinations, it is being served at a rate of 400 meals a day in Clinton's Los Angeles cafeterias. MPM passed the exacting palatability tests of George Mardikian, famed owner-chef of the Omar Khayyam Restaurant in San Francisco, and under his supervision it was served regularly to the delegates at the United Nations Conference. No element in it violates the dietary customs and laws of any

nation; and delegates from all parts of the world spoke highly of its palatability.

Caltech's scientists, Clifford Clinton and the California dehydrators who developed MPM have taken out no patents. Its formula and know-how are free to anyone requesting it from the California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, Calif. As a strictly emergency ration, it is no commercial threat to conventional foods. Despite its versatility it doesn't pretend to supplant a beef dinner where that's available; but it does stretch out beef where beef is short.

So the soybean in its now palatable form is ready to come to the aid of the Army, the Department of Agriculture and UNRRA, which are valiantly trying to feed Europe's hungry with food supplies and transportation facilities that are grimly insufficient. America's food-processing and dehydrating industries have all the food materials to produce 10,000,000 pounds of MPM monthly, enough for 70,000,000 meals. The soybeans required for that many meals are less than one percent of our total annual crop. Food authorities conservatively estimate that *ten times that amount of soya could be turned to emergency human use without detriment to the feeding of our livestock.*

"MPM is the major answer for relief feeding," says Lee Marshall, Food Consultant to the War Department. And the saving of these threatened lives will teach us to use the soy protein ourselves, now that our scientists have turned the trick of transforming it into a food we can really like.

This quiet man of science precipitated the bitterest verbal battle of the 19th century and changed our thinking

# *The Evolution of* **CHARLES DARWIN**

BY DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

Author of "Green Laurels,"  
"An Almanac for Moderns," etc.



WHEN His Britannic Majesty's brig *Beagle* set sail in 1831 for a surveying expedition around the world, no one dreamed that this was to be the most momentous voyage since Columbus. Nor had young Mr. Darwin, the ship's naturalist, the faintest inkling that he was about to discover a new continent of knowledge.

Only 22 and fresh from Cambridge, Charles Darwin was a retiring, sensitive, soft-spoken fellow who was almost constantly bedeviled by seasickness. But his keen mind was unflaggingly curious, and it had the trick of devising explanations for everything. He couldn't just accept a fact. He had to find out what caused it.

Darwin was as inquisitive as a dog's nose when he stepped ashore on the uninhabited Galápagos Islands, hundreds of miles off the coast of South America, in the loneliest doldrums of the Pacific. Here was a living museum of past geologic time, where giant lizards which ought to have been extinct long ago mingled with huge land tortoises, and enor-

mous gaudy crabs crawled among the bellowing sea lions. So unaccustomed to man were the animals of this Eden that a hawk\*allowed itself to be knocked off a tree with a stick, and ground doves settled trustingly on the explorers' shoulders.

But the amazing fact that Darwin discovered about this isolated archipelago was that each island, seemingly identical in climate and soil to the others, had its own peculiar fauna. For instance, there was a group of finches that were obviously all related to each other and to similar birds on the South American mainland; yet not one of the islands had quite the same species.

WHAT was true of the finches, Darwin found, was as true of the ground doves, the lizards, the tortoises, the insects and snails. But why should Nature arbitrarily create separate species of closely related forms for nearby islands? It wasn't logical. Yet to doubt, in those days, that the million or so species of living plants and animals had been in the

world from the first day of Creation was to defy the authority not only of Genesis but also of leading scientists.

Darwin's diary records the first dawning of his great challenge. "One might fancy," he wrote, "that one species had been modified for different ends. On these small, barren, rocky islands we seem to be brought nearer to the mystery of mysteries, the first appearance of new beings on earth."

FOR five years the *Beagle* voyaged—to Tahiti, New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia, Ascension Island, the Cape Verdes and the Azores. And everywhere island life raised for Darwin the same nettlesome question, and suggested the same incredible answer.

When Darwin returned to England, never to leave it again, he was a moderately famous young man — by reason of his fascinating letters and splendid collections. In time he became known for his work on the origin of coral atolls and his studies of marine life. But only one or two friends were let in on the secret of his theory. It was contained in a little pocket notebook wherein he patiently set down all the evidence that seemed to bear on his notion. He visited plant and animal breeders, endlessly studying their records. He bought pigeons — all sorts that he could procure — and raised, studied and dissected them. Though domestic pigeons are all descended from the common European blue rock dove, Darwin found that pouters, fantails, carriers and tumblers so differed from one another, as the result of centuries of selection by fanciers,

that a zoologist would, if he came on them in the wild, classify them as separate varieties. The same was true, Darwin saw, of dogs and of various strains of wheat. So, perhaps, evolution had not only taken place on isolated islands, ages past; it seemed to be going on right before his eyes.

For 20 years Darwin patiently worked on his theory, with no thought of fame or little of publication. To a friend he at length confided: "At last, gleams of light have come, and I am almost convinced (quite contrary to the opinion I started out with) that species are not (it is like confessing a murder) immutable."

But murder will out, and one morning at the breakfast table he opened a letter which outlined to him a theory so like his own that the faraway writer might have peeped into the 231 pages of Darwin's own unpublished manuscript. Out in the East Indies, Alfred Russel Wallace, a well-known zoological collector, had fallen ill and in the strange luminosity of fever had perceived with a flash of intuition how Nature has enriched the world.

"There is no limit," wrote Wallace, "of variability to a species, as formerly supposed. The life of wild animals is a struggle for existence. The abundance or rarity of a species depends upon its more or less perfect adaptation to the conditions of existence. Useful variations will tend to increase, useless or hurtful variations to diminish. Superior varieties will ultimately extirpate the original species. There is a tendency in Nature to progression, by minute steps."

"Struggle for existence," "adaptation to conditions," "tendency to progression by minute steps"—these were Darwin's very words! Excited by this confirmation of his discovery, Darwin was also deeply disturbed by the problem it posed in the ethics of science. How could he now publish his own findings without seeming to have stolen the distant scientist's ideas? A wise solution was found—both men agreed to publish jointly the new theory of evolution by natural selection at the next meeting of the learned Linnaean Society.

The argument presented that historic night in 1858 runs like this:

*First fact:* Living creatures reproduce in geometric ratio (by multiplication).

*Second fact:* Yet the numbers of individuals in any species tend to remain, in the long run, more or less constant.

*Deduction from these two facts:* Competition between individuals and between species keeps their numbers down. This is the struggle for existence.

*Third fact:* All creatures tend to vary appreciably. No two individuals are exactly alike and some are distinctly unlike within the same species. Though not all such variations are inheritable, experimental breeding shows that some are.

*Deduction from these facts:* Since there is a struggle for existence and not all individuals are alike, some of the variations will survive because those differences give them a slight edge of superiority. Inferior variants will be eliminated. This is natural selection.

*Result:* Continuing from generation to generation, natural selection tends to pile up enough small differences to amount to a major difference. And that is evolution.

AFTER the meeting there was a polite buzz in the Linnaean Society. If Wallace and Darwin were right, then the lifework of many an older man was outmoded. On the other hand, the hitherto mysterious fossils of extinct animals and plants began to offer a picture of continuing creation more astounding even than the literal Biblical explanation. But all this remained a murmur in scientific circles, and did not reach the public.

Next year Darwin brought out *The Origin of Species*. The publisher thought the whole thing lunatic, but the first edition sold out on the day of publication. Now indeed the storm of controversy arose. The man was mad! The man was a genius! The man was creating scientific anarchy! The man was making order out of chaos! So the name of Darwin rang throughout Europe and America.

THE liberal forces in the churches had long been seething beneath the tight-clamped lid of authoritarianism. With publication of the *Origin*, discussion boiled over. Angrily cried the Victorian Fundamentalists, if you do not accept Gospel truth literally you open the floodgates of disbelief and wash away all moral standards. Stuff! cried the exhilarated thinkers. Here is a new freedom to worship God's truth graven on the geologic tablets!

That's how Bishop Samuel Wil-

berforce came to accept the challenge of a debate at Oxford against Darwin's fiery young champion, the biologist Thomas Huxley. The great hall was jammed. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs at that sweet, handsome, smooth-spoken Bishop Wilberforce. The clergy were packed in a broadcloth phalanx, stout in the defense of public morals. Scientists had gathered to see "Soapy Sam," as they called the Bishop, knocked out of the ring.

Wilberforce's science in which he had hastily been coached, would have been perfectly sound 20 years earlier. But he didn't rely on that alone; he dealt in ridicule. As a final crushing blow he turned to Huxley. "Does the gentleman," he sneered, "claim to be descended from a monkey on his mother's side, or his father's?"

Springing to his feet, young Huxley retorted: "I would far rather be descended from a monkey on both my parents' sides than from a man who uses his brilliant talents for arousing religious prejudice in discussions of subjects about which he knows nothing." A roar of rage went up from the clergy, yells of delight from the irreverent Oxford students. The day was Huxley's — and Darwin's.

ALL this time Darwin was living a recluse life at his country home in Kent. He would as soon have died, he said, as to have taken part in the Oxford debate. He never made a public appearance, except on rare occasions at a scientific meeting.

Darwin had reason for choosing quiet domestic exile; his health never

recovered from the five years of seasickness on the *Beagle*. The least excitement — even visits from friends who stayed too long — could make him ill. Complete tranquillity was indispensable to his work. And work poured from his study and little laboratory every year. *The Descent of Man* traced the family tree of the human animal, and set off fresh explosions of wrath from the churches. Undismayed, Darwin wrote *The Expression of Emotions in Men and Animals*, tracing our most cherished human traits back to the brutes. And just when pietists were shuddering in dread of another "ungodly attack" upon the divinity of man, he would baffle them with a study on the way in which orchids are fertilized, or the method by which primroses prevent inbreeding.

In vain was Darwin's life scrutinized for the moral weakness that his enemies were sure must underlie his free thinking. All they could discover was a gentle old fellow, grown gray in his long service to knowledge, who passed his days amid flowers and with children — his two greatest delights. Never by any word of his was God denied, nor the soul of man.

Amongst scientists no man was ever better loved. When he entered a scientific meeting in his later years, the entire audience would rise and cheer. It was hard to believe that this quiet man had been the center of the bitterest philosophical battle of the century. Actually he had taken small interest in the fight. Like a hard-working gardener, he spaded up, year after year, great chunks of fertile thought, and paid scant attention to the squabbling of the birds

that followed him up and down the rows of his orderly work.

Toward scientific criticism, though, Darwin lent an attentive ear, for he was ready to drop the most cherished theory at any moment in favor of a better. That criticism has been searching. It has objected that natural selection can destroy but not create, and does not explain the initial variations on which it acts. The epoch-making work of Mendel on inheritance, which helps answer these questions, did not come to light till after Darwin's death. Genetics as a science was unborn in his day. The mutation theory — *i.e.*, evolution by sudden and major jumps ("sports") instead of by little steps — had not yet been worked out by De Vries. But the later findings have not put Darwin in the discard; on the contrary, they support and complete his picture of evolution. For evolution has long since ceased to be a theory and is accepted as a fact by almost all scientists.

Darwin was not the first discoverer of evolution, any more than Columbus was the first to discover America,

but he was the first to establish its facts unshakably. The impulse that his discovery made has spread far beyond the realm of biology. Astronomers now speak of the evolution of the stars; physicists find evolution in all material things. History is now viewed in the light of evolution, and sociologists recognize the evolution of society. Nothing stays what it was — not the sun, nor man's concept of God, nor the sovereignty of nations.

CHARLES DARWIN, born on the same day as the Great Emancipator, February 12, 1809, tranquilly ended on April 19, 1882, a life uneventful save for its great intellectual adventure. He had asked to be buried at his country home, but the British nation claimed his body. His coffin was carried to a vault in Westminster Abbey by pallbearers who included Huxley, Wallace and James Russell Lowell, and laid beside the body of Sir Isaac Newton. So rests in honored peace one of the finest type of *Homo sapiens* ever developed in the forward march of civilization.

### *Signs of the Times*

» THE JEEP which carries the Third Army chaplain bears the inscription: "Bringing Up Father!"

— A Victor Lasky in N Y Times Magazine

» ON New York's Second Avenue, the owner of a small shop left this sign hanging on his door: "Gone to the blood bank — come along."

— Parade

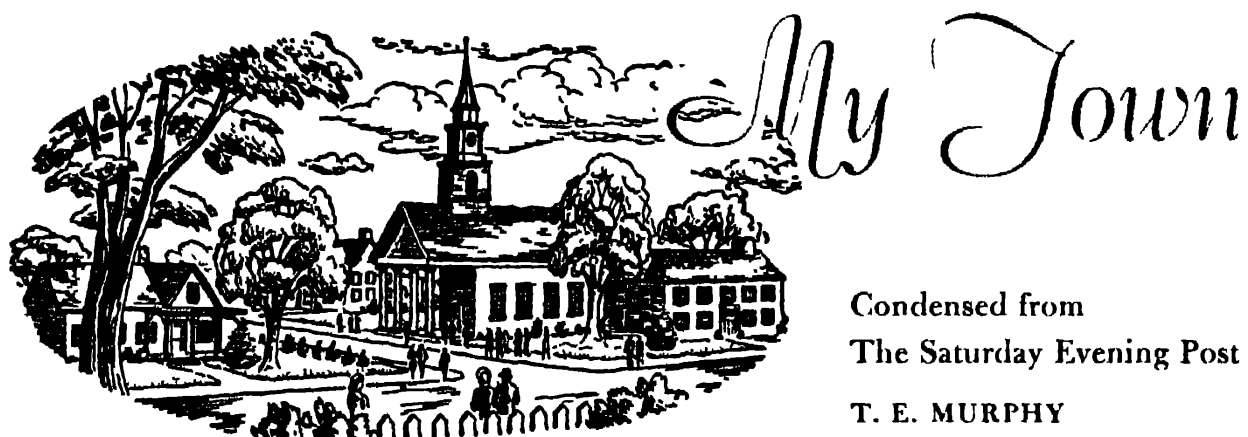
» SIGN in a Hollywood tailor shop: "Our Smart Uniforms Make Easier Your Campaigns and Conquests — at Home and Abroad."

— Contributed by Robert Yelton Robb

» GOING into the Battle of Okinawa, a doughboy wore this sign on his helmet: "Don't shoot — 121 points."

— AP

Does the city-dweller lose touch with the real American way of life?



Condensed from  
The Saturday Evening Post  
T. E. MURPHY

AFTER living in the city most of my life, I moved to a small town about a year ago. Psychologically it meant moving into an entirely different world and caused the rediscovery of simplicity and neighborliness. But more, it meant the return to a kind of life where every person exists as an individual personality. Once more I have become a human being to the grocer, the druggist, the milkman, and, yes, even the people next door.

I selected my small town because I liked the fact that folk whose ancestors responded to the call to arms back in the days of the Revolution were still living in the same houses and tilling the same soil their forefathers tilled. Since these were intelligent and self-respecting people, I felt there must be something mighty attractive to hold them there.

And now I am beginning to understand what it is. It is the opportunity to be your own man, the opportunity to live without being merely a figure on a graph, a street address, a customer to whom things are delivered. The anonymity which is the protec-

tive coloration of the city dweller dissolves, in a small town, and each personality becomes more clearly visible.

Will Hale, who lives across the street from me in a house that was erected by an ancestor in 1750, is now 90 years old. In the summer I watch him as he drives slowly down to the meadow to put in a 12-hour day pitching hay. He is a gentle man, with the face of a ripe apple that has been left too long on the tree. A few wrinkles, yes, but still sound to the core and slightly rosy on the surface. Once, when my puppy chased one of his roosters, he brought the culprit home to me.

"I love dogs, sir. I like them a darned sight better than roosters. But roosters mean food."

There was neither anger nor excitement in his voice. Just a plain, unvarnished statement of fact.

Down the road lives Bert Moseley, who runs the dairy and truck farm. Bert has a good reputation, both for the quality of his milk and for the quality of his life. After the first big snowstorm last year, I was ruefully

surveying the 50-yard driveway into my garage, when Bert drove up with plow attached to his tractor. In a matter of seconds the driveway was clear. I watched him as he cleared every driveway within a half-mile of his house. He refused to be paid. "That's just Bert Moseley's way. He likes to do things for people," a neighbor explained.

Some people shun small towns because they feel that they owe it to their children to send them to a big city school with a lot of technical equipment and a specialized staff of teachers. I too had some misgivings. But when my daughter came home and said, "What a funny way to teach history — making us study the history of the town," I was encouraged. The history teacher, white-haired Miss Clarke, has taught class after class the beginnings of the microcosm, the town. They learned who the men were who founded it, their ideals and trouble. They learned that up the road lived the Smith sisters, who fought valiantly for woman suffrage, among the first to champion this cause in the United States.

Not until the students have learned the story of our town do they pass on to the government structure of the state, and here the story is repeated. Miss Clarke's children have a grounding in American history that will make them immune to all the strange isms that inevitably arise. As the children study, they can look out the school window to the hills beyond. There they can see the graveyard in which many of these men who built the first America lie buried. In such a setting, history is a living thing, and those who study it must

necessarily feel themselves a link in a chain from the past to the future.

I like my town, too, because each day as I go to work I pass the ancient town hall, set back on a pleasant green. I know that the taxes I pay on my home, to pay the cost of Miss Clarke's services, Chief Hall's salary and all the other services that I get, will be decided in open forum. Those taxes will be levied on me not by men far removed but by my neighbors. I will have a chance to have my say in all these matters. It gives me the feeling of having a hand in things, of being master rather than servant of my government.

And yet none of my neighbors suffers from any false pride. Take the man next door. He is retired from business and must be pushing 70. He likes to read the *Courant*, and was annoyed when the boy-power shortage led to discontinuance of early-morning deliveries. So he took the job. And I dare say he has not lost a whit of his essential dignity despite the bag of papers flung over his shoulder.

All these experiences have led me to believe that two different worlds exist in America — the world of the city-apartment dweller and the world of the small-town resident. Most city dwellers seem to have changed their sights from the original goal of freedom and now have them focused on security. Almost nowhere except in small towns like mine does it now seem to be important that the individual retain his independence of thought and action.

This, I suppose, is because the city dweller has no real contact with the basic things of living. He has no real possessions except, perhaps, the



clothes he wears and the furniture in his apartment. He buys packaged foodstuffs that other people made or grew. But he is remote from the sources of all these things. If he lives in an apartment house, somebody else worries about stoking the furnace. In the morning, he climbs aboard a crowded bus or subway train but neither sees the faces of the passengers nor cares to see them.

One morning in the city I saw an elderly man sink to the ground with a heart attack just as he was going to board a bus. Half a dozen persons hurried past him, afraid to stop for a moment, afraid they might be late for work. So carefully insulated were they from their fellow men that this pathetic heap of clothing, flesh and bones meant nothing more than possible annoyance. That couldn't happen in my town, because here everybody is a person.

The two distinct Americas that have grown up in these two ways of life may have a bearing on the new emphasis that our Government has been placing on security rather than freedom. It takes no political analyst to know that national elections are now won by the overwhelming endorsement of a candidate by those who live in congested metropolitan areas. The city dweller seeks security in the symbol of any national leader who enters his living room via the radio.

Political America is the direct outgrowth of sociological America. Only when the major part of Americans declare their independence of the city, the machine and the treadmill of urban living can we ever again hope, as a people, to get back to the rugged but pleasant road that leads to the fulfillment of the dreams of those who founded America.



### *Flaming Romance*

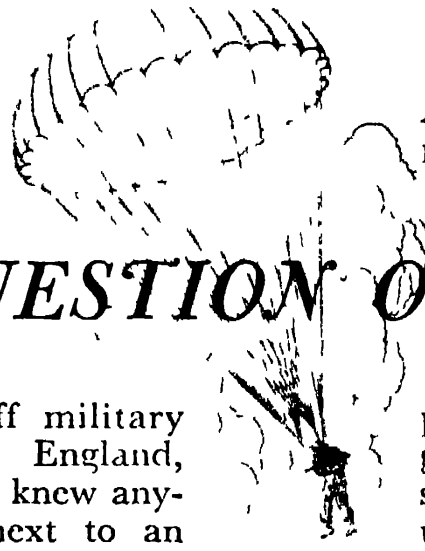
» A SAILOR in the South Pacific wrote a friendly letter to a girl back home. She answered in a more-than-friendly manner. When he reciprocated warmly, a succession of increasingly passionate love letters ensued, culminating with the girl penning a missive of such high temperature that she thought surely her South Pacific Romeo would be unable to outdo it. INFLAMMABLE was even stamped in red ink on the envelope. A few weeks later she received an answer — an envelope containing mere ashes.

— Contributed by Ensign George W. Crenshaw

» AT THE Hollywood Canteen, Linda Darnell was talking to a sailor just returned to the States after 27 months in the Pacific. "I'll bet that right now there's nothing but pictures of beautiful girls running through your mind," she said.

"Yep," answered the sailor, "they don't dare walk."

— Erskine Johnson, NEA



A true story

BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

# A QUESTION OF COURAGE

AT a rather stiff military luncheon in England, where nobody knew anybody else, I sat next to an American paratrooper of the 101st Airborne Division, the heroes of Bastogne. He was perhaps 20 years old; like so many parachutists, he was of slighter build than the average American soldier, but he was broad-shouldered and obviously a tough, strong trooper. His breast blazed with more ribbons than I can remember seeing on anyone else of less rank than a general. He was shy at first, and not very talkative. But after a while he lost his constraint, and he told a story. Here it is:

ON D Day minus one — 24 hours before the invasion of France — picked men were dropped into Normandy this youngster among them. Unfortunately, he hit the ground many miles from the designated rendezvous. It was barely dawn. He could find none of the landmarks that had been carefully described in advance. None of his comrades was in sight. He blew the shrill police whistle that was sup-

posed to bring the group together. No other police whistle sounded. A few uncertain minutes passed. He blew again. No one came. He knew then that the plan had gone wrong, that he was alone and completely on his own in enemy-held country.

He realized that he must seek cover at once. He had landed near a stone wall in a neat, beautifully kept orchard. Not far away in the gray dawn light he saw a small red-roofed farmhouse. Whether the people who lived there were pro-Ally or pro-German he didn't know, but it was a chance he had to take. He ran toward the house, rehearsing the few phrases of French he had been taught for such emergencies.

Answering his knock, a Frenchwoman of about 30 — "she wasn't pretty and didn't smile much but she had kind, steady eyes" — opened the door. She had just stepped from a big kitchen fireplace where the morning meal was cooking. Her husband and her three small children — the baby in a high chair — stared in wondering surprise from the breakfast table.

"I am an American soldier," said the parachutist. "Will you hide me?"

"Yes, of course," said the Frenchwoman and drew him inside

"Hurry! You must hurry!" said



MISS DISNEY has been a war correspondent with the Army Air Forces. In private life she is the wife of Milton Mackay, Director of OWI publications in London.

the husband. He pushed the American into a large wood-cupboard beside the fireplace and slammed the door.

A few minutes later six men of the German SS arrived. They had seen the parachute coming down. This was the only house in the neighborhood. They searched it thoroughly and swiftly. Almost immediately the parachutist was found and pulled from the cupboard.

The French farmer, guilty only of hiding him, got no trial. There were no formalities, no farewells. He tried to call to his wife as he was dragged from the kitchen, but one of the Storm Troopers struck him in the mouth and his words were lost. The Germans stood him in the farmyard and shot him at once. His wife moaned; one child screamed.

The Storm Troopers knew what to do with a French civilian who had dared to shelter an enemy, but apparently there was an argument as to the disposition of their prisoner. So, for the time being, they shoved him into a shed in the farmyard and bolted the door.

There was a small window at the back of the shed. Skirting the farm were woods. The chutist squeezed through the window, ran for the woods.

The Germans heard him go. They rushed around the shed and after him, firing as they came. The bullets missed him. But now the attempt at escape seemed quite hopeless. He had hardly got into the woods — carefully tended French woods with little underbrush — when he heard his pursuers all around, shouting to one another. They had scattered.

Their voices came from all directions as they searched systematically. It was only a matter of time until they would find him. There was no chance.

Yes, there was one last chance. The parachutist nerved himself and accepted the risk. Doubling on his tracks, ducking from tree to tree, he left the woods and fled into the open again. He ran back past the shed and on through the farmyard where the body of the murdered French farmer still lay. Once again the American stood at the farmhouse, knocking at the kitchen door.

The woman came quickly. Her face was pale, her eyes dulled with tears. For perhaps a second they faced each other. She didn't look toward the body of her husband, which she hadn't dared yet to touch. She looked straight into the eyes of the young American, whose coming had made her a widow and orphaned her children.

"Will you hide me?" he said.

"Yes, of course. Be quick!"

Without hesitation she returned him to the cupboard beside the fireplace. He stayed in hiding in the cupboard for three days. He was there when the funeral of the farmer was held. Three days later that part of Normandy was freed, and he was able to rejoin his division.

The Storm Troopers never came back to the farmhouse. It didn't occur to them to search that house again because they did not understand the kind of people they were dealing with. They could not comprehend, perhaps, that human beings could reach such heights. Two kinds of courage defeated them — the

courage of the American boy who out-thought them, the courage of the French widow who unhesitatingly gave him a second chance.

I WAS fascinated by the two protagonists in this true tale. I thought about them often. I told the story many times to groups of American soldiers in France and Italy. But I lacked eloquence. I never could express fully what I thought of these two remarkable people. It was not until after V-E Day, as I was preparing to come home, that I met

an Air Force general who put into words exactly what I felt.

"The young parachutist had the courage of desperation," he said. "In a box, he saw and seized the only way out. A brave, smart boy. But the woman had the courage that is with you always, that never lets you down. She was a fortunate woman."

"Fortunate?" I looked at him in astonishment.

"Yes, fortunate," repeated the general. "She knew what she believed in."



### *Elementary Psychology*

» NEEDING a new secretary, the firm's president decided to have applicants judged by a psychologist. Three girls were interviewed together.

"What do two and two make?" the psychologist asked the first.

"Four," was the prompt answer. To the same question the second girl replied: "It might be 22." The third girl answered: "It might be 22 and it might be four."

When the girls had left the room, the psychologist turned triumphantly to the president. "There," he said, "that's what psychology does. The first girl said the obvious thing. The second smelled a rat. The third was going to have it both ways. Now, which girl will you have?"

The president did not hesitate. "I'll have the blonde with the blue eyes," he said.

—*The Canteen*



### *Patton Pending •*

» WHEN Patton's tanks were 185 miles from a junction with the Red Army, a paper proclaimed the news in large headlines, continuing the story on the back page where it was erroneously headed "Patton 175 Miles from Russians." An alert reader quickly dispatched a letter pointing out the error. Loath to acknowledge a mistake, the editor replied: "Our staff, priding itself on up-to-the-minute coverage of news, merely recognized that by the time a reader reached the back page, the news on the first page about the location of Patton's armor would be obsolete — hence the apparent discrepancy."

—Contributed by Cpl. Irving Silverstein

# Life in These United States

TWO HUSKY young paratroopers wandered into the furniture department of a large store in Atlanta, Ga. The previous night on the train had been long and sleepless — and the beds looked soft and inviting. The two lads sat down “for just a minute,” and in that minute were curled up fast asleep.

The store manager, summoned by a surprised salesman, was a man of understanding. He gently unlaced the high boots, brought a blanket and spread it over the boys. Through the morning and most of the afternoon, in the midst of smiling shoppers, the boys had their sleep out.

— T/Sgt. M. W. COHN (*Wilmington, Del.*)

★ ★ ★

THE SUMMER I was 12, an old New Hampshire farmer hired me to do chores. He was perfectly content to live as his grandfather had lived before him, without newfangled contraptions, and never hurried for anything. One morning I was late and rode into his yard on my bicycle pedaling furiously. “Well,” he muttered disgustedly, “can’t see no use in making your feet go as fast as you can just to give your rear end a ride.”

— Pfc. WALLACE G. ACKERMAN (*APO San Francisco*)

★ ★ ★

I WAS working in a room four stories above a Chicago boulevard when there was a grinding crash in the street below. Everyone rushed to the window. A taxicab had rammed the rear of a shiny black limousine. As we watched, an angry argument started between the two drivers, and the usual crowd gathered.

Then we saw a shabby little man break away from the crowd, dash to an old jalopy parked nearby and return with a can. As he reached the back of the limousine we realized the reason for his

speed — gasoline was pouring from the damaged fuel tank. He held his container under the bright red stream until it was full, then ran to the rear of his own car and drained the precious fluid into the tank. With frenzied speed, three trips were made before the tank of the big car ran dry.

The argument was still going full blast when our enterprising friend climbed into his battered car and rolled merrily away.

— R. DUANE COPE (*Highland Park, Ill.*)

★ ★ ★

WHEN I was 17, I used to cut timber with my 80-year-old grandfather, Nathan Hylton. His hair was as thick and white as clean sheep wool. Six feet tall and weighing 200 pounds, his shoulders were broader than the length of his axe handle. His arms rippled with muscles knottier and harder than the oak we cut. After Grandpa’d get warmed up, he’d work stripped to the waist; many a winter day I’ve seen sweat run from his face into his beard and freeze into icicles.

“Grandpa, when were your best years?”

I once asked him as I stopped to get my wind on the other end of the crosscut saw.

“Son, they’ve all been good years,”

Grandpa said. “But ’spect I was a better man,” he went on, taking a firmer grip on the saw handle, “between 15 and 75.”

— Lt. (JG) JESSE STUART (*Washington, D C*)

★ ★ ★

JUST after one of our worst snowstorms last winter I was struggling home against a zero wind when my path was blocked by a surprising trio: a charming young woman with a sailor who was maneuvering through the snowdrifts a well-blanketed, rosy-cheeked baby in a flimsy wartime baby carriage. I stepped out of their way and must have looked amazed for the sailor looked me firmly in the eye

and said: "Look, mister, I've been overseas for two years, and the thing I dreamed about, day in and day out, was wheeling my kid around the block. And, fellow, come hell or high water or snowdrifts, I'm wheeling him around the block!"

—A. F. BURNHAM (*Glasgow, Mont.*)

★ ★ ★

THE TREES were in full dress in the bright sunshine of late spring, with one exception — a big walnut which stood, leafless and worm-eaten, in my neighbor's field. I asked why he left it there to mar an otherwise lovely landscape.

"Because my horse has always preferred it," my friend replied soberly. "Whenever he's through grazing he finds his way to that dead tree. It's a comfort to him; and because he grew old and blind in my service I'm leaving it for him."

—CREAMER FARRY (*Mansfield, Ohio*)

★ ★ ★

PENNY CANDY! The big showcase in the tiny Iowa store was crammed with every conceivable kind. The little old proprietress, cute as a lemon drop herself, smiled as I selected some of each variety — nearly \$2 worth. "I haven't had so much fun in ages," I remarked.

"You can have more fun next time," she said with a twinkle.

"How?"

"Next time, bring one penny."

—LT. (J.G.) MAX HODGE (*Pontiac, Mich.*)

★ ★ ★

ON A hunting trip in the north woods we stayed at a lodge run by an old guide who had lived alone in the wilds most of his life, with only about a dozen dogs of various breeds and sizes for companions. It was very cold and the first evening one of the men, noticing the scant bed covering, asked what we should do if we got cold in the night.

"Wal," the old guide replied, taking a long draw on his pipe, "just pull up another dawg."

—WILBUR R. PERRY (*Fort Wayne, Ind.*)

THE first time I took our little nine-year-old daughter out in her wheel chair without a robe over her lap I was afraid that pitying glances at her crooked leg and twisted little hands would make her self-conscious. Instead, I noticed that more and more people were smiling cheerfully at her. A young girl winked at her and called out, "Hello there, twerp." A grave-faced sergeant grinned and gave her a snappy salute.

When I lifted her out of the chair at the doctor's office she explained the matter. "I didn't want people to worry about me, so I kept smiling at them. I smiled extra big for the soldiers 'cause I think they are worried about going to war anyway."

—MILDRED BROWN (*Cascadia, Wash.*)

IN A men's clothing store a young corporal, assisted by a pretty girl, selected a civilian suit and tried it on. The girl looked him over critically, then gave her verdict: "You're still cute."

The salesman, thinking he was about to sell a complete wardrobe, said, "I suppose you have your discharge and are getting ready to be a civilian again."

"Oh, no," returned the corporal. "My girl just wanted to see how I looked in civilian clothes before she made up her mind about marrying me."

—HELEN VIA (*Houston, Texas*)

★ ★ ★

*The Reader's Digest* invites contributions to "Life in These United States"

FOR EACH anecdote published in this department, *The Reader's Digest* will pay \$100. Contributions must be true, revelatory or humorous unpublished human interest incidents, from your own experience or observation. Maximum length 300 words, but the shorter the better. Contributions must be typewritten, and cannot be acknowledged or returned. All published anecdotes become the property of *The Reader's Digest Association, Inc.* Address "Life in These United States" Editor, *The Reader's Digest*, Pleasantville, New York.

*There is more good will in most people than they know they have. This is the story of a reassuring and highly significant community enterprise*

# When Black and White Work Together

*Condensed from Survey Graphic • ROGER WILLIAM RIIS and WEBB WALDRON*

YOU'LL rarely find a town so stirred by an enterprise and a man as Indianapolis is by Flanner House, Negro community center, and its director, Cleo Blackburn. "A bright and shining achievement," says Booth Tarkington. "Best thing this town ever did," says Dr. Thomas Noble, distinguished surgeon. "An inspired program," says Charles Lynn, industrialist. And Norman Isaacs, chief editorial writer of the Indianapolis *News*, adds: "Any ticket Blackburn writes, this city backs!"

Flanner House has been making headway on a terrific problem — the problem of how Americans can live and work happily together when some happen to be white and some happen to be black. Indianapolis, center of the northward migration of southern Negroes, is the perfect proving ground. It has the greatest percentage of Negro population of any city north of Mason and Dixon's line — 65,000 Negroes to some 335,000 whites. But while race clashes have smirched many northern cities, Indianapolis has had none. The answer lies largely in the wise leadership among both whites and

Negroes which finds its expression in Flanner House.

Founded in 1900, Flanner House was a small and shabby service center for Negroes when Blackburn was brought from Tuskegee Institute to take charge a few years ago. Then things began to happen that affected the whole Indianapolis scene. By an amazing piece of community teamwork, it has built a new center on the edge of what former U. S. Housing Administrator Nathan Straus called the worst Negro slum in America. It is constructing a new health center. It is operating perhaps the largest community gardening and canning project in the United States by and for Negroes. But above all, it has shown whites and Negroes how racial troubles lift when two races work together for their common good.

That is why the Indianapolis Junior Chamber of Commerce, four years ago, picked Cleo Blackburn as the man who had done most for his city in that year — the first time a Negro has been so honored in Indianapolis, perhaps the first time in any American city. And that is why Flanner House is backed solidly by the Community Fund — the In-

dianapolis Foundation, the city, state and federal governments, and thousands of plain citizens.

"In the history of the United States the Negro has faced two crises," declares the 34-year-old director of Flanner House. "The first came when 3,500,000 freed slaves were dumped into a competitive world for which they had no training. The second crisis is with us *now*, when 2,500,000 southern rural Negroes are here in the North to stay, bringing neither the aptitudes nor the attitudes necessary for city and industrial life. It is a greater readjustment for the Negro who goes from the fields of Alabama to the factories of Indianapolis than it is for the Italian who goes from industrial Milan to industrial Indianapolis."

Blackburn had been a research associate in the study of the great migrations of history when he was called to Indianapolis to solve the problems of just such a migration. Always reinforcing his dreams with facts, he persuaded the Indianapolis Foundation to appropriate \$4000 for a survey of the local Negro situation. This revealed that the movement of Negro population was northwestward toward a slum already overcrowded. Right *there*, on the edge of that slum, Blackburn said, was the place for the desperately needed new home for Flanner House.

Adjoining the slum was a whole block occupied by a deserted tile factory. Here would be room for a community house, health center, workshops, playgrounds. Flanner House persuaded the city to buy this block for \$35,000 and rent it to them for \$1 a year. Now for a building.

"We'll help build it ourselves!" Blackburn eagerly announced.

The brick in the wrecked factory would do for the bulk of the new structure, but first the old mortar had to be carefully knocked off and good bricks separated from broken ones. For this tough job, all hand labor, Blackburn enlisted some of his own people. Some white neighbors joined them in off hours. Soon the Quakers appeared on the scene with a work camp of the American Friends Service Committee.

So the news spread around town, and more people came to work on the project. Volunteers couldn't do it all, but they helped dig the foundation, carry brick, make doors, build closets, put up shelves. And the new community house, admirably designed by the Negro architect Hilyard Robins, cost about half what had been anticipated. This volunteer work by whites and Negroes stirred the whole city and gave Flanner House a community aspect as nothing else could have done. More than that, it disclosed the simple fact that when a man sandpapers a board his forearms become covered with fine gray dust — and that dust is exactly the same color on black arms as on white ones.

Lured from the South by war jobs, rural Negroes came from a timeless, clockless world of their own. What matter when you came to work? So they had to learn about alarm clocks and time clocks, what modern toilets are, why doctors examine you, what a foreman is, why you have to wash and what is a pay check. All this Flanner House undertook to teach them in classes in the settlement



house and in factories and shops. For Flanner House lives and works in many places in the city.

An Indianapolis factory wanted girls to sew parachutes. Flanner House picked and trained 50 Negro girls — not only in sewing but also in diplomatic conduct, since they were to work side by side with white girls. These girls did so well that the company hired 100 more without consulting Flanner House. Instantly there was trouble, fights with the white girls and the foremen. The factory had to fire almost all of the new group, and conformed thereafter to Flanner House standards.

At a large garment factory, word came suddenly that all the newly hired Negro employees were quitting. Nobody could make out the trouble. There was a rush call for Cleo Blackburn. He found they couldn't understand the deductions for social security and bonds. Explanations by the management only tended to confirm them in the notion that they were being slicked. Blackburn made them understand.

One plant called in Cleo to talk to the foremen on how to deal with Negro workers. Many of these foremen were Southerners. To see a Negro up on a platform addressing them was a real shock. But Blackburn's talk was so skillful, had such a warm plea for patience and understanding of the peculiar qualities of the Negro, that it went over with a bang.

Classes at Flanner House train potential housemaids in the handling of electric stoves, vacuum cleaners, electric refrigerators and washing machines. And they teach manners,

too. When a girl has a chance to move on from household work to the job of tearoom waitress or soda-fountain clerk, she is taught more work habits, new attitudes. Some 4700 employers look to Flanner House for help. Last year the House placed 6385 Negroes in such jobs, had 2425 more requests it could not fill. And it carefully checks on the performance of each worker; 92 times out of every 100, "satisfactory" goes down on the record.

Negro women nurses and dietitians, and wives of Negro professional men formed the Flanner House Guild, which operates a day nursery for young children of working mothers, and a toy-lending library. Since the hard-used toys wear out, there is a workshop where fathers and mothers come evenings to repair them. Also, under the direction of a Negro expert, they are introduced to such crafts as cabinet making and carpentry.

Flanner House has a Make-Over Shop, too, where women, under skilled direction, turn tag ends of cloth into wearable garments; old sugar sacks into napkins and doilies; discarded felt hats into handbags. Flanner House aims to help people help themselves. Last year it spent \$9 on charity, \$44,000 on training people to work.

The federal government and the city have combined to provide \$130,000 to build the health center at Flanner House. It will specialize in child and maternity care.

Blackburn started the Flanner House community gardens, where last year 200 Negro families raised \$25,000 worth of vegetables. This

year it is 300 families. The Indianapolis Water Company lent 20 acres, the president of a large printing company 20 more. A family gets a plot 50 by 100 feet for \$1 a season. Flanner House projects always spread out, and the gardening grew into a cannery where last year they put up 19,000 cans of food. This year they expect to do 60,000.

And what about that slum? Streets and streets of hovels — the streets often muddy paths, the hovels without toilets or running water. A group of families patronizes a community privy and a community pump.

One shack with an assessed valuation of \$850 rents for \$25 a month. Taxes are \$21.38 a year. That's the owner's only expense — no one would ever dream of putting a cent on repairs. So this owner gets \$278.62 clear each year, or a 32.8 percent return. Nearby is a coal shed rented to a family at \$7 a month. There's a service flag in the window.

Led by Flanner House, civic-minded citizens in Indianapolis got an act through this year's legislature authorizing the city to buy this slum area under the power of eminent domain, turn part of it along the banks of a stream into a park, with a picnic ground, swimming pool and baseball diamond; lay out new streets in the remainder and sell off lots to low-income people at reasonable prices. For those who can't afford to buy, decent low-rental homes will be made available. A great city parkway which halted in despair at the edge of the blighted area

will run through the development.

How will these homes be built? Cleo Blackburn has an exciting plan. At Penncraft, near Uniontown, Pa., coal miners built themselves a village of 50 houses on the labor pool idea. The men who can carpenter, do plumbing, stonework, painting or glazing, or maybe just dig, pool their skills and build one another's home. These miners put up six-room modern houses, that would have cost \$4000 elsewhere, for under \$2000, and smaller houses for much less. Blackburn went to look, came back full of enthusiasm. William Book, executive secretary of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce, agreed heartily with him. Two local realtors were skeptical until Cleo sent them to Uniontown to see for themselves. They were convinced that the plan would work.

Flanner House calls forth more good will than people ever knew they had. Every city with a slum area cries out for an enterprise like it and a man like Cleo Blackburn — a man with vision who builds firmly for the future on the bedrock of human need.

Once upon a time, runs the fable, a traveler came upon three men chipping stone beside the highway. He asked each of them in turn what he was doing.

Said the first man: "I'm chipping this stone."

Said the second: "I'm helping build the wall of a building."

And the third, proudly: "I am building a great cathedral."



# Canada's Mackenzie King



BY STANLEY HIGH

**I**N FIVE periods since 1921, totaling 18 years, William Lyon Mackenzie King has been Prime Minister of Canada. No other statesman since Bismarck has served so many years as the head of any nation's government. Last June, despite war discontents and major political upsurgings of both the Right and Left, King's middle-of-the-road Liberal leadership won its sixth election.

At 70, he is fit, serene, and sure that, before the life of his present government runs out, the important place in the world which Canada has achieved in its Mackenzie King era will be too firmly established to be doubted abroad or shaken at home.

Canada is emerging from the shadow so long cast over it by the superior power and industrial development of the United States. Today, Canada rates as an adult nation and thinks and acts like one. Mackenzie King has devoted his life to bringing this to pass.

Canada is now the world's largest producer of nickel, asbestos, platinum, radium and newsprint; second in gold, aluminum and hydroelectric power; third in copper, lead

and zinc. In the production of cargo ships it ranks second only to the United States. U. S. investors have put four billion dollars into Canadian enterprises—a larger investment than we have in any other

country and nearly as large as our total for all Latin America.

Not only our good neighbor, Canada is also our good customer. Before the war, Canada bought nearly half of all U. S. books and printed matter sold abroad, a third of all our petroleum products, a fourth of our exports of agricultural machinery and vast amounts of our coal and our farm products. Since the war began, trade between our two countries has tripled. It is the largest across any international boundary in the world.

This war has been a supreme test of Mackenzie King. He made it Canada's war. In 1914, Canada had rushed into the war a few hours after Britain's declaration. In 1939, King waited a week to enable the Canadian people to act "of their own free will." Then he asked for a declaration—and got it without a dissenting vote. "As a nation of the New World," he said,

"we placed ourselves at Britain's side because Britain's cause was the cause of freedom everywhere in the world."

In World War I, 98 percent of those called for military service in anti-English Quebec asked for and received exemption. This time, more than 100,000 French Canadians volunteered. And of more than a million Canadians in the armed forces, 93 percent volunteered for overseas.

Conscription in World War I brought the nation close to civil conflict. This time, King won 52 out of Quebec's 65 Parliamentary seats, in spite of the fact that his government had sponsored a conscription bill.

King will now direct Canada's participation in the Pacific war, and its postwar relationships with the United States, the British Empire and the world. He will determine Canada's role in the joint system of defense on which the military security of both Canada and the United States will, henceforth, so vitally depend. Mackenzie King, that is to say, is one of the world's important political figures. He is also one of the least known.

"A long time ago," he told me, "I learned the virtue of keeping one's own counsel." A close associate of the Prime Minister said, "One would hardly call our relationship 'wordy.'" King is notably inaccessible. He seldom holds a press conference. Being unconvivial, he has no cronies: his closest companion is his Irish terrier, Pat II.

King was once "the most eligible young man in Ottawa," a dinner-party favorite and an excellent

dancer. But he never married. He does not smoke or, at Cabinet meetings, permit smoking among his colleagues. After a radio appeal for temperance at the outbreak of the present war, he swore off for the duration what little drinking he did. He is forgetful of meals and sometimes keeps the members of his Cabinet engaged through both lunch-time and dinner. He does take frequent naps. He seldom suffers from sleeplessness.

Most Sunday evenings find King in his pew in St. Andrews Presbyterian Church in Ottawa. Morning prayers, also, are his habit. Grace, characteristically a silent one, is the rule at his table. At home or traveling, he reads at least one Bible chapter every day.

A Scot, the economy which King insists on in government he practices at home. His housekeeping expenditures are budgeted. His secretaries have to be sure that all the lights are out when they leave a room. He has his shirts mended when his stiff white collars wear through them.

Undemonstrative himself, he produces few demonstrations. When South African Prime Minister Smuts recently visited Ottawa a photograph showed King with his hat lifted in a dignified salute to the crowd. "The Prime Minister lets go," said the caption.

King is actually much less austere than the impression he gives to the public. At Kingsmere, his country farmhouse 15 miles from Ottawa, he answers the telephone and the door himself. He apologized to me because his house smelled of smoke: "I guess I laid a poor fire." He in-

sisted, at tea, on doing the serving, and he talked only a little less continually and no less interestingly than his friend Franklin Roosevelt did.

King's barber, at the Château Laurier Hotel in Ottawa, told me that he got his position on the day that King first became Prime Minister, and that they have an 18-year-old bet as to which will hold his job the longer. Last winter, when the barber and his wife celebrated their 35th anniversary, King turned up, unannounced, for the party.

For many years, King has been on terms of close friendship with former Secretary of State Cordell Hull. He knew how close to Hull's heart was the success of the San Francisco Conference. Frequently while he was there as head of the Canadian delegation, King took time to send personal messages to Hull, bedridden in Washington.

King's deep-seated hatred of all forms and degrees of despotism and his devotion to political and economic democracy are a heritage from his grandfather, William Lyon Mackenzie. In 1837 this stout-principled Toronto printer, having failed to get redress for the Colony's grievances by a self-financed trip to London, returned to lead a rebellion against the Crown. Mackenzie's picture stands on King's desk. Nearby is a framed copy of Her Majesty's Government's offer of £1000 reward for his capture dead or alive.

"I showed that to King George when he visited me," said King, adding drily, "He seemed interested."

For ten years, William Lyon Mackenzie lived in exile in the United States — poor and almost

always hungry. There King's mother was born. Her portrait, always lighted, hangs beside his desk. The Prime Minister speaks of the "Rebellion of '37" and the bitter years of exile almost as though he, himself, had lived through them.

King's father, a successful lawyer, had urged him to study law. But King's Calvinistic sense of mission was already well developed and he chose economics and labor relations. On a graduate fellowship at the University of Chicago he studied labor organization and lived at Jane Addams' Hull House.

Returning home, King wrote a series of newspaper articles about industrial abuses in Toronto. One article described the sweat-shop manufacture of uniforms for mail carriers. King, 23 years old, took that report to Ottawa and laid it before the Postmaster General. Their discussions led to the Dominion Fair Wages Resolution.

When King, at 26, was in Europe on his third fellowship, he was persuaded to return to Canada to organize a Labor Department and serve as its first Deputy Minister. Save for one brief period in the United States as Director of Industrial Research for the Rockefeller Foundation, his public career has been uninterrupted for the 45 years since.

Even as a young man with his sleeves rolled up, King's aim was never Marxist: to make Canada over. It has been more nearly Scotch-Presbyterian: to make Canada better.

A reformer himself, he looks with distrust upon reformers "whose only solutions require class conflict and social disruption." For him, the first

function of a democratic leader is to guide and reconcile. "Few men," he once wrote, "serve their day and generation better in industry or in politics than the great conciliators."

Canada has had need of conciliation, for it has been sharply divided between the English and French communities. There are still divisions. But King has greatly reduced them. Protestant and Ontario-born though he is, nearly half his support in the next House will come from Catholic French-Canadians.

King's firm loyalty to the British Commonwealth is based upon his conviction that it is "not a nation, rather a fraternity of nations, autonomous communities, in no way subordinate one to the other in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs." More than any other influence King's stiff-necked practice of that doctrine has established Canada's present independent status among the nations.

In 1922, powerful forces in Great Britain were demanding war with Turkey. New Zealand and Australia had signified their willingness to go along. A war party in Canada was crying at King's heels. He and his Cabinet cabled London, roughly, this: "Before Canada declares war we should like to know what the war is about. If you will inform us, we shall then call Parliament into session and Canada's representatives will decide."

Such a self-confident show of independence threw the war's promoters entirely off balance. Tempers cooled and the crisis passed. To this day the Turks credit King with saving them from a conflict with Britain.

In 1926, King again asserted Canada's autonomy. He wanted an election and went through the ritual of "advising" the Governor General, Lord Byng, to dissolve Parliament. Byng refused and called upon the opposition to form a government. King accepted the challenge, defeated the new government, carried the issue to the country and won handsomely.

Last year, London sent up several trial balloons to test the reaction to setting up a permanent Empire body to establish a common policy on defense, foreign affairs and trade for all parts of the Empire and Commonwealth. The most important of these balloons was flown in Canada.

On the floor of the House, King forthwith punctured it. Canada, he said, would have no part of any plan for a British bloc of nations set off, as sooner or later it would be, against other nations. "If, at the close of hostilities, the strength and unity of the Commonwealth are to be maintained, those ends will be achieved not by policies which are exclusive but by policies which can be shared with other nations."

Canada has heretofore been classed as one of the "small nations." Under King's leadership, it has emerged from that category. Representing a people conscious of their increased unity and strength, Mackenzie King, at the San Francisco Conference, made Canada leader and spokesman for "the Middle Powers."

Mackenzie King has served Canada for nearly two thirds of the span of its life as a nation. He is not yet ready to rest on his laurels. But he has them in abundance.

TO RICHARD MYERS

# *The Young Dead Soldiers*

By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

The young dead soldiers do not speak.  
Nevertheless they are heard in the still houses.  
(Who has not heard them?)

They have a silence that speaks for them at night  
And when the clock counts.

They say,  
We were young. We have died. Remember us.

They say,  
We have done what we could  
But until it is finished it is not done.

They say,  
We have given our lives  
But until it is finished no one can know what our lives gave.

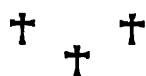
They say,  
Our deaths are not ours,  
They are yours,  
They will mean what you make them.

They say,  
Whether our lives and our deaths were for peace and a new hope  
Or for nothing  
We cannot say.  
It is you who must say this.

They say,  
We leave you our deaths,  
Give them their meaning,  
Give them an end to the war and a true peace,  
Give them a victory that ends the war and a peace afterwards,  
Give them their meaning.

We were young, they say.  
We have died.  
Remember us.

# *Should Our War Dead Be Brought Home?*



Condensed from an editorial in *Life*

OUR combat dead in this war have now reached a total of more than 230,000. If what happened after the last war happens again, over half of these dead, now buried on battlefields and in cemeteries abroad, will be dug up and returned to America.

In the last war 78,734 Americans died and were buried in Europe. Their families were given the choice of bringing the bodies home at Government expense or leaving them in St.-Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne or one of our other well-kept military burial grounds. A little over half chose the former, and 46,310 bodies were returned.

Today, the Quartermaster General's office, as soon as all fighting has stopped, again plans to comply with the families' wishes, assuming that Congress appropriates the money. Congress will appropriate the money, all right. For it is the families who vote, not the dead boys.

On Okinawa recently, *Life* correspondent Robert Sherrod saw a news item about a bill before Congress to appropriate \$122,900,000 to bring *all* the dead home to 79 national cemeteries. This set Sherrod to thinking. Here is what he wrote:

"Men who are about to die rarely

speak of death, because each hopes, even when fighting against hopeless odds, that he will live. I have seen a lot of men die in this war. I talked to some of them within five minutes of their going, to many of them within a few hours. I do not recall that any man told me what he wanted done with his body. But I feel morally certain — as certain as anyone can feel about something to which he does not know the definite answer — that these men would prefer to lie where their comrades interred them.

"Would the thousand Marines who gave their lives at Tarawa want their bones separated from that enshrined square mile of coral sand? Or would not a man prefer to lie forever in that spot he helped to make sacred, the spot that has come to symbolize one of the heroic achievements of history? I saw Tarawa's Lieut. William Deane Hawkins shortly before he was wounded for the third and last time. His only thought was to kill the Japs who were machine-gunning his comrades as they waded through the water. On a Tarawa atoll he lies under a simple white cross marked "W. D. Hawkins, First Lieutenant, USMCR, Nov. 21, 1943." That is all, but what more could a man ask?



"Lieut. Colonel James Fish III, executive officer of the 17th Infantry Regiment, is buried at the foot of a snow-capped mountain on Attu. Near him is his Chinese-American cook, Corporal Donald Chong, who was killed in the same attack. I knew these two men well. I shared their tent until the night they were killed. They had been together a long time, and they were friends. Would they want now to be separated? I do not think so. I think they would prefer to leave their bones as a memorial, on this first piece of American soil reclaimed from Japan, which would remind their countrymen never to let Japan go marauding again.

"Since I read the proposition before Congress I have talked with about 40 officers and men here at Okinawa. With two exceptions they said that if they died in battle they would like to remain where they fell. Their comments ranged from 'heathen' and 'mawkish sentimentality' to those who shrugged their shoulders and said, 'I don't give a damn what they do with me when I am dead.' Half a dozen men pointed out that it would be cruel to subject the dead men's families to a second dose of grief coincident with the arrival of the bones.

"We think the Okinawans are odd because they let the bodies of their dead lie three years before putting the bones in a jar,' said an Army major. 'But I wonder if their system doesn't make more sense than digging bodies out of the ground and

sending them 7000 miles to be planted again.'

"A junior grade Navy lieutenant said, 'Good God, what will they think of next? Why not give that money to the widows and children?' A Marine sergeant had an idea: 'Why don't they send the parents or the widows to visit the graves? It wouldn't cost any more.'

"On the hospital ship *Comfort*, the Catholic chaplain shook his head. 'I don't believe the men would want to be dug up. No, it shouldn't be done.' One of the surgeons said, 'I was in the last war and they didn't want it then. I don't believe the men's families would want it now and I know very well most of the men themselves don't.' A seaman said, 'If I died, I would want to be taken back home and buried there.' But an Army sergeant who had received machine-gun bullets in both legs, disagreed: 'It would be a waste of money.' Said a sailor, survivor of a destroyer, 'Cheap politics.'

"The cemeteries out here are O.K. A man doesn't want to be disturbed after he is dead,' said a second lieutenant. A Navy commander added: 'I guess they never heard of Rupert Brooke's poem:

"If I should die, think only this of me;

"That there's some corner of a foreign field that is forever England.'"

For those bereaved families who sincerely try to imagine what the boys themselves would have wanted, these opinions from the hell of Okinawa are worth reflecting on.



*The unique union of Germans, Frenchmen and Italians which sets an admirable example for all the world*

# *How the SWISS MAKE DEMOCRACY WORK*



Condensed from *Common Sense*

EDWIN MULLER

THE deep-blue waters of Lake Constance in the green foothills of the Alps mark the frontier between two sections of the German people — and between two extremes of well-being and misery.

On one side of the lake are the Germans of the late Third Reich. Their young men have been killed or maimed, their cities destroyed. They live under alien rule. Their present is wretched, their future almost without hope.

On the other side are the northern Swiss, Germans too — in that they speak the same language, have similar racial origins, have many inherited traits in common. But they have lived at peace for a hundred years. Their standard of living is high. And, most important, they are “free men under a free sky.”

What has made the difference? Six centuries ago the Swiss came to a crossroads. They took the fork that led to democracy. They have never turned aside from it.

Recently I saw a convincing demonstration of how Swiss democracy operates. In the old town of Appenzell I attended the annual open-air

election, a device of government used in five of the 22 cantons, and reflected in the spirit of all the others. The central square of the town was roped off to admit only qualified voters. Outside the ropes — a school for future voters — were the women and children. At one end was the speaker's platform; on the desk a massive old Bible, flanked by a pair of great two-handed swords. Each voter carried a sword — traditional reminder that democracy is something for which one must be willing to fight.

The outgoing chief executive of the canton gave a businesslike report of his year's service, specifying how the taxpayers' money had been spent. Often he was interrupted by a question called from the crowd; painstakingly he would give a fuller explanation. Then the new candidates presented their cases in turn, and retired from the platform while the election was decided by a show of hands. A budget for the coming year was passed, also other business — changes in poor-relief laws, regulations for food rationing.

There was no applause — no more

than there would be at a bank directors' meeting. One felt that these men, taking time out for the business of running their government, really *were* the government.

There is a Swiss saying: "We ourselves are the state." It's a saying not often used, because it is taken for granted. The average Swiss feels that *he is responsible* for his government.

In 1891 Switzerland originated the initiative and referendum. The initiative provides that new legislation may be proposed by a petition signed by 50,000 voters. The referendum requires that, if 30,000 voters demand it, any law, after it has passed the two houses of parliament, must be submitted to the people for approval. These two devices have been adopted by some of our own states. In Switzerland they are the very foundation of government.

Our Founding Fathers feared this direct control by the people. They called it mob rule, and were certain it would bring a flood of irresponsible legislation, that property rights and the rights of minorities would be overwhelmed. Some Swiss statesmen had the same mistrust of the people, but their fear hasn't been justified. The electorate has stood more firmly than the legislature against half-baked laws. For example: After the last war, Switzerland, like other nations, was in serious financial straits. A levy on capital was proposed. It would have affected only six citizens out of a thousand; yet when submitted to the people it was killed by a seven-to-one vote.

Although the Swiss adopted a two-house legislature patterned after that of the United States, they re-

coiled from our idea of a powerful one-man executive. The Swiss executive, unlike our President, has no power to veto: that rests with the people — and their veto is final. The Swiss President is subordinated to the legislature, and his office revolves among the seven members of the Federal Council. Even an educated Swiss, though he knows the Councilors' names, may forget who happens to be President at the moment.

Nor have the Swiss followed our form of two-party government. Of a number of parties, one extreme is the Catholic Conservative Party, the other the Socialists. Between the two, and more powerful over a period of years than either, are the Independent Liberals. Legislators veer from experimenting with the new to swinging back toward the old.

Switzerland has more newspapers in proportion to population than any country in the world, representing every shade of political opinion. Through them, the voter keeps a close watch on his servants, the elected officials. And — perhaps because they are watched, perhaps because they are honest — there is almost no corruption.

Nor do the Swiss spend money freely in elections. It is said that the largest campaign contribution ever received by the leading political party was 1000 francs — less than \$250. One Swiss who had acquired wealth in the United States returned home with political ambitions. He hired halls, made speeches, passed out cigars, gave parties. The voters came and enjoyed themselves. But he got less than one vote in ten.

Swiss respect for the power of the

majority has led to complete inter-sectional tolerance. The Swiss have no racial unity, no common language; they differ in religion and culture; they are German, French and Italian. But they do have one thing in common — democracy. The German-Swiss dairy farmer of Appenzell may not speak the same language as the French-Swiss factory worker of Geneva, yet they understand each other. The cantons remain separate and individual. But under their motto, "One for all and all for one," they have formed a nation whose unity has withstood the most violent strains.

World War I was a severe test for this union of free men. In 1914 the German-speaking Swiss felt themselves close to Germany, had shared its literature and culture. The French cantons were ardently pro-French and pro-Ally. When it came to the test, the loyalty of German Swiss and French Swiss to their union was more binding than any other loyalties.

After the war there was scant letup in the tension. Democracy was at a low ebb all over Europe. The Swiss saw Communism spread from Russia to Hungary, to Germany, to Italy. Then Fascism and Nazism won Central Europe. Both movements appeared in Switzerland, which had had its postwar economic troubles like the rest. Young Swiss fascists, admiring the efficiency of the dictators, formed the Society of the Iron Broom, to sweep democracy out of the country.

But democracy was so ingrained in the Swiss that the Brooms couldn't budge it. When the common man is convinced that he himself is the gov-

ernment, he doesn't turn his power over to commissars or Gauleiters. The Swiss Communist and Nazi parties dried up for want of followers.

It was the Nazis outside, not those inside, who threatened Switzerland. Hitler spoke openly of how he would "restore the lost Swiss tribes" to the Reich — as he was forcibly "restoring" the Austrians, the Danzigers, the Sudetens. Nazi school maps began to show Switzerland as part of the Reich.

Came World War II, and Switzerland was soon an island in a sea of triumphant Nazism. But this time there were no divided sympathies. All Switzerland was anti-Nazi, the German Swiss probably the most anti. German films were hissed in Zurich, a few minutes' flight from German bomber bases. German newspapers on Swiss newsstands were unsold.

The Swiss mobilized their army at the frontier. The Germans threatened invasion; Swiss troops were told by loudspeakers from across the frontier that they would be massacred in a few hours. They mounted more guns, studded the border with tank traps; they mined the Simplon and St. Gotthard tunnels, and were prepared to blow them up if the Axis powers tried to force a way through their country. As all Europe fell to Hitler, there began to be some defeatist talk — talk of "relearning" and "rethinking," of how to fit Switzerland into Hitler's New Europe.

The commander of the Swiss Army, General Guisan, a small, sturdy man in his late 60's — in civilian life a dairy farmer — summoned his officers and read his Order

of the Day. He said the existence of Switzerland was at stake, but there could be no compromise: they would fight to the last for Swiss independence. His words ran through the country. Defeatism vanished. Guisan became a popular hero — an unusual phenomenon with the Swiss. They took it for granted that when the military emergency was over he would retire to his dairy farm. He has.

Today, the end of the war still brings no relaxation of the strain on Switzerland. Again Communism outside the country is a threat. The Swiss fear that Germany and Italy will be engulfed by the Red wave sweeping from the east, with the possibility that once more their country will be an island in a totalitarian sea. So they face the future, worried but resolute.

Swiss problems are in many ways like our own. There is the question of whether industry can shake off wartime controls and return to a free, competitive economy. They have gone much further than we into

public ownership. Just as they are afraid of powerful political leaders, so they are afraid of powerful big business, especially monopoly. So their public utilities are state-owned. Then there is the unending debate on states' rights versus more power to the central government. The trend is toward the latter, but the cantons retain more of their sovereignty than do our own states.

Taxes are high, but not quite so high as our own. The line has been held against inflation. Food is short but, with careful rationing, sufficient. The Swiss feel that they could have real prosperity if the other nations of the world could adjust their differences.

Meanwhile, the Swiss are an object lesson in how to make democracy work. As Woodrow Wilson once said, they show the world how Germans, Frenchmen and Italians, if only they respect each other's liberties as they would have their own respected, may build up a union at once stable and free.



### *Pert and Pertinent*

» AN ADMIRER encountered Vicki Baum for the first time. "Why, Miss Baum," she gushed, "it's nice to find you so blonde and young. I had imagined you were much older and a brunette!"

"My dear," replied the author, "I am!"

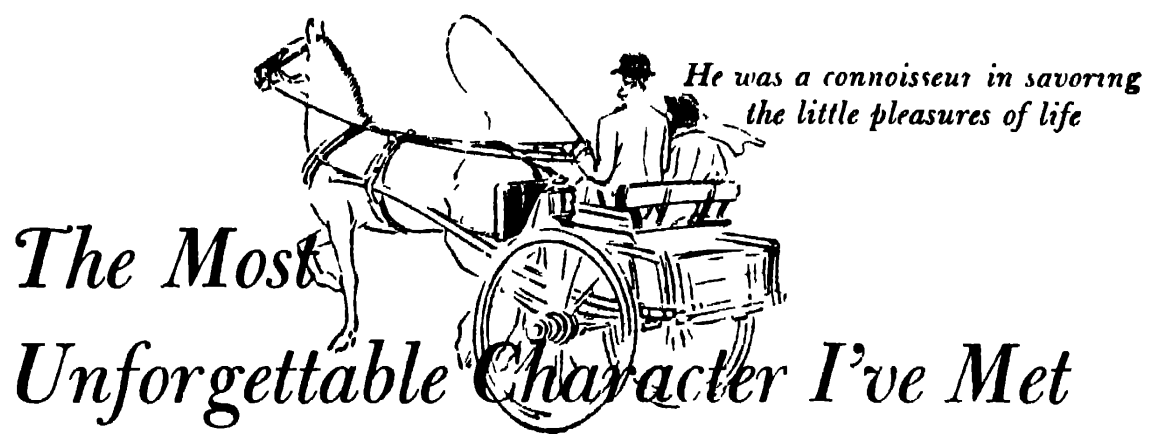
— Lucius Beebe in *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

» "I'M THINKING of writing the story of our life together," Alexander Woollcott once said to Neysa McMein, with whom he was more or less in love for many years; then added, "The title is already settled."

"What is it?" she asked.

"Under Separate Cover."

— Samuel Hopkins Adams, *A Woollcott His Life and His World* (Reynal & Hitchcock)



## The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

By JAN STRUTHER • Author of "Mrs. Mincer"

**A**LTHOUGH my uncle Torrey died nearly 20 years ago, hardly a day passes without my thinking about him.

Uncle Torrey was what is known as a Character; but, unlike many Characters, he never played this part deliberately. I can see now that he was both the product and the victim of the rather rigid social system into which he was born. He was the second son of a Scottish baronet, and he spent his childhood at the family home, a beautiful old house famous throughout Scotland.

Like many younger sons, he went into politics. At the age of 27, when he was considered one of Westminster's most promising young men, he married a handsome, witty and fascinating girl who was clearly cut out to be the wife of a Cabinet Minister. But as the years went by it became obvious that Uncle Torrey would never, after all, rise to the top of the political tree; and his wife was not the kind of person to be content with anything less than the topmost branches. Eventually, at her wish, they separated.

Uncle Torrey had by that time retired from Parliament, and for the last ten years of his life he lived

alone. I used to spend many weekends and part of every school vacation with him, and I got to know him really well.

He was an odd mixture. On the one hand, he was a gentleman of the old style, a man of the world who had been closely associated with all the most outstanding personalities of his day. On the other hand, he was a born handy man. He could have earned his living — and led, I think, a far happier life — as a jobbing carpenter.

There was nothing Uncle Torrey loved so much as mending things, and the more finicky the chore was the more he seemed to enjoy it. If something in the house got broken, he would groan loudly. "Why in the name of God's holy truth," he would say (it was his favorite piece of profanity), "can't people take better *care* of things?" But all the same there would be a glint in his eye, and you knew that he was going to spend a happy afternoon repairing the damage. If there was nothing to be mended, he would clean something instead, preferably something made of leather or metal.

I can see him now — a smallish upright man of about 60, with blue

eyes, bushy brows, a hooked nose and chin like Mr. Punch, and fingers prematurely gnarled by arthritis — standing at his workbench, and putting an exquisite polish on an old brass candle-snuffer or a pair of riding boots. He would probably be wearing riding breeches and leather leggings, and the sleeves of his fine blue flannel shirt would be carefully rolled up to exactly the same level above each elbow. His lower lip would be thrust far out — a trick of his when he was concentrating.

As soon as the object was gleaming brightly enough to satisfy him, he would hold it up with a proud smile for me to admire, and then he would look around for some other congenial job. If he could find nothing to mend and nothing to polish, he would get out a small oilstone and put a yet keener edge on all his favorite tools — the horn-handled pruning-knife, the chisels, and the miniature two-bladed pocketknife.

He changed for dinner every night of his life. After dinner, when the oil lamps had been brought in and the coffee cups cleared away, he and I would sit and sing songs to the guitar. That is to say, I would hold the guitar and finger it — his hands were too stiff — but it was he, usually, who told me what chords to play. He had an unerring instinct for harmony, and he was patient, though profane, over my mistakes.

After I had the whole thing worked out to his satisfaction, we would sing the song, with me taking the melody and Uncle Torrey supplying the tenor and bass parts in alternate verses. We sang all kinds of things,

mostly folk songs: "Drink to Me Only," "Annie Laurie," "O Bay of Dublin," "All Through the Night" . . . We sang "Abide with Me," "The First Nowell," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "The Old Folks at Home" . . . But the ones we sang most often were the Jacobite songs: "Charlie Is My Darling," "Wae's Me for Prince Charlie." As the evening wore on, we would both work ourselves up into an orgy of sweet sadness over the long-dead cause of the defeated and exiled prince. I remember thinking how strange it was that we should feel so deeply about it, considering that our forebears had been Lowlanders, and had been mixed up scarcely at all with those bloody and romantic shenanigans. I asked him about this once. He thought it over slowly — he never answered questions in a hurry — and then he said with a rather wry smile, "Well, you see, the lost causes always produce the best songs."

This was undeniably true: but so far as he was concerned it was not the whole truth. I realize now that the main reason why the Jacobite songs appealed to him was because his own life — particularly his private life — had been something of a lost cause. When he sang "Will Ye No Come Back Again?" I know now that the image in his mind's eye was not of Charles Edward Stuart but of a witty, pretty woman playing the hostess at the other end of a long dinner table, with the sound of Big Ben booming out every quarter hour behind the talk and laughter.

Some evenings, instead of singing, we would just sit and talk. The great

thing, from my point of view, was to head Uncle Torrey away from genealogical trees, a subject which bored me as much as it fascinated him. If I happened to mention, for instance, that I had met a red-haired boy named Tom Cunningham at a party, it would start him off. "Red hair? Must be one of Frank Cunningham's boys. I was at school with Frank's father — old Tom. Nice fellow. Married one of the Frisby girls. I don't remember her name, but her mother was a Lane-Pontifex. . . ."

Uncle Torrey was not a snob. This was to him a kind of game; it pleased his orderly, pattern-loving mind to unravel a tangled skein of family relationships and roll them up into a neat coil; and it lessened his loneliness, too, by keeping alive memories of people he had known.

Etymology was another of his pet topics. And, come to think of it, that wasn't such a very different topic, after all: it just meant delving into the family history of words instead of people. We would vic with each other in collecting odd bits of lore about derivations, and we would exchange them eagerly whenever we met. I shall never forget the time I discovered the origin of the word "posh," a piece of slang which meant elegant, snazzy or chic. It appears that experienced Anglo-Indians, when booking passage on a P. & O. steamer, would shrewdly specify that their cabin space should be "Port Out, Starboard Home," thus making sure that they would be on the cooler side of the ship in each direction.

The very next day Uncle Torrey

met me at the station in a high two-wheeled buggy (to the end of his life in 1926, he refused to give up his dogcart in favor of an automobile), and we went spanking homeward between primrose-studded hedgerows. I saw a perfect opening.

"You've got some new driving gloves," I said casually. "They're *posh*."

As I expected, he winced at the loathsome adjective.

"For the love of God," he begged, "don't use that word."

"Aha!" I said triumphantly. "I used it on purpose. Just listen to what I've found out. . . ." He didn't, of course, relax for a moment from his customary driving position (back straight as a ramrod, derby hat set squarely on his head, keen eyes watching the road beyond the horse's ears), but a delighted grin spread slowly over his face.

"That," he said at last with the deliberation of a connoisseur. "is epic." At intervals throughout the week-end I would hear him muttering to himself, "Port Out, Starboard Home . . . P - O - S - H. Beautiful!" He couldn't have been more grateful if I had brought him a ripe Stilton or a bottle of Château Lafitte.

Uncle Torrey had little to do with my formal education, but it seems to me now that nearly all the most interesting and enjoyable things I know were learned, directly or indirectly, from him. He taught me to ride and drive horses: and in this, as in everything else, he was a strict, thorough and infinitely patient teacher. He had no use for the kind



of rider who merely wants to go out for a good gallop, and who brings the horse home in a lather of sweat. Most of his neighbors kept five or six expensive hunters, went to a fox-hunting meet by automobile and were met again by their chauffeurs at the end of the day. Not so Uncle Torrey. He had but two old Irish hunters which were as much at home between the shafts of the dogcart as they were in the hunting-field; and however far away hounds might meet, we always rode out and rode home "on our own backsides," as Uncle Torrey delicately — and sometimes less delicately — put it. Often we would arrive home by starlight, tired and aching. We would help each other off with our mud-caked boots, have warm baths with a handful of mustard in the water and then sit down to reminisce happily about the day over a roast pheasant and a cheese soufflé.

WHAT Uncle Torrey enjoyed even more than hunting, however, was hacking — the pleasant three-hour rides, trotting or cantering through pastures golden with buttercups, watching the sights and sounds of country life, and stopping every now and then to chat with a hedger or a road mender. He was scrupulous, and he trained me to be scrupulous, about such things as uncut hay, newly sown crops, and the shutting of gates. He could manipulate any kind of gate without dismounting, and he would spend hours teaching me to do it. Halfway through the ride we would usually drop in at a village pub for a drink — beer for

him, milk for me, water for the horses. When I think about those rides, what comes back to me most vividly is a medley of scents — saddle leather and tweed and warm horseflesh, hawthorn and meadow-sweet and the foamy tang of cow parsley.

He taught me all that I know about carpentry, and most of what I know about the mechanics of writing. He was an excellent critic, with a delicate ear for the rhythm and weight of words. As for the finer intricacies of grammar and syntax, he was meticulous and, I think, infallible in his judgment. I remember the expression on his face when I showed him a letter from a friend of mine in which the last sentence ran: "I should have loved to have come." "I hope," said Uncle Torrey grimly, "that you're not seriously thinking of marrying that young man." I honestly believe he would sooner have seen me married to a jailbird than to a man who would make use of a double perfect. His battle against slipshod language was waged because of his deep sense of the beauty of order. He knew that clarity and simplicity of expression are the outward signs of a writer's inward integrity. By tirelessly pointing out my verbal ambiguities, he made me aware of, and repentant of, the looseness of thought which had caused them: and that is a valuable piece of training.

Many of the lessons Uncle Torrey taught me are bound up with the small ordinary things of everyday life. I think of him whenever I smell hay, get buttercup-dust on my shoes,

or see a two-wheeled buggy go by along a country road; whenever I drink red wine; whenever I weigh two synonymous words in my mind before setting one of them down on paper; whenever I shine my shoes, or run my hand over polished wood.

I realize now that the memory of Uncle Torrey is not only in my eyes and ears but in my very bones. It strikes me once more, for perhaps the thousandth time, that the most

valuable lesson of all was one which he never set out to teach: how comforting and clarifying, in times of loneliness and perplexity, is the companionship of inanimate objects, the touching and handling of wood or stone; and, when larger problems seem insoluble, how steadying to the nerves, how infinitely soothing to the troubled heart, is the painstaking performance of small, familiar, manual tasks.

### *A Sailor Who Had to Have a Horse*

By GRETTA PALMER

WHEN Chief Boatswain Arthur L. Parker, USN, was sent to the Pacific area in 1943, he was sure he would find somewhere in that region a horse to love and tend — a well-bred horse that a former Montana ranchman could esteem. Therefore he tucked a McClellan saddle into his sea chest. Three weeks after landing in jungle country, Parker heard about a sick colt lying on a nearby trail. It was a nine-months-old filly, bloated and insect-ridden but with the head of a fine horse. That night, on a makeshift sled, the horse was moved to camp where Parker treated her with gruel, brandy and loving faith. The next day she staggered weakly to her legs. In a few weeks she was frisking about, the pet of the island.

The colt, christened Flicka, learned many amusing tricks. She knew how to open cupboard doors to find sugar lumps, and how to do sums by nodding her head. She learned so much from sailors about untying knots that it was impossible to keep her tied. Flicka paid her way too: she carried water bags for work crews, stopping at a whistle from any man who wished a drink.

Then Parker's outfit was ordered back to the States. There is no provision for carrying service men's pet horses around the world, but fate saw to it that the officer in charge of the ship bearing Parker home was a horse-lover too. At Long Beach, Parker cajoled landing officials into allowing an unauthorized horse to come ashore. Flicka was released for service with the USO.

When Flicka and Parker traveled the Army and Navy camp circuit in a little act, a newsreel company, smelling a story, sent a cameraman to get a picture. But a young lieutenant interrupted. "Wait a minute," he said. "I know a Hollywood producer. Maybe he'd like to make a full-length picture about Flicka."

As a result Parker — and Flicka — received \$25,000 to make a movie based on the events through which they both have lived. Now Flicka has a new name, Bess, and is undergoing training, while Parker is acting as technical adviser for the picture — which will show the saddle that a sailor bought two years ago for the horse he knew he was going to find and love.

A smart lawyer wins cases by spotting a Phi Beta Kappa key, or a red nose

## WOULD A LAWYER PICK

# *You as a Juror?*

Condensed from *Argosy*

HENRY MORTON

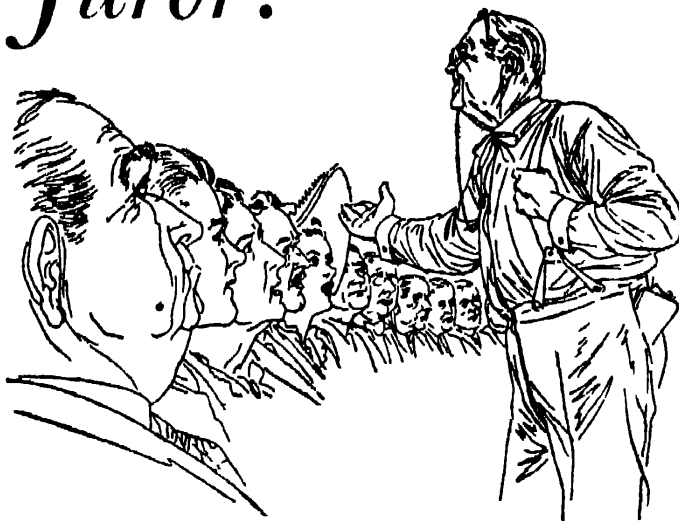
ROBINSON

WHEN a lawyer enters upon a jury trial, his duty is to secure, if he can, a winning verdict for his client. Only the jury's gracious nod can gain him such a verdict; *ergo*, the lawyer's first care is to select jurors who look, sound — yes, and sometimes *smell* — favorable to his case.

"When I'm picking a jury," a Tennessee barrister once remarked, "I like to see a fellow in the box who's been coon-hunting with me." That just about expresses a lawyer's idea of the perfect setup. One solid friend in the jury room may mean more than a week of forensic pleading.

Generally, however, a jury is composed of total strangers possessing all the prejudices and variabilities of human nature. Because these prejudices may be hurtful to his client, the attorney is permitted to "challenge" a certain number of jurors — that is, to question their fitness to pass judgment on the case. In trials involving the death penalty in New York State, a lawyer has 30 such challenges; in civil cases he has six.\*

Clarence Darrow's genius (no client of his ever suffered the death penalty) lay in selecting jurors who could see



*Flattering a prospective juror is standard practice.*

eye to eye with him. Artful as a lapidary examining gems for a necklace, Darrow scrutinized the faces, clothing, social position, racial background and religious beliefs of his jurors. He was always glad when he saw an Irishman enter the jury box; Darrow knew that he would be emotional, kindly, forgiving. As Darrow put it, "his imagination will place him in the dock, where he will simultaneously be trying himself and thinking up reasons for letting himself off." Darrow was wary of pharmacists and accountants. Pharmacists,

\*In addition to these "peremptory" challenges, which the lawyer need not explain to the court, he also has an unlimited number of challenges "for cause," such as kinship or business association with the plaintiff or defendant.

he maintained, "were always counting little pills"; accountants were too "ledgerminded."

Darrow once drew a juror with the rum-blossom nose of a hard drinker. Remembering that his client had been under the influence of liquor when the crime was committed, Darrow smiled benignly at the toper. Then to assure himself that the red nose was really alcoholic, Darrow walked slowly past the jury box, sniffing imperceptibly. The aroma of the morning eye-opener greeted his nostrils — and the juror was accepted.

Every District Attorney comes to the task of jury selection with a special "dopesheet" on all members of the panel. His investigators have combed the record of every potential juror. What political party does he belong to? Has he ever been sued or mixed up in any questionable deals? Has any member of his family ever been convicted? All this information rests in the D.A.'s dossier and is not available to the defense lawyer. The latter must depend on his intuition, plus a printed jury list, for whatever hints they can provide.

This jury list gives the occupations of prospective jurors, and it is eagerly scanned. Suppose a department store is being sued for damages by a housewife injured in an elevator accident. Her lawyer finds that Juror No. 5 is a banker, presumably a man likely to be skeptical, rather than emotional, about cash claims. He therefore asks that Juror No. 5 be excused, preferring some other man as juror whose social and economic status is similar to the plaintiff's.

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes

once observed: "No lawyer, no matter what his experience, can possibly conceive how little the jury understands of the case." Therefore, in suits involving complex legal or scientific technicalities, a lawyer attempts to obtain jurors of marked intelligence. A Phi Beta Kappa key dangling from a juror's watch chain is a welcome signal in cases where the evidence will be hard to follow. Ordinarily, however, lawyers steer away from the too brainy juror. Max Steuer, defending an unwed mother who had indulged in fatal gunplay, declared his preference for the juror of submedium intelligence, "who can be led down irrelevant lanes of reasoning, and brought to tears by the liberal use of emotional onions."

Just how dumb a jury can be is evidenced by the following anecdote: Bill Scharton, the famous New England trial lawyer, had just concluded an eloquent opening in a personal-injury case when a juror stood up in the box and asked to be excused. Scharton inquired afterward why he hadn't wanted to serve. "Well," said the juror, "you asked us to give \$10,000 to your client, and I ain't got enough money to pay my share."

How does a trial lawyer regard women jurors, now eligible for service in about half the states? Our romantic tradition ascribes excessive sentimentality to women, but this is not borne out by the record. "Women's tendency to weep when they are greatly moved," says Judge W. B. Harley of New Jersey, "has earned them the reputation of being softhearted. But as a rule their regard for law is greater than their pity."

Most criminal lawyers willingly

accept two or three women on their juries, unless the defendant herself is a woman. The girls seem to be stonier-hearted than men in judging their wayward sisters. But if a presentable young man is on trial, women jurors are inclined to identify him with a son or brother — which is perfectly agreeable to his lawyer.

A defense lawyer must be almost clairvoyant in searching out the secret places of the juror's soul. If he misinterprets an external sign, his case may founder. The tightly rolled umbrella that Juror No. 12 carries into the box clearly reveals a Milque-toast character — but will timidity turn to self-righteousness in judging guilt? Another juror wears a Masonic emblem in his lapel. Will he deal impartially with the defendant, who is a Catholic? These and a thousand other queries must be answered in quick decisions by the lawyer as he picks his jury.

The lawyer must ask himself also, "Does this juror like *me*? Is my personality, dress or mode of speech incompatible with his?" A brilliant young Boston lawyer who pays the utmost attention to seemingly superficial details once drew a juror who wore an expensive hand-painted necktie. Next day the lawyer wore a similar piece of neckwear and focused his arguments on the sartorially

splendid juror. He won the case, and who shall say that his choice of neckties did not help?

Flattering a prospective juror is standard practice. Henry W. Taft tells of a murder trial in which one of the talesmen, accepted by the prosecution, said in a loud voice: "Davis (the defense lawyer) won't have me. He knows I'll hang his man." Everyone expected Davis to challenge him, but the shrewd lawyer arose to remark: "We want you on this jury. We want candid, broad-minded men, with clear powers of analysis." All through the trial he addressed that juror, dwelling on his powerful intellect. Result: that man joined the others in a verdict of "not guilty."

Lawyers often outdo each other in expressing contentment with the jury as it stands. This makes the jurors feel that they are dealing with discerning counsel — clever fellows who know a good jury when they see one.

To many laymen all this psychological jockeying is vaguely disturbing; it seems somehow unethical. But lawyers point out that not all human beings possess ideal impartiality. Hence the lawyers' sweating and fuming over jurors is likely to remain an integral part of our judicial system. The assumption is that it all adds up to the greater protection of the client



A BUSINESSMAN in a small New England town, campaigning vigorously for election to the Board of Health, was congratulated for his civic spirit. "It's not the money or the honor I want," he said, "but if I'm elected, I stand a good chance of getting a telephone put in at my house."

— Contributed by Iona Wassersug

*Independence is a hot issue-  
with a reverse twist*



# Report from Manila

*Condensed from Fortune* • CLAUDE A. BUSS

THE Philippines are at the crossroads of their destiny. In mutual danger and in mutual struggle they have grown closer than ever to the United States. They look to us for guidance. Their only hope of security and prosperity depends upon our understanding and help.

Manila, which was to the Philippines what San Francisco and New York combined are to the United States, is utterly destroyed. Its lovely old houses were dynamited and put to the torch in one of the most senseless orgies of bestiality ever perpetrated upon a helpless people. The Port Area is a shambles, the harbor a graveyard of sunken ships. Row upon row of houses have been so completely obliterated that not even the outlines of their foundations remain. And among the ruins there are hundreds — if not thousands — of charred automobiles mixed crazily with the skeletons of sewing ma-

chines, barber chairs, stoves and iceboxes.

The University of the Philippines looks like the ruins of ancient Rome. The General Hospital is a battered monument to the heroes who perished there. The High Commissioner's Office, clubs and hotels, once aristocratic and resplendent, are now gutted horrors in a neighborhood of tombs.

The grass is not green in Manila this year. There is no grass. The flame trees do not show their gorgeous colors; those giants have perished at the roots. Pet dogs and cats have disappeared. Only a few scrawny ponies remain to pull the *carromatas* on the streets.

The political machine has been shattered. The *Nacionalista* politicians either took to the hills or entered the service of the enemy. Many former administrators — Vargas, Paredes, Recto have been discredited. The Cabinet of President Osineña is composed primarily of colleagues who distinguished themselves as guerrillas. They are fired with enthusiasm and good intentions but they lack governing experience. Their real strength is in the support of the U. S. Army, which guarantees



CLAUDE BUSS, ranking member on the staff of the U. S. High Commissioner in the Philippines when the Japanese took Manila, was interned for almost two years, and returned to this country on the *Gripsholm* late in 1943. Last spring Mr. Buss went again to Manila on a Government mission.

law and order, the distribution of food and water, and prevention of epidemic diseases.

Among the politically conscious Filipinos there is endless bickering and name-calling. The "guerrillas" assume a monopoly in loyalty as a consequence of their role in liberation. The apologists for the "collaborators" resent the name and say that they took greater risks than the guerrillas, living under the very noses of the invaders, and serving as spies and go-betweens. There were some good "collaborators" just as there were some bad "guerrillas." The smoldering issues between them threaten to flare into a climactic blaze when a general election is held.

The members of the Congress were elected in November 1941. Of the 24 Senators, some are dead, some have disappeared, and some are tainted. The legal right of the 98 Representatives to assemble presumably expired last May.

The present officeholders are men of good will but their hands are tied. They lack a mandate from the people and they do not have the power to handle a situation overshadowed by military considerations. Thanks to the presence of the troops, however, there is no danger of a breakdown in law and order. Courts-martial sit for 24 hours a day, and when the MPs issue orders there is no doubting their meaning.

The economic destruction in the Philippines is appalling. Production cannot catch up with consumption needs for a long time to come. Rice, the all-important food crop, will not meet the demands of the people at this harvest or the next. Only

imports by the armed forces will prevent starvation. The sugar centrals have been damaged or destroyed. Many cane fields have been plowed under for cotton or despoiled by battle. Factories have gone up in smoke. Before there can be any production of consequence in Manila, factories must be rebuilt, raw materials brought in from abroad. And nothing can be done that interferes with the conduct of the war.

The transportation system has been demolished. Railways have been torn up, bridges blasted, automobiles stolen or burned; bicycles, *carromatas*, pushcarts — everything that moves — have been commandeered and wrecked by the Japanese. Fuel tanks have been exploded; gasoline, alcohol and oil are as precious as blood. It is impossible to move passengers or freight without utilizing Army vehicles. The old machinery of trade and distribution perished in the flames — shipping facilities, warehouses, stores and banks. Men must begin to rebuild as they began to build in the Orient a century ago.

The currency situation is fantastic. The Japanese manufactured money as fast as their printing presses could turn it out. They had converted a 40-car garage into a vast vault for the storage of currency intended for the entire world. I saw millions and millions of dollars, pounds, pesos and guilders piled three feet deep, ready for a bulldozer to push them into the Pasig River. This Mickey Mouse currency sent prices so high that people were paying 150 pesos — \$75 in normal times — for a roll of toilet paper.

After November 1943, prices got completely out of hand. Trade practically stopped, except for barter or the black market.

It is difficult to realize that a peso once again has intrinsic value. People who have been paying 100 pesos for a watermelon or five pesos for a kilo of rice are not willing to work for the newly established rate of one peso, 25 centavos a day. The Army has posted ceiling prices and intends to enforce them, but it is baffled by the comparative abundance of money and scarcity of supplies. One peso twenty-five is not enough to attract workers, but if you throw in lunch and a pack of cigarettes you can get all the laborers you can use.

Consumption goods are woefully inadequate. The Japanese have been plundering systematically for three years. Houses are without furniture and people are without clothes. The cello player of the symphony orchestra could not attend rehearsals because he literally had no pants to wear.

Rehabilitation cannot wait for a master plan. While both the United States and the Philippines are searching out the best possible long-range formulas, someone must supply food, shelter and clothing — the Army cannot do it indefinitely.

Three years of enemy occupation have damaged the moral fiber of the nation. For three years these people have been humiliated and bullied, threatened and tortured by the Japanese. No wonder that it may be difficult for those who escaped the butchery and the burning to turn their backs on the accepted practices of hate and to readjust

themselves to the standards demanded of a society based on freedom and justice. But for the long run we need have no qualms: the same qualities that sustained the Filipinos through their gethsemane will be multiplied in their resurrection.

In the midst of the military atmosphere, in the face of economic disaster and political opportunism, some Filipino leaders shrink before the prospect of immediate independence. They fear that, unless the United States has political responsibilities, it will eventually desert them. They now appreciate more than ever the individual liberty they enjoyed under the previous relationship to the United States. They would welcome a proposal for a plebiscite on dominion status or statehood. Their attitude is that of a badly frightened child who seeks consolation in the lap of its mother.

Certainly the former business tycoons see no prosperous future for the Philippines except under the wing of the United States. They think that the struggle for survival will be a nip-and-tuck affair even with all the help the United States can grant in manpower, materials and technical direction. They regard independence more than ever as the paradise of political fools.

The advocates of immediate independence interpret these arguments as the dying gasp of the American imperialist. They say that the goal for which the Filipinos have struggled for 40 years — independence — is an established fact. They argue that any self-respecting nation demands independence. Fiery young radicals hurl shouts of cowardice at poli-



ticians who hesitate to walk alone.

The Filipinos are grateful to the Americans for liberation. The benefits of the former American regime are appreciated all the more because of the contrast with the tyranny of Japan. And there is not a little

feeling that Americans will be most willing to help them through the dangerous days ahead. After final clarification of independence, the Filipinos must have a friendly and sympathetic America ready to fulfill its obligations of relief and rehabilitation.

## *It Pays to Increase Your Word Power* By WILFRED FUNK

WE TEND to glide over and neglect the simple, "easy" words of our language. Because we *think* we know them, we rarely bother to look them up -- and so we often misinterpret or misuse them. A sharp, accurate knowledge of the meaning of common short words is essential both to the understanding of other people's thoughts and to the clear expression of our own ideas.

Below is a list of 20 common words. Try out your own exactness on them; see how near you can come to the *precise* meanings. Check whichever one of the four choices, A, B, C or D, you believe to be *nearest in meaning to the key word*, then look at the answers on page 93. (The pronunciations are based on an authoritative dictionary.)

- |                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                                                                                                                    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| (1) crass (krās) A: irritable. B: crude. C: bitter. D: noisy.                                                                                                                       | display of. B: to treat with contempt C: to flounce around conspicuously. D: to hit                                                |
| (2) grizzly (griz'ly) - A: disheveled. B: gray. C: horrible D: bristling.                                                                                                           | (11) stark (stark) A: bravely. B: wholly. C: angrily. D: dangerously.                                                              |
| (3) lurid (liu'rid) - A: untrue. B: grossly exaggerated. C: immoral. D: ghastly and sensational.                                                                                    | (12) dank (dank) A: damp. B: dark. C: damp and dark. D: just gloom.                                                                |
| (4) livid (liv'id)—A: flaming red. B: black and blue. C: furious. D: disfigured.                                                                                                    | (13) blazon (blā'z'n) - A: to brag B: to proclaim. C: to flame D: to print                                                         |
| (5) pristine (pris'tin or pris'teen) A: sparkling B: cold. C: white. D: uncorrupted.                                                                                                | (14) brash (brash)—A: impetuous and pert. B: boorish. C: sarcastic. D: courageous.                                                 |
| (6) sinecure (sy'ni kure or sin'i kure) A: an important church office B: a patent medicine cure-all. C: a complete remedy for any trouble. D: a valuable job requiring little work. | (15) halcyon (hal'si un) - A: beautiful. B: tranquil. C: clear. D: blue.                                                           |
| (7) fraught (frawt) -A: frightened. B: manufactured C: endangered. D: laden.                                                                                                        | (16) blithe (blythe)—A: swift. B: graceful. C: cheerful. D: dancing.                                                               |
| (8) limpid (lum'pid)—A: moist. B: dancing. C: clear. D: calm.                                                                                                                       | (17) scathing (scāthe'ing) — A: sarcastic. B: ironic. C: saturnine. D: withering.                                                  |
| (9) flaunt (flawnt) -A: to scoff at or jeer. B: to swish the skirts around. C: to wave, as a flag. D: to display boastfully.                                                        | (18) mayhem (may'hem or may'em) - A: torture. B: willful disfiguring of a person's body. C: brutal murder. D: wounding or hurting. |
| (10) flout (flout) A: to make vulgar                                                                                                                                                | (19) exotic (ex ot'ik or eg zot'ik)—A: abstruse. B: foreign. C: erratic. D: glamorous.                                             |
|                                                                                                                                                                                     | (20) flay (flay) -A: to whip. B: to spread out. C: to skin. D: to splice.                                                          |

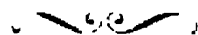
## TEST YOUR GRAPHY KNOWLEDGE

Reprinted from Collier's

GERARD MOSLER

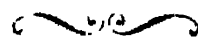
*If* you were concerned with any of the 18 words in the left column, with which word in the right column would you be dealing? Match both columns, compare your results with the answers at the bottom of the page, and get a graphic picture of your *graphy* knowledge.

- |                      |             |                              |            |
|----------------------|-------------|------------------------------|------------|
| 1. Bibliography..... | Handwriting | 10. Topography.....          | Stones     |
| 2. Cartography.....  | Codes       | 11. Choreography.....        | Flowers    |
| 3. Anthography.....  | Books       | 12. Calligraphy.....         | X ray      |
| 4. Geography.....    | Mountains   | 13. Typography.....          | Localities |
| 5. Anemography.....  | Spelling    | 14. Phonography.....         | Wind       |
| 6. Cryptography..... | Printing    | 15. Electrocardiography..... | Sound      |
| 7. Ethnography.....  | Earth       | 16. Radiography.....         | Water      |
| 8. Hydrography.....  | Maps        | 17. Orthography.....         | Dancing    |
| 9. Orography.....    | Heart       | 18. Lithography.....         | People     |



### Answers to: "It Pays to Increase Your Word Power"

- |       |        |        |        |                                        |
|-------|--------|--------|--------|----------------------------------------|
| 1 — B | 6 — D  | 11 — B | 16 — C |                                        |
| 2 — B | 7 — D  | 12 — A | 17 — D | 20 — 16 correct.....exceptional        |
| 3 — D | 8 — C  | 13 — B | 18 — B | 15 — 12 correct...very good to good    |
| 4 — B | 9 — D  | 14 — A | 19 — B | 11 — 9 correct.....fair                |
| 5 — D | 10 — B | 15 — B | 20 — C | 8 and under correct..poor to very poor |



### Answers to: "Test Your Graphy Knowledge"

A score of 16 and over is excellent; 15 — 13 good; 12 — 11 fair; 10 average.

- |                      |           |                              |             |
|----------------------|-----------|------------------------------|-------------|
| 1. Bibliography..... | Books     | 10. Topography.....          | Localities  |
| 2. Cartography.....  | Maps      | 11. Choreography.....        | Dancing     |
| 3. Anthography.....  | Flowers   | 12. Calligraphy.....         | Handwriting |
| 4. Geography.....    | Earth     | 13. Typography.....          | Printing    |
| 5. Anemography.....  | Wind      | 14. Phonography.....         | Sound       |
| 6. Cryptography..... | Codes     | 15. Electrocardiography..... | Heart       |
| 7. Ethnography.....  | People    | 16. Radiography.....         | X ray       |
| 8. Hydrography.....  | Water     | 17. Orthography.....         | Spelling    |
| 9. Orography.....    | Mountains | 18. Lithography.....         | Stones      |

It is easier than you think  
to use the material  
of poetry lying all about you

## *You Can Write Poetry — and Enjoy It!*

*Condensed from*  
The Christian Science Monitor  
*With additions by the author*

HELEN McLANAHAN HUSTED  
*Author of "Timothy Taylor"*

GUESS we wrote 500 poems between Guadalcanal and Saipan," says Colonel Evans F. Carlson. "When you get a platoon sergeant going into the jungle with a sock of rice and a jungle knife and a tommy gun and coming out with a poem, you've got something!"

Colonel Carlson, leader of the Marine *Gung Ho* Raiders, is one of several commanders in this war who have encouraged their men to write poetry. General Alexander is another. During the worst days of the desert fighting against Rommel, the Eighth Army Command sponsored a poetry competition for its men. More than 400 poems were turned in.

Poetry writing provides the soldier with an absorbing pastime in which he can both lose himself and restore himself. It is a weapon against that unseen enemy of the bravest army — battle fatigue. "Poets Cornered" is one of the most popular features of *Yank*; "Pup tent Poets" in *Stars & Stripes* also has a large following. Soldiers write poetry because they discover it's fun. It is! Try it yourself!

To gather material for poetry you must acquire the habit of keen observation. Everything in the world

about you — from the shape of a leaf to the spasm of a person in pain — observed in detail and accurately registered in the memory, may become subject matter for a poem. Acquiring this habit makes life when it is most trying, more endurable, when it is most pleasant, more memorable.

Recapturing observations and putting them into a poem demands complete concentration of memory. The depths of the mind must be searched for details and their significance. Meanwhile surface concerns are set aside; the imagination, transferred to other days and scenes, escapes depressing surroundings and cares. You experience the complete absorption of the artist — his sense of elation, his deep satisfaction in self-expression. You tap a source of inner strength which invigorates your whole being, and you return to the daily round greatly refreshed.

"But I couldn't write a poem," you say. "I haven't the language." Any practicing poet will tell you that poetry is only one tenth language and nine tenths a way of reacting to life.

If you are walking along a country road at night and pass a wild plum

tree in bloom, you catch your breath at the sudden overwhelming fragrance; if a hoot owl screams, you involuntarily start. That catch of the breath and that start are the basic stuff of poetry. Poetry comes not from dexterity with words but from the spontaneous reactions of the five senses. If you are keenly aware of the feeling you are trying to describe, the words for it can always be found. Does a big vocabulary help you to remember the smell of lilacs or the feel of rain on your face?

Most of us have let our senses grow dull. But a little practice will sharpen them. Pass your fingers, just for exercise, over a few objects. Pick up a peach. What does the skin feel like? How does it differ from a plum — or from a horse-chestnut burr? Run your hand along a horse's head. Do you feel the contrast between hard cheek and silky nose? Try to find an adjective to describe each sensation accurately, and something with which to compare it, and you will be getting into practice to write poetry.

Are you a fisherman, perhaps? You can recapture in a poem the thrill you had when you landed a whopper. Don't put down "wishing" and "fishing" in the hope that something poetic will happen in between them. Start by remembering the sudden tug of a pickerel. The line is paying out fast. Put your thumb on it. Does it burn? Say so. You won't need to say the experience was exciting. The sensory details you recall will stir memories in every fisherman who reads your poem.

The English poet laureate John Masefield likes to sail. And anyone else who likes to sail feels the lure

again in his blood when Masefield reminds him, in "Sea Fever," of "the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking." In one line three separate sensory reactions are evoked. Incidentally, one of the best ways to learn to write poetry is to read good poems.

The poet habitually speaks in images — and you do too. "Quiet as a" — no, not as a mouse, or a mill-pond (though both are certainly quiet). Search for a phrase that will be more nearly your own. Suppose you say, "Quiet as a fog settling over a city." Carl Sandburg made one of his most famous poems by using just such an image. Here's the way *his* poem runs:

*The fog comes  
on little cat feet.*

*It sits looking  
over harbor and city  
on silent haunches  
and then moves on*

It's easy to train your imagination to think in fresh and vivid similes. Practice a few: red as — as a splotch of blood on snow; quiet as — snow falling at night. You can think of better ones! What does a gnarled apple tree remind you of, or white-caps, or a scolding woman, or the peace you feel after a quarrel is made up?

Picturesque speech is part of our everyday language. "When my ship comes in . . . Don't high-hat me . . . The boy's a circus." A poet avoids hackneyed phrases, seeks unexpected comparisons. Sometimes these comparisons come spontaneously; more often the search for them requires

concentration. It takes conscious practice to avoid other people's descriptive phrases which lie on the surface of our minds, and to dig down into a deeper layer where we mine our own. The best comparisons in poetry are unusual and yet completely acceptable. Stephen and Rosemary Benét end a poem on Abraham Lincoln with:

*Lincoln was the green pine  
Lincoln kept on growing*

I once knew a grocer with a rare turn for simile, exercised chiefly on the weather. A summer day was "hot as a hound's tongue" and in winter the wind blew "sharp as a brier." He was a practicing poet.

A poem starts with a good comparison, not, as many people seem to think, with a rhyme. John Milton argued that the best poetry was written without rhyme, then produced "Paradise Lost" to prove his point. The present tendency is to follow the unrhymed patterns of human speech — passionate speech like Walt Whitman's "Song of Myself," or the simple speech of country folk in Robert Frost's "Mending Wall."

Rhyming is actually the easiest part of poetry. It's simply a challenge to your ingenuity. The secret is to give the listener the matching sound his ear awaits — but not in the word he is expecting. And sometimes make him wait a little for it.

A poem often starts with a rhythm of its own — a stubborn and persistent tune that fits words beating in your head — and the poem may

evaporate if you try to change the natural beat of the line. The rule is: Feel the emotion sincerely and the words will run, walk or sing in rhythms of their own.

What shall you write about? Anything you like to think about; any experience you want to remember. Max Eastman says that writing poetry is like putting up the choicest fruit. You can recapture in a poem, and share with others, your keenest sense reactions, your moments of most intense awareness of life — of the life within you and the world about you.

The raw material of poetry is at hand in the emotions of love, surprise, disappointment and sadness which every human being experiences. These are the true fountains of poetry, lying below the surface of our lives, waiting to be summoned at our call. "Poetry," says Wordsworth, "is emotion recollected in tranquillity."

When we write poetry we live more fully because we live more consciously. We know the joy of being articulate. Who has not, at certain moments of his life, felt the need of expressing the intensity of feeling within him? Grief for a son or sweetheart lost in battle may be assuaged by setting down some recollection of his tenderness, or the hopes you shared with him. The sorrow that lies too deep for tears, the rapture that slips through the fingers of a caress, both find outlet in verse. It need not be great, it need not be immortal. Enough if it soaks up tears or perpetuates even dimly the color of your dream.

# *Brides from Overseas*

Condensed from Life Story

GEORGE KENT

WHEN the war is over and the last transport has docked, we shall find among us not less than 100,000 non-American wives — plus a surprising number of consequences. There are already a few thousand babies, and a great many more are on the way. Most of the husbands are under 25, and few have any established careers. But they are quite sure that things will turn out all right. It's touching proof of youth's faith in itself and, above all, in America.

After the 1914-1918 affair, our soldiers brought back 8000 French and German brides, and these marriages turned out pretty well. The War Department reports that only about 15 percent ended in divorce, which is remarkable considering the language barrier. The marriages in this war have an even greater chance of success because most of the wives speak English. Up to this writing there have been about 50,000 weddings — 20,000 with Australian and New Zealand girls, another 20,000 with natives of the British Isles, and the rest scattered among the French, Dutch, Belgians, Icelanders, Syrians and others. One was with a Fiji Islander.

Fifty thousand more marriages are indicated, a conservative estimate

because with the end of the war in Europe troops have much time on their hands. Time to young men usually means girls, and girls have a way of becoming wives. We can expect a number of German brides, with or without the relaxation of the nonfraternization edict.

The majority of these World War II marriages are the result of long association. The troops have been away a long time, often in small places where they had time to settle down and make friends and let friendship ripen into love. The Army, moreover, enforces a two months' delay between betrothal and wedding.

A few marriages, of course, were engineered by unscrupulous girls who saw a chance for a free trip to the United States, plus a liberal allotment. There have been deceptions by the men, too, as in the case of the peer's daughter who married a dashing Air Force pilot. When she arrived in the States, she discovered his glamour home was a shanty, his father and stepmother confirmed alcoholics. She returned to England.

A few complaints about these marriages have come from parents and from American girls, but anyone interested in international good will favors them enthusiastically. One good marriage is worth half a dozen

exchange scholarships. A British girl settled in a small town becomes an easily studied sample of Britain, a force for understanding the British. On her visits to her homeland she becomes a respected spokesman for the United States.

It is no small matter for a young woman to be taken across the sea to live among strangers. The Red Cross recognizes the problem and the need for instructing the young wives in American ways. One result is the GI School for Brides in London -- the idea of Elsie Celli, a pretty Red Cross worker from Dorchester, Mass. It now numbers some 400 wives and fiancées; everybody is gay and a little excited, all united in a willingness to like and make the best of things in their new home. Miss Celli shows them movies—unpretentious travelogues about life in our cities, in the country, on the plains, in the nation's capital.

No detail is too slight to escape the unprofessional pedagogues who conduct the classes. Red Cross workers occasionally put on a demonstration of how to apply cosmetics. One young thing has accepted the Hollywood version of the United

States, and believes that all housework will be done by electricity. Miss Celli gently explains that few homes can be run simply by flipping switches, and gives her an idea of the grim reality.

Each British girl receives a copy of a pamphlet, *A Bride's Guide to the U. S. A.*, prepared by the British *Good Housekeeping Magazine* in collaboration with the OWI. This is a breezy essay on the American way of life, with an appendix containing travel information, lists of books, and a glossary of English expressions and their American equivalents. Also available is a book of recipes of American dishes. This is highly important to the young wives. "All Jack does," said one girl, "is talk about the good things he used to eat back home. I want to become a good cook before he returns."

These girls should make a pleasant addition to any community. They come from middle-class homes and most of them met their husbands at Red Cross or village dances, or as billeted guests in their own homes. Their eagerness to do the right thing by their new country and by their husbands is a good sign.



### *Slight Unseen*

» SOME TIME ago Betty Smith received a letter from a sailor telling how much he had enjoyed her book *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* and asking for her autograph. Miss Smith wrote him, wishing him luck and hoping he'd come home soon. In due time she received a reply:

"Dear Miss Smith: Just can't remember having met a Betty Smith but then I meet quite a few girls. Maybe if we exchanged pictures we could begin a correspondence. You send your picture *first*."

—Report to the Nation, CBS

*Our irresponsible criticism of the Chinese Government  
is ammunition in the enemy's hands*

# *Our Ally* CHINA

Condensed from a speech delivered in the House of  
Representatives and published in *Time*

*Congressman WALTER H. JUDD of Minnesota*

“Of all Americans occupying elective office, the man who knows most about the Far East is almost certainly Congressman Judd.”—*Time*.

THERE are few subjects about which American thinking is more confused today than it is about China. Some people who a year ago could hardly find words good enough to describe our Chinese allies now can hardly find words bad enough — the Chinese are crooks and grafters, lazy and hopelessly inefficient, split into political factions interested more in preserving themselves than in defeating Japan, expecting us to do all the fighting, and so forth.

To get at the truth of the situation, I went out to China last fall. I had worked there ten years as a medical missionary. I was able to talk in their own language with many Chinese whom I had known well in the past — doctors and nurses with whom I had worked, teachers and students from our

schools, businessmen. I did not talk with high Chinese Government officials until the last two days. I talked with Chinese people. On the basis of my observations I want to present some of the highlights.

After almost eight years of war, China today is suffering acutely from what Mr. Churchill has called “the diseases of defeat.” First, there is physical deterioration. I had seen famine refugees in times past, and thought I was used to malnutrition, but this was worse. The Chinese haven’t had enough to eat for years. They are anemic, full of parasites, malaria, tuberculosis and dysentery.

Then there is economic deterioration. China lost her major railroads and the Yangtze River Valley, which is far more important to her transportation than the Mississippi River Valley is to us. Although this made it impossible to get food from the areas of plenty to those of acute deficiency, China was able to keep her economy in





surprisingly good balance until the Japanese conquests of 1941-42 completed the blockade.

Then there is moral deterioration — graft, corruption, profiteering, black market. These things develop in any country in war, and especially in defeat. But the graft in China, while bad, is not nearly so bad as I expected to find.

Then there is political deterioration. But the surprising thing in China is not that there is opposition to Chiang Kai-shek. The miracle is that after seven years of almost unending defeats he still has the confidence of an overwhelming majority of the Chinese people. We ought to be thanking God that he is still able to divert much of Japan's strength from ourselves, instead of complaining too bitterly because he has not been able in the midst of all his disasters to carry out a lot of internal reforms, desirable and important as they are. Where is our sense of proportion?

England, the mother of parliaments and the oldest democracy, did not dare risk an election for ten years in a time of trouble after 1935. Yet you have heard Chiang Kai-shek cursed up and down because he has not held an election in the midst of a cruel war in a country which has *never before* held an election in its 4000 years of history, and half of which is occupied by an enemy. It is ridiculous.

Then there is deterioration of morale. Under Chiang's leadership the Chinese have done their best to hold the line against Japan so that we could beat Hitler first. But now there is a mounting fear that, no

matter how great their sacrifices, they are going to be sold down the river in the peacemaking.

For over a year there has been a concerted propaganda campaign against the Central Government of China and the Generalissimo. One source of this propaganda is the Communist group in China, and the Communists in America. I am not making charges against the Russians, whose official conduct with regard to the Chinese Communists has been perfectly correct and circumspect, so far as I could find out. But I am charging that the Communists in China and the Communists and fellow travelers in this country are working primarily for what they believe will best serve Russia's future interests. I am increasingly convinced that the Chinese Communists are Communists first and Chinese second, just as we know American Communists are Communists first and Americans second.

This is a reluctant reversal of the opinion I held some years ago. I, too, was taken in for a time by the talk of the Communists being just agrarian reformers, just Chinese patriots struggling only for the freedom of China and for democracy. I am convinced now that their primary allegiance is to Russia, whether Russia wants it that way or not, and that their purpose is to make Russia overwhelmingly the strongest power in Asia as well as in Europe.

By talking about freedom and democracy and unity, and by calling all who disagree with them fascists and dictators, the Communists have succeeded in selling to millions of Americans one of the greatest hoaxes

any unsuspecting people ever bought in all history. They know, like Hitler, that if a big claim is made often enough, a lot of people will come to believe it is the truth. So they say that Chiang Kai-shek will not unite with them in the fight against Japan. And is it not to American interest to have China united? Therefore, must we not insist that Chiang Kai-shek coöperate with the Communists?

But is it not strange that no one ever insists *that the Communists coöperate with the established government of China?*

Their argument is given credence by some Americans on the naïve assumption that the Communists are just a political faction, and in war we need coöperation, even a coalition, of all parties. But they are not just a political party. *They are an armed rebellion.* Chiang has said from the beginning that he will accept the Communists in a coalition government immediately if they will give up their separate army and their separate government. For us to insist that Chiang Kai-shek reconcile himself to a splitting of his own country and send military supplies to an armed rebellion is to ask him to be a traitor. There is no law or logic whereby the head of a legitimate government can be asked to recognize, let alone assist, a wholly independent sovereignty within his own country.

The Communists are selling us a gold brick when they try to make us think that they must maintain their army or be destroyed. They maintain their separate army because they want to seize power after Chiang has armed them with American supplies.

Another Communist argument for foreign consumption is that they are doing the bulk of the fighting against Japan and therefore we should support them. What are the facts? There have been hundreds of skirmishes between the Communists and the Japanese, especially when the latter sent out expeditions to seize or destroy the crops. But no neutral observer has seen anything that could be called a battle since September 1937. On the other hand, they have witnessed a dozen terrific battles between Chiang's troops and the Japanese.

The Japanese have made no serious effort to destroy Communist bases. Though they have been *within 100 miles* of the Communist capital, Yen-an, for over seven years, they have not made a single major effort to capture it. I wish somebody would explain that. When we got air bases in south China last summer that threatened the Japanese, they drove *a thousand miles* and captured those bases.

No reasonable person can come to any other conclusion than that the Japanese have been shrewd enough to see that, since it had proved most difficult to knock the Chinese out by direct assault, the best way to weaken China is to allow the Communists to continue their work of disrupting and discrediting the government of China, breaking it down from within. The real "secret weapon" of the Japanese against China, and therefore against us, has been the Communists of China, ably assisted by some of our own people — sincere, but grievously misguided.

Unfortunately, much of the propa-

ganda against the government of China is approved, even inspired, by persons in our own War and State Departments. There has been a fundamental difference of opinion from the beginning between Chiang Kai-shek and some of our leaders as to the best way to fight the war. Chiang maintained we could not beat the Japanese from the air or from the sea; they must be beaten on the mainland of Asia. He has said that there would be three stages: first, a strategic retreat, trading space for time; second, the stalemate in which China has been for almost three years; and third, a counter-offensive to drive the Japanese out of China.

In the Central Government of China there are unquestionably some men who have been in power too

long, are reactionary, even corrupt. But on the whole the government has tried under enormous difficulties to make China a republic.

What can we do to help?

First, we have got to cut out this irresponsible, unbalanced criticism of the Chinese for things that do not exist or are not their fault or would be present in any country after comparable disasters. We have got to stop trying to force the Chinese to do what we think is best.

Second, we have got to get more material assistance to the Chinese, and more spiritual assistance. They can and will fight on valiantly and with increasing effectiveness if we will only make it clear to them that this is a war for their freedom, too. And that will save a good many American divisions.



### *Winging Home*

AFTER the memorial service for America's favorite war correspondent had been concluded in the auditorium, I stood outside the Albuquerque high school with his widow. Dressed in mourning black, her thin body was taut with exhaustion, her face smudged with grief, her hands shook. Just when it appeared collapse was near, a terrific thunder came bearing down out of the sky. Four B-29's were tearing white folds of sky over our heads and flying very low in formation — the way planes fly to salute a man fallen in battle.

Their force and power would surely blow us away in the wind they were creating. We clung to skirts and held them to us, but the little widow reached trembling hands to a small black hat just as it was blown from her head.

And in the calm moment which followed as the planes became a harmonious hum in the distant sky, I noticed this widow's hands didn't tremble any more, her face had lost its tired tread; now it was looking up, strong and sure. I think it was at that moment the most beautiful face I have ever seen.

Her voice spoke more to the sky than to the small group gathered around, and it spoke with freshness, firmness, and with a smile.



"My, isn't that just like Ernie. He never did like to see me wear a hat!"

— Contributed by Margo Kurtz

Beware the bureaucoccus germ that  
destroys healthy government!

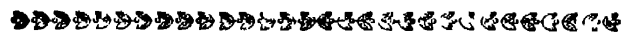
# Bureaucrats

## *at the* MULTIPLICATION TABLE

*Condensed from Town & Country*  
 JULES ROMAINS 

BUREAUCRACY is a universal disease that threatens the modern state everywhere. Much has been written about it, but most writers have failed to reveal its gravity. They have preferred to treat it as one of those ridiculous little nuisances of daily life that persist for no known reason. My object is to show that there is no harm in laughing at Bureaucracy so long as we remember that after laughing at it we must crush it, lest it crush us.

First, we must be careful not to confuse *Bureaucracy* with *Administration*. The bureaucrats of course welcome such confusion as an excuse for sneering: "What! You conceive of society without Administration — especially a modern society whose



BEST KNOWN as the author of the many-volumed *Men of Good Will*, Jules Romaines has written some 60 other books during his long and distinguished literary career. Since 1909, when he resigned his position as professor of philosophy in a French lycée, he has traveled widely throughout the world from his homes in Paris and Touraine. Recently M. Romaines has been living in Mexico, making frequent visits to the United States. He is now again in France on a special government mission.

functions continuously grow in variety and complexity?" This is an artful sophism. Bureaucracy is no more Administration than — as many worthies used to believe — apoplexy is a form of excessive good health. Bureaucracy begins where legitimate, useful Administration leaves off; when the bureaus through which normal Administration functions grow morbidly to a size out of all proportion to their usefulness and become parasites that choke off the life they feed on.

Placed as it is in the directorial regions of society, Bureaucracy by its sheer dead weight has a paralyzing effect on all activity. It releases into all the arteries and capillaries of the social body a toxin which I shall call "bureaucoccus." The effect of the bureaucoccus is to infect every element it touches, however remote from the source, with a contented, ineddlesome stupidity.

The peculiar symptom that betrays the presence of the bureaucoccus is an unslakable thirst for paper. All day long the victim occupies himself with filling out forms, and he requires his employes to fill out forms

for his inspection. He can no longer give a spoken order or discuss any matter in a few rapid phrases. He drafts memoranda and in return demands memoranda backed by reports.

All bureaus have a natural tendency to degenerate. Bit by bit they lose sight of the fact that they were created for the sole purpose of rendering a certain strictly defined service. They develop a conviction that as bureaus they are an end in themselves, and that the public exists only to give them an opportunity to exercise their energy and sprightly ingenuity. They regard the public as an artist regards his materials. In their conception the public was created and endowed with fascinating possibilities so that one day Bureaucracy might seize it and reign over it.

Profoundly convinced that this is true, Bureaucracy obviously sees no reason for cramping itself. On the contrary, it sees its own proliferation as a sign of true social health. Each new bureau is a triumph of progress which, even after its specific task is done, all Bureaucracy will work to perpetuate. Whenever a few tens of thousands of useful, inoffensive citizens are newly turned into bureaucrats there is rejoicing.

There is a further force for expansion. The dream of any bureaucrat is to increase the portion of power he embodies, to acquire subordinates, to become a deputy chief, then a chief. If, for example, an office with six employees succeeded in getting ten more, the assistant deputy chief in charge would have no difficulty in demonstrating that

his office had grown in importance and deserved a change of category which would involve his own promotion to a higher rank.

At this point the really providential role of paper work is revealed. Ordinarily paper work is, so to speak, disinterested; it is a sort of incense that Bureaucracy burns under its own nostrils in self-adoration. The more the blackened paper accumulates, the more Bureaucracy feels the strength of its grasp on inferior humanity. But when promotions are in the offing, paper work becomes very practical, for the best way a bureau can show that its insufficient personnel is snowed under with increasing work is to double, triple, quadruple the number of papers, forms and printed matter of all kinds that must be filled out, expedited, and filed; to invent, if possible, new *kinds* of papers. Thus a service can justify its cry, "We drown! Give us men, men, we beseech you!"

Bureaucracy is The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe, and its children are laws, decrees and regulations. It broods eternally over society, seeking forms of activity that may have escaped its complex supervision, and is always ready to suggest new restrictive measures. Bureaucracy's creed is that an unregulated life is a savage life, that in being domesticated we are being civilized. Besides, the creation of even the most modest little law serves the interests of Bureaucracy marvelously by requiring new bureaucrats to apply it.

To create a regulation is to create the possibility of violating it; to create a prohibition is to create a

crime; to create a crime is to create a new bureau to suppress it. We can picture a perfectly organized bureaucratic society in which the most docile citizen could not avoid committing so many infractions every day that dozens of bureaucrats would be occupied in supervising him.

Fortunately, there is something in man which rejoices in escaping regimentation. He invokes his own interests, conveniences, worries. He may say, "I did not attend to that at the proper time because my little boy was sick that day." He may request a permit, and have the nerve to request that it be granted quickly under the pretext of having to attend to business of great personal importance.

All that is horrible, and it makes a bureaucrat feel uneasy. The particulars of a human life are of no interest to Bureaucracy unless they fall into categories provided for in the printed forms. Similarly, the man's time is of no importance, even if he seems to attach to it a tragic value, as when he says, "My mother may be dead in two days. I must go. Give me the permit!"

Bureaucracy is outraged by the spectacle of a humble man trying to disturb its majestic rhythm and its rigid timetables. Bureaucratic time is the only time that counts, and it has its own immutable laws. When it is understood that a certain formality cannot be observed in less than 21 days, this man who speaks in one breath of 48 hours and a dying mother is not only profane but uncouth.

The fundamental characteristic of Bureaucracy is its inability to adapt

itself to reality. This characteristic (in individuals it indicates insanity) explains much of the foregoing. I can give a striking example of it from my own experience in France, early in 1940.

At the time I was on friendly terms with the Undersecretary for War, Hippolyte Ducos. I used to send him information I received from my brother-in-law, military officer in charge of an important railway station near the front through which French and British troops streamed incessantly.

One day I got a particularly disturbing letter from my brother-in-law: "As things are, anyone in an officer's uniform who speaks correct French can get into my station and not only ask information but even give orders, such as rerouting troop trains. A German spy could come into my station tomorrow disguised as a French officer and send three divisions back where they came from. I'd be astonished if the Germans aren't aware of that." And he added, "There is no identity card for our officers. One should be devised immediately with all modern safeguards."

That same day I showed Ducos the letter. He said, "This is of major importance. The danger is terrible, the remedy simple. I'll attend to it quickly."

Three weeks later Ducos confessed, with embarrassment, "You will take me for a fool or a man who makes promises lightly. I am neither. I have asked my bureau for the identity card at least a dozen times. They said it was taking its course. Just think: every day there are ten

matters of prime importance that I have to struggle over just as desperately. Oh, I'll get your card! But when — when?"

I doubt if he had it by May, when the invasion began and Germany made such good use of disguised officers, admirably trained for the job, who wandered about in our lines giving catastrophic orders.

Thus Bureaucracy misleads and paralyzes ministers, and in the end demoralizes them. There is no counting the number of regimes it has destroyed. To some extent it caused the fall of the Roman Empire by sapping its vitality, little by little. It was the cancer that afflicted the Russian monarchy in the 19th century. Bureaucracy weakened the blood of the already anemic German Weimar Republic: many Germans came to believe that "Republic" was only an elegant word for "Bureaucracy," and they watched, without aversion, the rise of a Nazi party which promised first off to get them rid of it.

Of all systems, Democracy has most to fear from Bureaucracy, for more than any other it respects the constitution and shrinks from abuse of authority. Consequently it does not dare put bureaucrats violently in their place; rather it humors them. Thus they are able to spread the dictator's net, and bait it, in the

heart of Democracy. Their dictatorship has no name, and no visible head, but it occupies all the strategic points so that when a faction and its chief capture the state the framework of tyranny has already been set up.

Striking more deeply, Bureaucracy prepares the way by warping the citizen's conscience and making him forget the habit and meaning of liberty, until some day he wakes up to the fact that there is very little difference between his own condition and that of a subject of a despotic state. He no longer cherishes a liberty which has become hardly more than a formula in official speech. He no longer attempts to defend it. He doesn't even know how.

A certain excess of Bureaucracy in time of war is probably inevitable and, to the extent that actual results correspond to it, it is justified. The particular thing to avoid is the perpetuation, after the return of peace, of practices justified only by a state of war. It is Bureaucracy's crafty habit — unless it is jolted — never to relinquish liberties it has once taken.

The years to come, with all the terrible problems they will present, will not be endurable for man unless he takes extreme measures to prevent the degeneration of Administration into Bureaucracy.



A sign on a New York bank building would have startled our grandfathers, but goes unnoticed in this age of war taxes. Exhorting the citizenry to save, it ends up: "Remember, *part* of all you earn belongs to you."

— *This Week Magazine*

# The Ranch That Changed the West

*The fabulous 3,000,000-acre XIT  
brought war to West Texas -- but  
progress to the cattle industry*

LEWIS NORDYKE

*Condensed from The American Mercury*

IN JULY of 1885, a syndicate of Chicago merchants and British capitalists started operation of the 3,000,000-acre XIT Ranch in the wild and woolly Panhandle of Texas. That invasion by big business set off a showdown struggle between old and new in the West. Until then the cowboy had used the vast public domain from the Rio Grande to Canada as if it were his own, driving his herd wherever there were grass and a waterhole. When the XIT syndicate moved in with hard-boiled business methods and invaded the open range, it threatened the cattleman's way of life — and the fight was on.

Thereafter, for more than a quarter of a century, rebellious cowhands wrecked XIT fences, stole its cattle, and blackened the range with prairie fires. The XIT fought back. There was very little organized law in the big range. Some parts of the XIT ranch were 100 miles from a sheriff.

Many a man who worked for the syndicate, or fought it, is still punching cattle. For years I've gone to

Dalhart, Texas, each August for the annual reunion of XIT cowboys. From their stories have come the colorful facts of that fabulous ranch and the bad days in the Southwest.

In the middle 1870's Texas offered 3,000,000 acres in the Panhandle to anyone who would build the state a magnificent capitol at Austin. John and Charles Farwell, wealthy wholesale merchants in Chicago, signed a contract without even seeing the land. They formed a \$15,000,000 syndicate, with British capitalists lending much of the money and the Farwells retaining control of operations. Not one of these men had experience in ranching or knew the customs of the West.

Long before completion of the \$3,000,000 statehouse, which still serves Texas, the syndicate moved in. Since the ranch was so huge and so remote, it was practically an independent state, with its own laws and with armed guards who could kill a man and answer only to the ranch management. It installed



barbed wire, bookkeeping and rigid rules which the cowboys promptly resented. Card playing, gambling and drinking were prohibited. Men on the XIT were required to sign payrolls, fill out work reports, keep inventories of equipment. They were even supposed to go to church on Sunday when the ranch didn't have something for them to do.

One rule provided that travelers must pay for any XIT grain fed their horses; that stung deeply, for in the West no stranger had ever been denied free shelter and food for himself and his horse. Another rule, which prohibited the carrying of firearms, brought only contempt, for the six-shooter had always been an essential of cowboy equipment.

In a single stroke the syndicate had wiped out the code of the old West and prescribed a new order. It couldn't have picked a more untamed spot for its experiment. The XIT was a 30-mile-wide strip that stretched 250 miles north and south along the western edge of the Texas Panhandle, with only the state line between it and unsettled New Mexico. The northern end of the ranch adjoined the Oklahoma Panhandle, which then was not even within the jurisdiction of the territorial district court, and provided a handy hide-out and a good place for disgruntled cowhands to start prairie fires that would sweep the XIT range.

The syndicate's idea was to develop a ranch on the strict business principles that had made corporations pay. Manager Barbecue Campbell, a veteran rancher, contracted for more than 20,000 longhorns to

be delivered that first autumn of 1885. Trains of heavy freight wagons rolled over the plains day and night, hauling in wire, lumber, equipment, food — everything needed for a ranch big enough to be a nation.

Ab Blocker, noted cattle-trail driver, designed the XIT brand. The letters had no meaning, but Blocker thought they looked well and sounded well. Campbell invited him to mark the first cattle. Blocker worked in the usual way; he yanked down cows with his lariat and burned in the brand with a sizzling hot iron. Campbell decided the method was too rough for syndicate cattle, and built narrow chutes through which the cattle moved singly and were branded standing up.

Campbell then tried to hire Blocker as a permanent employe. "Hell, no!" snarled Blocker. "I wouldn't work for any damned outfit that don't know how to brand cows."

Every time a trail outfit brought in more cattle, the XIT manager bargained for its horses, saddles, wagons, cooking utensils and other equipment, and tried to hire the men. This didn't create the kindest of feelings among other ranchers.

Because of its vastness and new methods, the XIT couldn't be operated like an ordinary ranch. The north end had a harsher climate than the south end, and there was a difference of 2000 feet in elevation. So the ranch was separated into seven divisions, each with a manager responsible to the general manager. Many years afterward it was discovered that the surveyors had given the XIT 50,000 acres too much; it

hadn't been noticed. Cowboys worked on different parts of the ranch for years without ever seeing each other.

XIT was the first cattle empire to develop a complete water system, and many a cowboy who thought he had been hired to ride herd found himself repairing windmills, hundreds of which dotted the vast range, or digging surface tanks and damming creeks and gullies to store water.

The carefree cowboy of the open range hated the barbed wire that was hemming him in, but on the XIT he had to help string up more than 2000 miles of four-wire fence. One section of fence stretched 150 miles without a jog. Each division had its fence-repair crews, the most hated job on the ranch. Month after month they rode the endless stretches of barbed wire in jolting wagons loaded with tools and supplies. There were few Saturdays in town for them.

With nearly all its cattle behind wire, the ranch junked the oldest and most revered custom of the cow country — the branding of strays, and dogies (orphan calves), by individuals. In all the big herds there were unbranded strays whose ownership was doubtful, and which were considered free-for-all stock. Cowboys registered their own brands with the nearest county clerk and burned them on unmarked cattle. Within a short time many a cowboy thus developed a growing herd of his own.

As one old XIT puncher summed it up: "It was considered shrewd business to get your rope on a few strays and dogies. Then, when a

cowboy got a big herd, he joined the cattlemen's association and started looking for rustlers to hang with the rope he'd used in getting his own start."

The XIT banned the branding of a stray or dogie on its own range and patrolled the roundups to make certain that no XIT stray was purloined. "From then on," one old puncher said, "many a man considered it more of a crusade than a crime to steal from the syndicate." The worst siege of cattle rustling ever known in the West broke out. Every night along the hundreds of miles of the ranch's borders men smashed down fences and drove out cattle, sometimes as many as 100 head at a time. Men holding jobs on the ranch often aided the thieves. Outlaws took up headquarters on the syndicate range.

Within two years after XIT started operation, it was known as the hellhole of the West, infested with outlaws, horse thieves and rustlers, many of them drawing pay from the ranch. XIT directors in Chicago, alarmed over the threatened loss of millions of dollars, had to fight or retreat. They chose to fight.

Barbecue Campbell quit as manager. His successor was A. G. Boyce, who had trailed cattle from Texas to California as early as 1869, and had seen plenty of cow-country trouble.

A dozen gunmen sent Boyce word that they had bullets with his name on them. Two of these men rode up to the manager's quarters. Robust, bewhiskered Boyce walked out and snarled: "All right, start shooting! But you know which one I'll kill

first!" Their hands stopped just short of their six-shooters. Boyce roared: "Get going — and don't look back!" They didn't look back.

Boyce reorganized the XIT. He fired nearly every cowhand and foreman, giving them only a few hours to get off the ranch. This action quickly removed the outlaws and rustlers from the XIT payroll, but it also increased the sworn enemies of the syndicate. Many of those caught in the shake-up had never stolen a cow, yet their discharge practically branded them as rustlers.

Boyce fought the raiders almost singlehanded from 1887 until 1895. By then the fires and depredation had grown so bad that he sent for Ira Aten, famed Texas Ranger and sheriff, asking him to take over the constantly raided western part of the range. Aten investigated, then doubled his life insurance. As assistants he hired two of the boldest, straightest-shooting Texas Rangers, Wood Saunders and Ed Connell, and organized an armed patrol. Day and night Aten and his men rode the New Mexico border of the ranch. They shot first and investigated later.

Yet the rustlers kept coming.

One day two guards saw a fresh cowhide with the XIT brand on the west fence. Attached to it was a scribbled note saying: "We're camped over in the canyon. Come over and eat some fresh XIT beef — if you feel lucky."

One rustler cooked for an XIT range camp one winter, slipping away whenever Aten approached. The next spring a friend stopped at the outlaw's place in New Mexico

and remarked about the quality of his cattle. "They ought to be good," said the erstwhile camp cook. "I had about 20,000 head to pick from."

Aten stuck to the job for ten years, and was probably the most hunted and most dreaded man in the West. Towns sprang up and railroads crossed the ranch, but raiding of the syndicate never stopped. Aten's successor, John Armstrong, was shot to death in 1908 while investigating cattle rustling. Until the XIT sold its last bunch of cattle, in November 1912, rustlers besieged it.

Throughout the long war the XIT stuck steadfastly to its progressive methods. It built up its herd to 150,000 cattle, largest ever owned by one ranch, with 200 cowboys to handle them. It improved cattle by using blooded Hereford, Durham and Angus bulls and selected heifers. The ranch was the first to introduce the Angus to western ranges; at one time it shipped in 2000 pure-bred Angus bulls. It bred the famous longhorn off the XIT range and doomed it all over the West. Old cowboys are sad when talking of the passing of the longhorn, but those in the cattle business today wouldn't waste a bit of feed on that historic producer of tough beef.

The syndicate developed an assembly-line method of producing beef. Some of the pastures in the milder climate were used exclusively for breeding. Calves were moved progressively northward into grazing pastures. Steers developed on the Texas range were driven more than 1200 miles to "finishing" pastures in Montana, from which they were shipped to market as prime beef.

With its well-watered, cross-fenced pastures, the ranch preserved grass for winter grazing. Its policy against overstocking was one of the first efforts at range conservation in this country. In 1898 it quit using the brand, because the hot iron damaged a large area of the hide. The leather industry is still advocating the elimination of burned brands.

But the fight against the XIT was too much. Constant raids, and the measures the ranch had to take in opposing them, made the big syndicate unable profitably to stand other setbacks, such as depressed prices. And the settlers were coming in.

So, after 27 years of operation, the

greatest of all cattle empires, the ranch that bridged the gap between the open range and the era of the settler, sold its livestock and equipment and put its land on the market. It is still liquidating some 175,000 acres of the original 3,000,000.

The men who fought the syndicate actually whipped it. However, they awakened one day and found that what they had resisted in the XIT had enveloped them from all sides. Nearly every ranch in the West had developed the methods the syndicate had created and fought for. The old West of the open range existed no more, except in story and song and in the memories of grizzled punchers.

*S.*

### *The Red Badge of Courage*

» A YOUNG CAPTAIN, one of the defenders of Bastogne, was hit in the leg with shrapnel, and while a medic worked over him, another burst ripped into his other leg. "Hey, you better hurry up, doc," he said. "They're getting ahead of you."

—Collie Small in *The Saturday Evening Post*

» A NAVAL OFFICER, describing a recent engagement "We'd had a direct hit amidships and were settling fast. I grabbed the phone to see how high the water was in the engine room. At first there was no answer. Then the phone clicked and I heard a voice at the other end — the voice of a man trapped in the depths of the ship without the slightest chance of getting out alive.

"'Kelly's poolroom,' it said."

—Contributed by Edwin M. Marshall

» Two surfaced U-boats were shelling an Allied merchant vessel. A high-explosive burst hit squarely on the bridge. Captain Arthur Folster collapsed, riddled with shell fragments, his right arm and leg torn off.

Knowing himself beyond medical aid Captain Folster called for a slug of brandy, then ordered his men to abandon ship. As the boats pulled away and the ship settled in the water, ablaze from end to end, the survivors heard a weird sound. The skipper had propped himself up, got hold of the whistle lanyard with his good arm and sent his last salute — dot-dot-dot-dash — the Morse code V for Victory.

— *Time*

# *The Marvel of*

# *JET PROPULSION*



Within ten years you will  
travel faster than sound, says  
this engineering authority



Condensed from an address at the University of California School of Engineering

*BY HAIL L. HIBBARD*

*Vice-president and chief engineer, Lockheed Aircraft Corporation*

**J**ET PROPULSION is unquestionably the greatest single advance in aviation to come out of this war. Indeed, I think it is the entrance into the final phase of man's effort to propel himself through space. During six years of wartime research, the best aviation engineers in Allied and enemy countries have barely been able to squeeze an additional 50 miles an hour out of the conventional airplane. All were stalled at a top speed not far above 450, where the efficiency of the propeller drops off sharply. But with jet propulsion aircraft speeds have suddenly been advanced by much more than 100 miles an hour — how much more is a military secret.

What is this invention that will mean so much in the remaining days of war and so much more in peace?

The principle of jet propulsion is simple. Suppose we take a sphere filled with illuminating gas. It also contains a spark plug, and there is an opening in its surface. Now imagine that the gas has been ignited by the spark plug. The explosion results in a sudden increase of pressure of the gases inside the sphere. The pressure forces cancel out, except

those acting on the surface of the sphere directly opposite the opening. Here there is a positive pressure. But on the other side, where the gases are able to escape, the pressure is zero. The result is that the sphere is pushed in the direction of the positive pressure — away from the opening.

Notice that the movement of the sphere does *not* result from the blast of hot gases pushing against a cushion of air — a popular misconception. Nothing on the outside has any bearing on what happens. It makes no difference if our sphere be in air, water or a vacuum.

There are three types of jet propulsion. Theoretically the best and simplest is the rocket, in which there is no dependence on outside air to maintain combustion. This is the ultimate method of transportation, the type that will one day carry us outside the earth's atmosphere. The rocket motor is simple. In one tank is carried oxygen, usually in liquid form, piped directly to the combustion chamber. Fuel — at present alcohol or gasoline — is carried in other tanks.

The rocket motor has already been used effectively in the German V-2

rocket bomb. This ingenious instrument of destruction reached speeds of more than 2500 miles an hour and altitudes exceeding 60 miles. This is no dream, as the people of England have good reason to know.

The second type of jet-propulsion engine differs from the rocket in that air must be drawn in and mixed with the fuel to support combustion. The one which General Electric builds for the Lockheed P-80 Shooting Star is the most powerful aircraft engine ever built. Although it can travel only within the earth's atmosphere, it can reach altitudes far above the ceiling of conventional airplane engines.

Air enters at the front of this engine, is compressed by a blower, and passes into the combustion chamber where it is mixed with fuel injected at high pressure. A continuous explosion occurs, heating the gases to a very high temperature and causing them to expand violently. The fuel used today is kerosene. A spark plug makes the initial explosion, but a small metal glow plug heats white hot in a few seconds and thereafter ignites the mixture. Thus no elaborate ignition system is needed. This is just one of the complexities of the conventional gasoline engine that are eliminated. The jet motor needs no cooling system and even lubrication problems almost disappear. Its light weight (well under one pound per horsepower) and its simplicity tremendously reduce problems in designing airplanes and increase ease of maintenance.

The third type of engine is a combination arrangement utilizing a conventional propeller driven by a

gas turbine with the same basic principle as the other jet types. This turbine-driven propeller is efficient only at speeds lower than 500 m.p.h. It is a simple arrangement that I predict will soon come into wide use. Similar gas turbine engines will doubtless be widely used for railway trains, buses and probably even the automobile of the future.

I am certain that *all* airplanes — military, transport or private — will make use of one of these forms of jet propulsion within ten years.

Riding in a jet-propelled plane is like nothing you have ever experienced before. There is none of the fatigue caused by noise and vibration. The plane flies effortlessly, silently. Pilots say that all they hear is a pleasant hum as the plane slides through the air. From the ground, however, the P-80, or any jet ship, can be distinguished by the unearthly shriek that follows its passing. The whine of the turbine fans combines with the roar of the jet to make a noise like a giant blowtorch.

Jet propulsion opens the door for speed we have never known. The fighter airplane with a jet-propulsion engine can be made to travel faster in level flight than the speed of sound, which is 763 miles an hour at sea level.

But such speed brings special problems of air resistance, or drag, and air friction. Up to 400 miles an hour drag is not serious. But beyond 400 it begins to rise. at 500 it increases sharply, and at the speed of sound it reaches a peak. Then, strangely enough, it drops almost as sharply as it rose. At 1300 miles an hour, air resistance is not too much higher than the drag we are

overcoming successfully now at much lower speeds. It may be possible literally to dive through the high-resistance area and come out at speeds which will permit us to keep flying in the lower-resistance area above the speed of sound.

The second factor, air friction, puts a very definite end to any hopes of speeds much over 1500 miles an hour in the earth's atmosphere, because friction heats an airplane to a point where it is no longer possible for man to live within it. A cooling system of sufficient size to counteract the heat would be too heavy.

But we can avoid the air-friction problem altogether by getting out of the atmosphere to where there is no air. With rocket planes we shall achieve truly unlimited speed.

The Germans have been pioneers in this field. Their Messerschmitt 163-B, a pure rocket fighter, was the fastest plane until the Lockheed P-80 appeared. Theoretically the Messerschmitt 163 has no ceiling. Given the necessary fuel capacity and provisions for pressurizing the pilot's cockpit, it could fly right out of the atmosphere. Fortunately for us, the Germans were able to provide a flight range of only 15 minutes.

Today's conventional fighter planes are already obsolete — although they will be used effectively against the inferior planes of the Japanese. But fighter planes of the future will surely be propelled by jet or rocket power. And the jet or rocket principle applies to all sizes of aircraft. Transports will fly at speeds exceeding the speed of sound while in the earth's atmosphere. If

higher speeds are desired they can rise to the stratosphere through the use of rockets. Speeds of 100,000 miles an hour are possible outside the earth's atmosphere.

Can the human body stand these extreme high speeds? Well, the surface of the earth, with everyone and everything on it, is traveling 1000 miles an hour day and night. Furthermore, the whole planetary system is whirling through space at 500,000 miles an hour. Aviation medical experts have stated that there is no physical limit to the speeds at which man may travel.

This new era in transportation means that we must revise all our thinking about space and time. The cities of Europe and even of Asia will soon be only a very few hours distant from Chicago. The world will more than ever become one neighborhood. Travel in jet-propelled automobiles, buses, trains, planes will be cheap, fast, and even more pleasant than it is today.

Many people who own automobiles today will want helicopters ten years from now. These helicopters will be jet-propelled, too, the jets coming out of the rotor blades so that they resemble a spinning lawn sprinkler. I think this craft will be the safest, simplest, pleasantest, most convenient form of travel ever devised.

The reaches of the sky will be open to our exploration. It staggers the imagination to think of flights outside the atmosphere, yet such trips will be successfully completed. We can be certain that we will roll back the darkness from yet another corner of the unknown.





## Death of a Man-Eater

Condensed from *Man-Eaters of Kumaon* • JIM CORBETT

*Over wide areas of the United Provinces of India the author's name is familiar to the village folk as that of the man who has brought them relief from the great fear inspired by a cruel and malignant presence in their midst. Many a District Officer, faced with the utter disorganization of rural life that attends the presence of a man-eating tiger, has turned to Major Jim Corbett for help — never, I believe, in vain. I can with confidence write of him that no man with whom I have hunted in any continent better understands the signs of the jungle.*

*— Lord Linlithgow, Former Viceroy of India*

THE map of eastern Kumaon that hangs on the wall before me is marked with a number of crosses, and below each cross is a date. These crosses indicate the locality of the officially recorded human victims of the man-eating tiger of

Chowgarh. There are 64 crosses on the map. I do not claim this as being a correct tally, for not all kills were reported, particularly when the victims were only mauled, but died subsequently.

The crosses cover an area of 50



by 30 miles. Over this area, which is dotted with small villages, some with a population of a hundred or more, others with only a small family or two, the Chowgarh tiger had established a reign of terror. The footpaths which connect the villages often pass through thick forests and, when a man-eater renders their passage dangerous, intervillage communication is carried on by shouting. Standing on a commanding point, maybe a big rock or the roof of a house, a man coo-ees to attract the attention of a neighboring village, and then shouts the message across in a high-pitched voice. From village to village the message is thus broadcast in an incredibly short time. Hence it was usually possible to learn of the man-eater's attacks shortly after they occurred.

I HAVE earned the reputation of being keener on photographing animals than on killing them, and I have an especial admiration for tigers. I am convinced that all sportsmen will agree with me that a tiger is a largehearted gentleman with boundless courage and that when he is exterminated—as exterminated he will be unless public opinion rallies to his support—India will be the poorer by having lost the finest of her fauna. But for more than 30 years I have been hunting man-eaters, for, once a tiger acquires a taste for human flesh, its capacity for destructiveness is almost incalculable. The Champawat man-eater, for example, killed some 200 human beings in Nepal before she was driven from that area by a body of armed Nepa-

lese; she then moved to Kumaon and over a period of four years killed 234 more—making a total of 434 human victims—before I succeeded in destroying her. Human beings are not the natural food of tigers, however, and a tiger seldom becomes a man-eater unless it has been incapacitated by wounds or old age to the point where it is no longer capable of killing its natural prey.

The map with the crosses and dates, furnished to me by Government, showed that the Chowgarh man-eater was most active in the villages near the Kala Agar Forest Bungalow. This bungalow was my first objective, and after a four days' march, culminating in a stiff climb of 4000 feet, I arrived at it one evening in April. The Headmen of nearby villages had assembled, and from them I learned that the tiger had last been seen ten days previously in a village 20 miles away, where it had killed and eaten a man and his wife.

A trail ten days old was not worth following up, but soon some villagers arrived to inform me that the tiger had that morning attacked a party of women while they had been cutting their crops in a village only ten miles away. To this village I went at once.

The village consisted of two huts and a cattle shed, in a clearing of five acres surrounded by forest. The small community was in a state of terror and was overjoyed to see me. The wheat field, a few yards from the huts, where the tiger, with belly to ground, had been detected only just in time stalking the three women cutting the crop, was eagerly pointed

out to me. When the alarm was given, the tiger had retreated into the jungle, where it had been joined by a second tiger. (This confirmed reports I had already received that the man-eater was accompanied by a full-grown cub.) The occupants of the two huts had had no sleep, for the tigers, balked of their prey, had called at short intervals throughout the night.

Our hill folk are very hospitable, and the villagers offered to prepare a meal for me. This I knew would strain the resources of the small community, so I asked for a dish of tea; but as there was no tea in the village I was given a drink of fresh milk sweetened to excess with cane sugar, a very satisfying and not unpleasant drink — when one gets used to it. At the request of my hosts I mounted guard while the remainder of the wheat crop was cut; and at midday, taking the good wishes of the people with me, I went alone into the valley in the direction in which the tigers had been heard calling.

I would like to interrupt my tale here to refute a rumor current throughout the hills that on several occasions I have assumed the dress of a hill woman and, going into the jungle, attracted the man-eaters to myself and killed them with either a sickle or an axe. All I have ever done in the matter of alteration of dress has been to borrow a sari and with it draped round me cut grass, or climbed into trees and cut leaves, and in no case has the ruse proved successful; though on two occasions — to my knowledge — man-eaters have stalked the tree I was on, taking cover, on one occasion behind a rock

and on the other behind a fallen tree, and giving me no opportunity of shooting them

THE sportsman who sets out to hunt a man-eater on foot must depend to a great extent for his safety and knowledge of his quarry's movements on the cries and actions of other jungle folk. For example, the langur, the sambar, and the barking deer all issue alarm calls which serve to warn every bird and animal within hearing of the presence of a tiger. They also are likely to voice an alarm call announcing the presence of man, thus warning the tiger and undoing a whole day's stalking; but in general their cries and actions are most helpful in tiger hunting. It is the wind, however, which is the sportsman's most dependable ally.

It must be realized that, while the sportsman is trying to track down the tiger, the tiger in all probability is trying to stalk the sportsman. The contest, owing to the tiger's protective coloring and ability to move silently, would be very unequal were it not for the wind-factor favoring the sportsman.

Tigers do not know that human beings have no sense of smell, and when a tiger becomes a man-eater it treats human beings exactly as it treats wild animals; that is, it approaches its intended victims upwind. And since the tiger always stalks his victim from behind, it would be suicidal for the sportsman to travel through dense jungle in the direction from which the wind is blowing, for the danger would then lie behind him, where he is least able

to deal with it. But by frequently tacking across the wind he can keep the danger alternately to the right or left. In print this scheme may not appear very attractive, but in practice it works; and, short of walking backward, I do not know of a better or safer method of going upwind through dense cover in which a hungry man-eater is lurking.

**F**OLLOWING this tactic, by evening I reached the upper end of the valley, without having seen the tigers and without having received any indication from bird or animal of their presence in the jungle. Since night was falling, it would be necessary to sleep in a tree. Long practice in selecting a suitable tree, and the ability to dispose myself comfortably in it, has made sleeping aloft a simple matter. Not long after dark the tigers called, but thereafter the night was silent, and I enjoyed an undisturbed rest.

By the afternoon of the following day I had explored every bit of the valley, and I was making my way up a grassy slope toward the village when I heard a long-drawn-out coo-ee. I sent back an answering call, and from a projecting rock a man shouted across the valley to ask if I was the sahib who had come to shoot the man-eater. On my telling him I was that sahib, he informed me that his cattle had stampeded out of a ravine on my side of the valley at about midday, and that one of them — a white cow — was now missing.

I set off at once to investigate the ravine. I had gone but a short distance when I came on the tracks of

the stampeding cattle, and had no difficulty in finding the spot where the cow had been killed. After killing the cow the tigers had taken it down the steep hillside into the ravine, leaving a perceptible drag mark. The word "drag" is perhaps misleading, for a tiger when taking its kill any distance (I have seen a tiger carry a full grown cow for four miles) does not drag it, it carries it. However the hindquarters of the kill are often allowed to trail, leaving a drag mark which is distinct or faint according to the size of the animal carried, and the manner in which it is held.

An approach along the drag was not advisable, so going down into the valley I made a wide detour, and approached the spot where I expected the kill to be from the other side of the ravine. This side of the ravine was deep in young bracken — ideal ground for stalking. Step by step I made my way through the bracken, which reached above my waist, and when I was some 30 yards from the bed of the ravine a movement in front of me caught my eye. A white leg was suddenly thrust up into the air and violently agitated, and the next moment there was a deep-throated growl—the tigers were on the kill and were having a difference of opinion over some toothsome morsel.

For several minutes I stood perfectly still; the leg continued to be agitated, but the growl was not repeated. Twenty yards away was a convenient rock. Dropping on hands and knees, and pushing the rifle before me, I crawled through the bracken to its shelter. When my eyes

were level with the top, I looked over, and saw the two tigers.

One was eating at the hindquarters of the cow, while the other was lying nearby licking its paws. Both tigers appeared to be about the same size, but the one that was licking its paws was several shades lighter than the other; and concluding that her light coloring was due to age and that she was the old man-eater, I aligned the sights very carefully on her, and fired. At my shot she reared up and fell backward, while the other bounded down the ravine and was out of sight before I could press the second trigger. The tiger I had shot did not move again, and after pelting it with stones to make sure it was dead, I approached and met with a great disappointment; for a glance at close quarters showed me I had made a mistake and shot the cub — a mistake that during the ensuing 12 months cost the district 15 lives and incidentally nearly cost me my own life.

Disappointment was to a certain extent mitigated by the thought that this young tigress, even if she had not actually killed any human beings herself, had probably assisted her old mother to kill (this assumption I later found to be correct), and in any case, having been nurtured on human flesh, she could — to salve my feeling — be classed as a potential man-eater.

Skinning a tiger with assistance on open ground and with the requisite appliances is an easy job, but here the job was anything but easy, for I was alone, surrounded by thick cover, and my only appliance was a penknife; and though there was no actual danger from the man-eater,

for tigers never kill in excess of their requirements, I had the uneasy feeling that the tigress had returned and was watching my every movement.

THE sun was near setting before the arduous task was completed, and as I should have to spend another night in the jungle I decided to remain where I was.

My selection of a tree was of necessity limited, and the one I spent that night in proved, by morning, to be the most uncomfortable tree I have ever spent 12 hours in. The tigress called at intervals throughout the night, and as morning drew near the calling became fainter and fainter, and eventually died away on the ridge above me.

Cramped, and stiff, and hungry — I had been without food for 64 hours — and with my clothes clinging to me — it had rained for an hour during the night — I descended from the tree when objects were clearly visible, and, after tying the tiger's skin up in my coat, set off for the village.

I have never weighed a tiger's skin when green, and if the skin, plus the head and paws, which I carried for 15 miles that day weighed 40 pounds at the start, I would have taken my oath it weighed 200 pounds before I reached my destination.

The following day was occupied in drying my kit and in cleaning and pegging out the tiger's skin. Meanwhile the villagers crowded round to hear my experiences and to tell me theirs. Every man present had lost one or more relatives, and several bore tooth and claw marks, inflicted

by the man-eater, which they will carry to their graves.

DURING the following ten days no news was received of the tigress. On the 11th day my hopes were raised by the report that a cow had been killed in a ravine on the hill above my tent. A visit to the kill, however, satisfied me the cow had been killed by an old leopard, whose pug marks I had repeatedly seen. The villagers complained that the leopard had for several years been taking heavy toll of their cattle and goats, so I decided to sit up for him. I selected a shallow cave close to the dead cow for cover, and had not waited long when I caught sight of the leopard coming down the opposite side of the ravine. But just as I was raising my rifle I heard a very agitated voice calling from the direction of the village.

There could be but one reason for this urgent call, and grabbing up my hat I dashed out of the cave, much to the consternation of the leopard, who first flattened himself out on the ground, and then with an angry woof went bounding back the way he had come, while I set off at top speed to join the villager.

The man informed me that a woman had just been killed by the man-eater, about half a mile on the far side of the village. As we ran down the hillside I saw a crowd of people collected in a courtyard and looking over the heads of the assembled men, I saw a girl sitting on the ground.

The upper part of her clothing had been torn off her young body, and with head thrown back she was

resting her hands on the ground behind to support her. She sat without sound or movement, other than the heaving of her breast, in the hollow of which the blood, flowing down her face and neck, was collecting in a sticky, congealed mass.

While I was examining her wounds, a score of people, all talking at the same time, informed me that the attack on the girl had been made on open ground in full view of a number of people including the girl's husband; that alarmed at their combined shouts the tiger had left the girl and gone off toward the forest; that leaving the girl for dead her companions had run back to the village to inform me; that subsequently the girl had regained consciousness and returned to the village; that she would without doubt die of her injuries in a few minutes; and that they would then carry her back to the scene of the attack, and I could sit up over her corpse and shoot the tiger.

While this information was being imparted to me the girl's eyes never left my face and followed my every movement with the liquid pleading gaze of a wounded animal. Room to move unhampered, quiet to collect my wits, and clean air for the girl to breathe were necessary, and I am afraid the methods I employed to gain them were not gentle. When the last of the men had left in a hurry, I set the women, who up to now had remained in the background, to warming water and to tearing my shirt, which was comparatively clean and dry, into bandages. One girl, who appeared to be near hysteria, I bundled off to scour

the village for a pair of scissors. The water and bandages were ready before the girl returned with the only pair of scissors in the village. They had been found in the house of a tailor, long since dead, and had been used by the widow for digging up potatoes. The rusty blades, some eight inches long, would not meet at any point, and after a vain attempt I decided to leave the victim's thick coils of blood-caked hair alone.

The major wound was a claw cut starting between the eyes and extending right over the head and down to the nape of the neck, leaving the scalp hanging in two halves.

A doctor friend whom I had once taken tiger-shooting had presented me with a two-ounce bottle of yellow fluid which he advised me to carry whenever I went out shooting. I had carried the bottle in my shooting jacket for over a year and part of the fluid had evaporated; but the bottle was still three fourths full, and after I had washed the girl's head and body I poured the contents, to the last drop, into the wounds. This done I bandaged the head, to try to keep the scalp in position, and then picked up the girl and carried her to the one-room hut which was her home.

Dependent from a rafter near the door was an open basket, the occupant of which was now clamoring to be fed. This was a complication with which I could not deal, so I left the solution of it to the assembled women. (Ten days later, when on the eve of my departure I visited the girl for the last time, I found her sitting on the doorstep of her home with the baby asleep in her lap. Her

wounds, except for a sore at the nape of her neck where the tiger's claws had sunk deepest into the flesh, were all healed, and when parting her great wealth of raven-black hair to show me where the scalp had made a perfect join, she thanked me for having left her hair alone — for a shorn head here is the sign of widowhood. If these lines should ever be read by my friend the doctor I should like him to know that the little bottle of yellow fluid he so thoughtfully provided saved the life of a very brave young mother.)

LATER I examined the scene of the attack, and was able to follow the tigress's trail for two or three miles. But then, on hard ground, I lost the tracks.

For two days the people in all the surrounding villages kept as close to their habitations as the want of sanitary conveniences permitted, and then on the third day news was brought to me by four runners that the man-eater had claimed a victim at Lohali, a village five miles south.

Late that same afternoon I reached the village, and was greeted by an old man who, with tears streaming down his cheeks, implored me to save the life of his daughter. His story was as short as it was tragic. His daughter, who was a widow and the only relative he had in the world, had gone about 150 yards from their home to collect dry sticks with which to cook their midday meal. Some women who were washing their clothes nearby heard a scream, and saw the tiger carrying the woman into the dense thorn bushes. Dashing

back to the village, the women raised an alarm, but the frightened villagers made no attempt at a rescue. Half an hour later the wounded woman crawled home. She said she had seen the tiger just as it was about to spring on her, and had jumped down an almost perpendicular hillside; while she was in the air the tiger had caught her and they had gone down the hill together. She remembered nothing further until she regained consciousness and found herself near a stream; and being unable to call for help, she had crawled back to the village on her hands and knees.

WE had reached the door of the house while this tale was being told. Making the people stand back from the door — the only opening in the four walls of the room — I drew the bloodstained sheet off the woman, whose pitiful condition I shall not attempt to describe. Even if I had been a qualified doctor, armed with every needed medicine and appliance — and my only medicant was a little permanganate of potash — I do not think it would have been possible to have saved the woman's life. Mercifully she was only semi-conscious, and, more for the old father's satisfaction than for any good I thought it would do, I washed the caked blood from the woman's head and body, and cleaned out the wounds as best I could.

I spent that night, with my loaded rifle by my side, on a masonry platform used by the villagers for religious ceremonies. Admittedly it was an unsuitable place in which to spend the night, but any place was

preferable to the village, and that dark room, with its hot, fetid atmosphere and swarm of buzzing flies, where a woman in torment fought desperately for breath. During the night the wailing of women announced that the sufferer's troubles were over.

From the experience of this unfortunate woman, and that of the first girl victim, it was now evident that the old tigress had depended, to a very great extent, on her cub to kill the human beings she attacked. Usually only one out of every hundred people attacked by man-eating tigers escapes, but in the case of this man-eater it was apparent that more people would be mauled than killed outright, and as the nearest hospital was 50 miles away, I later appealed to Government to send a supply of disinfectants and dressings to all villages in the area. On my subsequent visit I was glad to learn that the disinfectants had saved the lives of a number of people.

I stayed in the area for another fruitless week. By now I had been in the man-eater's domain for close on a month, and could spare no more time. The villagers received the announcement of my departure with consternation, but I promised them I would return at the first opportunity.

The following February I returned. A number of human beings had been killed and many more wounded, over a wide area, since my departure from the district the previous summer, and as the whereabouts of the tigress was not known I decided to try tying a young buffalo out in the jungle in a ravine where a bullock had recently been killed, though I

had little hope of the tigress accepting it as bait.

The sun was near setting when I entered this ravine, followed by several men leading a vigorous young male buffalo. Fifty yards from where the bullock had been killed lay a half-buried fallen tree. After tying the buffalo very securely to this, the men returned to the village. There were no other trees in the vicinity, and the only possible place for a sit-up was a narrow ledge about 20 feet above the bed of the ravine. With great difficulty I climbed to this ledge and found that it canted downward at an uncomfortable angle. Moreover, beneath the ledge the rock shelved inward, leaving a deep recess beneath me which was not visible to me, and in my cramped quarters I had my back toward the direction from which the tiger might come. But here I waited at a distance of about 30 yards from the buffalo.

The sun had set when the buffalo, who had been lying down, scrambled to his feet and faced up the ravine, and a moment later a stone came rolling down. It would not have been possible for me to have fired in the direction from which the sound had come, so to avoid detection I sat perfectly still. After some time the buffalo gradually turned to the left until he was facing in my direction. This showed that whatever he was frightened of — and I could see he was frightened — was in the recess below me. Presently the head of a tiger appeared directly under me. A head-shot at a tiger is only justified in an emergency, and any movement on my part might have betrayed my presence. For a long minute or

two the head remained perfectly still, and then, with a quick dash forward, and one great bound, the tiger was on the buffalo. There was no fumbling for tooth-hold, no struggle, and no sound beyond the impact of the two heavy bodies, after which the buffalo lay quite still with the tiger lying partly over it and holding it by the throat. It is generally believed that tigers kill by delivering a smashing blow on the neck. This is incorrect. Tigers kill with their teeth.

THE right side of the tiger was toward me and, taking careful aim with the .275 I had armed myself with, I fired. Without making a sound, the tiger bounded off up the ravine and out of sight. Clearly a miss, for which I was unable to assign any reason. However, if the tiger had not seen me or the flash of the rifle, there was a possibility that it would return; so recharging the rifle I sat on.

The buffalo now lay without movement, and the conviction grew on me that I had shot him instead of the tiger. Ten, 15 minutes had dragged by, when the tiger's head for a second time appeared from the recess below me. Again there was a long pause, and then, very slowly, the tiger emerged, walked up to the buffalo and stood looking down at it. With the whole length of the back as a target I was going to make no mistake the second time. Very carefully I pressed the trigger; but instead of falling dead, the tiger sprang to the left and went tearing up a little side ravine.

Two shots fired in comparatively good light at a range of 30 yards,



and heard by anxious villagers for miles round: and all I should have to show for them would be certainly one, and quite possibly two bullet holes in a dead buffalo. Clearly my eyesight was failing, or in climbing the rock I had knocked the rifle's foresight out of alignment.

THERE WAS no chance of the tiger returning a third time; but neither was it possible for me to walk back to the village. It was now quite dark, and I had no definite knowledge of the man-eater's whereabouts. I believed she was the tiger I had just fired at; and while she might now be far away, she might also have been watching me from a distance of 50 yards. So, uncomfortable as my perch was, prudence dictated that I should remain where I was. As the long hours dragged by, and I shivered with cold, the conviction grew on me that man-eater shooting by night was not a pastime that appealed to me, and that if this animal could not be shot during daylight hours she would have to be left to die of old age. This conviction was strengthened when, cold and stiff, I started to climb down as soon as there was sufficient light to shoot by, and, slipping on the dew-drenched rock, completed the descent with my feet in the air. Fortunately I landed on a bed of sand, without doing myself or the rifle any injury.

Early as it was I found the village astir, and I was quickly besieged by eager questions from all sides. To these I could only reply that I had been firing at an imaginary tiger with blank ammunition.

A pot of hot tea and a roaring fire did much to restore warmth to my inner and outer man, and then, accompanied by most of the men and all the boys of the village, I returned to the scene of my overnight exploit. We climbed to the jutting rock which overlooked the ravine and I had just begun to explain the night's events to the assembled throng when there was an excited shout of "Look, sahib, there's the tiger lying dead!" I scanned the ravine incredulously, but there was no denying the fact that the tiger was there. I had scarcely recovered from my astonishment when there were renewed shouts of "Look, sahib," and pointing to a side ravine, "there is another dead tiger!" Both tigers appeared to be about the same size, and both were lying 60 yards from where I had fired. The man-eater—if either of the two tigers was the man-eater—had evidently provided herself with a mate.

I clambered down the steep rock face into the ravine, and, followed by the entire assembly, went up to the first tiger. As I approached it hopes rose high, for she was an old tigress. Handing the rifle to the nearest man I got down on my knees to examine her feet. On that day when the tigress had tried to stalk the women cutting wheat she had left some beautiful pug marks on the edge of the field, and I had examined them very carefully. They showed the tigress to be a very old animal, whose feet had splayed out with age. The pads of the forefeet were heavily rutted, one deep rut running right across the pad of the right forefoot, and the toes were elon-

gated to a length I had never before seen in a tiger. With these distinctive feet it would have been easy to pick the man-eater out of a hundred dead tigers. The animal before me was, I found to my great regret, not the man-eater. When I conveyed this information to the assembled throng of people there was a murmur of strong dissent from all sides. It was asserted that I myself, on my previous visit, had declared the man-eater to be an old tigress, and such an animal I had now shot a few yards from where, only a short time previously, four of their number had been killed. Against this convincing evidence, of what value was the evidence of the feet, for the feet of all tigers were alike!

The second tiger could, under the circumstances, only be a male, and while I made preparations to skin the tigress I sent a party of men to fetch him. The side ravine was steep and narrow, and after a great deal of shouting and laughter the second tiger — a fine male -- was brought.

Though the villagers were loath to believe it, I assured them that the Chowgarh man-eater was *not* dead and warned them that the slackening of precautions would give the tigress the opportunity she was waiting for. Had my warning been heeded, the man-eater would not have claimed as many victims as she did during the succeeding months. For once again I was forced to leave the area with my mission unaccomplished.

To those of my readers who have had the patience to accompany me so far in my narrative, I should like to give an account of my first — and last — meeting with the tigress.

The meeting took place the following April, 19 days after my return for a third try.

I had gone out that day with two of my men, leading a young buffalo to be tied in the jungle for bait. The spot I had selected was an open glade in which stood an oak thicket and a solitary pine sapling. I tied the buffalo to the pine tree, set one man to cutting a supply of grass for it, and sent the other man, Madho Singh, up an oak tree with instructions to strike a dry branch with the head of his axe and call at the top of his voice as hill people do when cutting leaves for their cattle. I then took up a position on a rock, about four feet high, on the lower edge of the open ground.

THE man on the ground had made several trips with the grass he had cut, and Madho Singh on the tree was alternately shouting and singing lustily, while I stood on the rock smoking, with the rifle in the hollow of my left arm, when, all at once, I became aware that the man-eater had arrived. Beckoning urgently to the man on the ground to come to me, I whistled to attract Madho Singh's attention and signaled to him to remain quiet. The ground on three sides was comparatively open. Madho Singh on the tree was to my left front, while the buffalo — now showing signs of uneasiness — was to my right front. In this area the tigress could not have approached without my seeing her; and as she *had* approached, there was only one place where she could now be, and that was behind and immediately below me.

I have no doubt that the tigress, attracted, as I had intended she should be, by the noise Madho Singh was making, had come to the rock and that it was while she was looking up at me and planning her next move that I had become aware of her presence. My change of front, coupled with the silence of the men, may have made her suspicious; anyway, after a lapse of a few minutes, I heard a dry twig snap a little way down the hill; thereafter the feeling of unease left me, and the tension relaxed. An opportunity lost; but there was still a very good chance of my getting a shot, for she would undoubtedly return before long, and when she found us gone would probably content herself with killing the buffalo.

By crossing a valley and going up the opposite slope, I should be able to overlook the whole of the hillside on which the buffalo was tethered. The shot would be a long one of from 200 to 300 yards, but the .275 rifle I was carrying was accurate, and even if I only wounded the tigress I should have a blood trail to follow, which would be better than feeling about for her in hundreds of square miles of jungle, as I had been doing these many weeks.

The men were a difficulty. To send them back to the bungalow alone would have been dangerous, so of necessity I kept them with me.

To reach the opposite slope I had first to walk down a ravine. This ravine was about ten yards wide and four or five feet deep, and as I stepped down into it a nightjar fluttered off a rock on which I had put

my hand. On looking at the spot from which the bird had risen, I saw two eggs. These eggs, straw-colored, with rich brown markings, were of a most unusual shape, one being long and very pointed, while the other was as round as a marble; and as my collection lacked nightjar eggs I decided to add this odd clutch to it. I had no receptacle of any kind in which to carry the eggs, so cupping my left hand I placed the eggs in it and packed them round with a little moss.

As I went down the ravine the banks became higher, and 60 yards from where I had entered it I came on a deep drop of some 12 to 14 feet. The water that rushes down all these hill ravines in the rains had worn the rock as smooth as glass, and as it was too steep to offer a foothold I handed the rifle to the men and, sitting on the edge, proceeded to slide down. My feet had hardly touched the sandy bottom when the two men, with a flying leap, landed one on either side of me, and thrusting the rifle into my hand asked in a very agitated manner if I had heard the tiger. As a matter of fact I had heard nothing, possibly because of the scraping of my clothes on the rocks. The men, however, had heard a deep-throated growl from somewhere close at hand, although they were unable to say from which direction the sound had come. Tigers do not betray their presence by growling when looking for their dinner and the only, and very unsatisfactory, explanation I can offer is that the tigress followed us after we left the open ground, and on seeing that we were going down the ravine had gone ahead and taken up a position where the ravine narrowed

to half its width; and that when she was on the point of springing out on me I had disappeared out of sight down the slide and she had involuntarily given vent to her disappointment with a low growl.

Where the three of us now stood in a bunch we had the smooth steep rock behind us, and to right and left the sharp sides of the ravine. A few feet ahead of us the view was obstructed by another large rock, best described as a giant school slate, two feet thick at its lower end, and standing up -- not quite perpendicularly -- on one of its long sides.

I stepped clear of this giant slate and -- looked straight into the face of the tigress.

I should like you to have a clear picture of the situation.

The sandy bed behind the rock was about 20 feet long and half as wide, and lying on it, with her forepaws stretched out and her hind legs well tucked under her, was the tigress. Her head, which was raised a few inches off her paws, was eight feet (measured later) from me, and on her face was a smile, similar to that on the face of a dog welcoming his master home after a long absence.

Two thoughts flashed through my mind: one, that it was up to me to make the first move; the other, that the move would have to be made in such a manner as not to alarm the tigress or make her nervous.

The rifle was in my right hand held diagonally across my chest, with the safety catch off, and in order to get it to bear on the tigress the muzzle would have to be swung round three quarters of a circle.

The movement of swinging round

the rifle, with one hand, was begun slowly, and hardly perceptibly. It continued until my arm was at full stretch. The weight of the rifle was now beginning to tell. Only a little farther now for the muzzle to go, and the tigress -- who had not once taken her eyes off mine -- was still looking up at me, with the pleased expression still on her face.

How long it took to swing that rifle I am not in a position to say. To me, looking into the tigress's eyes, it appeared that my arm was paralyzed, and that the swing would never be completed. However, the movement was completed at last, and as soon as the rifle was pointing at the tigress's body, I pressed the trigger.

I heard the report, exaggerated in that restricted space, and felt the jar of the recoil, and but for these tangible proofs that the rifle had gone off, I might, for all the immediate result the shot produced, have been in the grip of one of those awful nightmares in which rifles refuse to be discharged at the critical moment.

For a perceptible fraction of time the tigress remained perfectly still, and then, very slowly, her head sank onto her outstretched paws, while at the same time a jet of blood issued from the bullet hole. The bullet had injured her spine and shattered the upper portion of her heart.

The two men who were following a few yards behind me, and who were separated from the tigress by the thickness of the rock, had come to a halt when they saw me stop and turn my head. They knew instinc-

tively that I had seen the tigress and judged from my behavior that she was close at hand, and Madho Singh said afterward that he wanted to call out and tell me to drop the eggs and get both hands on the rifle. When I had fired and lowered the rifle to my toes, Madho Singh, at a sign, came forward to relieve me of it, for very suddenly my legs appeared to be unable to support me. Even before looking at the pads of her feet I knew it was the Chowgarh tigress, killer by official record of 64 human beings — or twice that number according to the people of the district.

Three things, each of which would appear to have been to my disadvantage, were actually in my favor. These were (a) the eggs in my left hand, (b) the light rifle I was carrying, and (c) the tiger being a man-eater. If I had not had the eggs in my hand I should instinctively have moved suddenly and the spring that was arrested by my lack of movement would inevitably have been launched. Again, if the rifle had not been a light one it would not have been possible for me to discharge it at the full extent of my arm. And lastly, if the tiger had been just an ordinary tiger, and not a man-eater, it would, on finding itself cornered, have made for the opening and wiped me out of the way; and to be wiped out of the way by a tiger usually has fatal results.

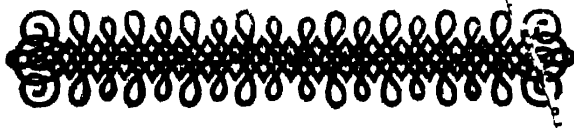
While the men made a detour and went up the hill to free the buffalo and secure the rope, which was

needed for another and more pleasant purpose, I climbed over the rocks and went up the ravine to restore the eggs to their rightful owner. I plead guilty to being as superstitious as my brother sportsmen. For periods extending over a whole year, I had tried — and tried hard — to get a shot at the tigress, and had failed; and now within a few minutes of having picked up the eggs my luck had changed.

The eggs, which all this time had remained safely in the hollow of my left hand, were still warm when I replaced them in the little depression in the rock that did duty as a nest, and when I again passed that way half an hour later, they had vanished under the brooding mother whose coloring so exactly matched the mottled rock.

The tigress's claws were broken and bushed out, and one of her canine teeth was broken, and her front teeth were worn down to the bone. It was these defects that had made her a man-eater and were the cause of her not being able to kill outright — and by her own efforts — a large proportion of the human beings she had attacked since the day she had been deprived of the assistance of the cub which I had, on my first visit, shot by mistake.

From that evening to this day no human being has been killed — or wounded — over the hundreds of square miles of mountain and vale over which the Chowgarh tigress, for a period of five years, had held sway.



# Readers Digest

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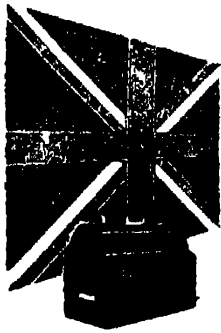


*An article a day of enduring significance, in condensed permanent booklet form*



# What Britain's Labor Government *Means to America*

By WILLIAM HARD



I BELIEVE in the thing that some extremist British Laborites are forever deriding: American free enterprise. I nevertheless also believe that in present circumstances a Labor Britain may be more advantageous to the United States and to the world than a Tory Britain.

Britain is today the world's pivotal country. From the political point of view, it can tip the scales toward democracy or antidemocracy in Europe and in Africa and Asia to a degree sufficient to determine the dominant governmental character of the world's immediate future. From the economic point of view, from the point of view of whether we move toward a world of wealth or a world of poverty, Britain and the British Dominions and the British Empire, with one quarter of the world's population, are again crucial.

I shall defend the thesis that a free-enterprise United States and a Laborite Britain can together take the world toward more wealth and more freedom both. Let us look first at Laborite Britain itself and then at the international possibilities of British-American collaboration.

To begin with, the essence of political public freedom — namely, the private personal liberty of the citizen — remains in Laborite Britain unimpaired and perhaps even on its way toward expansion. "The British Labor Party," said its Executive Committee this last spring, "stands for freedom — freedom of worship, freedom of speech, freedom of the press. The Labor Party will see to it that we keep and enlarge those freedoms and that we again enjoy those personal civil liberties which, of our own free will, we sacrificed to win the war."

It is at base this note in the British



Labor Movement -- this belief in one's own immortal rights *and in the immortal rights of others* -- that leads the British Labor Party continuously to refuse to allow the British Communist Party to join it. It is the Labor Party that has reduced the Communists to political insignificance in Britain, with only two Communists in the new House of Commons.

SUCH is the first point about the British Labor Party: government which preserves individual liberty. The second point follows along logically. The British Labor Party, instead of seeking to liquidate the British middle and upper classes, has striven to *persuade* them and has thus produced in the new House of Commons and in the new Government an all-time high in even the British talent for maintaining national social historical continuity.

In the new Laborite majority in the House of Commons there are 136 officers of trade unions and of coöperatives. But there are 156 professional people such as lawyers, publishers, doctors, clergymen, army and navy officers, teachers. There are also 41 businessmen.

In the new Government itself, among Cabinet Members and other Ministers and so on, a majority are far indeed from being "old school tie." Grand in this respect and admirable for a high degree of education acquired mainly by ~~self~~ schooling are the Government's two most emphatic characters, the Foreign Minister, Mr. Bevin, and Mr. Morrison. Grander still, from a strictly working-class point of view,

is Mr. Walter Edwards, a navy stoker, who will now be a Civil Lord of the Admiralty.

Yet, on the other hand, the strictly swanky old-school-tie-wearers in the new Government, coming from the most traditional of schools and universities, include among many others the Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Dalton; the President of the Board of Trade, Sir Stafford Cripps; the Secretary for Air, Viscount Stansgate; and the Postmaster General, the Earl of Listowel, who has set a pace for our Postmaster General Hannegan by writing a book entitled *A Critical History of Modern Esthetics*.

Sir Norman Angell, Laborite, has proudly remarked in a recent article in *The Saturday Review of Literature* that Mr. Bevin, the ex-truck-driver, and Mr. Morrison, the ex-errand boy, did not boggle because during the war they were asked to work side by side with Mr. Churchill, the Tory grandson of a duke. Similarly, now, Francis John Westenra Plantagenet Hastings, 15th Earl of Huntingdon, does not boggle because, as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture, he will work side by side with the new Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Tom Williams, who was a check-weigher in a mine.

British class distinctions have been terrific. But never forget: British political patriotic interclass solidarity is ~~equally~~ terrific. We do not look at a new Britain. We look at an old new forever Britain, its branches unfettered but its roots unsundered.

That same thought must recur when we examine the British Labor Party's economic program. People

say: "Britain has turned left." The actual truth is much more momentous — especially for a free-enterprise United States. The actual truth is that Britain has simply decided to go *left*. It was already going left — under the Tories.

Under the Tories the British Government definitely embraced "managed money" instead of the old traditional "automatic Gold Standard." It committed itself to a broad measure of social security, including medical care for everybody from the cradle to the grave. It announced its resolve to banish booms and busts and by public governmental spending to arrest every threatened industrial slump. It had a nationalized telegraph system, telephone system, and radio broadcasting system.

Now the Labor Party proposes further nationalizations: coal mines, transport services, gas and electricity, iron and steel, the Bank of England. In this list a high priority seems to go to coal mines. The *working* of the coal deposits of Britain will now be nationalized. But note: the *ownership* of those deposits, the sub-surface rights in them, the "royalties" from them, were nationalized in 1938 — under the Tories.

Clearly we are gazing not at a British abrupt break with the past but at a British continuous trend. It is a trend, however, which (for the moment at least) has definite limits. The overwhelming bulk of British industries and services, including all the newer and more growing ones, such as electronics and synthetics, will retain their chance to prove that progress and prosperity can best be promoted by free enter-

prise in harmony with a certain degree of public planning.

Thus Britain becomes a sort of economic middle ground between Soviet Communism and American Private Capitalism. I hold that in present European circumstances nothing could be more fortunate.

A semi-Socialist but non-Communist Britain can by example and by influence soon greatly help to moderate all popular convulsions of despair toward outright Communism in Western Europe as a whole. In all Western Europe there are semi-Socialist Labor Movements in the British sense and totalitarian Communist movements in the Soviet sense. The semi-Socialist Labor Movements have already today produced Labor Prime Ministers in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Belgium. British Labor Government preferences will undoubtedly move toward producing such Prime Ministers — and not Communist ones — in all other Western European countries which, like France and Italy, are now going through great internal struggles.

THE labor leaders of Western Europe could never have found a rallying point in the economic political tone of Churchill. They can much more readily find it in the economic political tone of Attlee. I hold it to be a matter of no doubt that the Labor victory in Britain will increase British influence in Western Europe and that there, just as in Britain itself, it will be an influence toward taking and holding the middle ground.

The greatest of all world questions

then becomes this: Will that middle ground, as time lengthens and as experience broadens, tip toward the visions and achievements of the coerced economy of Russia or toward the visions and achievements of the free economy of the United States?

IN that question, in the economic field, we face just what Thomas Jefferson faced, in the political field, in 1823. Today the Russian Communist star, because of the successful war against Hitler, is in striking ascendancy in the European skies. In 1823, because of the successful war against Napoleon, the Russian Czarist star was in an ascendancy equally striking to many European Continental observers and equally influential over them. The undetermined element in the problem was Britain. And Jefferson, who had written our Declaration of Independence against Britain, took up his pen again in his old age and wrote: "With Britain we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship." We must "bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government."

And Britain did bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government against the coercive Russian Holy Alliance of dictatorial states. She brought it middlingly, muddlingly, but she brought it. Let us so conduct ourselves that she will bring it again.

What should be our policies toward that end? There we encounter that terrible word "coöperation." It means nothing at all till we answer the difficult questions: coöperation

toward *what*? And coöperation by *what means*? We have had endless coöperation with Britain in *words*. Except for war we have had almost none in *actions*.

There is a reason. Between Britain and the United States there is a deep economic conflict. It is in the field of international trade. Britain *must* export -- and export *more*. We *want* to export *more*. We are world rivals. Let us analyze our positions frankly.

Britain *must* import in order to live. She *must* import in order to feed and clothe herself. Then she *must* pay for those imports. How?

In prewar years she paid partly by means of her income from foreign investments. But during the war, in order to get more money for the war, she sold off a vital fraction of her foreign investments. Her annual income from them used to be about \$800,000,000. Now it is only about \$400,000,000.

Next: in prewar years Britain used to pay for part of her imports by receipts from her merchant fleet. Enemy action, however, has reduced her merchant fleet by some 23 percent.

Britain, accordingly, *must* now, more than ever, pay for her imports by exports. And that fact gets even larger because of the following fact: Britain, during the war, went heavily into new debt to foreign countries. This \$12,000,000,000 debt will have to be paid in goods, in exports.

Britain *must* increase its prewar exports by 50 percent in order to maintain its prewar standard of living and stay internationally solvent.

Meanwhile we Americans have the world's greatest accumulation of surplus productive capacity and

make very audible noises about our intention to fill the world with American-made industrial necessities and domestic gadgets. Here is the material for a top-notch British-American dogfight in which both sides, struggling for the same bone, might both fall off the bridge and arrive at more wetness than profit.

How can such a silliness be averted? There is only one way.

Britain's prewar 1938 export trade was \$2,300,000,000. Ours was \$3,100,000,000. It makes a total of \$5,400,000,000. But now suppose:

Suppose we combine American and British imaginations and capacities. Suppose we together set out to increase the capital investment and the productive power and thereupon the purchasing power of the backward countries everywhere. Suppose we together take their present meager importing appetite and bring it to true health and hunger.

India in 1939 imported — in a whole year — goods worth less than 80 cents per Indian. China imported goods worth less than 60 cents per Chinese. Our American imports were \$10 a head. Suppose we brought Indian and Chinese imports up to merely \$3 a head. The resulting yearly gain to the total of international trade from those two countries alone would be approximately \$2,000,000,000.

The bone of international trade should be developed from a knucklebone to a real joint — with meat on it, enough for all exporting nations. And the only two countries great enough to do it, great enough in combined skills and funds, are the United States and Britain. They

can be enemies if they are disputing over a supposedly fixed total quantity of international trade. They can be friends if they are enlarging and sharing an international trade which every year can be made to exceed its former limits.

Combined British and American exports are beggarly at \$5,400,000,000. They should be doubled. For let us just look at what a perfectly matched economic team the British and Americans are.

FIRST, British traders and British governmental financial officials have a world-wide knowledge of currency exchanges, of international monetary manipulations, which leaves most of our American traders and officials really quite far behind. The British have been treading the mystic mazes of that sort of thing for centuries and they are our superiors at it. We could profit by being in partnership with that superiority.

Second, the British still have a vast African and Asiatic Empire which sadly needs industrial development. The new British Labor Government will display no reckless haste in liquidating that Empire. Even with regard to India the Labor Government, in the King's speech of August 15, spoke not of "independence" but of "self-government."

Nevertheless the Labor Party is strongly committed to the rapid effective improvement of the wretched economic lot of the British African and Asiatic peoples. British Labor will open the British Empire to local native industrial effort and to American and all other foreign

industrial effort to a degree that could not reasonably have been expected from the British Tories. Meanwhile the old trading firms will still have their old trading skills and personal contacts. Here, again, in a prodigious Empire, ancient but entering into a new industrial youth, the British have an invaluable contribution to make to any joint British-American endeavor

**B**UT our American contribution could be equally weighty.

First, we are immensely superior to the British in funds for capital investment.

Second, we are immensely superior to the British in the low-cost manufacture of goods needed for world development.

Contemporary British manufacturing suffers from antiquated machinery kept in operation by managements more interested in organizing monopolies for higher prices than in putting profits into better plants for lower costs.

British industrialists have only themselves to blame for the Socialistic storm that has begun to break over them. American monopolists should take due notice. The only way to repel the Socialistic storm in any country is *genuine* free enterprise, *real* competition, *modernized* machines and methods, *lower* costs, *lower* prices. All American industrialists, even when they deviate from that principle, know that it is the correct principle both for popular welfare and for their own survival. Let them tell it to their British industrial colleagues.

We can teach much to the British. The British can teach much to us. We could then be the world's best team. But not if we are working just for ourselves. British-American international trade rivalry can be quenched only if the two peoples are following a course that raises them above themselves to a common objective of world-wide scope. *Only, that is, if they memorize and activate Sir Stafford Cripps' sentence:*

*"Let us work together for the world's teeming millions."*

I suggest that the American and British sections of the International Chamber of Commerce come forward with a fully formulated plan for putting combined British and American funds and skills into world industrial development and world social advancement. That way lies the proof of what the world's two greatest free nations can do to make freedom in the world *work*.

In the light of such an aim, how manageable most of the present paltry disputes between Americans and Britons might readily become! Britons incline to say that our tariff duties are anti-socially high; that our export subsidies to certain agricultural products are meant unfairly to impede the export of those same commodities from certain British territories; that our proposed operating subsidies to American merchant ships are deliberately designed to retard the revival of the British merchant fleet.

Americans are inclined to say that the British are forever spinning "crafty" restrictive monopolistic schemes for raising the prices of their colonial products to oppressive

heights; for excluding American commercial airplanes from profitable routes traversing British landing points; for curtailing exports of American goods to countries lying within the web of the British "Sterling Currency Area."

Each of these questions, by itself, could last through a controversial angry decade. The way to shorten them, the way to solve them, is to melt them altogether in a comprehensive give-and-take British-American Conference fired by a common world purpose.

In a conference of that sort a point won by the British in one field could be balanced against a point won by the Americans in another. Mutual concessions will be necessary. They will become possible if the overriding objective in mind is to release the

private energies of both peoples toward a world-end helpful to all peoples.

It is only such private energies that can prevent the governmentalization of all international economic life. It is only such private energies that can prevent the Socialization of the trade of the globe. In Laborite Britain, vibrating between Socialism and free enterprise, but doggedly retaining all political and personal liberties, there are still such private energies in great abundance. The hour strikes when those energies in Britain and the corresponding energies in the United States, if acting in unison, can still confer invincible benefits on the world and thus win the world to go their free way. Let us heed this hour. It may not strike often again



### *Planned Parenthood*

» AN excited Army recruit asked his company commander for an immediate furlough — his wife was going to have a baby. Permission was granted, and when the furlough papers were drawn up and the soldier was leaving, the officer asked exactly when the baby was due. "About nine months after I get home, sir," replied the recruit casually.

— Contributed by Lieut W. J. Furman

### *Young in Heart*

» ONE DAY when I was assisting my physician husband at his office, a charming little old lady in her 70's came in for consultation. She expounded all her ailments, real and imaginary, but seemed most concerned about a recurring dream in which she was diligently pursued by a personable young man whose intentions seemed dishonorable. The doctor was properly sympathetic and advised her how she might sleep more soundly. In a few days she returned, still woeful. "Don't tell me you aren't sleeping better nowadays," teased the doctor.

"Oh, I'm sleeping just fine," the patient replied. "But to tell the truth, Doctor, I certainly miss that young man."

— Contributed by C. Y. Schriber

# THE BLASTS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

*By JOHN J. O'NEILL*

Science Editor, New York Herald Tribune

SUCH blasts as leveled Hiroshima and Nagasaki on August 5 and 8, 1945, never occurred on earth before — nor in the sun or stars, which “burn” from sources that release their energy much more slowly than does uranium.

When uranium is exploded, billions times billions of neutrons are released in a millionth of a second. (The figure representing the number of neutrons in one pound of uranium is 1 followed by 25 ciphers.) From the President's statement that the first atomic bomb was equivalent to 20,000 tons of TNT, we can deduce that the explosive charge was about 20 pounds of U-239. That would make only a three-inch cube, for this is the heaviest substance in the world.

The energy released in a uranium explosion is beyond imagination. The blast of flying neutrons comes out as a wind with a velocity of millions of miles an hour. About a half mile away in every direction, the blast has been slowed down to a speed of 750 miles an hour, five times the speed of the most violent hurricane winds. The air driven before it forms a compression wave that has hurricane violence for a few hundred feet more, leveling every structure in its path.

Everything within a mile of the explosion is vaporized. The temperatures generated are comparable to the temperatures of the sun. No wonder aviators 100 miles away from Hiroshima saw a light “brighter than the sun”!

In fact, it was as if a sun a mile in diameter had hit Hiroshima a bouncing blow for a brief instant. Ages ago a cold chunk of iron, a meteorite probably less than a tenth this size, made a hole nearly a mile in diameter when it struck in Arizona. The atomic bombs are designed to explode in the air above the target just so that the energy will not be used up in merely digging such a crater, but will be exerted horizontally.

There has been fearful speculation that man might blow up the earth through his bungling experiments with the release of atomic energy. He may do that figuratively, but he will not do it literally. It just cannot happen. Almost all the substances of which the earth is composed are “dud” materials that act to smother atomic energy processes.

Another bugaboo is that atomic bomb explosions make the earth so radioactive that devastated areas

cannot be occupied for scores of years. True, an atomic energy blast does heighten the radioactivity of every substance within the explosion area, but the effect disappears very quickly. The most dangerous rays disappear first, and they are gone in a thousandth of a second.

But such pressures, velocities and temperatures never before have been released on this earth by man or nature, and when our scientists are able to study the areas where the bombs exploded they are likely to learn that many unexpected phenomena took place.

## ATOM BOMB CALLS FOR RE-STUDY OF ALL OUR PLANS FOR DEFENSE

HANSON W. BALDWIN

*Condensed from*

The New York Times

**I**N A fraction of a second the atomic bomb that dropped on Hiroshima altered our traditional economic, political and military values. It capped a revolution in the technique of war that forces immediate reconsideration of our entire national defense problem.

The atomic bomb is not the sole agent, although it certainly is the principal one, that compels such a complete re-evaluation. There are other factors.

(1) The *potential*, rather than the *present*, military effectiveness of atomic fission. The bombs now used probably are a crude beginning. However, surprise will not again be so great as at Hiroshima, and there will be defensive measures of some sort — even if only dispersion.

(2) Rocket propulsion. The German V-2 rockets, which bombarded London, could not be intercepted by any means now known. They traveled far faster than sound, and rose 60 to 70 miles into the air. The Germans were developing a transatlantic rocket when they surrendered, and in time, perhaps with the

aid of atomic energy engines, transpacific rockets will be developed. These rockets so far are inaccurate, but science has it within its present power to correct that inaccuracy. It does not yet have it within its power to stop the rockets, once launched. Other rocket developments have, in themselves, changed the art of war.

(3) Electronics. Radio and radar have made it possible for man to "see" far beyond his visual range, and to pull hidden "strings" that actuate planes, tanks, ships, and so on, by remote control. The science of navigation has been revolutionized by radar, and attack on a target, as for instance by a radar-controlled glide bomb, can be accurately accomplished by a man miles from the scene.

(4) Aerodynamics. The great development of the plane has made land and sea barriers of far less importance than formerly.

(5) Marine engineering. At the end of the war the Germans had developed a new U-boat which could remain submerged for weeks and



had the phenomenal underwater speed of 21 knots or faster.

These are only some of the developments that have so profoundly altered the art of war that concepts and implements and tactics new and radical one or two years ago now are obsolescent.

A trend that began in World War I now has come to a climax — the offensive has triumphed over the defensive, perhaps not an ultimate triumph but a smashing and conclusive one for the foreseeable future at least.

It is the triumph of "push-button" war. General H. H. Arnold has said that this may be the last war of the pilots. For obviously there will be far less reason for the gigantic bomber tomorrow than there was yesterday. Pilotless planes and long-range rockets, with atomic warheads, can do the mass bombardment hitherto accomplished only by gigantic fleets of giant bombers — probably the most expensive instruments of war known to man.

War has become fundamentally a battle between opposing factories and laboratories — a direct struggle to break the enemy's home front. It may mean that war will be even more total, and that all civilians may have to become soldiers.

It certainly means — change. The first line of defense tomorrow will be the directors of "push-button" war — the men who fling gigantic missiles across the seas. Behind them, as a second "bombardment wave," will come shorter-range, more accurately controlled missiles, piloted planes, radar-controlled glide bombs. Behind them may fly air-borne land

armies—small but highly trained—to mop up and to occupy, to root out "subterranean man" from his caverns, and to organize and govern.

Giant warships, mass armies, peacetime conscription and tremendous bomber fleets have lost some of their military meaning. Advanced bases, too, have less importance; transoceanic missiles can by-pass them. Terrain barriers and seas have smaller meaning; the very basis of some of our strategic assumptions of the past must be challenged.

We must try to think in broad new terms, by yardsticks hitherto beyond the reach of man. There will be grave danger of resistance to this process. There will be strenuous efforts by the Army, the Navy and the Air Forces to cling to the outmoded and the outworn; there will be the traditional military reluctance to depart from time-tested tactics and techniques. And there is danger that this resistance will hamper the development of a modern national defense system.

Research — intensive research, to learn, for instance, how to control and how to defend against the atomic bomb — is vital for the security of the country and of the world. It must be coordinated research, a study into the effects of the technological revolution upon all our national defense policies.

This is a big job for big minds. It should be undertaken by the leading citizens of the nation, organized in a commission, appointed by the President or by the Congress. This commission should have technical advisers from the military services but it should be civilian in

composition, impartial, objective and judicial. It should have full access to the facts. Its comprehensive studies should embrace all aspects of our postwar national defense problem and should correlate defense policies with foreign policies. Such a job is pressing; the creation of such a commission in the immediate future is imperative.

The secret of the atomic bomb will

not always be ours alone. The Germans were ahead of us in pure research; our mass production in development beat them. After V-E Day a German cargo submarine which surrendered was found to have a cargo of uranium bound for Japan. The Russians, too, have able scientists.

A re-study of our entire national defense program is essential for the security of the nation.

## — AND WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

### *A Symposium of Opinion*

*Winston Churchill:*

THERE ARE those who considered that the atomic bomb should never have been used at all . . . that rather than throw this bomb we should have sacrificed a million American and a quarter of a million British lives in the desperate battles and massacres of an invasion of Japan. Future generations will judge this dire decision, and I believe, if they find themselves in a happier world from which war has been banished and where freedom reigns, they will not condemn those who struggled for their benefit amid the horrors and miseries of this grim and ferocious epoch.

The bomb brought peace, but man alone can keep that peace.

Nothing can stay the progress of research in any country, but the construction of the immense plants necessary to transform the theory into action cannot be improvised. So far as we know, there are perhaps three or four years before the great progress in the United States can be overtaken. In these three years, we must remold the relationships of all men of all nations in such a way that men do not wish, or dare, to fall upon each other for the sake of vulgar, outdated ambition, or for passionate dif-

ferences in ideologies, and that international bodies by supreme authority may give peace on earth and justice among men. Our pilgrimage has brought us to a sublime moment in the history of the world.

From the least to the greatest, all must strive to be worthy of these supreme opportunities. There is not an hour to be wasted; there is not a day to be lost.

— Speech in the House of Commons, August 16, '45

*Robert Maynard Hutchins, Chancellor of the University of Chicago:*

UP TO last Monday, I must confess, I didn't have much hope for a world state. I believed that no moral basis for it existed, that we had no world conscience and no sense of world community sufficient to keep a world state together. But the alternatives now seem clear. One is world suicide. Another is agreement among sovereign states to abstain from using the atomic bomb. This will not be effective.

A French philosopher referred to the "good news of damnation"—doubtless on the theory that none of us would be

Christians if we weren't afraid of perpetual hellfire. It may be that the atomic bomb is the "good news of damnation," that it may frighten us into that Christian character and those righteous actions and those positive political steps necessary to the creation of a world society — not a thousand or 500 years hence, but now. —University of Chicago Round Table radio program, NBC, August 12, '45

### *Editorial in The New York Times:*

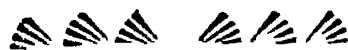
CAN mankind grow up quickly enough to win the race between civilization and disaster? Or will new would-be conquerors arise who will see in the atomic bomb merely the certain means for the instant realization of their dreams? Will they whisper to their own people that they will be perfectly safe, and the new war will be over immediately, if only they get in the first blow? These are the possibilities that mankind must now forever prevent.

If we are to do so, we must change our accustomed ways of thinking far more rapidly than we have ever had to change them before. We must begin systematically to reduce, and eliminate if possible, all the chief causes of war. We must extend the geographic range of

democracy. We must bring every pressure that we can to confine or eliminate dictatorships and despotisms wherever they may exist in the world.

We must do this not primarily for the sake of the people who live under these despotisms, important as that consideration is, but primarily for the protection of the rest of the world. We must assume that no people will want war if they realize what its consequences with the atomic bomb will be. All that we have to fear, in that case, is that a totalitarian government, by suppressing information and free discussion, by feeding its own people on a propaganda of lies, will prevent its people from knowing the facts until it is too late. Wherever the press and information and discussion are free, wherever the facts are known and the government is really the choice of a free people, that people will want peace and can force its government to keep the peace.

The atomic bomb is already here. The mentality and the political institutions necessary to make certain that mankind gets only the immense benefits, and not the unthinkable destruction, that this great discovery can bring must be created without delay.



### *Redeployment Item*

A CORPORAL entered company headquarters on a Marine base and announced: "Corporal Jones has the first sergeant's permission to speak to Lieutenant Johnson, sir."

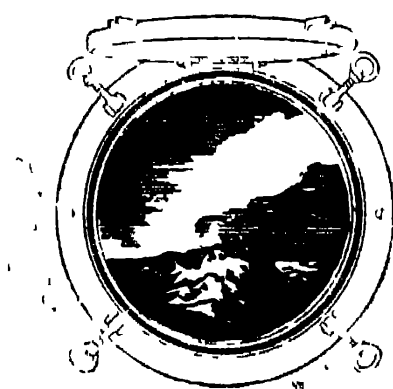
"What can I do for you, Corporal," inquired Johnson.

"Sir," said the corporal, standing properly at attention, "I am about to receive my discharge. I have been watching the lieutenant, sir, since I have been in his platoon and have been favorably impressed."

The lieutenant stiffened.

"I am head of a construction and engineering firm on the West Coast," continued the corporal. "If the lieutenant contemplates a return to civilian life, I would be pleased to offer the lieutenant a job in my organization."

—Edward B. Orr in *The Christian Science Monitor*



# A True Story Haunted Him

By *ANTHONY ABBOT*

**M**Y FRIEND had, like many other eminently successful men, a secret ambition that was never satisfied: he yearned to write mystery yarns, but never found time to try.

"One story haunts my mind," he told me. "It was a terrifying experience that actually happened to a young girl I used to know. Would you like to hear it?"

At my eager "Yes, sure!" his pleased laugh rang out in the vaulted, oddly shaped study where we sat.

The girl's name, he began, was Marjorie. A penniless lass with a long pedigree and a sweet face, she had been raised by a scheming aunt to find a million dollars and marry it. So when, at 17, Marjorie fell in love with a poor medical student, the aunt promptly arranged to take her niece abroad. In the '90's, that was still standard technique. The young lady could cool her ardor amid the Alpine snows of a Swiss finishing school.

As luck would have it, two days before sailing time Auntie was rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation. This, Marjorie thought, meant a reprieve — but no! Safely out of the ether, Auntie commanded

Marjorie to go off without her; the family lawyer must find a chaperone immediately! This turned out to be no problem at all, for an agent of the steamship line reported that an American nun, Sister Agatha, would also be traveling alone, and glad to watch over the young passenger.

Until the last gong of the midnight sailing, Marjorie was on the hurricane deck with her medical student. She wept when he ran down the gangplank; sobbed as he stood on the dock, waving. When at last the lonely girl went to her cabin, Sister Agatha was already sleeping.

At sunrise Marjorie was awakened by rowdy passengers singing on their way to bed. The curtains of the nun's bed were still closed. Very softly, she put bare feet into slippers, pulled a robe around her and went toward the bathroom — only to halt on the threshold, gasping with horror.

For what she saw standing before the basin mirror was a tall figure robed like a Sister — but a lather of soap was smeared over cheeks and chin, and in one uplifted hand gleamed a razor.

Sister Agatha was shaving!

Marjorie wanted to scream for help, to fly out of the room. She

could do nothing; her throat felt paralyzed, her body bound. Slowly the man lowered the razor, his unwavering gaze fixed upon her. She saw that the coarse face was livid; the luster of intolerable hate and fear shone in the hard, green eyes.

"Don't say one word -- if you want to live!" he warned her.

There was a roaring in Marjorie's ears and a faraway thudding that was not the ship's engines but her pounding heart.

"Grab hold of the door!" he called. "You'd better not faint, I wouldn't like it."

She swallowed hard and heard her own voice, remote and unreal, saying, "I'm all right -- thank you."

He honed the razor on the rump of his palm and smiled.

"Kid, there's not one thing in this world you've got to be scared about -- so long as you behave yourself."

Striding forward, he towered over her. "You understand, I never figured you in this deal at all. My friends just took over a Sister they knew about and brought me her ticket and this rig. Oh, they'll let her go all right, when I'm safe on the other side. All I wanted was to lay low the whole trip, but last night who braces me when I come on board but the captain? And by just keeping quiet, I find out Sister Agatha is supposed to have you on her hands. . . . You thought I was asleep when you came in, didn't you?"

He gave her an unhallowed smile. "Well, kid -- we're stuck with each other. And for the rest of this trip

you're not getting out of my sight. Night or day! One peep out of you and I cut your throat."

He reached out and touched her hand with a cold forefinger. "And get one more thing straight. If you're scared about anything else -- forget it. I got no romantic ideas. You're as safe with me as in your mammy's arms. Just so long," he added, "as you stick to the routine."

Then began for Marjorie what seemed a hopeless eternity of terror. The man refused to sleep except in dark-of-the-morning snatches, rolled up against the door. The day would begin early; she would open her eyes before sunup. Very quietly she would lie there, listening to the throbbing engines -- and her flesh would begin to creep as she remembered that another day of dread was beginning for her.

When she took her bath, he sat outside the bolted door. All their meals were brought to the cabin; the counterfeit nun watched in bleak silence while stewards made the beds. When the ship's doctor came around on his daily visit, Marjorie had to do the talking, even to asking for draughts of sleeping medicine, according to the man's orders -- for under the flowing black robes a pistol was pointed unswerving at her head.

In the midst of the voyage there came a gray fog, as if the ocean itself had taken the veil; out of the porthole nothing but damp emptiness, and all night and all day the incessant bleating of the ship's horn. It got on her nerves so that she began to sob.

He laid a rough palm over her

mouth. "No hysterics!" he warned. "You sit down there now and read me one of your books."

She began to read aloud from a novel — a story of a guilty love, and it promptly stirred the imposter to virtuous indignation. "What kind of reading is that for a young girl?" he rasped, and hurled the book through the porthole. "Haven't you any respectable literature?"

So she read to him from the Bible. While Scripture bewildered him, he seemed to like St. Matthew and some of the Psalms. For a while, Marjorie had the childish hope that the Gospel might reform him, but he became even more hard, jumpy and suspicious the nearer they came to port.

One day he whirled on her and snarled, "Put that book down. What do you think is going to become of me?"

She thought for a moment and answered carefully, "If they've found out, back in New York, they must have cabled to the other side. Won't there be detectives waiting for you?"

"That ain't likely in New York," he said. "And on this ship nobody knows. Except you!"

He stopped and studied her with an insane sparkle in his eyes.

"Except you!" he repeated.

And that was when the pity and fear that she had come to feel for him gave way to panic. They both knew it was in her power to denounce him, once they got to port; and to bear witness against him, if he were ever caught. Tomorrow morning they would reach Cherbourg; the

very hours of her life might be numbered. . . .

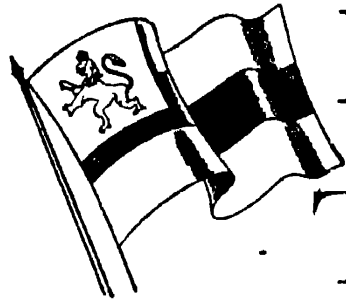
Yet, in spite of all her fears, Marjorie fell soundly asleep on that last night out. When she awoke, the ship was anchored in the harbor; and at her bedside stood the doctor, captain and nurse.

As she struggled up, she saw a heap of dark clothing on the opposite bed. The doctor patted her shoulder and said, "You have had a terrible experience, my dear. He left you this note."

And she read: "So long, Marjorie — and thanks for being a good sport and a damn fine girl. You wait for that nice medical student you told me about; your heart knows better than your Auntie. I apologize for putting that big dose of sleeping stuff in your coffee — but it had to be done, because I had to undress. I'm going through the porthole. I've never really hurt anybody yet, and if I get out of this I never will. There was a time when I might have cut your throat except for the part you read me about the thief on the Cross. That was a new one on me."

There was no signature.

A LITTLE silver clock chimed one. Time to go to bed. I thanked my friend and promised him that some day I would try to tell his story. And then, as I left the oval study of the White House, with its ship models and stamp albums and many historic treasures, I said good night to my friend who wanted to write mystery stories — Franklin D. Roosevelt.



# I Saw the Russians Take Over Bulgaria



By CHARLES LANIUS

*On August 18, Secretary of State James F. Byrnes informed Bulgaria that the U. S. Government did not consider the present Bulgarian government "adequately representative of the important elements of democratic opinion" and was not satisfied that the scheduled elections would permit the people to vote "free from force and intimidation."*

*Two days later British Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin in the House of Commons, referring to Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary, said, "The impression we get from recent developments is that one kind of totalitarianism is being substituted for another."*

*What is back of these recent developments? And what is the interpretation of democracy in the Balkans at present? In order to understand the moves of the British and American governments, it is important to know the facts, to know what has gone on in the past year under an almost complete news blackout.*

I WATCHED the Red Army roll into war-shattered Sofia, Bulgaria, at 4:10 in the afternoon of September 16, 1944. I stayed on in Bulgaria eight months to see what

happens in a country the Russians take over.

I had arrived from Turkey on September 7. Bulgarian consular officials in Istanbul wanted American newspapermen in the country ahead of the Russians. A car met me at the frontier, and with two pistol-packing secret police, I bounced off over the dirt highway for Sofia.

The next morning I saw the new prime minister, Constantin Muravieff, long-time liberal. His government — a coalition of all democratic parties — had been formed the week before. He impressed me as an honest, straight-talking democrat. He told me how desperately he was trying to conclude an armistice with the Allies. But the next day a Communist-dominated coalition seized the government and he was thrown into jail.

The first Russians crossed the frontier on September 8. Dog-tired and filthy from battle, they rode their beaten-up vehicles like conquerors, impassive as wooden Indians. This was a battle outfit and looked it. Pink-faced youngsters,

weather-beaten old-timers with drooping mustaches, barrel-chested giants and runty anemics --- all had one thing in common: the appearance of fierce, relentless warriors.

A shining American Packard led the mud-covered, nondescript column. Jeeps and American trucks made up half the vehicles.

Stories of rape and looting had preceded the Russians from the provinces. But cheering started when the lead vehicles passed under Stalin's portrait hanging from a hastily thrown-up red-bannered victory arch. Many Bulgars shouted their welcome.

That night Sofia's restaurants and cafés were filled with hungry Russians. Red-capped military police patrolled the streets. Buxom Russian women, complete with boots and tommy guns, appeared to take over traffic. A week later the Russians had completed the occupation. The Red Army started foraging operations. Peasants, who only a few hours before had been waving red flags, howled when Soviet soldiers drove off pigs, horses and cattle, and helped themselves to fodder. After a few disastrous incidents, the farmers learned it was best to let soldiers take what they liked.

It soon became clear the Soviets

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CHARLES LANIUS has been a foreign correspondent in Europe for the past 11 years. Shortly after the war started, he joined the staff of the National Broadcasting Company and was assigned first to Rome, then Berlin. In 1941 he followed the German Army through the Balkans and watched the invasion of Russia. Next he went to Switzerland and, at the end of 1943, to Turkey, where he waited for an opportunity to get back into the Balkans.

would run Bulgaria on an inflexible totalitarian basis. They ruled indirectly but effectively through the Fatherland Front, a "nonpartisan" organization of the type usually favored by Moscow.

The Fatherland Front was organized by shrewd, auburn-haired Mme. Tzola Dragoytchova, fanatical Communist trained in Moscow, and today Bulgaria's dictator. With the Communists controlling the well-armed mountain partisans and the Russian Army penetrating the country, it was comparatively easy for her to put Communists in key positions in the new government.

At the time of the coup d'état Communists comprised not more than five percent of the total population of roughly 6,000,000. The bulk of the people are Slav peasants, pro-Russian by tradition but definitely not pro-Communist. Nearly every peasant owns his own farm. He is his own master. Citizens of Sofia, an overgrown country town, are sons and grandsons of peasants. When a man makes money, he invests it in real property. Big fortunes are practically nonexistent.

When the Communists seized power, Anton Yugoff, a smooth-talking factory worker under death sentence for Communist activity, came out of hiding to take over the ministry of interior and turn Bulgaria into a land of terror. The afternoon after the coup d'état I heard Yugoff tell a brigade of young partisans, from a window in the War Ministry, that they represented the new law in Bulgaria. The partisans, mostly teen-aged boys and girls, were armed with tommy guns and automatic pistols.

Bandoleers of cartridges hung from their shoulders, grenades sagged from their waists. Yugoff told them they were now hunters instead of the hunted. Their mission was to ferret out and destroy their enemies.

In every city and village in Bulgaria, Communists took over the civil administration. Ordinary criminals—murderers and thieves—were released from prison and put into Yugoff's police. Often they'd arrest people for no better reason than that they were well dressed. Old grudges were settled with bullets. Bulgarians say that in nearly every municipality the chief of police, the mayor and the tax collector, and sometimes their assistants, were shot or beaten to death.

More than a hundred former ministers, deputies and members of the late King's official household were sentenced to death at a trial in the People's Courts, packed with Communist prosecutors, judges and jurors. The condemned, including Prince Kyril, brother of the King, were stripped, machine-gunned and tossed into bomb craters.

According to official Bulgarian reports, the People's Courts sentenced 2007 persons to death and 3064 to jail. Some were guilty of aiding the Germans, but many others did not deserve punishment. Ex-Prime Minister Bagrianoff, who tried to make an armistice with the Allies and told the Germans Bulgaria was getting out of the war, was one of them. Many died only because they might rise as opposition leaders and menace the new regime.

Before long a strong reaction began to set in against the Soviets and the stooge government. Bulgari-

ans had expected a liberal democratic rule by the people. Instead they got a Communist dictatorship more autocratic than previous Nazi-controlled governments.

One direct result of this political recoil was that Bulgarians looked toward the United States more than ever before. They had had a bellyful of fascism; they didn't want Communism; they thought the United States would help them become a democratic country. Russians and Communists were well aware of this tendency and set out to undermine American prestige.

Their first opportunity came when four American soldiers arrived from Turkey to find and evacuate shot-down American airmen imprisoned in Bulgaria. Headed by Lieutenant Harry Harper, the group did an excellent job. Within three days 335 officers and men were on their way to Turkey. But there were still other Americans in the provinces. It was up to Harper and his crew to track them down.

Then one night a Russian lieutenant went to the villa where the Americans were staying. He told Harper that Americans weren't wanted in Bulgaria. Harper protested to the Russian commandant. The commandant gave the Americans 24 hours to cross the frontier. A British mission under Colonel Harold Gibson received the same order.

Harper wanted to stay and be arrested, but Colonel Gibson was worried about an "international incident." At about six o'clock that night both missions, with about 15 automobiles, met in front of the Hotel Bulgaria. The Soviets held up the

departure for two hours so that Sofia citizens couldn't possibly misunderstand what was happening. Then, under an armed Russian escort, the missions pulled off for the Turkish frontier. Hundreds of Bulgarians witnessed the departure, and were justifiably bewildered. Weren't the Russians, British and Americans allies? The next day the whole story plus trimmings was all over Bulgaria.

American and British members of the Allied Control Commission began to experience the greatest difficulties in getting supplies and personnel into Bulgaria. Many officers and State Department officials waited for weeks to enter the country. Once in, they were permitted no freedom of action. Without special permission Americans couldn't go outside a six-kilometer area drawn around Sofia. Even then a Russian officer accompanied them.

Last winter members of the American military mission had to have special written permits for Sunday skiing. Armed Russians guarded them like prisoners of war. When American officers went deer hunting in January, they had to provide food and accommodations for Russian officers. If Major General John A. Crane, head of our military mission, and Maynard B. Barnes, our State Department representative, wanted to go for a drive in the country, they had to ask permission days in advance and take Russian officers along.

In March an American interpreter, Sergeant Boris ("Bucky") Kuvshinoff, was severely beaten by two Soviet officers. He told me how it happened from his cot in the

infirmary. The Russians stopped Bucky at night on one of Sofia's main streets and arrogantly demanded his identification papers.

"I saw the Russians were spoiling for trouble," said Kuvshinoff. "They cussed me out in Russian and said Americans were 'fascist s.o.b.'s' and 'two-faced allies.' I realized I was in a bad spot so I suggested we go to the Russian headquarters and I would show my papers. One of the officers pulled his gun and slapped me across the chin. Then they both went to work on me. They knocked me down, kicked me and banged my head against some cement steps."

General Crane made a formal protest. Three weeks later the commander, Colonel Smirdoff, called an American officer and an interpreter to his office.

"We have conducted a thorough investigation," he stated quite blandly, "and find those men were not Red Army officers. They were white Russians who stole Soviet uniforms and attacked the sergeant in order to discredit the brave Red Army."

The American interpreter said, "Colonel, you may think Americans are damn fools, but we aren't dumb enough to swallow that one." Smirdoff merely smiled and signified the incident was closed.

Stool pigeons and police spies abound in Sofia. Three men sat with notebooks in a screened-off cubbyhole just inside the clerk's counter at the Hotel Bulgaria, tabulating the goings and comings of every foreign guest, Russians excepted.

Friends and acquaintances suddenly stopped calling on me. When I met them on the street they invari-

*An excerpt from Winston Churchill's address to the
House of Commons, August 16, 1945*

ALMOST everywhere in the mountainous, turbulent, ill-organized, warlike Balkans, Communist forces have obtained or are in the process of obtaining dictatorial powers. That does not mean that Communism has been established everywhere nor that it will be established. In those countries, torn by war, there must be for some months an authoritarian government. The alternative would be anarchy, and it would be unreasonable to ask or expect that liberal British or American democratic conditions should be instituted immediately.

Nevertheless we must know where we stand, and we must make clear where we stand.

At present there are millions of humble homes in Europe where fear is the main preoccupation of family life. A family might be gathered around the fireside in the evening, enjoying the fruits of their toil, when suddenly there is a knock at the door and heavily armed policemen appear. It may be that the father or son is called out, taken away into the dark, and no one knows whether he will ever come back or what is his fate.

Freedom from fear has been interpreted as if it meant freedom from fear of invasion. That is not the fear of ordinary families in Europe tonight. Their fear is of the policeman knocking at the door. It is fear for the life and liberty of the individual, for the fundamental rights of men now menaced and precarious in so many lands where people tremble.

Democracy is on trial as it never was before, and we must uphold it with all our hearts and all our vigilance, and with our untiring and inexhaustible strength. In our foreign policy let us strike a continuous note of freedom and fair play.

ably said they'd been questioned by the militia and had decided it was too dangerous to be seen with an American. Others refused to talk anywhere except in the open where no one could overhear. Even people who had business at the American legation hesitated to go there.

The hostile, suspicious attitude of the Russians and Communists has had a twofold effect: our prestige has suffered enormously, while Soviet prestige has been enhanced. The Bulgars were quick to note the studied contempt behind Russian actions. Most of them wondered how a

self-respecting and powerful nation could remain passive* under such humiliating treatment.

From day to day the Bulgars lived under the lengthening shadow of Russia. When the news of President Roosevelt's death reached Sofia, a

*A clear statement of the present intricacies of Balkan politics, with due reference to Russia's role, will be found in a new book by Leon Dennen, *Trouble Zone: The Balkans and the Middle East*. According to Mr. Dennen, the treatment of Americans and British was only one phase of strong Russian pressure brought to bear on England (and subsequently on the United States) for a hands-off policy in the Balkans.

Communist lawyer amazed me by asking, "Do you think the new President will be Communist? We are very strong over here, you know, and Stalin will probably insist on it."

The Communists hope to make Bulgaria economically dependent on Russia. I know an American tobacco man who spent months in Bulgaria trying to buy tobacco. He negotiated with the Communist-dominated Fatherland Front's trade commission, which had seized every leaf of tobacco. When the American offered to pay in dollars, the Communists said they must have goods. He then offered four kilos of cotton for a kilo of tobacco. But the Communists sold the tobacco to the Russians, who paid a price approximating one kilo of cotton for a kilo of tobacco.

Back in America I learned that Russia has offered tobacco companies here large quantities of Bulgarian tobaccos at top prices. American tobacco men believe that the Russians have no intention of allowing Bulgarians to deal directly with American representatives. They will take the tobacco themselves and sell it at fancy prices to American buyers.

When the Fatherland Front took over, Bulgaria's treasury was practically empty. It was decided to float a "liberty loan." Men with machine

guns solicited subscribers. Every Bulgarian had to contribute.

The Communists are making strenuous efforts to Russianize the country. Political training has been introduced into the schools by new teachers. Many of the former teachers are in concentration camps for the "re-education of the politically unsound." Textbooks have been rewritten with a Communist-Russian slant. The Russian propaganda machine is in full swing. Control of the cinema has been accomplished neatly.

I FOUND it impossible to write an honest report from inside Bulgaria. Contact with the outside world practically ceased. Soviet censorship was clamped down tighter than ever. The privilege of mailing letters abroad was suddenly stopped. Telephone and cable communications were cut off. Only censored cables to New York and London could be sent — via Moscow. Too much information about true conditions in the country was seeping out.

Any candid observer who has seen the Fatherland Front in action can testify that it is not "broadly representative of all democratic elements in the population." Some Bulgars predict that within two years Bulgaria will be a Soviet republic.



ENTERING the Columbia University chapel to make a baccalaureate address, Dr. James Rowland Angell of Yale had an inspiration when he saw the word "Push" on the door. Launching into his address on aggressiveness, he announced that one quality more than any other was necessary to success. His text, he said, came not from the Bible but was inscribed on the chapel door. The students, craning their necks, peered at the sign on the door. It read: "Pull."

— Louis Nizer, *Thinking on Your Feet* (Liveright)

The Passionate Pilgrim

Condensed from Survey Graphic • JOHN PALMER GAVIT

MORE than 40 years an irreparable cripple, in her wheeled chair she has sat and traveled unimaginable distances, journeying to places and seeing things beyond the ken of some at least of the hardest and most venturesome explorers. Travel always was her passion. From her childhood she dreamed and talked of it.

Her father, who was wealthy, had long promised that upon her graduation from college she should make a journey round the world with him. No ordinary tourist expedition it was to be, but a thing after her own heart; going off the beaten track; exploring dangerous rivers, camping in deserts, climbing mountains. For this she worked in college, delving into all manner of queer lore of little-known corners of the world. And at last the time came to get about it; her father by this time almost as enthusiastic as she about what they were to do and see.

In the midst of all her plans for this magnificent trip, she fell in love with a young doctor. Almost did this wreck her whole project; here was strong temptation to surrender the dream of her life and settle down to domesticity.

"If I were not going on this

journey, to which my whole life has really been devoted, I would marry you tomorrow — yes, today," she said to her lover. "And when I come home—"

"And if anything should happen to prevent your going, will you marry me then, right away?"

"Of course I will; I promise that."

The wondrous morning came. The baggage was gone. The young doctor had come to take his leave. There at the head of the stairs she stood, coming down to him for the final farewell.

She caught her heel on the edge of the top step, missed her footing and plunged headlong, over and over down the long flight, and lay a motionless heap at his feet.

I do not know exactly the nature of the dreadful injury to her spine. Enough to say that after lingering with dire suffering a hairsbreadth this side of death for many weary months, she came alive again — hopelessly paralyzed from the waist down, condemned through all the rest of her life to sit.

He held her to her promise. Against her protest and those of all others he answered irresistibly:

"You would not deny me the happiness, to say nothing of the

duty, of caring for her. Here is my best-beloved and most appealing patient!"

That was that, and they were married. But no skill could greatly mitigate her condition. His unremitting devotion to her, his participation in her interests and hers in his, until he died a few years ago, one of the distinguished martyrs to his profession — all that would be another story.

Her interests. The same as ever, though it was some time before she realized that what was nearest to her spirit need not be wiped out by that disaster.

It was her husband's father who opened the door of freedom for her. He came upon her once, out in the garden, in her wheel chair and in tears.

"I did so want to travel!" she sobbed. "And now I am imprisoned in this chair, in this broken body."

"But, my dear girl," said the old doctor, very gently, tenderly, laying his big hand over hers, "you can travel, you shall travel. Most people, when they speak of traveling, are thinking of far distances in miles, of wide spaces and of things they regard as enormous. They little realize that within the space that you can cover with a handkerchief there is a little-explored world of even greater interest and variety. Here within reach of your hand as you sit there is a world you never could exhaust. Here are fauna and flora — clear down to the minutest plants and animal life. Here at your feet are crystals not essentially different from those you might climb five miles to dig out from under the

snow on a mountaintop. Here are all the problems of science and philosophy, the relationships and interplay of things."

ALL THIS was long ago. For 40 years the girl who had wanted to travel found herself confined to a wheel chair. "But," she told me, "I have sat and traveled. That doctor gave me a microscope and showed me how to use it. We got a little aquarium, and stocked it with fascinating things. In the house we set up a modest chemical laboratory, where I have analyzed the substance of my little farm, and found most unsuspected things in the way of minerals — even traces of gold.

"As for distances — I am enjoying now the conceptions, new to me, of the spaces within matter, between molecules and atoms, of the unimaginable relationships among the elements. And jungles — under that microscope this morning I have been observing the doings in a terrible place, as it were primeval forest, where great monsters roam and battle, and devour."

In the attic of the house, to which she could be taken by an elevator especially constructed for her purposes, there was a telescope, through which she might travel to her ever-beloved stars; she was doing some work, too, with the spectroscope, and there is, I believe, a well-esteemed pamphlet of hers, on "The Universal Gases." She wrote another one entitled "Thirty-Six Feet of History," dealing with the adventures of her little tract, under the feet of the Indians, the Dutch, the

rebels of the Helderberg "Anti-Rent Wars."

"This region was part of the old Van Rensselaer domain," she said to me. "And to learn about that I had to go back to Holland — in my mind and my books, of course — and to read up the whole history of this part of the state. And that led me on a side trip into forestry; for I had to learn why this region was once all covered with hemlocks. That old giant there is a survivor of those the tanneries cleaned out. Now I am explaining to myself why we find, here at an elevation of nearly 2000 feet, so many purely marine fossils. I will never live long enough to do more than scratch the surface of my tiny farm. Tiny? — Sometimes it seems to me that I am confronting a whole continent, or trying to explore an impenetrable forest. I started a while ago to card-index the forms of life that I have myself seen right here. There are the cards,

in those long boxes. The days are too short to make much progress."

The days are too short — for a chair-imprisoned cripple! I shall not attempt to describe the serenity, and too the never-failing interested alertness, of this old lady's face. Travel, the pushing back of horizons, the realization of far-flung and ever-widening interests, does something inscrutable to personality. Self-centeredness and provincialism dissolve as one increases the sense of fellowship and acquaintance with persons and things beyond the ordinary frontiers of life.

The other day she broke her shackles, abandoned her wheeled chair and the broken body borne with so long, and now I dare assume is fulfilling to the utmost the dream so tragically interrupted — exploring for aught I know that coveted "other side of the moon," or mayhap the flaming heart of Betelgeuse at the top of Orion. *Bon voyage!*

» ONE EVENING when I was having dinner with friends, the father in the family suggested to his ten-year-old son that he ought to give up something for Lent — something that would really hurt, such as candy. The boy hesitated, and finally asked what his father was giving up.

"Both your mother and I are giving up liquor," the father replied.

"But before dinner you were drinking something."

"Yes," acknowledged the father. "That was sherry. We gave up hard liquor." The boy thought a minute, then said, "Well, I think I'll give up hard candy."

— Contributed by Richard K. Stevens

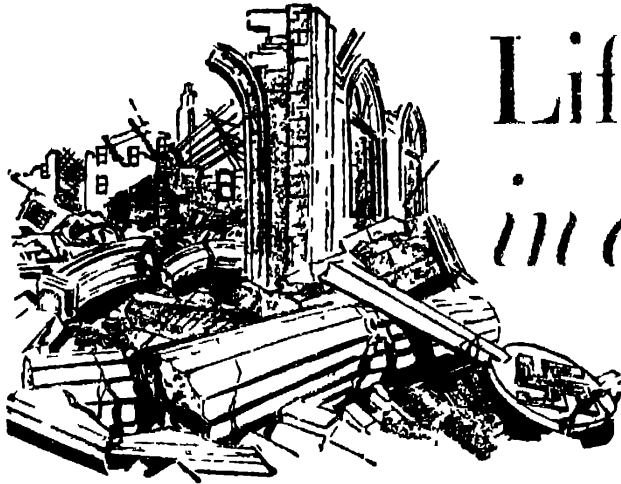
» LORD BEAVERBROOK and a famous actress were involved in a game of hypothetical questions. When Beaverbrook asked, "Would you live with a stranger if he paid you a million pounds?" the lady answered yes without hesitation.

"And if he paid you five pounds?"

"What do you think I am!" the actress fumed.

"We've already established that," returned Beaverbrook. "Now we are trying to determine the degree."

— University of California Pelican



*Cringing, self-pitying, shiftless —
that's the German "superman" today*

Life in a German City

Condensed from The American Mercury
LEWIS F. GITTLER

FOR several months I roamed the Anglo-French-American occupation zones in Germany, interviewing hundreds upon hundreds of Germans and reporting to Army authorities what they were doing and thinking. It was not a cheerful assignment.

All German cities look strikingly alike today. Each consists of a circular area of ruins — the heart of the town, where public buildings, hotels, amusement places and shops are rubble and ashes — ringed by virtually undamaged small factories, suburban housing developments, and



FEW MEN are better qualified to report on life in Germany than Lewis F. Gittler. From the University of Alabama he went to the University of Berlin, and remained in Germany several years. After the Nazis took over, he decided to study their methods at the source. He passed himself off as a foreign-born German, and studied for two years in the *Hochschule für Politik*, Nazi school for training spies and propaganda agents.

Later with Ladislas Farago, he wrote the authoritative book *German Psychological Warfare*. During the war he analyzed German propaganda for our Government. Attached to the Psychological Warfare branch of the Army, he served as political observer for the First and Ninth Armies in Germany.

the pretentious villas of the well-to-do. It is hard to tell whether you are in Munich or Hamburg, Cologne or Nuremberg.

It doesn't really matter; everywhere the pattern of living is the same — the same food rations, the same daily habits, the same mood of selfishness and apathy. The hard labor and sacrifice with which for years the Germans supported the Nazi regime and Hitler's war have disappeared completely. There is no national spirit, no community spirit, not even any neighborly spirit. Few Germans of any class are doing anything toward solving Germany's present problems. All the German does is try by hook or crook to get his dwelling patched up and accumulate nonperishable food to hide in his cellar.

He is a disagreeable fellow, cringing before his conquerors but viciously denouncing his neighbors if he thinks he can get a reward. He tells us he hates Hitler, and he probably does — not because Hitler started the war, but because he did not win it.

Work of rebuilding could be started

if the Germans were interested. The available labor pool is fairly large. Most cities, even after evacuations and air-raid casualties, have about half as many residents as ever and hundreds more return weekly. The mayors and city councils, appointed by our Military Government, have extensive powers to regulate wages and prices, plan reconstruction and allocate labor.

Wages are based by the city's Labor Bureau on the low cost of rations and do not vary much, city to city. The lowest wage, for road labor, is 150 marks (\$15) a month. A mayor, at 500 marks (\$50) monthly, is in the top bracket.

Only the few who are utterly destitute will voluntarily take reconstruction jobs, and the German officials do not want to alienate potential political supporters by forcing them to do the dirty labor that eventually must be done. The only men you see doing forced labor are Nazis expiating their party membership by sullenly cleaning up debris and a number of German prisoners of war the Allies released on condition they work in coal mines or on farms.

THE few voluntary workers are railroad employes, handicraftsmen, artisans, mechanics and technicians. Most of them are at work for two reasons. One, they want to establish a franchise, so to speak, and then hope to reorganize their old exclusive, monopolistic union or guild. Second, members of several trades — carpenters, plumbers and tailors—are doing better than ever before in their lives. True, their wages are

fixed by the city officials, but not many artisans will do a job without a valuable present, preferably in goods, not cash.

The bulk of the city population simply looks on, and spends the time bartering and scrounging — an art highly developed during the war.

The poor live in seemingly uninhabitable cellars and patched-up first floors in the inner city. Some have built lean-to shacks in the outskirts. The utterly destitute live in wooden barracks or in the thick-walled air-raid shelters, massive fortresses housing a thousand or more people.

The wealthy, most of whom made big money under the Nazis, still have their comfortable suburban homes. Most of the middle-class folk stayed in the city during the bombings and managed to salvage two or three rooms of their apartments.

Typical of this middle-class "average" German is Josef Koelmann, a 47-year-old foreman of Cologne. Koelmann is solidly built, in good health and well clothed. Once he was a harsh boss over 150 Belgian and Czech laborers in a steel plant; now the air raids seem to have cut him down to size.

Koelmann leads an existence which may sound grim to Americans, but which has become almost normal to him. He is hedged about by rules. He must stay within a ten-mile radius beyond the city line. If he visits a friend, he must hurry home before sunset curfew or stay overnight. He must always carry his identification card and a "permit to circulate." He cannot move to a new flat, nor drive a vehicle. He has

not attended a movie, concert or theater for over a year. His only link with the outside world is the Allied-controlled weekly newspaper, and the radio, which transmits only Russian, British and American programs. Even so, Herr Koelmann bartered his best suit-jacket to get a radio.

In his bomb-shattered two-room apartment, shared by his wife and two children, the range stove provides such heat as there is. Koelmann supplements the meager coal ration by scrounging fuel in the ruins. Electricity, gas and running water are luxuries that function sporadically.

Like his neighbors, Koelmann is full of self-pity and stubborn, unrealistic hopes of getting something without working for it. Guilt over his substantial contribution to Germany's aggression is the furthest thing from his mind. All that matters is to get more food jars lined up in his cellar and the coal stacked higher in his bin. At this kind of thing, he is cunning and indefatigable. He knows all the tricks of barter, foraging and illegal marketing.

Most Germans have plenty of cash, the result of years of high war earnings and few expenditures. City dwellers received 5000 to 15,000 marks' property insurance from the Nazi state for bomb damage. For years, too, they collected generous allotments and life-insurance benefits from their men in the Army. Moreover, the soldiers sent home a great deal of loot.

Herr Koelmann, for instance, has a cash balance of 15,000 marks (\$1500 at official exchange rates). His apartment and all the food ra-

tions for his family of four cost him only 180 marks (\$18) a month. All Germans in cities receive the same rations — bread, apples, potatoes, synthetic fats, synthetic egg and pancake flour, synthetic "Hitler coffee," meat and butter for one meal a week, kohlrabi, turnips, cabbage and sugar, with an occasional portion of cheese and jam.

EVERY German must purchase his rations only from the one grocer, butcher or baker with whom he is registered. With pharmacies, banks and beauty parlors, these are the only businesses operating.

Except for ration-buying, German money is practically worthless. Professional and amateur black marketers scoff at banknotes; they want goods that can be bartered, everyday things like umbrellas and fountain pens, or luxuries like genuine coffee or cigarettes. A German will do 12 hours of heavy labor for a package of cigarettes.

Those who have a stock of such durable goods and foodstuffs are the "rich men" in Germany today. Every German had some sort of treasure-hideout, a cellar or backyard shack, where he stored his dearest possessions during the war years. He was able to save from damage most of his personal belongings — clothes, household goods, radio, bicycle, electrical equipment, jewelry, toys and tools. This accounts for the fact that Germans look so well dressed today and their houses so comfortably furnished.

Most of the hoarding was begun at the time of the Normandy inva-

sion. During the bombings, half-destroyed homes were looted of their food reserves and fur coats. But the greatest stockpiling came with the capture of the city. During the first few days, Germans shamelessly plundered the warehouses, freight depots and evacuated villas and estates. I saw a 50-room modernized castle on the outskirts of Kassel stripped in two hours of its entire contents by a swarm of solid citizens wheeling carts and baby buggies.

Now the looters have become amateur black marketeers who never cease their bartering. They put ads in the local weeklies, surreptitiously negotiate with American soldiers. A GI will gladly give three packs of cigarettes for a simple camera. Germans trade the three packs for a bottle of cognac, for which farmers will give two pounds of meat.

"The richest man" in Frankfurt today is a black marketeer known simply as Friedl. He lives behind a building that has been completely laid waste. You go through a narrow footpath over and around the ruins, and suddenly there is a small house, perfectly preserved. Friedl has 40 chickens penned up in his small yard and an automobile secreted behind a wall of wood and straw. In a garage is an assortment of bicycle tires, window glass and baby carriage wheels.

Friedl, a shrewd, greedy man with a passion and talent for marketeering, has been in the business for five years. His house is as crammed as a pawnshop, with clocks, musical instruments, furniture, radios, suitcases, "junk" jewelry, bolts of cloth.

Hidden somewhere in his house, or beneath it ("not even the Gestapo could find it"), are cartons of American cigarettes, quantities of concentrated coffee and a stock of hard chocolate bars. Friedl knows the punishment is severe for possession of U. S. Army material, and he is not letting any of it be seen. How he gets it is his secret.

Friedl is out all day in the city on his bicycle, looking up his regular list of customers. He notes down in his "little black book" what each has to offer in barter. He is not interested in money, he will not even accept foreign currency; it is "too hot to handle." All foreign monies have been called in by the Military Government.

"Besides," Friedl said, with the inevitable self-pity of all Germans, "I'll never be able to get out of Germany to use foreign money. It will rot while I go hungry."

Friedl is the last man in Germany who will go hungry.

The people who ran Germany's industry and commerce before and during the war—the most important people in Germany, perhaps—will remain idle for a long time to come. They are the executives without offices, the industrialists and engineers without industries, chemists without laboratories, professors without universities. Some, with apparently "clean" records, have found their way into city administrations. Others are cooking up ideas for "safe" nonwar industries acceptable to the Allied authorities.

This idle "elite" warns Allied officers of the "chaos" that will come from giving freedom to the working-

men and insists that democracy is "un-German" and that "strong government" is essential in Germany. They deplore the "excesses" of Nazism, but point out the "good aspects" of Hitler's system. A clash between Russia and the western powers is one of their brightest hopes.

Many of the younger Germans, raised to respect might, are awed and impressed by Allied power. Some have come to think democracy is perhaps a better way of life than the Nazi system — because "it wins wars."

If Germany ever produces another Nazi movement, it will probably originate in the rural areas. The people of the farms and villages were not bombed. They saw little of the horrors of war. They are prosperous, for they have been gouging city dwellers for years. They have not the city

man's sense of defeat and they do not wear his licked look. They are bitter over Germany's surrender and the enemy occupation. They are surly; they feign ignorance or stupidity when questioned; they give us wrong road directions; they tear down Allied proclamations. And now that their Polish and Russian slaves are gone, the farmers are not overexerting themselves to feed hungry Germany. They are growing enough for themselves, and to hell with everybody else.

Too many Germans are confident that, despite our warnings, we will pour provisions into their cities. One woman schoolteacher said to me with complete candor, "We are an American colony now. My husband says you will have to take care of us and that we will have the same kind of prosperity as in America."



The Speaker Sex

» IN A reminiscent moment Mother was telling me about the first time she drove a car. "Your father was along," she said, "and we had a frightful time. I stalled the engine right in the middle of some railroad tracks, with a train coming . . ."

"There wasn't any train coming," Father demurred mildly.

"There was a train coming sometime," said my mother — and went right on with her story.

— Katharine Brush

» RECENTLY I observed an elderly couple engrossed in a good-natured argument. At the moment the woman had the upper hand, while her husband listened patiently. But one could guess that he was only waiting for his well-earned turn. Before he could say a word, however, the little lady concluded her argument, smiled graciously at her husband and defiantly withdrew the plug of her hearing aid.

— Contributed by Mrs. Paul F. Remhold



The aggressive pay-as-you-go young governor
who is leading Georgia out of Tobacco Road

Arnall of Georgia

Condensed from Life
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

IN THREE short years Ellis Gibbs Arnall, Georgia's 38-year-old governor, has lifted his state from the benightedness of Tobacco Road to the position of runner-up to North Carolina for the title of "most progressive southern state." His reforms read like an agenda for a half-century of liberal crusading, but they are all on the books and in operation, and his term of office still has a year and a half to go.

The governor piloted ten unanimously passed bills through the legislature in 1943. They put the Georgia universities under a non-political board of regents; created a constitutional State Board of Education; abolished the pardon racket by establishing a three-man clemency commission; stopped the arbitrary firing of state officials that "Ole Gene" Talmadge, his demagogic predecessor, had delighted in; made the state auditor's job elective; put the state budget on a scientific foundation; removed the governor from all boards and commissions operating state departments; and lowered the voting age to 18 on the theory that a person of draft age is

sufficiently mature to help choose the rulers who send him to war.

A wartime inability to raise money by the gasoline tax has hampered some of Arnall's plans, but at the moment the state is spending more pennies out of every tax dollar on education than any other state in the Union. The use of shackles and chains has been eliminated in Georgia's once notorious prisons. And the state debt, which was \$36,000,000 when Arnall took office, will be expunged completely by June 1946.

Most dramatic of all, Arnall forced a reluctant legislature to repeal the poll tax. And in August of this year, the people of Georgia voted favorably on an entire new constitution to replace an outmoded 1877 document that has been amended 301 times. Under the new constitution, Georgia's counties and cities will have home rule, and the poll-tax repeal will be put beyond mere statutory change by any future legislature.

The man who has done all this (with an able assist from his legislative speaker Roy Harris) doesn't

look very impressive when he trots out in shorts to trade tennis shots with his friend Henry Wallace. He is short and fat, built something like a Bartlett pear. But Arnall has discovered that five feet six inches of self-possession can get along without Napoleonic megalomania.

The immediate impulse of the outsider is to try to equate Ellis Arnall with the southern liberal, New Deal style, whose most successful exemplars are Claude Pepper of Florida and Lister Hill of Alabama. But Arnall's concern for the common man is more of the head than of the heart and he differs from the true New Dealer in his dislike of centralized federal power and in his concern for balanced budgets, sinking funds and "pay-as-you-go." He is as much of a states'-righter as John C. Calhoun or Jeff Davis. The states, Arnall insists, have a lot of power; all they have to do is to use it to solve their troubles, and the federal government won't have any excuse for stepping in. His demand for lower freight rates is designed to help Georgians of all classes; as he puts it, poverty is the mother of prejudice and a liberal Georgia might grow on a booming Georgia.

Erskine Caldwell's picture of his home state as an eroded, lifeless, beaten land is ceasing to be true of Georgia as a whole and it was never true of Newnan, where the Arnalls have been big shots ever since the War Between the States. Newnan, with its locally owned textile plants, is, as the front page of the Newnan *Herald* tells, the "third wealthiest city per capita in the U.S."

Ellis Arnall has a calculating mer-

chant's view of the value of a dollar, and it is easy to see that he aspires to make the whole state of Georgia over in the image of self-possessed, rich, hard-working Newnan.

Ellis started his college career at Georgia's Baptist institution of Mercer, but soon he was hankering for greener fields. His family gave him permission to go to Vanderbilt, but on the train he ran into some fellows who were on their way to the University of the South at Sewanee, and Ellis kept right on with them. Since there was nothing much to do there in the way of campus politics, Ellis read the New Testament in Greek and perfected his technique at pool. His literary knowledge was to come in handy later when he had a chance to out-Kieran John Kieran on *Information Please*, but it was at the billiard table that he discovered that the way to proficiency in anything is always to challenge someone better than yourself.

After Sewanee, Ellis entered the law school of the University of Georgia. Brash even then, he predicted that he was going to be the big shot of his class, which so tickled his friends that they made him president of the class, the interfraternity council, the legal fraternity of Phi Delta Phi, the student body and the Gridiron Club.

Ellis hung out his shingle in his home town, but he soon discovered that the legal business of his mill-owning uncles was already bespoken by the older generation of lawyers. So when the 1935 textile-strike epidemic hit Newnan he took cases for the strikers. The uncles (and the cousins and the aunts) all fumed

and yelled ingrate, but Ellis politely reminded them that he had to get his business somewhere.

Arnall jumped into big-time politickin' the year after he got out of law school. In a five-man race in Coweta County he polled 3164 votes-for state representative in the legislature, leaving the other candidates to split a paltry 346 votes. Governor Gene Talmadge thought well enough of this record to make him his floor leader. When Eurith Dickinson ("Ed") Rivers, "Georgia's first modern governor," took office in 1937, he appointed Arnall assistant attorney general.

By Georgia law no governor can hold office successively for more than four years and in 1940 Rivers was finishing out his term. Everyone knew Talmadge was coming back to Atlanta; and realizing they were unable to stop him at the polls, Rivers and Arnall cooked up a scheme for a delaying action. The trick was to slip Arnall into the office of attorney general just before Gene became governor, then trust him to declare the more egregious Talmadge acts illegal. As attorney general, Arnall checkmated Gene at important points, and told the reporters daily that he was going to succeed Talmadge as governor in 1943.

The job of beating Gene was carefully organized. Arnall subscribed to practically all of the more than 200 small newspapers in Georgia, keeping his secretary busy getting up a list of local happenings of transcendent importance to individuals. As the 1942 primary approached, citizens of Dublin, Hinesville, Ellaville and Marietta were surprised to get letters

from the attorney general congratulating them on the birth of a son, the liquidation of a mortgage, the promotion to a new job, the purchase of a manure spreader. This method of building a personal following was effective, but it wouldn't have been enough if Talmadge, who had just got a law passed permitting him a second successive term, hadn't finally overreached himself.

Talmadge's mistake was to manipulate the discharge of two distinguished educators at the University of Georgia for "favorin' the mixin' of the races in our schools." The highhanded way in which Gene interfered with the State Board of Regents provoked the suspension of ten Georgia educational institutions, from national accredited status. Several thousand students quickly shifted to other schools, and undergraduates from the University of Georgia marched to the state capital to stick up an effigy of Talmadge on the State House grounds.

The Arnall forces quickly reached out to grab the "school vote." Women turned out to register in droves for the first time in Georgia's political history, and Arnall won in the primaries by a comfortable margin. Some 70 Arnall relatives attended the inauguration the following January.

Astounding though it has been, it is not Arnall's legislative record that makes him a portent in southern and sectional politics. His real innovation is his use of constitutional law to reach out across Georgia's borders and put a stop to out-of-state practices that are helping to keep Georgia poor. Ordinarily, suits involving

personal damage or infringement of individual rights are brought by "persons"—meaning private citizens or corporations. But Arnall knew of an old case, that of *Georgia vs. the Tennessee Copper Co.*, in which his state had successfully brought suit in the U. S. Supreme Court as the agent for its citizenry. With this as background, he got the idea that the State of Georgia could sue in the Supreme Court under the Sherman Antitrust Act for relief from discriminatory class freight rates. Something was wrong, Arnall argued, when a Baltimore or New York shipper could send 100 pounds of manufactured goods to Alton, Ill., for \$1.68 when it cost a Savannah shipper \$2.39 to send his goods to the same place over a practically identical number of miles.

Accordingly, Governor Arnall went in person to Washington to argue that a state has the right to seek redress under the Sherman Act. Five judges ruled in Arnall's favor and this fall the Court will listen to the conspiracy charges which the State of Georgia is bringing against the offending railroads.

The Interstate Commerce Commission, as if in response to Arnall's action, has already changed rates on class goods to give the West and South something of a "regulative parity" with the North. But this isn't enough for Arnall. He wants to establish through a clear-cut court victory the right to enjoin such things as finance companies from

"conspiring" to keep interest rates too high for Georgia manufacturers. If Georgia can become a producer of finished goods as well as a source of raw materials, he argues, even the race problem will disappear in the general prosperity.

Arnall is fond of pointing to Cason Callaway, a retired Georgia textile manufacturer who is leading an agrarian revolution without going to Washington for money. Callaway has succeeded in organizing 100 corporations known as "Georgia Better Farm Units." Each unit is owned by seven stockholders who put up \$1000 apiece toward the purchase and incorporation of a 100-acre farm. The idea is to build up run-down land and to give good farmers an opportunity to prove that they can make money by raising crops for the industrial agricultural businesses of canning, freezing and dehydrating. "Cason Callaway is part of what we're tryin' to do down here," says Arnall.

Seen from an airplane today, the entire state of Georgia — and it is the biggest state east of the Mississippi — looks like a soil conservationist's paradise. The fields are terraced and contoured; the gullying has been stopped. Georgia is coming back and in another decade Tobacco Road will be just as much a part of ancient history as Sherman's March to the Sea. No matter what happens to him after 1946, Ellis Arnall will be remembered as the symbol of the change.



The terrible hurricane of 1928 brought
a night of unforgettable horror



DEATH IN THE EVERGLADES

Condensed from St. Louis Post-Dispatch

RALPH WALLACE

THE Florida Everglades hurricane of 1928 was as savage a storm as this continent has ever known. The barometer dropped to the lowest point it had ever recorded in America. Gales whipped to more than 100 miles per hour. In a few hours, at least 2000 'Glades people lost their lives, and a region the size of Delaware was utterly devastated.

That September the Everglades had been booming as never before. In the heart of the Glades, the persistent overflows of Lake Okeechobee, which had made the Glades an oozing swampland, appeared to have been controlled by dikes and drainage canals. The district's biggest planting of winter vegetables had just begun. Tractors growled through the muck fields like terriers; in seed stores and supply houses, clerks labored half the night. Although still wild country, infested with snakes, alligators and wildcats, the region ranked with the world's best farmingland. Rich crops, as many as three a season, seemed to spring up at the touch of a plow.

Yet for all its prosperity, the region lay fearfully vulnerable to storms. From Lake Okeechobee eastward to Palm Beach the land stretches flat as a floor — a made-to-order arena for wild winds and floods. Jammed in shacks and tents on that lowland lived some 5000 itinerant field laborers. Few could be reached by telephone; not one family in a hundred owned a radio. Okeechobee, 30 miles in diameter, lay above the level of most of the farms, but new levees circled the lake. Unfortunately the levees, built of muck and marl, were about as durable as porridge, and rose only a few feet above the lake's high-water mark. There had been a warning; in the 1926 hurricane the levees had broken near Moore Haven and 400 had drowned. Still, nobody worried.

During August and early September 1928, three feet of rain fell on the lake and on the Glades. The half dozen canals from Okeechobee ran bank-full. The lake waters crept closer and closer to the crest of the

levees. Meanwhile, 3500 miles away, near the coast of Africa, a storm was lazily gathering momentum.

The first hint of this tempest came from the *S.S. Commack*, an American freighter, lunging through massive swells off Barbados on the morning of September 10. On Wednesday, September 12, the storm screamed into the island of Guadeloupe. When it turned out to sea, 660 were dead. By now the hurricane had become a giant 235 miles in diameter, with gales whose ferocity appalled observers. It hit Puerto Rico Thursday morning. By evening more than 200,000 people were homeless; uncounted hundreds had died.

The storm now developed an elephantine capriciousness. For the next two days -- Friday and Saturday -- it seemed the great wind funnel intended to pass east of the Bahamas. Up to Saturday, the weather bureau was predicting that the hurricane would not hit Florida at all. Not until noon Sunday did the people of the Everglades learn that the storm had suddenly veered toward them.

There were only a few hours to prepare. In the little farming communities bordering Lake Okeechobee to the south and east, couriers quickly organized to spread the alarm. Businessmen of South Bay drove about the countryside, collected 211 men, women and children, and placed them on a big barge in the lake for safety. Dr. William J. Buck of Belle Glade dispatched trucks to outlying sections to round up everyone who could be induced to leave home. Many stubbornly refused. But by late afternoon 500

people had been crammed into the two-story Glades Hotel and 150 more into the Belle Glade Hotel, across the road.

In midafternoon the wind began to blow steadily out of the north. By 6 p. m. it was a howling gale. The huddled groups in the two hotels watched in awe as the wind tipped over automobiles and rolled them down the street. A huge roof sailed by at treetop height; a farm wagon rose, its wheels gently turning, and disappeared skyward. Only the loudest shout could be heard above the hollow, drumlike tolling of the wind. Hysterical women, shrieking prayers, could not be heard at all. Then, at the storm's height, came a deluge of rain that drove horizontally in bulletlike fusillades.

On Okeechobee the gale pushed thousands of tons of water relentlessly before it. At the north end the lake literally blew from its bottom. Roaring crests, high as two-story buildings, scudded southward to rip and chew at the levees. Along 21 miles of the southeastern shore waves suddenly topped the dikes. They crumbled. Out swept an avalanche of water ten feet high, rumbling hoarsely above the wind.

Within a few minutes the flood raged over Belle Glade, its crest toothed with telephone poles, uprooted trees, whole buildings. The Belle Glade Hotel was smashed from its foundations -- then it grounded and held. In the Glades Hotel Dr. Buck and other men moved women and children to the second floor. The water crept to within a foot and a half of the first floor ceiling. Outside, houses slid past

with survivors raising imploring arms; bodies eddied in the hotel's doorway, then disappeared. Of Belle Glade's 50 homes and business buildings, only the two hotels and a warehouse survived. Almost all the inhabitants who had failed to seek refuge in the hotels met death.

In the town of Pelican Bay, not one building was strong enough to withstand the hurricane. Half the town's 450 people stuck to their homes; the rest started on foot to Belle Glade. Flood and wind struck both groups; every person perished.

Elsewhere the tragic pattern was repeated. In their home on Ritta Island in Lake Okeechobee, C. E. Thomas and his wife and six children had no warning of the storm until the wind began to whip up huge combers. No boat could live to reach the mainland. Soon water began to bubble up through the floor boards. Hysterically, the family scrambled onto furniture, then up to the attic as ceiling-high waves raced through the living room. The father chopped a hole in the roof with an axe, climbed out, and turned to hoist up the first child.

"Spray coming over the ridge pole half-blinded me," he said later, "and the wind tried to pry under my body and lift me clear. Just as I reached down through the hole in the roof I saw the butt end of an immense tree coming toward the house; a split second later it struck."

The tree smashed straight through the building. Thomas rode free on a section of roof, as the house and his family disappeared in a welter of water. The next day, battered and half-conscious, he was rescued

by a boat. The bodies of his wife and children were ultimately found miles away.

As the night wore on, horror piled on horror. On every hummock, fear-crazed poisonous snakes struck and writhed among the survivors. Dennis Flynn, a Pahokee farmer, sought refuge in a tree after his house blew away. All night he had to battle snakes which sought the same refuge. One father who had fled with his little boy to high ground held the child out of reach of the snakes until, bitten repeatedly, he fell unconscious; in a few moments, both boy and father perished.

Toward midnight the wind and wild waters rose to a crescendo; it seemed nothing living could escape. On Torrey Island in the lake, 21 persons clambered to the ceiling timbers of a packing house as the flood stormed in. The building disintegrated under grinding waves and nine of the 21 died.

The night held epics of courage. One of the most heroic was the story of 12-year-old Thelma Martin. When the flood burst the Martin's flimsy bungalow apart, Thelma seized her two-year-old brother, Aaron, and her seven-year-old sister, Ernestine, and fought her way to a floating log. The log boomed off in the darkness; finally the little group lodged against a banyan tree. Pinned beneath debris throughout the night, Thelma saved Aaron from drowning by holding him up against the tree with her one free hand. When morning and rescue came, Thelma's legs were so battered that she could not walk.

Miraculously, some families sur-

vived. J. R. Reese, his wife and eight children rode out the wild night in the attic of their home as it floated for hours in the torrent. When the house finally grounded, the family tore a hole in the roof and peered out. They had come to rest on the edge of a canal, only five feet from a millrace of water crashing by at express-train speed.

The South Bay folk on their barge were lashed and beaten by wind and wave, but their clumsy craft stayed afloat, and they all lived.

Soon after midnight the wind slackened and died; the rain continued and the flood kept rising until long after daybreak. Bodies were lodged at grotesque angles on every mudbank; nudging against them were carcasses of horses, cattle and dogs. From Lake Okeechobee to Palm Beach—a distance of 45 miles—scarcely a human habitation remained standing.

When rescue crews pushed into the Glades by boat they looked upon scenes that suggested the end of the world. Muck-blackened waters covered much of the region nine feet deep. The crews tied floating bodies together and towed them to concentration points. Occasionally, as the rafts of the dead passed the canal banks, a frantically searching survivor would recognize a husband, wife or child by familiar clothing. The raft would be eased into the bank for a moment until identification was complete. Then the

corpses, revolving slowly in the propeller wash, would glide on.

In West Palm Beach the roar of steam shovels digging burial trenches could be heard throughout the night. Nearly 700 lay in one such grave. By the fourth day, bodies could no longer be identified; they were simply saturated with oil and set afire.

For years afterward, Everglades farmers plowed up bodies in their fields. Many corpses had been buried forever in mudbanks or beneath tons of debris. Because so many victims were itinerant workers, no census of the missing was possible. Residents estimated that 2500 had perished.

But the terror of that devastating storm failed to crush the people's spirits. They had only one question: When could they go home again?

Today they are home, and the Glades are roaring with prosperity. In 1943 the War Food Administration awarded the region's farmers its "A" flag for their achievements in raising desperately needed food. Last year vegetable sales alone totaled \$20,000,000. Although another hurricane can always strike, authorities believe that Lake Okeechobee is barred forever from rampaging over the farms. A great dike has been built, 85 miles long and 20 feet above the normal level of the lake. The land—acre for acre the richest in the nation—is safe from a repetition of that terrible hurricane of '28.



Doctors can now guard against miscarriages and stillbirths with their knowledge of

The Rh Factor in Blood

Condensed from Woman's Home Companion

J D. RATCLIFF

A BABY born in Birmingham, England, not long ago was jaundiced, dangerously anemic at birth. Death was so near, the doctors made a dramatic decision. They would drain off *all* the baby's blood and replace it with new. Within five minutes of birth the transfusion was begun. A healthy pink came to the baby's skin. Its troubled breathing settled into steady regular respiration.

The reasons behind the dramatic story were frightening to many American women. Here was one more case involving the mysterious newly discovered blood factor, Rh, which sometimes causes a mother's blood to declare war on the blood of her unborn infant.

Many highly colored and confusing stories have been told about Rh: that mothers who lacked it could never hope to bear live babies; that transfusion for them often meant sudden death. It is time to sweep away the confusion. For Rh is nothing to be feared, although it is something you should know about. Knowledge of Rh is helping physicians to solve baffling medical mysteries — mysteries that up to now have caused the deaths of too many infants.

The story of Rh goes back to the work of the late Dr. Karl Landsteiner, a giant of medical research. One of his triumphs was the discovery of the major blood groupings — types A, B, AB and O — which made safe transfusions possible. With a sharp-eyed young assistant, Dr. Alexander Wiener, Dr. Landsteiner was working in his Rockefeller Institute laboratory in 1937, studying the blood of a rabbit that had just been transfused with a small amount of rhesus monkey blood. They noted an entirely new chemical stuff hidden in the red cells, and named it Rh after the rhesus monkey. Landsteiner recorded his observations, then went about his main job. Rh was a sidetrack.

But to Dr. Wiener the sidetrack was fascinating. Would human blood have this Rh stuff? He found it in the blood of 85 out of every 100 white Americans! An even larger percentage of Negroes had it, and 99 percent of all Chinese.

The discovery caused a small amount of interest among research men. But nothing very practical promised to come from it. Wiener, however, kept thinking about the transfusion accidents that sometimes happened. A patient's blood would

be typed and matched with the blood of a donor. But instead of getting better, the patient would have a fearful reaction. There would be chills, fever, anemia. And sometimes the patient would go into shock and die. Could these symptoms be the result of mixing blood containing Rh factors with blood which did not possess them?

Wiener's theorizing, tested by experimentation, proved correct. Mix Rh positive with Rh negative blood and under certain conditions open warfare ensued. There was fearful destruction of red cells, in some cases 80 percent or more. Their debris clogged tiny kidney tubules. The result was a general toxemia, death.

Meanwhile, another research man — Dr. Philip Levine of the Ortho Research Foundation at Linden, N. J. — was on the track of a disease which had baffled medical men for years: erythroblastosis. It struck at unborn or at newborn babies. In its most severe form it would kill in the first months of pregnancy. Or a baby would be born apparently healthy, then in a short time become jaundiced and die. Since the jaundice was a mark of red blood destruction, physicians had one weapon against this sickness — transfusion. In rare instances it worked wonders. But oftener it brought violent reaction and death.

Some thought this ugly disease was a malignant process. Others thought it was an inherited sickness of the blood. Levine made a new guess. Wasn't it reasonable to suppose that Rh negative mothers might have babies with Rh positive blood inherited from fathers? Then, *under*

certain conditions, wouldn't the mother's blood actually declare war on the blood of her own baby — thinning, diluting it until it could hardly be called blood at all?

Levine checked the blood of mothers who had borne dead babies. He checked the blood of the fathers. Over and over again the story was repeated: mothers Rh negative, fathers Rh positive. And the story was tragic. One woman had two miscarriages, then a normal child, then a stillbirth. She was transfused with her husband's blood and died.

Dr. Levine found a striking case in a pair of twins. One infant, with Rh negative blood inherited from its mother, was vigorous, healthy. The other, with Rh positive blood inherited from the father, had erythroblastosis.

The picture added up grimly but convincingly. Rh had explained transfusion accidents and it now seemed to explain a disease that kills more infants than syphilis. But there was a flaw in the picture. *What was the certain condition that brought it about?* By the law of averages nine percent of all white American marriages are between Rh negative women and Rh positive men. Yet erythroblastosis occurs only once in every 40 potential cases, or about once in every 400 births.

Levine remembered a discovery he had made in 1939. An unborn infant has a heart action and circulatory system of its own. But Levine had found that a woman may have a tendency to develop a defective placenta which permits an exchange of red blood cells or other cells between herself and her unborn

child. What if such a woman was Rh negative and her child Rh positive? That was the clue.

The red blood cells that went from an Rh positive infant to an Rh negative mother created something in the mother's blood that turned on and destroyed its own. Or, more commonly, it turned on the blood of the next child the mother carried.

The sequence is very much like the way our common vaccines act. They jolt the blood into building protective factors called antibodies against germs. Getting minute doses of the Rh chemical from the red cells of her baby's blood, the mother builds antibodies which attack red cells containing Rh --- the unborn infant's blood.

When her first baby is born, Levine reasons, the blood of an Rh negative mother probably would not contain enough antibodies to do material damage. In the course of later pregnancies, however, more antibodies would be created, until there might be enough to cause trouble.

One explanation for the rarity of erythroblastosis, therefore, is that most women today do not have many pregnancies. Another explanation is that Rh is a *dominant* trait. If both parents are negative or both are positive, or if the mother is positive and the father negative, there will be no trouble. So things boil down to this: there is trouble *only* if the mother is negative, the father positive.


One point of caution should be injected here. If the Rh negative

woman received a whole blood transfusion as a child, the chances are five to one that she received Rh positive blood. So her blood even before pregnancy contains antibodies ready to declare war on any Rh positive infant she might conceive.

Doctors now know what precautions to take. An Rh negative woman married to an Rh positive man can usually expect two babies without difficulty. If a third child is desired, her physician can watch her blood for a telltale rise in the antibodies which spell Rh trouble. If they stay within safe limits he can permit a normal delivery. If they rise sharply after the sixth month he may decide to bring the baby prematurely. He will have a stock of Rh negative blood on hand for immediate transfusion into the infant and the child should live.

This new knowledge of Rh has already saved thousands of lives. Armed-forces surgeons watch for reactions when whole blood transfusions are made. If they occur, they have stocks of Rh negative blood on hand to correct the trouble. Plasma is always safe because it contains no red cells, hence no Rh factors.

Today, nearly all large well-equipped hospitals routinely test prospective mothers for Rh. Whenever possible a woman should demand this test with pregnancy. If she is Rh positive there is nothing to fear. If she is negative her husband should also be tested, and if he is positive the correct precautions can be taken.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

Excerpts from a regular department in Collier's

FREILING FOSTER

\ \ Americans had a life expectancy at birth of 35 years in 1800, of 39 years in 1850, of 49 years in 1900; while today it is 65 years.

\ \ The record for furnishing milk to a human milk bureau was made in 1925 by a Los Angeles woman who, over a period of 11 months, sold a little more than 767 quarts which, at ten cents an ounce, brought her \$2456.

\ \ Probably the largest personal guest book in history belongs to Man o' War. It contains names of more than 2,000,000 persons who have visited this famous race horse during the 24 years he has been in retirement on Faraway Farm near Lexington, Kentucky.

\ \ When a family living in the mountains of Albania loses its last man in a blood feud, the eldest single daughter must renounce marriage, don trousers and become the head of the house, carrying on the vendetta and living as a man the rest of her life.

\ \ A new microprint reproduces photographically 150 pages of an ordinary book on the back of a library index card, and a reading machine magnifies them to legible size. Since the index card also serves as the book, overcrowded libraries may keep new volumes in this manner and do away with books and shelves.

\ \ The only large Christian country in the world that is still without compulsory elementary education is Spain.

\ \ Of America's 13,000,000 Negroes, about 12,000,000 are not full-blooded, having had at least one white ancestor.

\ \ The Maharaja of Gwalior, India, owns one of the costliest miniature rail-

road trains in existence. Made of silver and operated by electricity, it travels slowly around the great dining table in the royal palace during meals with its dozen trucks loaded with fruits, nuts, condiments and wines, automatically stopping momentarily before each plate.

\ \ Twenty-five states now have an official state song. Florida's "Swanee River" and Kentucky's "My Old Kentucky Home" were written by Stephen Foster, while Virginia's "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" was composed by James A. Bland, the Negro Stephen Foster.

\ \ The phrase "not worth a tinker's damn" does not refer to "damn," but to the dam, or bit of soft clay, that a plumber places around a leak to dam up and hold melted solder in place until cooled. The clay cannot be used a second time and has to be thrown away.

\ \ To keep out jitterbugs and other acrobatic exhibitionists, a New York City dance hall admits only men and women over 28 years of age.

\ \ Despite the dominance of political parties in this country, thousands of public offices are filled in nonpartisan elections. California, North Dakota and many other states vote for all judicial and local officers without the use of party designations, while Minnesota and Nebraska also choose members of their legislature by this system.

\ \ Spiritualism has become so widespread in England that today virtually all public halls are booked in advance for séances, even those so large that loud-speaker systems have to be used to enable the vast audiences to hear the voices of the dead.

The

*The important principle of
settling quarrels without losing face*

GONSETT FEUD

Drama in Everyday Life • XXIII

By DAVID IAMSON



WHEN I was a boy we once stayed in a small Montana town visiting "Mule" Enderson, an old friend of my father. It was a dull little town — a single street, wide and dusty, the business section a scattering of false-fronted frame buildings along wagon-high wooden sidewalks. The only bright spot in it for me — when I had a nickel — was the candy counter in the "Boston Trading Store, Frank & Jacob Gonsett, Props."

The unusual feature of this emporium was a solid wooden partition about six feet high, running down the center of the store. This barrier, I learned, was a "spite fence" — evidence of a bitter quarrel between the two partners. On one side of the fence Frank Gonsett, lanky and red-headed, sold groceries and hardware; on the other, Jake — bald, dark and portly — dealt in dry goods, notions, shoes and gents' furnishings. Each acted as if the other did not exist.

I learned of this situation the hard way. On my first visits to the store I dealt only with Frank, who had the candy counter. He was patient with my indecision, gave a generous measure of jawbreakers and licorice whips, and attended to my five-cent purchases as courteously as if I'd been buying supplies for a ranch.

Then one morning my mother asked me to buy some needles. Jacob was not in his half of the store, so I went around the partition and in all innocence asked Frank for them. His lined face seemed to freeze, and he said sharply, "I don't carry 'em."

I said, "Why, there are some on the counter on the other side of the wall. Only there's nobody on that side to wait on me."

He walked away from me, setting his heels down hard, and began measuring out sugar. I stared, thoroughly puzzled; even his back looked angry. It occurred to me that perhaps he didn't want to go around the partition for such a small purchase. So I hustled back to the notions counter, picked out what I wanted, and returned, dime in hand, to Frank.

"I got the needles myself, Mr. Gonsett," I said brightly, "and here's the money —" He spun around fiercely. "I told ye once I don't carry needles! Quit botherin' me!"

I backed away hastily, ran around and left my dime on the notions counter, and fled. It seemed a mighty queer way for a merchant to treat a cash customer. As soon as I got home I asked Mule Enderson about it, and he told us the story of the Gonsett feud.

There was a time, said Mule, when

the brothers were inseparable. As Mule put it, "if one coughed, t'other 'd spit." They were bachelors — reserved, rather shy men — and they lived together. Their lives followed an austere pattern of work, reading, church on Sundays, an occasional fishing or hunting jaunt. Even their fish lines never seemed to get tangled.

This idyllic relationship continued through the years. Then one day it was shattered abruptly, over a trifle — a ten-dollar shortage.

Mule and two or three others happened to be in the store at closing time. Frank, checking the cash, missed the money and asked Jacob about it. Jake couldn't account for it, but Frank noticed a corner of green sticking out of Jake's vest pocket, reached and brought out a \$10 bill. "Jake," he said, "I'm surprised at you. If you needed \$10 why didn't you say so? You don't have to rob the till."

Mule thought Frank meant this for a joke, for Jake was thoroughly honest and everyone knew it. But it didn't strike Jake as funny. He snatched the greenback away from Frank, and gave his brother a tongue-lashing for daring to question his honesty. He laid it on so heavy that Frank began to answer in kind.

At that point the bystanders took a hand, calmed the pair down, and the matter was dropped. But a day or so later Frank told a customer about Jake's attempt at "embezzlement." Jake overheard him and flew into a rage. Frank answered him hotly. Mule said you could hear them hollering and cussing each other clear up by the livery barn.

Jed Burrows, the justice of the

peace, hurried over and interfered before they came to blows. He talked for nearly two hours, trying to patch things up, but they would not be reconciled. Both men undoubtedly had said more than they meant, but they were too stubborn to retract. They decided on a division of the store, marked at first by a white line painted down the center of the floor. But the line failed to satisfy their rancor; they had a wooden partition built so they wouldn't have to look at each other and operated the store with no personal contact whatever between them. The few business matters that affected both were handled through Jed Burrows. This had gone on now for three years.

"Queer setup," Father remarked. "You'd think one or the other would give up and get out."

Mule shook his head. "Neither one'll sell. Too stubborn. They're both gettin' on in years — haven't got a whole lot of time left. Seems too bad for 'em to spend it this way. They used to be pleasant fellows, but they're gettin' as mean and ornery as a couple of sick wolves."

"That kind of feud sometimes winds up in real trouble," said Father. "Gun trouble, even."

"Well --" Mule spat reflectively. "I don't look for anything like that. Still, if it keeps on this way —"

"I'd think you fellows would do something to settle it," said Father. "It should be possible."

"You think so?" said Mule. "Why don't you try?"

"Perhaps I will."

"Twenty dollars says you can't do it."

"All right, it's a bet," said Father.

The next morning Father went to the door of the Boston Trading Store and called the brothers. They came to the end of the partition, almost side by side. Then, putting on the hangdog look of a guilty man, Father "confessed" that it was he who had stolen the money. He said he had come into the store one afternoon, broke and hungry, and found no one at the counter. He noticed the cash drawer open a bit, with a \$10 bill sticking up.

"It was just too much for me," he said. "I grabbed it and dug out of there. Now I've come to own up, and pay you back if you'll let me," he said earnestly. "because this thing has been a terrible load on my conscience." With that he took a \$10 bill from his pocket and held it out to them.

The brothers stared at the greenback, then at Father. After a long moment Frank spoke.

"Mister," he said, "I don't know as it's any worse for a man to steal money than for a feller to misjudge his own brother. You're not the only one with a load on his conscience.

For my part I forgive you, freely."

He held out his hand toward Father — but it was his brother Jake who seized his hand and shook it joyously.

MULE didn't want to pay up when Father told him the story. He claimed that Father's yarn was an out-and-out lie and lying was sinful. He had enough black marks of his own in the Tally Book without buying in on any of Father's. Father argued that lying was wrong only when it hurt someone, and that if he wanted to bear false witness against himself that was his privilege. Mule finally gave up and forked over the \$20.

"As a matter of fact, it must have happened just about the way I told it," said Father. "Somebody wandered in, saw his chance, and grabbed the money. My guess is that Frank realized this a long time ago but couldn't admit it without owning up he'd been wrong from the start. What they needed was an excuse to call quits without losing face — and that's what I gave them."

And that's how the Gonsett feud was settled.



To Fit the Crime

A DETROIT schoolteacher was given a ticket recently for driving through a stop light, which called for her appearance in traffic court the following Monday. She went at once to the judge, explained that she had to teach on Monday, and asked for immediate disposal of her case. "So you're a schoolteacher," said the judge. "Madam, your presence here fulfills a longstanding ambition of mine. You sit right down at that table and write '*I went through a stop sign*' 500 times."

—Kablegram

Labor unions would howl at some of the Russian methods of getting universal production—but they offer food for thought

STALIN



Pays 'Em What They're Worth

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

PETER F. DRUCKER

MORE THAN half of all Americans believe, according to a survey made by Elmo Roper, that everybody in Soviet Russia gets the same income regardless of the work he does. Even among those who realize that incomes are graduated, few probably would guess the author of the following quotation: "The key to industrial efficiency is an income scale that reflects correctly the difference between skilled and unskilled work. Incomes must be paid according to work done and not according to need." The author is Stalin, and the quotation is from a speech he made in 1931 laying down the foundations of Russia's economic policy.

To an economist, it is not surprising that the difference between the income of an industrial executive and that of a worker is much greater in Russia than it is in the United States. Soviet industry is so little developed—in spite of the tremendous achievement of the last 20 years—that engineers and industrial managers are rare enough to com-

mand a high premium. At the same time, Russian workers are still inefficient by American standards—output per man-hour is between one third and two fifths of comparable American figures. As the sale of the worker's product is the only way in which any business can get the money to pay wages, the Russian wage level must be much lower than the American. Russia is an example of the old truth that the poorer and less developed a country, the greater the inequality of its wages and incomes. The Russians, incidentally, have made a virtue out of their necessity. Official publications call the demand for equality of income "the worst enemy of socialism" and assert that only degenerate capitalism tends to equalize incomes.

MOST unlike the picture Americans have of the Soviet Union are probably the incomes and living standards of Russian industrial executives. John Scott tells in *Behind the Urals* of the

steel-mill manager at Magnitogorsk who, in 1938, lived in a brand-new, three-story, 14-room house, with billiard and music rooms, and with a small deer park in the rear. The house had cost 80,000 rubles, the furniture another 170,000 rubles — together as much as 170 unskilled Russian workers earned in a whole year. On the same basis, an American house would have to cost about \$200,000. What makes this example particularly striking is that at the time three quarters of the 200,000 inhabitants of Magnitogorsk lived in tents, dugouts or, at best, in wooden barracks.

THIS is an extreme example. The general manager of the Magnitogorsk steel mill is one of the keymen in Russian industry, and living conditions for workers were notoriously bad in that steel town built overnight in the wilds. But even in Moscow the difference between the way an executive and a worker lived was, in 1938, considerably greater than the difference in this country, and even greater than in Russia under the Czars.

Before the war, an unskilled man on a Russian assembly line was paid 125 rubles a month — equal in purchasing power to about 50 dollars — or 1500 rubles a year. The top people of his plant — plant manager, chief engineer, chief accountant, manufacturing manager — received between 24,000 and 36,000 rubles a year. In American industry at the same time an unskilled assembly-line worker got an average wage of \$1200 a year; his

plant manager or chief engineer was paid between \$10,000 and \$15,000. This means that the difference between the income of the boss and that of the worker was twice as great in Russia as in this country.

Of the Russian executives' incomes before the war, fixed salaries accounted for only half; the rest was the executive's share in the profits. As all prices in Russia are government-fixed, a decrease in the costs of production or an increase in the quantity produced automatically means a higher profit. So the profit share of industrial executives is usually figured as a bonus for increased efficiency or production.

In addition to money income, the Russian industrial executive receives large payments in goods and services. The Magnitogorsk steel magnate was one of the top earners in Russia. Even so, he could not have financed a house costing 250,000 rubles. There is neither bank credit nor installment buying in Russia. Goods such as bricks, rugs, furniture and billiard tables were not available to civilian consumers in the Russia of 1938. The house was built and equipped for him by the plant, which also paid for the upkeep and for the servants. The other executives of the mill also had plant-built-and-furnished houses, though on a smaller scale.

Similar conditions prevail in all Russian industry. Industrial executives receive free houses, free cars and chauffeurs; they get vacations for themselves and their families in first-class hotels at a nominal fee; at times they have had the privilege of buying at special stores where

otherwise unobtainable goods are sold at very low prices.

The children of industrial executives, together with those of leading government officials and professional men, have almost a monopoly on higher education. As early as 1938 more than half of the students enrolled in colleges were the children of executives or of government officials; less than ten percent came from the farm—even though farmers still constitute 50 percent of Russia's population.

During the course of the war, the privileged position of the Russian industrial executive became a great deal more marked—in sharp contrast to this country, where the war brought about a leveling of incomes as a result of much higher wages for workers and of much higher taxes for the upper-income groups. The average monthly wage for a Russian unskilled worker is today about 600 rubles—less than five times what it used to be in 1938. But the industrial executive who before the war received 1500 rubles a month in salary now gets 10,000 or more. Bonuses have come up even faster.

But money is of little value in Russia today. Apart from the ration, mostly bread, potatoes and cabbage, which is supplied to everyone at prewar prices, there is very little that money can buy, for almost no civilian goods have been produced since 1940 or 1941. Hence bonuses in kind have become the main means of rewarding executives. An American engineer who spent some time in Russia for a U. S. Government agency reports that the managing

men of the plant in which he worked received warm army clothing, German army blankets, American lend-lease butter and pork, and even a special allotment of Christmas toys. As a result of this system, Russian industrial managers and executives still live a tolerably comfortable life in a country in which the bulk of the population has been reduced to the bare subsistence level.

Why has the Russian executive been given this privileged position, which is the exact reverse of traditional socialism? Probably because he works under extraordinary handicaps. In the first place, all these good things are his only so long as he holds his job. He may lose it at any moment if the output of his plant falls below the official plan. His every action and movement is supervised by the local Communist Party bosses and by a local representative of the government, any of whom can remove him overnight. Under such a system, industrial executives can hardly be expected to stick their necks out by trying new ideas. But the Russian industrialization program would never have succeeded had managers played it safe. The only way to get industrialization going was through offering extremely rich prizes to those executives who had the courage to take great risks.

MUCH less spectacular, but perhaps more important in Russia's industrial structure, is the systematic use of wage and bonus incentives to reward efficiency among industrial workers. In all the larger war plants, workers are paid "progressive piece

rates." This method of wage payment, which would not be permitted by any American labor union, provides that the wage rate per piece goes up as production per hour goes up.

Under this system, a skilled worker in a steel mill in 1940 was paid one ruble for each piece he turned out, and he was expected to turn out one piece an hour. Thus his pay for an eight-hour day was eight rubles. If his production lagged behind the standard, he was severely penalized. On the other hand, if he produced ten units per day instead of the expected eight he would receive 14 rubles; if he produced 11 pieces, his pay would jump to 16 rubles, and so on. An unusually good worker under this scheme may make two or even three times the standard wage for a short period — until the plant's efficiency engineers increase the standard expected of all workers to his level.

A WORKER who increases his output by improving the methods of production or the tools receives a special reward. Bonuses are also awarded for suggestions that result in a higher quality of the product. Workers are also paid special bonuses if they take training courses, or if they themselves take on the training of apprentices.

Rewards for successful suggestions for better working methods are nothing new in this country. But whenever they were tried before the war, they had to overcome considerable resistance on the part of the workers and their foremen.

Apparently the Russians encoun-

tered the same difficulties in their attempts to speed up production. The present methods could not be introduced as long as the trade unions had any independence. It was because of their resistance to piecework rates and incentive wages that the old union leaders were purged and trade-union autonomy abolished. The "union officials" now working in Russian plants are actually government-appointed, and the speed-up is their main responsibility. Even with the unions out of the way, special measures were needed to overcome the resistance of the foremen and of the workers.

The foreman's cooperation was secured by giving him a large financial stake in the increased efficiency of the workers under him. A foreman who succeeds in doing the same amount of work with fewer workers receives as a bonus between one quarter and one half of the wage bill saved over a three months' period. And if a worker works out a system to increase production methods, his foreman gets a share of the prize money.

To enlist the support of the community of the workers, a full half of any profit resulting from the speed-up is used each year for their benefit in such projects as housing, better hospitals, schools, theaters, and so on. A worker who thinks up a new way of doing things is thus not — as is often the case in this country — regarded as a scab by his fellow workers, but as a direct contributor to their welfare.

It would be wrong to conclude, however, that the individual Russian worker shares in the profits to any

great extent. The reason is the continual raising of the standards of performance. Between 1934 and 1940, in spite of the tremendous strides in efficiency and productivity, the average worker's individual income did not increase at all.

The Russian system makes sense only in the special conditions under which Russia had to industrialize herself, and could not be applied

to a country with a large force of skilled labor and a sufficient supply of well-trained foremen, engineers and executives. Nonetheless, the Russian example has shown that it is in the interest of national prosperity to reward the worker for using his initiative and imagination, as opposed to the growing tendency in industry to base wages exclusively on seniority rather than on merit.

Whaling was a tough business,
but it had its lighter side

NEW ENGLAND KEEPS IT DARK

Condensed from Town & Country

T. H. ROSS, JOHN-GIBBINGS and JEAN MURRAY BANGS



NEW ENGLANDERS don't mention the fact that some of their ancestors — the boys of the Pacific whaling fleet a century ago — had themselves quite a time on the South Sea Islands. The boys themselves didn't say much about it. If the womenfolk thought whaling was tougher than it really was, why disillusion them?

For almost 30 years the whalers had the Pacific secret to themselves, and if the missionaries hadn't barged in, the story of their fling with the

South Sea Island gals might have been buried with them in New England cemeteries. Missionaries came, blinked, and told all. Their first communiqués were hair-raising.

"In Hawaii, intemperance and lust have run riot. Almost every ship anchored is a floating brothel," the Reverend Henry Cheever reported in the 1850's. More details followed from other ecclesiastical fronts. The South Sea Islands were "under the domination of Satan"; the natives were "lewd libertines," who at any

moment might swing into the hula, "that licentious dance which excites the animal passions beyond endurance."

So this was what was going on! Now New England wives and mothers looked with new eyes at the tapa sarongs and Samoan pillows, the bracelets and the necklaces of shell that their men brought back from every whaling trip.

Perhaps we shall never know the whole history of Yankee whaling in the Pacific, but in the old logbooks and the early accounts are glimpses of an angle of the industry which has since been carefully overlooked. The story begins in 1818, when the first American whaler rounded the Horn and stumbled into Paradise. On the beaches of Hawaii, Samoa, Tahiti and the islands of the southern seas, smiling, flower-decked natives welcomed with more than open arms the boys from New England.

Home, the Yankee sailors must have decided, offered nothing quite like twilight at Bola-Bola, for example: "In the dusk of the evening, we saw a number of dark-looking objects on the surface of the sea. It was not long before we heard voices and discovered the figures to be human beings swimming toward us. They came close to the ship and, seizing her chains, leaped on board. In a few minutes, upward of 30 women were scattered all over the ship."

And we can imagine the surprise of those sleepyheads ashore who, dreaming of a breakfast of Boston baked beans, doughnuts and apple pie, rubbed their eyes to discover themselves looking up at a thatched

roof, while "beside the beds had been placed ripe fruits, and our hats were covered with chaplets of blossoms of the nono tree, which the women had gathered in the freshness of the morning dew."

"Never shall I forget the curious scene," notes one visitor under the date line of Hawaii, May 4, 1831. "A great concourse of naked men and women surrounded us. Not only animals were offered for sale, but other creatures more alluring and captivating were offered at an exceedingly low price."

Also roaming the Pacific in the 1830's was a Cockney cutup named Robert Jarman, who notes in his sailor diary: "A beautiful female is at all times pleasing, but more particularly so in climes like this. These dark languishing eyes have induced many a sailor to leave his ship and live on the islands."

Evidently, a new train of thought had started in the minds of the whaling boys. "Well," wrote one returning whaler with a touch of envy, "I suppose old Brown is having a good time tonight with those dark-eyed maidens, laughing and singing and pouring tales of love and constancy into their ears, beneath the stately coconut trees, whose lofty branches serve as a sheltering dome from observation and intrusion. So mate it be." So mate it be indeed!

Salem to Samoa rapidly became a one-way trip. Kanakas and Portuguese began to replace the vanishing New England crews, who were deserting at the rate of thousands a year. Many of these Robinson Crusoes married native women and lived snugly in little island empires of their

own. David Whippley of Nantucket, for example, married a native queen and had two children. Native queens, however, like other queens, leave home. David married again. This time it was Dorcas, the sister of Tui Levuka, king of the island, and three more children were added to the international kitty.

The work of reformation finally got under way in the Pacific. Natives were put into Mother Hubbards and were taught decorum, while the native kings, urged on by the missionaries, instituted the blue laws of New England. Now, instead of native women swarming on board, sailors were met by the ladies of the Stranger's Friend Society, who thrust tracts into their hands. On wharves that had previously resounded to lusty chanteys was now heard that

cheering seamen's hymn, each stanza of which ends, "Sailor, there's hope for thee." A sense of moral security was restored to the New England home ports.

MEANWHILE, the whaling industry was falling apart. The loss of ships in the Civil War, the increasing use of petroleum instead of whale oil, and the tremendous toll of men exacted by the passage around the Horn hastened the end of whaling days. By 1886, merely a ghost fleet remained, and as this disappeared from the Pacific, only the missionaries were left to tell the tale.

Their gaudy revelations were eventually allowed to drop, and the story of the Pacific was rewritten, leaving them out. Grandfather's story read better that way.

Cartoon Quips

» MODERN mother to visitor: "I believe in teaching my children the facts of life gradually. I start with artificial flowers." —Chon Davis in *Collier's*

» SMALL brother to sister's soldier friend: "You may have to wait for Sis. Mom isn't through briefing her yet."

—John M. Price in *The Saturday Evening Post*

» Two calves frisk up to a cow grazing in the field. Says one: "Mom, can Freddie stay for lunch?"

—Dave Gerard in *The Saturday Evening Post*

» BOBBY-SOXER on the telephone: "I'd love to go, but I feel I should help my father with my home work."

—Wortman in *N.Y. World-Telegram*

» GIRL to soldier friend: "If Mother acts queerly, you must be patient, Jimmy. She's been taking a course in the psychological treatment of returned soldiers."

—Gregory D'Alessio in *Collier's*

» ONE dowager to another: "Did you hear about poor Mrs. Hendricut's son marrying a native girl? Fortunately he was stationed in England at the time."

—Gardner Rea in *Collier's*

How the FBI solved one of the most intriguing
espionage mysteries of World War II

One Out of Eight Million— The Hunt for a Spy

Condensed from *The American Legion Magazine* • CARL B. WALL

THIS is a spy story minus false whiskers, cloak and dagger. There is no beautiful Mata Hari. No desperate cliff-edge struggle. Not a shot is fired. And yet this case is one of the most intriguing in the annals of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. It is the hunt for an unknown man lost in the swirling tides of New York City's 8,000,000 people.

On the night of February 20, 1942, an alert postal censor, scanning mail destined for Portugal, plucked a typewritten sheet from an airmail envelope. It was apparently harmless -- the sort of letter one old friend writes another. But the address was one of those listed by counter-espionage agents abroad as a "mail drop" for German agents.

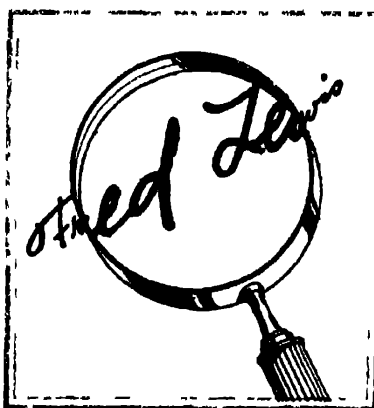
Hours later, in the Washington laboratories of the FBI, an expert in secret ink stroked the blank side of the paper with a chemically saturated sponge. From the empty whiteness, slowly the secret writing appeared, twisting in the

curious hieroglyphics of German handprinting. The message conveyed information on troop ships and freighters making up for convoy in the Port of New York. In the hands of the enemy it would be a deadly threat to the lives of soldiers and seamen and tons of valuable shipping.

The spy must be captured. But the laboratory yielded only one thin clue. The fake letter had been typed on an Underwood three-bank portable machine. Special agents began an almost hopeless check on typewriter sales and rentals in the New York area.

Within the next ten days there was a second letter and then a third, all mailed from New York post offices. Did this mean that the spy lived in New York? And what did he look like? Usually when police are hunting a criminal they have some description to go by. Here the FBI had nothing.

One night a special agent, mulling over photostatic copies of the original letters, was struck by



the fact that certain passages of the typed section had a curious aura of truth. Most of it, he knew, was sheer invention; but about the inconsequential trivia of everyday life the spy might well be truthful. With surging excitement, the special agent jotted down these things which seemed to be true:

X is married. He owns his home. He has a dog which has been ill with distemper. He has a regular job. He leaves his home between seven and eight o'clock every weekday morning. He recently had his eyeglasses changed. He is an air-raid warden.

There were 98,338 air-raid wardens in Greater New York.

"That's a heck of a lot of air-raid wardens," grinned the agent-in-charge when he heard about the idea. "But it's better than 8,000,000 John Does. We've at least got a toenail hold."

With grim tenacity, the FBI began the heroic task of checking every one of those wardens. How many are married? How many own homes? How many own dogs? Which wear spectacles?

As more letters were intercepted, the image of X began to take shape. These items were added to the list: He has a victory garden. His home is threatened by mortgage foreclosure. He wants to own a chicken farm.

The shadow of the invisible spy was still indefinite but it could no longer be cast by millions. Hard-working FBI agents, day by day, night by night, cut the figure. 98,000 . . . 88,000 . . . 81,000. But even 81,000 is a lot of people.

On the night of April 14, the twelfth letter was intercepted. From it the investigators plucked this apparently innocent, nostalgic passage: "It is very warm here and the trees are beginning to bud. The spring always reminds me of that wonderful week we spent on the beach at Estoril. . . ."

Estoril! The FBI knew Estoril. A resort a few miles outside Lisbon, it was a clearinghouse for German espionage agents.

There was a hurried conference. What was the best way to check every citizen and alien entering the United States from Lisbon since the spring of 1941? There was no photograph to compare with passport photographs. No fingerprints. No name. Then one of the agents clicked:

"We have a fairly good specimen of X's handwriting — the signature on the letters Fred Lewis. The name is phony but the handwriting isn't, because it's almost as hard to disguise your handwriting as it is to change your fingerprints."

"Every person entering the United States," he went on, "must fill out a baggage declaration for customs. Why couldn't our boys go through the file at the U. S. Customs Office in New York and compare the handwriting on the declarations with the signature of Fred Lewis?"

Next morning, FBI handwriting experts, armed with photographic copies of the hunted spy's handwriting, began working their way through thousands upon thousands of customs declarations. The spring of 1941 had been the high tide of the refugee flood out of Lisbon. The handwriting on baggage declarations

was a weird assortment — in Polish, German, French, Dutch, Russian, Lithuanian. . . .

The work of the handwriting expert is an exact science. Clues hang on the slightest twist of an E or the looping of an L. Each of the forms had to be examined with meticulous care. For days the experts burrowed their way through the mountainous stacks.

And this was only one phase of the great manhunt, now in full swing. Every scrap of information that had been sweated from those 12 letters was being checked and double-checked. Of the 98,000 air-raid wardens, nearly 60,000 had been eliminated. FBI agents get their answers by asking questions, waiting, humoring silent ones and enduring talkative ear benders. Every phase of the investigation consumed precious time.

At nine o'clock on the night of June 9, 1943, a special agent picked one more form from the stacks in the New York Customs Office, the 4881st that had been examined. Suddenly, as his eyes focused on the signature at the bottom of the sheet, his weariness vanished. He reached for his magnifying glass. Yes. He was sure of it. There was the same looping E. The same slanting F. The identical sloping S. The expert startled his colleagues with a bellow.

That night in the Washington laboratory, the signature was photographed, the prints enlarged and compared with the spy letters. The experts were sure now. At 1:45 a. m. the telephone rang in the FBI's New York Field Office: "Check the name Ernest F. Lehmitz."

The list of air-raid wardens was consulted. On it was the name Lehmitz — 123 Oxford Place, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y.

Less than an hour later special agents strode down the gangplank of the ferry from Manhattan to Staten Island. A blustering show of automatics? A duel in the dawn? Nothing quite so simple. There are other questions to be answered. Are there accomplices? Where and how is the spy getting his information? Spies seldom talk after they are arrested. And another factor: spies get a trial in this country, and evidence must be accumulated to convince the jury.

Throughout the night, FBI agents watched the house in Oxford Place. At 7:15, a tall, spare man wearing *spectacles* walked out of the door and hurried along the street. One of the FBI men casually followed him. Not far from the house, the suspect turned into a restaurant.

Despite the early morning hour, the restaurant was filled with waterfront workers, soldiers, sailors. The agent went inside. Over his coffee cup, he watched. His man had donned a soiled apron and was mopping the floor. He seemed to be about 55, with mild blue eyes and wispy brown hair. You wouldn't look at him twice — he was just a sparrow among thousands of sparrows.

In the restaurant men were talking: cargos, ship movements, sailing dates. The agent drained his coffee cup and went out.

For the next 16 days and nights the spy was shadowed. Special agents, posing as salesmen and talkative bar-flies, unearthed one damning fact after another — damn-

ing because they jibed so perfectly with the chit-chat of the spy letters. Neighbors like to talk:

"Ernie? Sure, I know Ernie. He's *air-raid warden* for the block and you should have heard how he bawled people out for not dimming lights. Ernie takes the war seriously."

"Ernie? A kindhearted guy. *He had a dog that died of distemper* last summer and you'd have thought he'd lost his best friend"

"Ernie Lehmitz? Got one of the best *victory gardens* on the Island."

"Too bad the bank foreclosed on that *mortgage*."

"Sure I know him. He usually stops in here for a glass of beer on the way home. He's a quiet kind of guy. All he talks about is the *chicken farm* he's going to buy one of these days."

Slowly, the noose tightened. At eight o'clock on the morning of June 27, 1943, one year, four months and seven days after the first letter had been intercepted, Lehmitz was brought into the FBI offices. He was shown the letters, the great mass of evidence so painfully accumulated. The avalanche of facts was too much. He signed a complete confession.

He had first arrived in the United States in 1908 as clerk in the German

Consulate in New York. There were several trips to Germany. During the last, in 1938, he was recruited by the German espionage system, trained in the use of secret inks and the labyrinthine ways of the spy. He was ordered to return to the United States in the spring of 1941, find steady employment, pose as a good citizen, lose himself among millions.

In his confession, Lehmitz implicated another spy, Erwin Harry Despretter. The second and third agents to be tried under the wartime espionage statute in this war, they both were sentenced to 30 years' imprisonment.

How well Lehmitz had played his role of John Doe was indicated a few weeks after his arrest when many of his Staten Island neighbors dropped in to offer Mrs. Lehmitz their sympathy. One of the women, who had a son in the service, said: "It can't be anything very bad. Why, that Ernie Lehmitz wouldn't hurt a flea."

But to the FBI, the trapping of this stoop-shouldered, mild-mannered spy had been one of the most tedious jobs of World War II. A dramatic, cloak-and-dagger spy is duck soup. A spy who rides the subways and wears rubbers may not be glamorous — but he's a thousand times harder to catch.

This Surplus Age

» A SERGEANT at the Garden City Army airfield in Kansas approached his commanding officer: "Major, I'd like to buy 50 of those Liberators now that the Army doesn't need them — I want to convert them into lunch wagons."

— AP

» LEFT with a surplus of large ship bells emblazoned USN, the maritime commission in New York City placed them on sale to the public with the selling point: "Particularly desirable for citizens whose initials are USN."

Where will the Government get the billions it is asked to spend for all sorts of worthy projects the world around?



How Not to Get Rich

Reprinted from Newsweek • RALPH ROBES

ALMOST any time you pick up your newspaper these days you can find at least one story, and not infrequently several, recounting how in the postwar period we must spend a hundred million or so for this and three or four hundred million for that, or why the federal government must put its credit back of such and such or guarantee that this or that type of loan will be good, or why it will be in our own self-interest to lend a billion here and a couple of billion there.

Let's just stop a minute and think where all this money is going to come from.

It doesn't make much difference where we begin, but 1929 would appear to be far enough back. Did we as a nation at that time have practically unlimited amounts of money to spend or lend on every idea that anyone was able to think up? We certainly did not. At the time we thought we were pretty well off—everyone had a job, prices were reasonable, food was plentiful, our national income was the highest on record, and so forth—but actually, as events soon proved, we were not nearly so well off as we thought, and clearly we had been in error in thinking at the time that we had a margin

of riches which we could throw to the four winds.

Following that came 12 years of depression. During those years our national income was always below the predepression level, production never got back up to its 1929 high, and unemployment ran anywhere from eight to 15 million.

Are those the years in which we accumulated the great riches we now propose to deal out so lavishly? That of course is absurd. Some of our people materially improved their condition during the period, but for the nation as a whole those were years when we had to draw down, not increase, our backlog of wealth.

So we come up to the past four years of war. During these years we have produced an incredible amount of goods. But it has been, or is in the process of being, largely destroyed. Is that the means by which a nation becomes so rich that it can afford the luxury of unlimited generosity? Obviously that, too, is absurd. A nation does not become wealthy by destroying wealth.

Wherein, then, do we get the idea that we are now so rich that we no longer need to think a second time about spending a few billions here or there? The answer really is quite

simple. It is to be found in the fact that we have not paid for the war as we went along.

Because of this fact we have increased the volume of Government bonds outstanding by more than \$200,000,000,000, have increased the volume of bank deposits by something like \$70,000,000,000, and have increased the volume of actual money in circulation by close to \$15,000,000,000.

Now to those of us who own some of these bonds, or deposits, or money, all this appears as wealth, and since practically everyone we know also has more of such "savings" than he did before, we assume that as a nation we are well off.

And that is the error we are making. Suppose that the Government, rather than having borrowed enough to pay for something over half the cost of the war, had actually paid for all of it as we went along by raising taxes. In that event we would not have had this increase of "savings"

in the form of bonds, deposits and money. On every side we would see shortages, worn-out equipment, and so forth. Instead of feeling well off, it would be perfectly evident that we would need to do some really hard work, and careful saving, in order to recoup the wealth we have had to use to destroy our enemies.

And that would be a true picture — a true picture of our present position. The billions of dollars of bonds and deposits and money we now have are not real wealth. For the most part they merely represent goods that no longer are in existence. And if they are to be worth anything in the future it will be only because they are validated by new production.

Unless we want to make a horrible mess of the future we must remember that fact — remember that we are not coming out of this war a greatly enriched nation but, on the contrary, a much poorer nation. We can afford much less today than we could even four years ago.



Mental Hazard

» A FARMER hired a hand and set him to chopping wood. In the middle of the morning the farmer went down to see how the hand was coming along. To his astonishment he found the wood all chopped. Next day the farmer told the man to stack the wood in the shed. This involved a lot of toting and the farmer figured the job would keep the man busy. But by noon he had it done.

On the third day the farmer, thinking he'd give the man a light job for a change, told him to sort out the potatoes in the bin. "Put the good ones in one pile, the doubtful in another, and throw out the rotten ones," said the farmer. An hour or so later he went back to see how the job was coming. He found the hired man passed out cold, with virtually nothing done. After throwing water in the man's face and bringing him around, the farmer demanded an explanation.

"Hell," the man said wearily, "it's making them decisions that's killing me."

Updrafts help to explain a lot
of things about weather

Winds That Blow Straight Up

Condensed from Haiper's • WOLFGANG LANGEWIESCHE

Test and research pilot, author of "Stuck and Rudder"

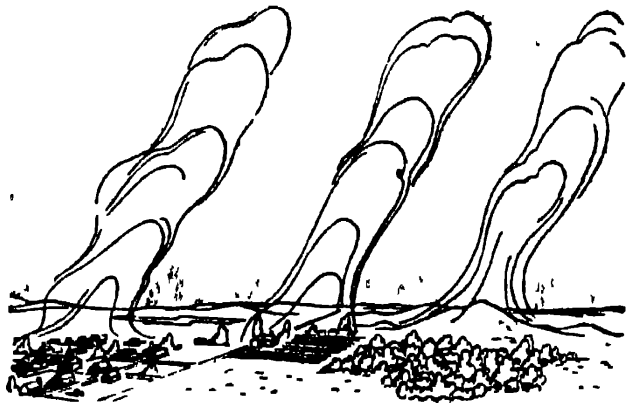
A PUFF of wind comes down the street. An old newspaper stirs in the gutter, jumps up on the sidewalk, spirals up to second-story height, flaps for a moment, then sweeps high above the roof tops. What of it? A generation ago, one might have chosen this as an example of an event completely void of significance. But not in the air age. The tiny occurrence demonstrates an important fact concerning the air ocean: there are winds which blow neither east nor west, neither north nor south, but in the third dimension: straight up.

These upward winds answer a variety of questions. How, for example, does an eagle, a buzzard, a hawk, fly on outstretched wings, apparently without effort? The bird seeks out one of these upward winds and lets himself be blown upward, precisely as that piece of paper was blown upward. These upward winds also explain the soaring of a glider, which is nothing but a wood-and-fabric replica of a hawk.

Updrafts also are an important ingredient of all weather. They explain why some days are clear, others smoky, still others showery.

They account for cloud shapes; one kind of cloud particularly — the white puffy kind of a summer afternoon — is nothing but an updraft become visible. And a thunderstorm is only an updraft of terrific strength; the rain and hail, the thunder and lightning are merely by-products of this upward rush of air.

What makes these updrafts is heat. The air rises because it is warmer than the surrounding air. You have seen shimmering "heat waves" over a sun-heated pavement: those waves are blobs of air that have been heated by the warm ground and are ballooning away; and this is the stuff which feeds those upward winds.



Warm air bubbles up from heated areas in columns a mile high.

The winds themselves — if we could see them on a summer afternoon when they are most developed — would appear as giant columns, mile-high, standing all over the countryside at intervals of miles, chimneylike. One might stand over a little town, draining the warm-air bubbles off its pavements and roofs; another over a sunny hillside; still another above some dark, plowed field. Any particularly hot spot of ground is likely to cause an updraft. Always these winds would be not a general upward drift of air but narrow, fast-blowing jets.

On a day when the updrafts blow, an airplane is bound to run into one every minute or so. The upward shove is felt by the occupants as a bump. When the airplane flies out of it, the sudden fading of lift makes the occupants feel as if they were dropping. People used to call that an "air pocket."

Updrafts depend on the weather, just as they are in turn the weather's most important mechanism.

For example, several times each month (in the course of world-wide, almost rhythmical commotions of the air ocean) cold air from the polar regions sweeps southward across the northern United States, still warm from a previous warm spell. Then the ground everywhere warms the air in contact with it. The updrafts bubble up everywhere. On such a day you see factory smoke caught in updrafts. Instead of flowing away in a smooth trail, it breaks up into individual puffs which bubble upward as they drift with the wind. That's how those extra-clear days come about: the smoke from fac-

tories, railroad yards, and kitchens pours forth on such a day just as on any other. But the updrafts carry it into the immense spaces of the upper air, where it disappears. Thus an especially clear day is usually an especially cool one.

Again it happens that a wave of warm air from the Caribbean streams north across the continent. The bottom layer of the atmosphere is then cooled by the ground. It becomes heavy and wants to stay at the bottom. No updrafts can develop. On such a day the lower layers of the atmosphere fill with smoke. Down a city street you can see the bottom-heaviness of the air — motor fumes and dust thick at street level. A solid week of up-and-down calm — a rare occurrence — and the air becomes smoke-laden. The "smog" of St. Louis comes about largely that way, and so does the traditional London fog.

In the South such days are less likely to develop — at least in summer. The ground is warmer, and updrafts do develop. That's why the southern summer, even though hotter, is actually so much more pleasant than the steamy season of New York or Pittsburgh.

Another typical sort of day is caused by an "inversion": the ground is warm enough and the air is cool enough to *start* updrafts. But a few thousand feet aloft some warmer air forms an invisible lid which stops the updrafts short. This condition is called an inversion because normally the higher up you go, the colder the air. Such an inversion is what makes the usual summer days of the Atlantic seaboard — hot, muggy

days, almost gray in the morning, blue and a little clearer in the early afternoon, and gray and smoky again at night. The inversion holds down the industrial smoke, the dust and the moisture. Only during the midday hours is the ground heated enough so that it starts updrafts hot enough to pierce the inversion and thin out the pollution a little.

From the air a strong inversion sometimes looks like a lake: a flat, grayish surface spreading in all directions to the horizon, completely level.

Every updraft has a built-in brake which tends to bring it to a stop. Each warm-air bubble, as it balloons upward, runs into lower and lower atmospheric pressures. Hence it expands, and this expansion cools it. This is another general fact about air — it heats when you compress it, and cools when you let it expand. Eventually the rising air is cooled to the same temperature as the air which then surrounds it. It loses its lift and comes to a stop — usually about a mile or so above the ground.

And a good thing, too. If all the updrafts kept going up mile after mile, the atmosphere would be a witches' cauldron of perpetual thunderstorms and the earth would be uninhabitable.

But sometimes the brake is taken off. It begins mildly enough with a little cloud. The updraft consists of moist air, and on its way up expansion makes it so cool that it can no longer hold all the water vapor which it held easily when it was warm, near the ground. The water condenses in the form of tiny droplets, so small — it takes thousands of them to make one raindrop — that

they float like dust. These droplets, dancing on the updraft and glistening white in the sun — that's a cloud.

Thus on a bright, blue summer morning puffs of white cloud often appear quite suddenly all over the sky, all at the same altitude. Those are the updrafts reaching the altitude where they start clouding; each cloud is the visible spearhead of an updraft. On a typical summer day banks of white, towering clouds build up everywhere inland; but over the water the sky is blue. That's because the land is hot and sends up updrafts, but the water is cool and does not.

Right here, another old puzzle explains itself: how some Pacific islanders manage to find a tiny island, across hundreds of miles of ocean, without sextants, chronometers or star tables. The island, sun-heated, forms a hot spot. Thus a bank of cumulus clouds floats high above the island throughout the day. A low, palm-studded island is visible to a man in a boat for perhaps eight miles; but the clouds mark the location of the island for perhaps 80 miles around.

Now, as a cloud, the updraft is still an updraft. True, it is now cool, foggy air; but, compared to the clear, cold air which surrounds it, the cloud is warm. It is buoyant. It still wants to go up.

On some days the clouds can't make it; they run out of moisture and die, or run into a strong inversion and flatten out, or they form so close to one another that they make a solid deck which then keeps the sun from the ground. But on a day with warm, moist air and no very strong inversion, the clouds keep growing

upward until by midafternoon they are towering mountains.

Something paradoxical happens to the updraft once it has turned into a cloud: it develops heat within itself. This is the old, preserved sun heat. Weeks ago the sun evaporated bits of water into the air. In this hidden form, as water vapor, sun heat is contained in the air, although you can't feel it as warmth. The air, when rising, is expansion-cooled. The vapor is turned back into water, the sun heat is freed back into the air.

And that means the brake is now off. This preserved sun heat counteracts the expansion-cooling. Now, as it penetrates higher air, the cloud finds itself more and more of a hot-air balloon. The higher it rises, the faster and farther it wants to rise; it becomes a runaway.

The final, most spectacular stage of an updraft is the thunderstorm. Seen from the ground, a thunderstorm is merely a confused sequence of events — low, dark clouds, puffs of wind, rain and hail, thunder and lightning. But from the air you see that a thunderstorm is really one monstrous thing — a cumulus cloud of gigantic proportions and ferocious energy. What makes it so ferocious is a particular set of conditions. The most important of these is that the air be warm and muggy. If it were warm and *dry*, it would not contain enough of that hidden heat energy, because it would not contain enough water vapor. If it were moist, but *cool*, it would not actually contain much water.

Essentially what happens in a thunderstorm is what you already know. The difference lies in the

incredible violence of the updraft. The water condenses into raindrops; but the air rushes upward about as fast as the drops can fall, and the drops splatter into bits.

This tearing of rain from rain has an effect which is electrically analogous to pulling a sweater off yourself: the split-off fragments of each raindrop come away charged with "negative" electricity; the main part of each drop keeps the "positive" charge. The small fragments are blown back up into the cloud. The main parts of the drops eventually fall to the ground. Thus high tension is built up between the upper and lower parts of the cloud, and between cloud and ground. Lightning then jumps across as a gigantic spark.

Often the updraft inside a thunderstorm is so strong that the raindrops are blown clear up into the icy top of the cloud --- perhaps four miles above the ground. In that sub-zero region, the drop freezes into solid ice — a hailstone. The stone finally starts falling, but it is often caught again in a renewed upward gust. Hailstones consist of many layers, onionlike. This suggests that a hailstone must have taken many trips up into the ice zone to freeze, down into the water zone of the cloud to pick up more water, and up again to freeze the water on as another coat. That's how the big ones are made that kill sheep and wreck car roofs. To make an object of such weight and size soar upward takes a wind of 200 miles per hour — straight up!

That's the dynamite packed in the puff of wind which picks up a piece of paper.

Life in These United States

THROUGH the crowds of New York's Grand Central Station hurried a pretty girl carrying in her arms a two-year-old miniature of the figure following closely behind her — an Army corporal struggling under a worn overseas bag. As they reached the steps, she paused, smiled happily back at the soldier and said:

"Come on, civilian!"

— LT FRANK A. CHILSON, USNR (FPO New York)

THE Board of our Massachusetts village put up for sale an old horse-drawn hearse. When we heard it had gone to the only bidder, an old farmer, for next to nothing, we said, "But what in the world can he do with it?"

We soon found out. A few days later he drove into town with a load of early cabbages beautifully displayed through the plate-glass sides.

— ABBY MERCHANT (White Plains, N. Y.)

I WAS loafing away a hot listless afternoon in the office of an auto court near a western town, and the proprietor was opening his mail. "By gad," he exclaimed, after scanning a letter to which was attached a \$20 bill, "that twenty'll cost me \$200 'fore I'm through! Wisht he hadn't sent it."

"How's that?" I asked.

"Well, couple a weeks ago, two young fellers come through here that wuz broke. I put 'em up for a night, gave 'em some gas and ten bucks to git 'em home. Now they've gone an' paid me back. That'll restore my faith in human nature — and it always costs me at least 200 bucks to git over it."

— R. G. LANGSTON (San Diego, Calif.)

THE Philadelphia-Swarthmore local is the epitome of suburban trains. The commuters know to a line how much of their paper they can read; the scenery is so familiar that no one sees it. One day I was so late I couldn't buy my newspaper, and for the first time listened to the conductor announcing the stations.

"Hunky-dory, Hunky-dory," he called as we approached Morton.

I grabbed his arm. "What did you say?" I asked.

"Hunky-dory," he replied disgustedly. "Hell, nobody listens to me anyhow."

— NATHAN S. KLINI, ASST. SURGEON
(Henderson Point, Miss.)

★ ★ ★

WHEN the town bully of an Alabama village was soundly thrashed by a local citizen, everyone thought it a job long past due. Nevertheless, a charge of "assault and battery" was lodged against the hero.

The day of the trial the courtroom was jammed with sympathetic but anxious spectators, for the key witness for the defense was a timid, unlettered farmer, and the prosecuting attorney was noted for his verbal brilliance. He began with the usual, "What is your name?"

"Surname or given?" inquired the overalled farmer.

The judge smiled and the prosecutor flushed with anger. Thrown somewhat off balance, he straightened out this matter and went on: "When the trouble occurred, which side of the road were you on?"

"Goin' or comin'?"

A snicker spread through the courtroom. "What are you trying to do, make an ass out of me?" the attorney demanded furiously.

With grave decorum, the farmer replied, "Jack or Jennie?"

The court echoed with laughter from all but the unhappy prosecutor. . . . The verdict: "Not Guilty."

— SAM BALLARD

★ ★ ★

SHE WAS young, attractive, smart. She was also the subject of heated discussion among a group of sailors in Washington's Union Station. Bystanders began to smile, and the girl moved away. But the Navy followed, and one bluejacket marched up to her, blushed, saluted and said: "Ma'am, to settle an argument, would you tell me about your legs — I mean, is that make-up or tan?"

The girl seemed on the point of staring him down, then a twinkle came into her eyes. "It's tan," she said.

"I knew it!" said the sailor triumphantly. "But those guys won't believe it. They say April's too early for such a tan."

"I got it in the South, where my husband was stationed," explained the girl.

The sailor swallowed, then went on desperately: "Look, can you prove it's the real thing?"

"Oh, all right, anything for the Navy!" She went to a drinking fountain, dampened her handkerchief, and rubbed her bronzed shin vigorously. The color didn't come off.

The sailor saluted. "Thanks very much, ma'am," he said fervently, and rejoined his mates. For the next few minutes he was so busy collecting bets that none of them saw the girl leave with a tall man in naval uniform with gold braid halfway up his sleeve.

— MARTIN A. KLAVER (Wilmington, Del.)

★ ★ ★

A MISSOURI farmer noted for the rich flow of his profanity on almost any occasion decided to reform. He kept his vow faithfully until one extremely hot afternoon when he was plowing a cornfield and his team of mules repeatedly refused to obey his commands. Com-

pletely forgetting himself he yelled: "You blankety blank mules! Go on, thar, you —," and then added remorsefully, "as I used to say."

— G. F. SPOTTS (Los Angeles, Calif.)

THE DAY after the circus came to town, my wife, a teacher of the first grade, received the following excuse for the absence of one of her pupils. I have been out of the United States for 28 months, and this document seems to me peculiarly American:

"Dear Teacher: Education, you know, is a lot of things. It is reading and writing and ciphering. It is 'Yes, please.' and 'No, thank you.' It is the washing of hands and the use of forks. It is pencils and scissors and paste and erasers and chalk dust. It is the smell of a school-room early Monday morning. It is the excitement of vacations. It is autumn bonfires and sleds and puddle-wading.

"Yes, education is a lot of things. It is a brass band blaring and a calliope tooting. Education is a woman shot from a gun, a man on a tightrope, a seal playing a tune with his nose. It is side-show barkers, clowns, lions, cotton candy, cowboys and spangles. Education is the wonderment of new things and new sensations. It is, in short, a circus!

"That's why Ginger wasn't in your classroom yesterday. Excuse it, please."

— LT. JAMES J. SHIRMAN (APO San Francisco)

★ ★ ★

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Stuff for Stuff:

If a nation wants to sell,
it must also buy—
or play Santa Claus

The Elemental Equation:



OUT OF the mines, the farms, the factories of America comes pouring constantly a great river of goods. In peacetime most of the stream finds its way into the homes and industries of the United States. Only about six or seven percent of it flows outside the country.

That mere fraction of our national product is a sizable torrent in itself. Before the war ten major items exported were:

1. Cotton;
2. Tobacco;
3. Petroleum;
4. Fruits and nuts;
5. Automobiles and parts;
6. Copper;
7. Meats and fats;
8. Industrial machinery;
9. Lumber products;
10. Furs.

All these products represent a great deal of hard work on the part of American farmers, share-croppers, factory workers, managers, middlemen, transport workers.

Now let us turn and watch the parallel stream flowing into America. This also is a large torrent. Just before the war it included the following ten major imports:

*Condensed from the
forthcoming book "Tomorrow's Trade"*
STUART CHASE

1. Coffee;
2. Cane sugar;
3. Crude rubber;
4. Raw silk;
5. Newsprint;
6. Vegetable oils;
7. Tin;
8. Chemicals and drugs;
9. Fruits and nuts;
10. Furs.

Note the whimsies of foreign trade, where we exchange furs for furs, and nuts for nuts. The incoming furs were mostly dressed, the outgoing undressed, if that helps any.

As one reads this list in 1945, the effects of the war are instantly apparent. Most of the items on it are scarce and some have been replaced. Crude rubber was most important, and now we are using synthetic rubber almost entirely. Synthetics have almost completely replaced raw silk. For imported drugs and chemicals, the war created many substitutes.

Watching the two streams as they flow outward and inward, it is impossible to tell which is greater. We shall have to go to the records to see. Here is a statement prepared by George N. Peck which is so simple that any citizen bright enough to figure out his ration points can understand what foreign commerce means and how it works:

From 1914 through 1933 • • [In even billions of dollars]

Americans sold goods abroad valued at.....	90
They bought goods valued at.....	62
	—
Leaving other countries in their debt.....	28
Other countries owed them for interest, freight, and other charges.....	11
	—
Gross total owed to Americans in 20 years	39
Against which other countries paid Americans in gold.....	2
And charged Americans for entertainment of tourists, remittances sent abroad by im- migrants, etc.....	13
	—
Total offsets to bill.	15
	—
Leaving other countries in debt to Americans for 20 years' commerce	24
	==
This debt was represented by:	
War debts due from foreign governments to the Government of the United States.....	10
Increase in loans and investments abroad by Amer- ican citizens and corporations	14
	—
Total as above.	24
	==

We sent abroad \$90 billion of goods and got back only \$62 billion. If the dollar figures reflected tonnage (they do not exactly), three shiploads would have gone out for every two that came in. But the table shows that this is not the whole story. We must also count in the so-called "invisible" items:

Freight charges. When Americans ship goods in foreign bottoms, we of course pay for this service.

Marine insurance. Hitherto, London firms have written most of this.

Tourists. When Americans travel abroad they must pay for food, shelter and entertainment. With the dollars so paid to them, foreigners can buy American exports. Thus export of tourists amounts to the same as import of goods.

Remittances of immigrants. When Ivan Adamic sends \$100 to his aunt in Yugoslavia, somebody in Yugoslavia can use those dollars to buy American cotton, automobile parts, tobacco. These immigrant remittances have been a big item in the

past but will probably grow smaller, due to restriction of immigration in recent years.

Interest and dividends to foreign holders of our securities. When AT&T pays its regular dividend, stockholders in London are credited with dollars, just as if we were paying for British goods we imported.

During the 20 years from 1914 to 1933, outside countries owed us for such invisible items \$11 billion, while we owed them \$13 billion. Thus the real size of the two streams emerges:

Total owed us for goods and	
services	\$101 billion
Total which we owed . .	75 "

Leaving the U. S. a creditor to the extent of . . . \$ 26 billion

The net result of 20 years of foreign commerce was that America gave the world \$26 billion more in useful stuff than was returned to her. Our debtors knocked off \$2 billion by sending us that amount of gold. If gold be considered useful, then the net loss to the American community was \$24 billion. For a businessman, this is comparable to sales of \$75 against costs of \$100, or a ratio of about four to three. That is not a very healthy ratio.

Wait, you say; the \$24 billion is a debt, all right, but is it not going to be some day repaid? Unfortunately it is not. It is doubtful if we ever receive goods and services to cover it. Ask your friends about the future of their Polish, German and Peruvian bonds.

ANOTHER approach to an understanding of foreign trade is to make a simple analogy.

Here I live in Middletown, U.S.A. If Middletown did not get considerable food and fuel from other parts of the country, people would soon be hungry and cold. So the first major question is: *What do we need to import as a community?*

The second major question arises automatically: *What can we exchange for what we need?*

Here we have the theory of foreign commerce in its simplest aspect. Observe especially the order of the questions: *Imports first.* It has been customary to reverse the order and ask: Where can we dump our surpluses? But, as the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce says: "In the final analysis exports are important principally as a means of obtaining imports."

Now that the war is over, the question is not: Who wants our goods? but: Where will foreigners get the dollars to pay for our goods? We will not take their paper money; it is no good here. There are just four ways a foreigner can get dollars:

In payment for goods sent us.

In payment of services performed for us.

As a loan.

As a gift.

Look at the Peek table again; it is all there.

When the war loans went into default, many Americans agreed with President Coolidge when he acidly remarked: "They hired the money didn't they?"

President Coolidge was tripped up on the idea that "money is money," apparently not grasping the fact that francs and pounds are not dollars. He thought that if a Frenchman had

frances he could pay his debts. But that, fortunately, is not the way foreign commerce works. I say fortunately, because if it did work that way, foreigners would need only to run their printing presses to buy up everything from Boston to San Francisco.

We cannot be paid in dollars for what we export unless we have first spent the same dollars for imports, or loaned them abroad.

Never let go of the idea that stuff must be exchanged for stuff. Without this touchstone foreign commerce passes into the realm of the occult. Without it, people otherwise certified as sane strive for a "favorable balance of trade," meaning exports greater than imports. A nation so endowed has a "favorable" collection of paper claims and an unfavorable leak in its stock of physical goods.

One reason for seeking an excess of exports in recent years has been to provide more jobs at home. The procedure is exceedingly dubious. As the excess of imports mounts, foreign buyers run short of dollars. The only way they can pay for our exports is to borrow dollars from us. This was done on a princely scale in the 1920's.

Observe the peculiar sequence:

American investors loaned dollars abroad.

Foreigners used the dollars to pay for American exports.

The exports stimulated production and employment in America. But: Foreigners got the goods, while American investors lost their shirts. When this sequence is straight in

our minds, it suggests a blunt question: If employment must be subsidized, why not distribute the goods to people at home who need them?

I am not opposed to giving foreigners goods. Allies in war require mountains of guns. Both friend and foe after war must have food, drugs and reconstruction supplies.

I *am* opposed, however, to calling such shipments "trade." Trade is, or ought to be, a fair swap. Let us have things out in the sunlight. Let us call gifts gifts, and trade trade. At the same time we must not forget that sometimes gifts return to the giver manyfold. We must not forget that the overpowering economic position of America may necessitate some kind of free underwriting to preserve the world's stability — and our own.

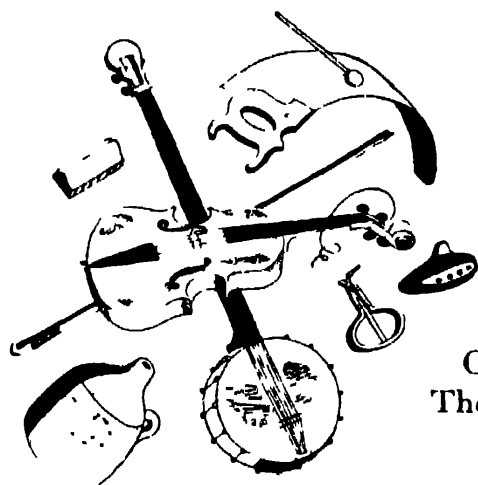
There is no particular virtue in what Jerome Frank calls "boatism" — just sending stuff abroad for the ride. Many citizens appear to believe that, if we can only contrive to get our hard-won goods loaded on a boat, Utopia is here — which boils down to the axiom that the less we have, the better off we are. Or, as Charles A. Beard once ironically put it to the author: "Some people think that Americans are bound to starve unless they can sell their wheat abroad."

Let me repeat the common sense formula:

*The stuff we produce, as a nation,
Plus the stuff we import,
Less the stuff we export,
Is a measure of our standard of living.*



His gift to America is the free
library of our folk songs



Ten Thousand

Condensed from
The Saturday Review
of Literature

Songs

DONALD DAY

HE HAS heard America singing, out of her heart. John A. Lomax has corralled the cowboy at the roundup and at the chuck wagon. He has combed the penitentiaries, and the cypress swamps of Louisiana; he has lived with Kentucky mountaineers, Mexican vaqueros, Great Lakes sailors; and everywhere the people sang for him, and for America too. The Library of Congress has recordings of thousands of songs which, but for his 40 years of untiring effort, might have been lost forever. Under the spell of his enthusiasm the Library started its Archive of American Folk Song, and now all of us can get records of the spontaneous songs Lomax found.

In San Antonio in 1908 he heard of a Negro who had followed the Chisholm Trail as a cook. Warmed by Lomax's enthusiasm, the old Negro sang softly into a crude little Edison recording machine, "Home, home on the range, where the deer and the antelope play."

Here was a song Lomax had never heard, and the power and the beauty of it moved him profoundly. Words

and music appeared in his first ballad collection in 1910, but the wide popularity of the song did not come until 1933, when it was proclaimed as Franklin Roosevelt's favorite.

Overnight it became a sensation. People who wished to profit by the song's success sued publishers and radio networks for half a million dollars, charging infringement of copyright. They lost their suit; both melody and lyrics were held to be a part of the campfire music of the cowboy — true folk music, hence in the public domain.

That is where Lomax wanted it. And that is where he wanted to bring such other popular tunes as *Old Paint*, *De Ballit of De Boll Weevil*, *Little Joe the Wrangler*, *Whoopee ti yi yo* — *Git Along Little Dogies*, and the Negro songs of work, play and love.

Lomax grew up on the old Chisholm Trail. His earliest recollections are of hearing the cowboys singing to bedded-down cattle on a stormy night.

He does not remember when he first began to write down cowboy songs. But when he entered the

University of Texas in 1895, he took in his trunk, "along with my pistol and other implements of personal warfare," a roll of songs. These he showed to an English professor. "Worthless," was the professor's judgment. "Just another example of the crudity of America. If it is ballads you like, my boy, stick to the English ballads."

But when Lomax went to Harvard for graduate work in 1905, he found the courage to show his collection to Professor Barrett Wendell.

When Wendell finished reading the ballads, there was a glow of appreciation in his eyes. "You must sing these to my class in the literary history of America."

Lomax sang for them some of the 20 verses he had found of that plaintive requiem, *The Dying Cowboy*, beginning:

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,"
These words came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at the close of day

He sang the rollicking epic of *The Old Chisholm Trail*, which began:

Come along boys, and listen to my tale
I'll tell you of my troubles on the old
Chisholm trail

and ended:

With my knees in the saddle and my seat
in the sky,
I'll quit punchin' cows in the sweet by
and by.

Wendell and Professor George Lyman Kittredge, collector of English and Scottish ballads, arranged

a Sheldon traveling fellowship which enabled Lomax to spend three golden years in the wild, faraway places of the West, wandering by stagecoach, horseback and afoot through the canyons of the Rockies, the mining camps of Nevada and Montana.

In 1908 Lomax began his work on Negro songs at a labor camp on the Brazos River. When he asked for singers, he was sent to a woman named Dink, who sang for him a haunting, sad melody:

When I wo' my ap'ns low,
Couldn't keep you from my do'.
Fare thee well, O Honey, fare thee well.

Now I wears my ap'ns high,
Scarcely ever see you passin' by.
Fare thee well, O Honey, fare thee well.

Carl Sandburg says *Dink's Song* has an eloquence and a passion as spontaneous as anything Sappho wrote. Sandburg sings it on most of his lecture programs.

Dink's singing crystallized in Lomax's mind a growing appreciation for the power and beauty of the "sinful" songs of the Negro. Missionaries had popularized the spirituals, but Lomax began to see in the work, love and play songs a unique body of literature and music.

After the expiration of his Sheldon fellowship, Lomax had to devote the next 20 years to making a living. Ballad-hunting became an avocation — but one he pursued whenever a chance arose.

It was not until Lomax had lost his savings and his health, in 1933, that he got back to collecting the

songs of America. He decided this time to take his young son, Alan, along as his helper. But first he talked with Carl Engel, head of the music division of the Library of Congress. Engel agreed that music was made to be heard, and that the Library would furnish Lomax with recording equipment.

The new equipment had to be specially made. Lomax, impatient, set out before he received it. Fitted in the back seat of his Ford was an old hand-cranked recording machine. Somehow, too, he made room for cots and cooking equipment. Alan sat beside him, not at all interested in their mission.

Thirty miles from Dallas, Lomax heard a woman singing. Her voice was clear and rich. They stopped the car in front of a dilapidated cabin. Out back they found a wrinkled old Negro woman rubbing clothes.

They set up their machine, and in a tremulous voice, laden with pathos, the old woman sang *God's Goin' to Trouble De Waters* and other songs. Alan's expression of indifference changed. When they left, he said, "Dad, is this the sort of singing we are going to record?"

"Yes, son. This sort and the equally powerful sinful songs."

Alan was converted. In his new enthusiasm he wanted to free all the convicts who could sing, to let out of the penitentiaries the men and women who so poignantly expressed in song the joys and the sorrows of their oppressed lives.

To find the sinful songs, the Lomaxes first went to the honky-tonks, barrel houses and low gambling dives of New Orleans and

Memphis; but the radio had replaced the kind of singer they sought. Then they tried the penitentiaries; and this hunch proved right. In the Louisiana State Penitentiary they found the Negro Huddie Ledbetter, better known as Lead Belly, crouched over his guitar, his fingers making incredibly swift, skillful runs, as he sang in a rich baritone with intensity and passion. Lead Belly carried in his head the words and tunes to more than 500 songs, including the plaintive epic known as *De Ballit of De Boll Weevil*.

Lead Belly had sung his way out of the Texas Penitentiary after serving only seven of a 30 years' term for murder. Meanwhile he had killed another man. Lead Belly begged Lomax to get him another pardon.

A year after their first meeting, the Negro was set free. Lomax decided to risk taking Lead Belly east, for he felt that no one could better bring the songs of the Negro to public attention.

Lead Belly was a sensation in Philadelphia and New York. He appeared on the *March of Time* program, he played his guitar and sang before audiences ranging from convicts to scholars, and he was universally applauded.

But troubles developed. No hotel in Harlem or elsewhere in New York would take the three together. This meant that the irresponsible Lead Belly had to stay alone — free to wander about at night.

Finally, in an effort to stabilize the singer, Lomax sent south for Lead Belly's girl, Martha, and arranged for them to marry. Alan

served as best man and Lomax gave the bride away.

The newlyweds were happy for a while, but Lead Belly's resentment at a regulated life continued. Lomax decided to send them back to Louisiana. They went gladly, tired of the demands of fame.

The trouble Lomax took with Lead Belly shows the lengths to which he would go in his search for America's songs. But in 1941 his health forced him to quit traveling. By then he and Alan, greatly aided by the Carnegie Foundation, had piled up in the Archive of American Folk Song the amazing total of more than 10,000 recordings. Other collectors, inspired by the Lomaxes' work, had added another 10,000. The Library of Congress had not had one folk-song recording until Lomax began his work in 1933. But Lomax was not satisfied to have the recordings filed away; he wanted them available to everyone. In this he had the enthusiastic support of

Archibald MacLeish, who induced the Carnegie people to grant funds for a sound studio where the records could be reproduced.

Today, in his 70's, John Lomax sits in a neat cottage above White Rock Lake near Dallas, writing his *Adventures of a Ballad Hunter*. When too tired to work, he listens to his recordings, his eyes closed, his lips silently forming the words.

Thanks to him, we need not travel as he did half a million miles afoot, by horseback, stagecoach, train and automobile to hear these songs. All we shall have to do is order* the songs we want to hear. If we will do this, MacLeish believes that the songs will "tell more about the American people than all the miles of their quadruple-lane express highways and the scores of their billboard-plastered cities."

*A catalogue giving the price of each record may be obtained free by writing to the Archive of American Folk Song, Music Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

Sea Worth

ON A Pacific near-gale, a destroyer was refueling from a big new battleship. With her decks awash and huge green waves splashing over the bridge, it required a lot of seamanship to get the fueling hose across. The brunt of the work was being done by a big redheaded sailor lashed to a gun mount on the destroyer's deck. Waves knocked him down again and again — and he was getting madder by the minute.

When a particularly heavy slosh of water swept him off his feet, he glared across at the battleship's dry decks, level enough for a pool table, where a few sailors lolled around eating ice cream. Two men were punching away at a boxing bag. Then he looked up and down the battered decks of the heaving destroyer. Bracing himself for another slosh of water, the redhead shouted to the battleship sailors: "Say, how do you guys like that shore duty?"

— Contributed by Gene Rider

Prime Minister Clement R. Attlee has
no frills, but his qualities are sound



The Man in Churchill's Shoes

Condensed from Time

ONE of the principal things Britons voted for in the July elections was government by party instead of personality. For this purpose Labor's leader and Britain's new Prime Minister was an almost ideal man. Sincere, sensitive and shy, Major Clement Richard Attlee is a colorless, self-effacing, somewhat chilly little man who walks with a shuffle, talks without rhetorical tricks. At the Big Three Conference in Potsdam he looked, critics said, like Winston Churchill's butler. But there is a good mind behind his glistening bald pate.

"Clem" Attlee is a Labor politician by act of will rather than by birth-right. Born in 1883, the son of a Tory lawyer, he was educated at Haileybury (one of England's more exclusive public schools) and Oxford. At 22, he seemed headed for a profitable law practice, was a Conservative.

Then fate, in the guise of the Secretary of Haileybury Club, stepped in. The secretary invited the young barrister to visit London's East End slums. Attlee went along —

in a white tie, top hat and tails. His appearance nearly caused a revolt of the masses. In the scrimmage he lost his topper and gained a black eye. He also acquired an interest in social problems.

He began to read the literary apostles of British socialism. He joined the Fabian Society, which had repudiated the violent revolutionary doctrines of Karl Marx in favor of the ultimate triumph of socialism by ballot. Later he joined the embryonic Labor Party.

Soon young Attlee moved out of his father's house and into a two-room flat in the East End. He became secretary of Toynbee Hall, a pioneer social settlement; took to lecturing at the London School of Economics. The ragged denizens of London's vast Limehouse slums came to know his tweed jacket and his fuming pipe (he is almost never without it). He acquired a firsthand knowledge of working-class misery and labor problems.

World War I interrupted Attlee's political education. An hour and a half after Britain declared war he

A Study in Opposites

IT is the startling difference between Clement R. Attlee and the man he succeeded that strikes you hardest. But Americans should understand that difference better than any other people. There was Harry Truman, the quiet, unassuming man, taking the place of one of the most dominating and colorful figures in American history. Only a few months later, President Truman has won his own place in the world and nobody worries about it.

Just think of that great figure of Winston Churchill — John Bull in person, with all his heartiness, humor, pugnacity, temperament and zest for life, one of the great orators in Britain's history, a big man in every sense of the word, overflowing with tremendous energy. Then look at photographs of Mr. Attlee. There is just no comparison. There is only a cataloguing of opposite characteristics.

If you want a symbol you can find it in the cigar and the pipe. You cannot think of the former Prime Minister without that huge havana, stuck at a jaunty angle out of his cherubic countenance. You will see Mr. Attlee with his pipe in his hand or mouth, just a small, gentlemanly English pipe. A few years ago tobacco was scarce, and the then Deputy Prime Minister could have used influence to get a supply. But not Mr. Attlee. He bought his tobacco as the man-in-the-street did, and one day he was seen to ask a hotel porter, rather pathetically, if he could not obtain some tobacco for him.

It is in such little things that character is revealed. Mr. Attlee is a conformist; a staid, gentlemanly, conservative Englishman. Look him up in *Who's Who* and you will find that his recreations are "lawn tennis and golf." He is, in his way, as characteristically English as Mr. Churchill. He is the suburban, everyday type of Englishman. His old-fashioned red-brick house in Stanmore, Middlesex, is no different from hundreds of others in the neighborhood.

It was not aggressiveness and ruthless ambition that brought Mr. Attlee to the top. He is Prime Minister because for the 23 years since he became a Member of Parliament he has fulfilled post after post in the Government with intelligence, honesty, and a deep sense of the trust imposed in him. His victory is proof that when a man has integrity he does not need color or an impressive presence to get ahead.

Herbert L. Matthews in *N. Y. Times*

joined the Army as a volunteer. Five years later, he emerged as a major with a DSO and severe wounds.

The Cockney stevedores of Limehouse launched Attlee on his Parliamentary career in 1922. Since then his seat has been one of the safest in England.

In the first Labor Government (1924), Attlee was Undersecretary for War, presently filled a variety of other Cabinet posts. Impatient left-

wing Labor comrades found him a fine target for their barbs: "His presence in meetings is seldom remarked"; "His speeches win warmer applause before being heard than after." They liked to point out that Attlee has only one platform gesture — he raises his right arm and scratches his head just above his left ear.

But his neutral coloration — the same quality that made him about the best Prime Minister Labor could

offer to the 9,000,000 uneasy Britons who had voted Conservative — also advanced his career in the Labor Party's factional feuds. Attlee became the Labor Party's favorite compromise leader.

Attlee is above all a homebody. He is a member of the exclusive Athenaeum Club, where he sometimes dines, sometimes shows an unexpected flash of wit. But he spends most of his leisure time at his Middlesex home, puttering in the garden, tending his chickens or doing car-

pentry. He has torn down and rebuilt his chicken coop four times, is still dissatisfied with it.

In 1922 Attlee married one of the daughters of a middle-class family of Hampstead. They have three daughters, and a son in the merchant marine. Mrs. Attlee, a dynamic character, helped the new Labor Government break its first precedent by driving her husband (Attlee cannot drive) to receive the seals of office from King George VI.

Clearly an era had ended.

Picturesque Speech and Patter

A Technicolor day in October (Frances Turner) . . . A cluster of rural post-boxes, like gossips with their bonneted heads together (Allena C. Best) . . . Pumpkins squat on the earth like golden idols (Margaret Shea) . . . Autumn's strip-trees act (Cipl. James L. Henry)

To a double-crossing friend: "I never forget a face, and in your case I'll remember both of them." (Ted Steele) . . . "I haven't any etchings, but will you come up to my apartment and see the handwriting on the wall?"

Signs of the Times: In store window of a young chemist just starting in business for himself, "WE DISPENSE WITH ACCURACY." (*Blakie's Bulletin*) . . . On a milk bottle in Oahu, "Our cows are not contented, they are anxious to do better."

With a man, a lie is a last resort — with women, it's First Aid (Gelett Burgess)

Brief newspaper editorial

The atomic bomb is here to stay.
But are *we*?

The wine of words long-aged in cellars of thought (Donald Vining)

Definitions — Happiness: that peculiar sensation you acquire when you are too busy to be miserable. (Scott Field Broadcaster) . . . Hick town: one where, if you see a girl dining with a man old enough to be her father, he is. (*The William Feather Magazine*)

Similes: As easy as falling off a diet (*Calgary Herald*) . . . As unmoled as a guest towel (Fred Lauerman) . . . As inquisitive as a dog's nose (Donald Culross Peattie) . . . Trapped like a rat in a cat (Billie Burke)

Reconversion problem: Getting the women out of the war plants and into the kitchen — or from nuts to soup. (Brown & Bigelow Library Bulletin)

TO THE FIRST CONTRIBUTOR OF EACH ACCEPTED ITEM of either Patter or Picturesque Speech a payment of \$25 is made upon publication. In all cases the source must be given. An additional payment is made to the author, except for items originated by the sender. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned, but every item is carefully considered.

ADDRESS PATTERN EDITOR, BOX 605, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

America's

Dead and Dying Rivers

Condensed from The American City • HOIMAN HARVEY

With additions by the author

IFN America can get back to her own housekeeping she has a pressing chore to tackle, the job of liberating our waterways from pollution.

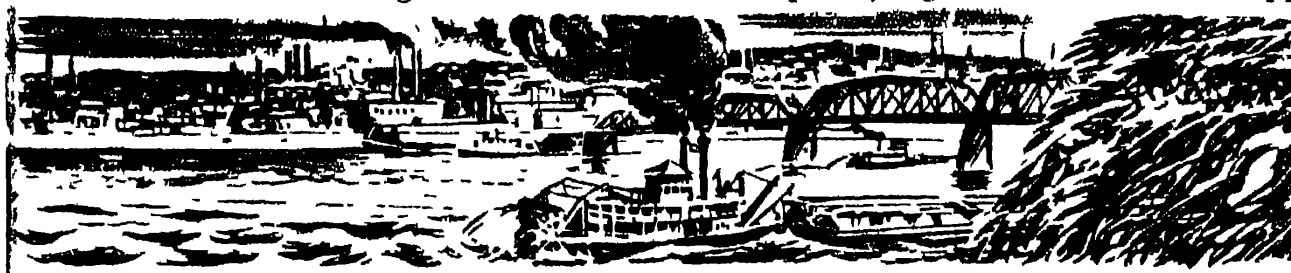
The other day I rode the ferryboat across the Delaware River from Philadelphia to Camden. Some 360,000,000 gallons of raw sewage from the two cities was churning down the stream. The paint on ships and on buildings along the banks was blackened by sulphurous gases rising from the contaminated water.

Next day I went downstream to Chester, Pa. The city's drinking water for its 60,000 people comes from this river and is so heavily weighted with purifying chemicals that many buy bottled water. Bathing in the river is unsafe, and fish life has all but vanished.

Chester's plight is by no means unique. More than 3400 American cities and towns, inhabited by 29,000,000 people, discharge a daily *billion gallons of raw*

sewage into our waterways. Another 2900 communities, with 22,000,000 inhabitants, dump their sewage after a lick-and-a-promise treatment that leaves it still 65 percent disease-laden. In addition to sewage, vast tonnages of factory wastes are drained into our streams. Such pollution of our water sources, with its continual threat of epidemic disease, is wiping out water-front property values, corroding dams and bridges, obliterating bathing and other water sports over large areas, and progressively destroying our once-abundant fish life.

Three fourths of the nation's waterway pollution centers in the densely populated industrial belt stretching from the Atlantic Coast to St. Louis and Chicago. In the Ohio River basin the drinking water of hundreds of communities is endangered, despite Herculean efforts to stave off infection by filtration and heavy doctoring of the water with purifying chemicals. In 144



communities in the basin, annual death rates from diarrhea and enteritis have risen during the past 12 years to as high as 91 per 100,000 persons.

Absolutely "pure" water does not exist even in streams untouched by man. Therefore all American communities, other than the tiniest, filter their drinking water and treat it with chlorine and other chemical purifiers, the degree of treatment depending on the amount of impurities in the water. The extent of pollution is determined by what public-health bacteriologists call a "coli count" — the number of harmless coliform bacteria, normally present in all human sewage, which are found in a measured sample of water. The coli are readily detected, whereas disease organisms often are difficult or impossible to identify. It is assumed that disease germs *may be present* in water containing more than six coli to the pint; therefore, this maximum count is the official purity standard of the U. S. Public Health Service for safe untreated drinking water — or for safe public bathing. And the Public Health Service considers that the most modern and effective purifying treatment now known cannot safely be depended upon to remove all the disease organisms from water which contains more than 100,000 coli to the pint.

The most comprehensive colicounting ever undertaken was completed two years ago in the Ohio River basin by the Public Health Service and the Army Engineer Corps, aided by a consulting civilian scientist. At 1160 out of 2000 locations tested,

the water was unfit for bathing and of "questionable quality" as a source of drinking water supply.

Pollution is severe in the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Louisville areas. Along the 90-mile stretch between Pittsburgh and Wheeling, W. Va., the average coli count was 125,000 to the pint and at one place it was 405,000. The safety limit, remember, is 100,000. Below Louisville, the coli count ranged from an average of 320,000 to a maximum of 1,200,000!

While water-borne typhoid fever has been virtually eliminated in most communities by purification of the drinking water, death rates indicate that the organisms causing diarrhea and enteritis often survive treatment. And periodic outbreaks of so-called "intestinal flu" have been traced to polluted water. This disease has swept over hundreds of cities in recent years. Moreover, the mysterious origin of infantile paralysis may at last be found in waterway pollution. *The Journal of the American Medical Association* has reported that the poliomyelitis virus has been isolated from water containing raw sewage.

In its natural state, a healthy stream can cleanse itself of waste matter — animal, bird and fish excretions and carcasses, decaying plant life and a very considerable volume of sewage — within a few miles. But its capacity to purify itself breaks down when the load of waste becomes too heavy. The self-functioning stream "dies," and becomes merely a lifeless conduit.

A stream purifies itself chiefly by means of its own bacteria: the aéro-

bic bacteria which can't live *without* oxygen, and the anaerobic bacteria which can't live *in the presence of* oxygen. The anaerobes devour the solid materials which settle to the river's bed, while the aerobes attack the dissolved and suspended solids which remain in the water above. As the waste passes through their microscopic bodies, it is converted from complex, organic material into inorganic, or mineral, material which no longer can putrefy.

Neither the aerobes nor the anaerobes attack the human disease organisms present in sewage, but these are devoured by microscopic animal organisms, the aquatic protozoa.

As the aerobes feed they multiply; and as they multiply they use up more and more of the available oxygen in the stream. However, a healthy stream passing over rocks and rapids and falls aerates itself, drawing oxygen from the atmosphere. Also the tiny plant organisms, the algae, return oxygen to the stream as sunlight strikes their green chlorophyll and brings about the miracle of photosynthesis. And while the algae thus are providing the aerobes with oxygen, they feed upon the mineral matter which the aerobes are manufacturing from the waste. As the algae consume this inorganic matter, it is changed back into *living* organic matter; and so is completed one of the mysterious, complex and never-ending cycles of organic life.

Finally, as the wastes are consumed and converted, the aerobes, with a dwindling food supply, themselves subside in numbers and make less

and less demand upon the stream's oxygen. The elaborate process draws to a close; the natural balance of the stream is restored. Cleansed, vigorous again with oxygen, it is ready for the next assault upon its purity.

Thus, left to their own devices, many rivers carry vast burdens of sewage to the sea without serious injury. But when the load becomes too heavy and too continuous, this is what happens:

The aerobes, attacking the fluid wastes, reproduce in such numbers that they use up more of the stream's vital oxygen than the stream can replace. For lack of oxygen the aerobes and disease-destroying protozoa die. Up then from the stream's bottom, into the oxygenless upper waters, move invading multitudes of anaerobes. With an abundant food supply, safe now from the hated oxygen, they soon take over the entire stream. And as they avidly feed they extract hydrogen from the water and sulphur from the waste and combine them into the evil-smelling hydrogen-sulphide gas which you have noticed rising from the surface of a sluggish stream.

The algae die away as the beclouded water blocks off their life-giving sunlight. Deprived of sufficient food and oxygen, fish life languishes. The stream is dead.

In treating sewage, before it is discharged into our waterways, sanitary experts follow the stream's own purifying methods, but speed them up. The solid material, or sludge, is allowed to settle in vats. Then it is placed in airtight tanks for from 30 to 60 days. Here the anaerobic bacteria "digest" it, as on the river

bottom. The gas produced by the anaerobes often is used to heat and light the treatment plant. Any surplus is sold or given away.

Settling out the solids achieves only about 35 percent purification of the total sewage. To accomplish 85 percent purification the "effluent" (dissolved and suspended matter) is placed in tanks exposed to oxygen, where it is attacked by aerobic bacteria and protozoa.

For a theoretical 100 percent disinfection, the treated effluent also is chlorinated. Where public bathing beaches are located near the point of discharge, this final treatment is considered advisable.

Some communities package and sell their treated sludge as a fertilizer. Notable are Milwaukee's "Milorganite," Toledo's "Tolegro," and Grand Rapids' "Rapidgro" and "Grandgro," the latter fortified with additional chemicals. The financial return to these cities is of considerable help in defraying the cost of treating the sewage.

Numerous cities, among them some of the long-time offenders, have become aroused to the need of freeing our streams from the dead weight of pollution. Pittsburgh is considering a \$50,000,000 plant. Philadelphia, under a No. 1 priority over all other postwar projects, plans to spend \$45,000,000. Camden, Cincinnati, Louisville and others are expected to install treatment plants.

But an Augean job remains. According to an official U. S. Public Health Service report issued last year, *only 1300 of the 16,750 incorporated communities in the United States*

have adequate systems for collecting and treating their sewage. Local inertia, politics, and the apathy of industry have obstructed progress. It is for this reason that the Public Health Service believes the only practicable way to solve the problem is to deal with each river basin as an entity and recommends that Congress authorize all states contiguous to interstate waterway basins to enter into coöperative compacts to set up and carry out coördinated regional abatement programs.

Six bills providing for waterway-pollution abatement now are pending before Congress. They would encourage cities to build modern sewage-treatment plants, and industries to solve the knotty problem of waste-disposal. Legislation favored by the Conference of State Health Officers, and approved by the Public Health Service, would authorize the federal government to extend grants-in-aid to communities, and loans to stream-polluting industries, to a total of one billion dollars over a period of ten years, provided that equal amounts are expended by the communities, and that all loans are to be repaid in full.

The annual cost to the nation of operating and maintaining a complete system of sewage and waste treatment for the liberation of our waterways would total about \$100,000,000 — almost exactly the estimated annual economic loss now caused by pollution. The gain in the resulting safeguarding of the public health, and the imponderable recreational and esthetic values, cannot be evaluated.

The American soldier makes friends
by being a friend

Our GI Ambassadors



Condensed from *Future*

Brigadier General
RALPH M. IMMELL

DURING World War II there was more contact between Americans and foreigners than at any time in history, and our millions of soldiers overseas made more friends for this country than all the diplomats we ever sent abroad.

The effect of British-American collaboration around the world in promoting warm friendship was evident in farewell editorials printed in English newspapers after D Day, when so many Americans had left England for France. One English periodical summed up the appeal of U. S. soldiers in this fashion: "Their larkiness. Their cheeky gaiety. Their low, slow, Gary Cooper voices. But the trait that has won British hearts is their love for children."

On our first Christmas overseas, *The Stars and Stripes* organized a Christmas party for 1000 French and Arab children in Algiers. There was a giant tree, a stage show, and a soldier Santa Claus who gave out candy rations the doughboys had

in **BRIGADIER GENERAL** Ralph M. Immell observed our GI ambassadors making friends abroad during 30 months of duty in Africa, Italy, France and England. He is now serving on a postwar planning committee of the General Staff in Washington.

The American soldier has proved himself our foremost unofficial ambassador, wherever he has been stationed. His influence in Germany is no exception. I believe that his example should go a long way toward impressing the German people with the advantage of a free society as compared to their former life under the dominance of a single predatory group.

— HENRY J. STIMSON, Secretary of War

contributed. Last Christmas the idea had spread to every part of the world in which our troops were stationed. At some parties Santa came out of the sky in a bomber; from Scotland, our Marines ordered for Glasgow orphans the "biggest Christmas tree in America"— and got it.

Children have been "adopted" by American outfits; the London edition of *The Stars and Stripes* collected \$120,000 from soldiers for the support of 300 young orphans. The day our Army entered Rome, Allied officers stared to see GIs playing ring-around-a-rosy with Italian youngsters in the Forum. In Jodoigne, Belgium, Pvt. Richard Haywood found a starveling boy of 15 whose whole family had been killed, except for an uncle in New

York whose address wasn't known. Haywood wrote to his wife in Boston, asking her to request New York police to find the uncle. They did, and the nephew was sent to him. Incidents such as these have made friends for America everywhere.

Allied forces in the Pacific are also building good will. When a New Hebrides native working for our Navy was hurt in an accident, the naval base radioed details of his condition and a surgeon was flown in to save his life. At another island base three Seabees gave their blood to a native woman who was ill. In the Marshall Islands the Navy evacuated 700 natives living on an atoll that was being bombed by the Japanese. Safe on another island, the grateful natives staged a dance of thanksgiving for the men in charge of the operation.

Similar stories come from every section of the world where American soldiers have set foot. Captain Elliott Arnold of the U.S. Army Air Forces relates that, during a Jap raid over Leyte, soldiers and Filipinos were running for shelter when suddenly he saw one GI running in the opposite direction. The others called to the man to come back, but he kept going. Then he stopped, picked up a muddy Filipino baby right in the path of the Jap planes, and dived into a foxhole.

In Kunming, Chinese women sent fresh flowers to the bedside of every sick or wounded American in an Army hospital. The kindness shown pilots forced down in remote regions is by now famous. Are the Chinese kind to Americans because we fought the Japanese? Partly. But a further explanation comes in legends that spread through the land. One of

An Englishman recently arrived in the United States declares that the American soldier had as much to do with the result of the British election as any single factor. The American Army left a deep and disquieting impression, he said, of a standard of living as much higher than that of the English as the GI's pay was above that of the British Tommy. In the drab, hard years of the war, young people of England became discontented with a life that offered so much less than the United States seemed to provide for its citizens. They voted for automobiles, better clothes, mass-production factories, more spending power, modern conveniences. They voted socialist, in other words, in order to enjoy some of the fruits of American capitalism.

Nobody who has observed the effect of the well-fed, well-equipped, opulent doughboy on the populations of France, Italy, the Near East, wherever he has appeared, can doubt that he has sown in his wake the fertile seeds of envy and rebellion. It isn't only because he is a millionaire among the impoverished victims of spoliation and war. It is because in an uncertain and unhappy world he seemed happy and confident of the future. "America must be a happy country," was the comment the GI commonly evoked.

The idea of freedom continues to exert an irresistible attraction even for those who know it only by hearsay. If there is any reason why democracy does not win in competition with other systems in Europe, it is because democrats do not bid for the enormous majorities yearning to follow them.

— Anne O'Hare McCormick in *N. Y. Times*

these was reported in a Chungking newspaper. "A little girl climbed into a jeep and fell asleep. When the

American soldier came back and saw the girl he waited patiently for half an hour until she woke up." That, marvels the Chinese writer, is the way these military men behave.

An American soldier starts out by expecting people in foreign lands to be pretty much like himself, and he is right. This simple understanding of the similarity of men everywhere may be our greatest contribution to international affairs.

People in queer corners of the world don't read about charters,

don't understand Allied conferences. They know only what they see, and they see the American soldier, who makes friends by *being* a friend. He's the best ambassador this country ever had, a man who is helping to build a peaceful postwar world. Such a world will need more than a police force and a resolution to be good. It will need the friendly, coöperative give-and-take which the GI practices instinctively; and which has made your town and mine good places in which to live.

*Friction at first, but finally lasting friendship between
300,000 American airmen and their English hosts*

England Says Good-Bye to the Eighth Air Force



By ALLAN A. MICHIE

ONE DAY recently the ancient English university town of Cambridge was bedecked with the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack. GIs in khaki, RAF men in blue paraded the streets and filled the pubs arm in arm. The Americans entertained the English with an exhibition baseball game, the English entertained the Yanks at a garden tea party in historic old Pembroke College, and in the evening British WAAF's and GIs, RAF men and American WACs danced in the streets to the music of the British and American air force orchestras.

It was "American Day" in Cambridge, a unique day in English

history. England's great center of learning awarded the honorary freedom of the city to the entire personnel of the U. S. Eighth Air Force — all 300,000 of them. This occasion, the first time the freedom of Cambridge had been granted to any non-Briton, was symbolic of the big way in which the British have tried to say, "Thanks, Yanks."

To the men of the Eighth, England — particularly the eastern counties where their heavy bombers and fighters were based — was more than a base for operations against Germany; it was their home for three years, and when the time came for the Eighth to leave, British and

Americans found that they were going to miss each other very much.

There was plenty of friction to begin with. The Americans, brash and breezy, fresh from a land that had suffered or seen little of war, were regarded as another imposition by the people of war-weary, overcrowded, rationed Britain. The Americans, on the other hand, found the beer warm, entertainment limited and the people angular and reserved.

In many communities the Americans outnumbered local inhabitants, and as the Yanks swarmed the streets and jammed the pubs the suffering English were moved to crack that "Americans are overpaid, oversexed and overbearing." The Americans retaliated that "the British are underpaid, undersexed and under Eisenhower."

But gradually both sides made small concessions with tact and humor; British and Americans got to know each other, and friendships that will endure have been formed in every village. If any doubt exists about what the English really feel about the men of the Eighth, it is only necessary to look at the provincial newspapers which reflect the feeling of the country people.

"We shall miss these tall, loose-limbed Americans with their drawling voices," wrote the Hertfordshire *Mercury*. "The cigar-smoking, gum-chewing soldiers have become so familiar that life will seem strange without them. Whatever may have been our feelings when we first met, now, after years of united effort, there is a bond of affection which cannot be denied. That spirit will remain, and will bring about an

era in which relations between this country and the United States are always cordial. Let us remember that no obscure political intrigues can fog the issue."

The Peterborough *Advertiser*, another provincial newspaper, said: "GI Joe has been big brother to thousands of children. He has a way with them, and all children love a Yank. They remember the Christmas parties with thrilling rides in jeeps and armored cars, the enormous feeds, their first taste of ice cream and sandwich cake and gifts which Santas (who spoke with Alabama or Brooklyn accents) saved from their own rations. They remember also the movies in American camps, the great trucks that toured the villages to collect them and afterward took them safely home. Yes, the children will miss their buddies."

One British girl wrote to *Yank*, the American service magazine: "The Yankees breezed their way into our countryside, our homes and our hearts. They have consolidated Anglo-American relations in a way that no political agreements could have done."

An airman of the Eighth, in an open letter of thanks to the Hertfordshire *Mercury*, said, "We have lived in your homes, some of which were already full with your own families, but you crowded yourselves a little closer so that there might be room for us," and concluded: "You have given your time and energies to our welfare and even shared your food with us. We have gained immensely by having lived among you, and it is with deep regret that we go."

Before the Eighth packed up its

planes and departed, several towns which had served as headquarters for the great American bomber and fighter fleets paid public tribute to their American friends. The cathedral city of Norwich made Major General William E. Kepner, commanding general of the Eighth, its first non-British honorary freeman. The historic town of Bedford, in whose jail John Bunyan wrote his *Pilgrim's Progress*, bestowed the honorary freedom of the city on Major General Howard M. Turner, commanding general of the veteran First Air Division of the Eighth.

The men of the 65th Fighter Wing based at Saffron Walden, a tiny Essex market town, subscribed \$12,500 and the townspeople a like amount to build a memorial to be known as "America Hall," in which the names of the town's war dead and the wing's airmen who lost their lives will be inscribed. Located on a playing field, it will serve as a meeting place for the young people of the town.

Throughout the English counties from which they operated, the airmen of the Eighth have left memorials to their dead. Most impressive will be the Second Air Division Memorial at Norwich. Within a month after the project was suggested, \$80,000 had poured in by voluntary subscriptions from almost every man in the division. The money will be used to build an entrance hall to the Norwich Municip-

pal Library. Two rooms will be set aside for literature, art, music and other material about America by Americans.

There were countless unheralded demonstrations of friendship. Take the case of Jimmy Osborne, nine-year-old son of a bus driver. Blind from birth, Jimmy began to pick out tunes on the piano at the age of two and a half, and from six has been able to play music almost note-perfect after one hearing on the phonograph. By nine, he could play anything from Bach to boogie-woogie, as well as arrange and compose. Amazed at his virtuosity, the Eighth Air Force boys determined to give him a musical education. Adopting him as mascot, they collected \$3200 for him, and flew him to the United States to enroll in Perkins Institute for the Blind.

Through actions like these, the men of the Eighth Air Force have written a never-to-be-forgotten page in the long history of England, and already embroidered tales of the years of the American invasion are passing into the folklore of the eastern counties. Some 50,000 Americans, mostly Eighth Air Force men, have married British girls, and in the years to come many men of the Eighth will revisit their English wartime homes. But the Eighth will never leave England completely. Many will remain there forever, buried in one part of the free world for which they gave their lives.



American proverb: Hats off to the past; coats off to the future.

The mechanized cotton plantation is here, bringing promise of cure for many of the South's ills—but a host of new problems



Revolution in Cotton

Condensed from Collier's • J. D. RATCLIFF

ONE DAY last fall, 2500 people swarmed over a cotton farm two miles out of Clarksdale, Miss. — planters from every state in the South, bankers, textile men from New England. They had come to watch eight big red International Harvester machines lumber through the fields, each picking cotton 60 times as fast as a man could pick it.

This was a preview of an agricultural revolution. The cotton gin created the cotton industry through which 14,000,000 Americans gain a livelihood. Now other machines promise to save it — but only to present a host of new problems.

Cotton, the country's No. 1 cash crop, has always been a man-and-mule crop — "planted in the spring, mortgaged in the summer and left to rot in the fields in winter." The Hopson farm makes a complete break with this tradition. It is run like a Detroit assembly line. Tractor-drawn equipment plants and cultivates the crop. Flame throwers kill the weeds. Airplanes dust the cotton with insecticides and, a week before the cotton is mature, they

apply a cyanamide compound which makes the leaves drop off. When the leaves are gone, the cotton-picking machines move in.

The cotton picker has been "coming" for ten years. But somehow it never arrived. There was always something wrong. Machines were badly built, cost too much or picked too much "trash" — leaves, hulls, stems.

But here at the Hopson farm were production models which were picking a thousand pounds of cotton an hour, instead of the 15 pounds an average man can pick. They worked all day — and then snapped on their headlights and went on working all night. The 4000-acre Hopson plantation would traditionally require 130 tenant families — 600 to 700 people. With the plantation completely mechanized, 40 skilled workmen can handle the job.

Project this labor displacement to include the whole cotton belt, and an unpleasant picture takes shape. More than a million families work the 22,000,000 acres devoted to cotton. For a long time now, cotton

has been the sickest U. S. crop. In 1920, we produced nearly two thirds of the world crop. Since then, our share has dwindled to 43 percent. Meanwhile, other nations have enormously increased cotton production, especially Russia, Brazil, Mexico and India. On a free international market we could not produce cotton cheaply enough to compete with these countries — if we continue to work it as we have in the past.

If they produce bumper crops, and prices sag to five or six cents a pound -- as during the depression -- enough dollars can't be coaxed from the soil either to keep American planters solvent or to provide a decent living for the people who make the crop.

When the price booms to 22 cents — where it stands at present — southern agriculture gets a breathing spell in which to pay off mortgages. But it still doesn't have enough money to compete with northern industry in bidding for labor. Some areas have lost half their labor. Last fall, tens of millions of dollars' worth of unpicked cotton was left in fields.

Cotton has never been able to support the standard of living the rest of the country takes for granted. Cotton gives a man only 100 days of work a year, and there is nothing to do the other 265 days.

The Hopson brothers — Richard and Howel Hopson, Jr. — see mechanization as a way out of this ancient dilemma. They have demonstrated that they can produce cotton at a price to compete on the international market — where prices are about a third lower than domestic levels.

At the same time, they provide labor with a wage scale well above that on most plantations. Their painted, screened tenant houses with tight roofs and concrete foundations contrast sharply with the unpainted, unlovely hovels found elsewhere. Tractor drivers, mechanics and other workmen get base pay of \$20 a month, a good house, pasture for a cow, a garden plot, plus 40 cents an hour for work on the farm.

In 1933, when the Hopson brothers inherited the farm, International Harvester was devoting a good part of its research and engineering talent to developing a mechanical cotton picker. The Hopsons made a deal that International was to use their farm as a test ground. Thus they were able to watch progress; and they got first crack at the first production models.

The present machine straddles the row and moves through the field at two miles per hour. The cotton plants pass through a metal guide and are probed by deft steel fingers. These fingers — moistened, revolving spindles — pick the cotton from open bolls. The cotton is removed from the spindles by rubber strippers, picked up by a blower, and deposited in a wire hopper on top of the machine. On each trip through the field, the machine picks 95 percent of all open cotton, doesn't bother unripened bolls. It collects some "trash" — enough to cut the value of a \$100 bale of cotton by about \$10. But it costs about \$40 to hand-pick a bale of cotton; the machine does it for \$7.50.

While experimental work on the picker was under way at the Hopson

farm, another significant machine came along — the flame weeder. Hoeing weeds out of the crop four or five times a year requires an enormous amount of labor. The flamer, developed in the Louisiana sugar country, was the answer. It covers two rows at a time. Jets of flame strike both sides of the row, shriveling the weeds and grass, but not harming the tough, fibrous cotton stalks. The machine burns cheap Diesel oil, weeds an acre at a cost of 15 to 35 cents. Even under the old abysmally low wages, it cost more than a dollar to have an acre hoed.

Besides International Harvester's cotton-picking model, Allis Chalmers is getting the final bugs out of the machine developed by Mack and John Rust, and Deere & Company is about ready to produce the picker invented by Hiram Berry.

Whether such mechanization comes rapidly or slowly, it will inevitably have a tremendous impact on the world cotton market. Lowered costs should increase our export sales, should also provide abundant cotton goods at low prices.

These points are favorable; there is an unfavorable side. Some people, estimating that 80 percent of the labor now devoted to raising cotton will no longer be needed, foresee a great migration of Negroes to the North. Such a migration might mean economic ruin for the South, for

removal of the spending power of Negroes would bankrupt thousands of southern businesses.

Former Secretary of Agriculture Claude R. Wickard has an idea for easing the South out of this situation: Let cotton sink in price to world levels. Then to prevent economic collapse, farmers would be given bonuses on a decreasing scale, until, at the end of about five years, this subsidy would disappear.

Meanwhile, large farms would have time to mechanize so they could operate without a subsidy. Small farms, where mechanization is impractical, would use this breathing spell to shift to other crops. The South is still woefully lacking in such dietary essentials as meat, vegetables, dairy products. The displaced workers would be released gradually to find other employment.

While this shift in agricultural production was under way, the South would be engaged in an aggressive campaign to attract new industries. It has raw materials for vast industrial expansion: paper mills, mattress factories, potteries, a canning industry. Leftover war plants — such as the South's new aluminum industry — can act as a nucleus for other types of production.

All this is going to be a revolutionary upset of traditional southern economy. But, in the end, it may mean a final solution of many of the South's problems.



*It is easy to know God, so long as you do not vex
yourself to define Him.*

— Joseph Joubert



"I Only Know That It Is So"

Condensed from Christian Herald

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Archibald Rutledge — poet, naturalist, South Carolina plantation owner—writes: "Every word of this story is true—though naturally I have changed the men's names. The experience changed my whole attitude toward prayer and lifted for me those mortal mists in which we so often grope."

JIM NORWOOD — gentle, sensitive, a genuine mystic -- has long been my dear friend. Tyler Somerset is an old acquaintance. I doubt if he has ever had any intimate friends, for he has a sinister reputation. He killed a man, and spent years in a federal penitentiary. He lives on a few starved acres in the pinelands of coastal South Carolina and spends most of his time prowling the woods, hunting alone.

Norwood owns a plantation of 5000 acres, 15 miles from my own. He has always taken pride in the peace and quiet of his lovely estate, and in his wild turkeys and deer. The place is always open to everyone, but it is scrupulously posted against shooting. Jim loves living things; he never hunts, and the one thing about which he is exceedingly touchy is poaching.

Jim came to see me one winter day, and I could tell by his manner, ordinarily so cheerful, that he was deeply distressed.

"I have been having trouble with Tyler Somerset," he said. "I wish you would tell me what to do. I have come to a dead end."

"Poaching?" I asked, knowing Tyler's passion.

"Worse than that: he hates me. He hates me for what I have, and perhaps for what I am. And you know," he added, "unreasoning hatred is the worst kind."

"Has he done anything openly against you?"

"He has persistently killed my game. He shoots the does, the fawns, and even the half-grown turkeys. Five times he has set fire to my woods. I lost one beautiful timber tract of 400 acres. And now he has put a still on my property."

"What have you done about all this?"

"Well," Jim answered with a wry smile, "I have tried kindness. But Tyler is about as approachable as a rattlesnake. He seems to get his main satisfaction in life out of injuring me. The other day I met him in the road with one of my turkeys slung over his shoulder; and when I tried to have a reasonable talk with him, he cursed me. Friends have told me that he has even threatened to kill me."

"Have you tried the law? You

could have him bound over to keep the peace."

Jim's answer suggests the quality of his character.

"I'll never prosecute anybody. It's just not in me. As to a civil suit for damages, Tyler has nothing with which to pay me. Besides, even if I won such a suit, I'd lose. People of his type harbor grudges for generations. There ought to be a better way to reach him. How *can* you make a man stop hating you?"

There was a despairing note in his question. Personally, I had no answer. But then, from a source that must have been outside my orbit of being, a thought came. I was a little surprised that Jim Norwood had not had the thought himself.

"Jim," I said, "you have tried the ordinary human agencies for reconciliation, and they have failed. Why don't you plead with God to give Tyler a change of heart? Pray for him. They tell me that love is stronger than hate."

Norwood did not smile at my suggestion. I saw a deepening of the light in his compassionate eyes.

"I will try it," he said.

I HAD almost forgotten the incident when, two weeks later, my friend Jim again visited me.

"It was answered," were his first words to me, words of sober joy.

"You mean Tyler?"

"Yes. I went to see him the other night. I didn't know how I'd be received — in fact, I thought there was a distinct element of personal danger. But Tyler met me pleasantly, showed me every courtesy, and talked with me for an hour as a good friend and neighbor. When I was leaving, he walked to the gate with me.

"'Mr. Norwood,' he said, with his backwoods shyness, 'I am sorry for all the trouble I have been to you. God came to me and told me to quit it, and from now on I aim to do so.'"

"Well!" I told Jim. "A man like that may stop doing wrong, but not once in a thousand years will he apologize for having done it. This is a double miracle!"

"I used to have my doubts about prayer," answered Norwood, "but this thing has happened in my own life. I don't know how it is so; I only know that it *is* so."

For seven years now, I have watched the growth of a fine, sure comradeship between Jim Norwood and Tyler Somerset. And I am convinced that a loving prayer for another, even for an enemy, may prove the open sesame to an otherwise sealed heart.



Clock-Eyed

BECAUSE of war curtailments, a man was carrying a grandfather's clock down a crowded main street to a repair shop. As the clock limited his vision, he unintentionally collided with a woman, knocking her down. After collecting her composure and packages, the woman struggled to her feet and scathingly inquired: "Why don't you carry a wrist watch like everybody else?"

— Contributed by Robert W. Ensley

Dogcatchers and garbage men are useful, but
aren't your children's teachers useful, too?

Teachers' Pay—

A NATIONAL DISGRACE

By ROBERT LITTELL

GARBAGE collectors, though useful, are not exactly creative. They have less to do with shaping the future than almost any public servants one can think of. In fact, all they do is cart away the sordid past and put it where no one will ever see it again. They are paid accordingly.

Schoolteachers, on the contrary, have an immense share in shaping the future. A nation that really cared about its destiny would pay its schoolteachers accordingly.

Flint, Mich., is a prosperous, progressive American community. Yet it starts its schoolteachers at \$400 a year less than it starts its garbage collectors.

In Salt Lake City, the teachers of the citizens of tomorrow can attain a maximum salary of \$2724 after 16 years' experience, while the city dogcatcher, one of whose jobs is to prevent stray mongrels from having any tomorrow at all, makes \$10,000 a year on a contract basis.

Author's Note: For many of the facts and figures in this article I am indebted to the Research Division of the National Education Association.

In Tuscumbia, Mo., the salary of the school janitor of less than eighth-grade education is the same as that of a teacher with a university degree.

These are mild examples of the tragic shortsightedness with which we treat several hundred thousand of the most necessary men and women in the United States. We could hardly do worse if we deliberately tried to sabotage our future.

For the school year 1944-45, about half of the nation's 850,000 teachers were paid less than \$1800; 200,000 less than \$1200; and 25,000 less than \$600. In some 30 states, average teachers' pay for scrubbing the minds of our children is lower than that of the charwomen who educate the floors of federal office buildings.

Thanks to the selfless devotion of teachers, who have stuck to the lowest rungs of the economic ladder because they felt that theirs was the highest intellectual calling, we got along somehow until the war. But the rise in the cost of living, plus high wages in industry, has driven or lured an army of teachers away from the schools, especially country and village schools. We cannot blame

them; we can only wonder that more of them didn't quit.

Last year enough teachers to hold classes for a million and a half pupils left their jobs; there were 10,000 classrooms without teachers; many schools were open only part-time. In some states teacher turnover has been fantastic, and educators say that "teaching is not a profession, but a procession." An Alabama Congressman reports that his son, during one term at high school, had five different mathematics and seven different chemistry teachers. In many communities vacant teaching jobs can't be filled for love or money — certainly not the miserable money usually offered.

We deserve such things, and worse, because we have let the skinflint taxpayer in us overrule our sense of parenthood and public spirit. But our children, whose lives and careers will suffer, have done nothing to deserve it. They don't deserve the kind of teachers they are often getting as replacements now — young people with only a high school education, sometimes still at school themselves; ex-cashiers, hairdressers, store clerks without training or experience; in fact anyone whose wages were low enough to make teaching seem a step upward. Only 2000 "emergency" teaching certificates were granted in 1940-41. Last year, 80,000 were granted.

Talented, energetic, ambitious young people are not entering the profession as they used to, and as they should. Enrollments in our teachers' colleges and normal schools are half of what they were when war broke out. The year before Pearl

Harbor, Kansas State Teachers College granted 622 degrees and certificates; last year only 118. The explanation is easy: of Kansas' 17,500 teachers, mostly in rural schools, half are paid less than \$1200 a year; 2625 less than \$600.

When the graduating high school girls of Bangor, Me., were asked how they felt about teaching, not one was willing to prepare for a career which would pay \$720 a year at the start and \$10 a week pension at the finish. In *South Carolina Education* a mother explains why she talked her daughter out of wanting to be a schoolteacher: "You take the teachers here in town. The only difference between them and Christian martyrs is the date, and lack of bonfire. I'd just as soon be a plow-mule."

There are thousands of small towns like Kevil and Wickliffe, on the Mississippi River in western Kentucky. C. B. Rollins, who taught the Kevil eighth grade and was also athletic coach, had to eke out his livelihood by selling Fuller brushes in the summer. Last year he resigned his school job to take a better-paid one — driving a city bus in Paducah. Two Wickliffe women average \$622 a year washing clothes. But the majority of teachers in the Wickliffe school, such as Flo Hall and Edwina Sullivan, both of whom have some college hours to their credit, get only \$536.

Many teachers must endure the absurdity and humiliation of being paid less than their own pupils. Mrs. Mary Ann Steele, A.B., of South Omaha, earned \$30 a week for teaching the eighth grade. One of her pupils, a boy of 15, got \$35 a

week for part-time work in a packing plant. In Iberia, Mo., the high school boys and girls who work evenings behind a soda fountain receive the same pay as elementary schoolteachers. In Connecticut—where the average teacher's salary is the fourth highest in the nation—some of the boys in vocational school earn more working part time than the men who are teaching them a trade.

Let us hear directly from some of the teachers themselves. Says Miss Ella E. Preston, a teacher in New Jersey: "Teaching is the steadiest job in the world—it never gets you anywhere." Mrs. Marie Kerr, of Smithville, Mo., speaks out as follows: "For 16 years my salary has averaged \$675 a year. In the rural schools I've taught for as little as \$480, \$80 of it earned shoveling coal. This year, teaching two grades, 54 children in one room, I earned \$900. I have no bank account; I have never been able to travel. You wonder why I continue teaching? Well, no profession pays bigger dividends in satisfaction. In what other profession could you get the love and confidence of hundreds of children? I believe this is how all those who have stayed in the profession feel, for goodness knows there seems to be no other reason for staying."

To be sure, a great many teachers' salaries are above the "plow-mule" level. We must not forget that if half of them get less than \$1800 a year, the other half get more; that many thousands are paid as well as the cop on the beat, that others are paid salaries which will even allow them to send their own children to

college. As a rule the lowest salaries are found in the small-town and rural schools. It is also true that in many farming communities the teacher, though poorly paid, has a higher cash income than most of her neighbors.

Some states have broken the tightwad tradition. Against Nebraska and North Dakota—or Georgia, where the minimum salary for teachers works out to \$4.25 a week less than the compensation to the unemployed—we must balance the comparatively enlightened averages (above \$2300) of New York, California, the District of Columbia, Connecticut, Massachusetts.

And New Jersey. Yet it was a New Jersey furniture dealer who wrote this memo to his salesmen: "Don't waste too much time trying to sell to teachers; they haven't money enough to be good prospects."

If we want teachers to be looked up to as leaders of the community, we must not deny to so many of them the common comforts and decencies of life. Teachers ought to be able to set an example of gracious living for their pupils and their pupils' parents. If they are to give their best to an exacting job, they must not be oppressed by constant financial worry. And we should not excuse our stinginess by pointing to their long "vacations," for their summers should be free for reading, travel, study, self-improvement, the recharging of their mental and physical batteries.

There are of course some teachers—one hopes that spirit will never die—who would go on teaching even if they were not paid at all,

out of sheer love of their art and the young human race. There are also others who are not worth even the little money they get. But nearly all teachers would hold up their heads higher in their community, and laugh oftener, and be better people and better teachers if they were better paid.

We can immeasurably improve American education by paying more for it. We can, if we have the imagination and the will, attract thousands of gifted young people into the profession. We can make it a career for men as well as women, and redress the uneven balance of the sexes in our teaching ranks.

Our nation's future in an uncertain world depends upon our political wisdom, our science, our industrial and military strength. Education lies at the core of all of these. It would be a calamity and a crime against the nation to continue to underpay and discourage and drive away those who have in their hands the shaping of our citizens' fundamental knowledge and earliest ideas.

The chief responsibility for better pay for better teachers lies with the community in which they teach. It is here, in the hands of American taxpayers and parents, that the understanding of the problem and its solution must begin.



Illustrated Lectures

» ONE DAY, when William J. Hutchins was president of Berea College, he called a special assembly. Standing on the platform in his academic gown, President Hutchins looked over the audience and casually took a notebook from his pocket. He scribbled a few words, tore the sheets out, and threw them on the floor. Next he took out a bag of peanuts, shelled them, throwing the shells on the floor, and ate the peanuts. Then he found a candy bar and ate it, and chewed some gum, dropping the papers, till the platform was littered with the debris.

"Now," he said, breaking the suspense, "you can see what a mess one person can make. Let's try to keep the campus clean."

— Contributed by Zeta Barbour

» COMING to a small Oklahoma town to be pastor of his first church, the enthusiastic Reverend W. B. Alexander was met with the flat statement that he was wasting his time, that the church was dead. Finally in desperation he placed a notice in the local paper that, since the church was dead, the funeral would be held the next Sunday afternoon. The church was crowded by the curious who were rewarded by the sight of a huge coffin covered with flowers. After reading the obituary, the Rev. Mr. Alexander invited the people to pay their last respects. As the long queue passed by, each looked into the coffin, then glanced guiltily away. In the bottom of the coffin lay a mirror, solemnly reflecting the last remains of the church in the startled faces of the congregation.

— Contributed by Ann Cooper

Hollywood's ceaseless, costly search for new stars: one may be found out of 45,000 tested — and often by accident at that

Screen Appeal:

OUR HIGHEST-PRICED COMMODITY

Condensed from Woman's Life • GRETTA PALMER

YEAR IN and year out more than a hundred Hollywood "talent scouts" travel the country, seeking young men and women who have a freakishly rare quality known as "screen appeal." This is not beauty, nor a talent for acting, nor the kind of charm that attracts people in a drawing room. It is an inborn, difficult-to-detect ability to reach out from the screen and touch the hearts of millions of movie fans. It is found in perhaps 150 youngsters each year, and to those who become stars it may be worth as much as \$5000 a week.

Obviously the chances of any would-be movie star are not bright. One large studio interviews 30,000 candidates a year in the East, twice that number in Hollywood, and screen-tests all who show promise. From the 90,000 interviewed, no more than 20 are given contracts; of these, two may develop into stars. To find these two the studio has a "new talent" budget of a million and a half dollars a year.

A few months ago Walter Wanger sent out a desperate appeal to model agencies and dramatic schools in an

effort to uncover a new and beautiful star for *Salome, Where She Danced*. Several thousand girls were auditioned, 38 screen-tested, seven shipped to Hollywood for further testing; and then Yvonne De Carlo, already in Hollywood, was given the role.

Screen appeal is usually sought among youngsters who have shown ability in other branches of the entertainment business. But it may flourish anywhere. Recently a studio wanted a very plain girl, to be photographed before and after make-up and thus show how the most unpromising subject could be given glamour. A homely waitress from a Hollywood restaurant was selected. When the "before" pictures of the ugly duckling were developed, they were rushed to the top executives: this girl, even in stills, looked like a find. A quick screen test was arranged and within a few hours she was under contract. She had "screen appeal."

The peripatetic scouts interview ten times as many women as men. Young women have caught their attention because they rehearsed in plays that never reached Broadway, or because they drank a cup of tea at

a charity benefit, or walked down Main Street at the right moment. Wherever an attractive girl goes, she may be seen by a man from Hollywood.

Character types are sought as well as stars: lately a Warner Brothers scout, lunching in a Texas restaurant, saw an elderly man with a very fine head and a glint of what might be screen appeal. "Have you ever thought of going into moving pictures?" he asked. The startled gentleman said that he had not. He was the head of a flourishing chain of newspapers. But he promised to keep the possibility in mind.

The talent scouts may safely approach elderly gentlemen with such an offer; but with young girls they have learned to present their business cards before tipping their hats. Mashers and petty crooks have too often used the opening, "You ought to be in pictures." Imposters pass themselves off as talent scouts and collect "fees" from the unwary. No reputable scout ever asks for money from the novice.

Screen personality is so rare that no studio dares ignore any tip. An anonymous letter to any producer saying, "Look at the girl in the Pomona delicatessen," brings a scout within a day. Lana Turner was found after just such a tip — behind a drugstore counter. One day William Meiklejohn of Paramount gave a lift to two teen-age boys, who happened to mention a high school girl named Russell whom they called "the Santa Monica Hedy Lamarr." He interviewed all the high school girls in town called Russell before he found the right one: Gail Russell, whom he

immediately signed and later co-starred in *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*.

Miss Russell had breath-taking beauty. But only a few exceptional individuals — Hedy Lamarr, Maureen O'Hara — combine screen appeal with loveliness of features. Less than half of the girls chosen for tests, and not many of the stars, are beautiful. Vitality, charm, humor, pathos: these are some of the elements of personality which win the scout's attention.

And only after a screen test has been made can the scout or anybody else tell whether this personality has the freakish ability to "rise to the camera." The vast majority of the women who charm us when we meet them will shrivel into insignificance before the lens. The exception finds the camera a stimulus.

Even the screen test is by no means sure-fire. Hope Hampton's tests were among the finest ever made, but they "oversold" her; she has never had a screen career comparable to the promise. On the other hand, Deanna Durbin's tests lay around the MGM lot for months and aroused so little interest that the executives (who still blush to think of it) passed her on to Universal. Five years after Joan Fontaine's test George Cukor sent to the film library for a test of another player and Miss Fontaine's was brought by mistake. He was impressed, sent for her, and starred her in *Rebecca*. Many other highly successful stars, including Katharine Hepburn, Claudette Colbert and Bette Davis, were rejected on the basis of their first screen test. Nonetheless, the screen test is taken seriously enough for one studio

to spend \$335,000 annually on this item alone.

The candidate for such a test gives her case history to the scout: this includes her marks in school (stupid girls rarely make good actresses), whether she has shown interest in a stage career by taking dancing or singing lessons, what kind of actress she would like to be. (Four fifths of all candidates say they see themselves as dramatic actresses like Bette Davis; almost no young girl preens herself on her comic ability.) It is the scout's job to cast the novice in the type of role he thinks suitable and to rehearse her in a script.

On the day of the test the newcomer is given a preliminary silent test. This may reveal physical defects which will rule her out at once. Nostrils pitched too high can be fatal, for the audience would look up the actress's nose. A very slight difference in the size of the eyes will show up alarmingly. Some girls have eyes that fail to register emotion: these are summarily thrown out, for the eyes do three quarters of all acting on the screen.

If the silent test looks good, a sound test is made. Here there are new pitfalls. Imperfect diction can be corrected, but if the voice has an in-born harsh quality it is too bad; nobody can reconstruct the actor's larynx. If a girl has a gamin face and an inappropriate contralto voice, she can't make the grade.

The novice's usual reaction to his own test is one of extreme pain. Virginia Gilmore literally crawled

under the seats and left the projection room on all fours, rather than face the studio audience. Laird Cregar muttered, "This is unforgivable," and left the studio to seek a job as department-store floorwalker.

After a successful test the newcomer is subjected to months of voice and dramatic coaching for the first role. Between Anne Baxter's test and her assignment to a role in *Pied Piper* her studio spent \$90,000 for coaching and tutoring alone. Many candidates drop out, unable to stand the grind.

The life of a talent scout is never peaceful, for it is an unhappy business in which a man must say no 700 times to every yes. Fond mothers molest him in his office and his home, men who resemble Abraham Lincoln follow him in the streets, girls who look "exactly like" Irene Dunne clamor for tests. Such likenesses, incidentally, are the surest of all barriers to a screen career.

The mere existence of scouts shows that Hollywood wants to see you, or your attractive daughter, more than you want to be seen. Producers are now experimenting with plans for self-administered screen tests. As the result of studying homemade films, before they became scarce, RKO signed ten young women.

But talent-hungry men will continue to tour the country, searching wistfully for men and women on whom they may lavish a \$2000 long-shot bet. And once in a thousand tries a fluke will lead them to test someone possessed of the rarest commodity on earth: "screen personality."



The Hitchcock Clinic shows that rural areas
can have the best modern medical care

Pilot Plant for Health

*Condensed from The Progressive
With additions by the author*

RUTH K. FRIEDLICH

"IT COULD be your appendix," Peggy said. "I'm calling a doctor right away." I envisioned an old village practitioner operating on me in the kitchen of Peggy's New Hampshire farmhouse. A guest from the city has no right to be sick, especially not at four o'clock on a Sunday morning.

"I'll phone the Clinic," Peggy went on. "There's always somebody on call."

Twenty minutes later, my hostess introduced a vigorous and efficient man of 50, who turned out to be a senior surgeon of the Hitchcock Clinic. In another half-hour I was abed in the Hanover hospital, with a bit of my blood on its way to the laboratory for tests and a specialist in internal medicine listening to my heart. By 9 a. m. an expert in anesthetics had appeared, and my appendix was soon in a bottle.

During the next week I saw the Hitchcock Clinic at work. The Clinic is a group partnership of 23 doctors, each expert in one medical or surgical specialty. Clinic doctors use the facilities of the Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital. The Clinic rents space in the hospital but is organically separate. Its function is to

supply through group practice immediate medical aid, day and night, to the community and a large surrounding rural area.

Twenty-four hours of every day in the year, medical help may be called through the Clinic's central switchboard. While the patient may choose his own physician from the staff, he will benefit by the judgment of other specialists if they are needed. The doctors of the Hitchcock Clinic pool their skills to care for the health needs of their community and its surrounding countryside, and find it profitable to themselves as well as to their patients.

While I was in the hospital, the Clinic doctors operated on a child with an upside-down stomach and delivered a farmer's wife of tiny triplets who might not have lived without the baby specialist, trained nurses, and modern incubators. Late one night, a country doctor brought in a lad desperately in need of the hospital's iron lung. The specialist in urology was called to a remote White Mountain village to see an old man too sick to move.

The Clinic doctors are working out the answer to one of the toughest problems of our time — how to make

scientific medical care, 1945 model, available to the people of a none-too-prosperous rural area. Today, regardless of means, no one in the upper Connecticut Valley need suffer for want of expert care. The care of local residents accounts for only one tenth of the group practice.

In 1927, my doctor told me, there were five doctors in the township and a local hospital, founded in the '90's by Hiram Hitchcock. The hospital staff, the lecturers at Dartmouth's small medical school, and Hanover's family doctors were all the self-same five overworked men. When college was in session, Dartmouth students almost doubled the local population. And more and more country practitioners were turning to the hospital staff for help on serious cases.

The five doctors decided that the situation called for some broad-gauge planning. And so, 18 years ago, the doctors set up the cooperative group practice known as the Hitchcock Clinic. The senior surgeon now talking to me was one of the founding fathers.

"Modern medical science and its paraphernalia are too much for any individual to master," he said. "The family physician can't possibly give adequate service without top hospital facilities and specialists to supplement his skill when need arises. You notice I don't say substitute, but *supplement*. The relationship between the family doctor and his patient is valuable and we're trying hard to keep it.

"Take the case of a child who swallows a safety pin. No matter how good the doctor, he needs

reliable X-ray pictures, a laryngoscope and a specialist who knows how to go after that safety pin."

The surgeon was warming up to a pet subject. "The selection of personnel is the most important part of the whole group setup. You can build splendidly equipped hospitals for rural health centers, but people still won't get the kind of care they deserve unless doctors keep up the quality of the service. You've got to have teams of specialists who care more about the satisfaction of good medical practice than about their incomes."

The city cynic in me rose to protest. "How do you find doctors willing to work for the love of humanity?" I asked. "Doesn't everybody need rewards for good work?"

"Of course the doctor needs incentive — but it isn't all a question of dollars and cents. The rural health center must offer professional satisfaction to the fellow who loves his work. We kept on the lookout for well-trained specialists who liked country people and wanted to bring up their families in a little New England college town. There aren't any night clubs around here and there's plenty of winter. We couldn't use the type of fellow who was ambitious for a Park Avenue office."

As science opened up new fields, the Hanover doctors invited more specialists to join their group and become partners in the Hitchcock Clinic. To qualify, each doctor must have a minimum of three years' training in his own special line. He is sent each year to a big city hospital at the expense of the Clinic for brush-up study in his specialty.

Practitioners from the surrounding country, as well as hospital interns and residents, are invited to hear guest speakers and to share in the discussions that follow.

This group sees the rural health center as a spur to country practice, now unpopular with ambitious young medical men. Coöperation with the clinic brings professional recognition and comradeship into the life of the doctor in isolated communities, and also helps to keep him in the mainstream of medical progress.

Admittedly Hanover has advantages over the average small town. It is a college town, and Dartmouth attracts men of professional ability and teaching interest. But the Clinic doctors feel that a group of medical men in any town can provide its own professional impetus and maintain its own scientific standards. Financially, the success of the Clinic is not dependent on Dartmouth. The Clinic has no endowment or subsidy. It has existed from the first on the earnings of the doctors who comprise it.

As patients arrive at the Clinic, the business manager discusses fees with them. Ordinarily, the doctors neither know nor care what price has been put on their services. The business manager knows the problems of most families in the district and avoids putting the burden of debt where it is painful. One Hitchcock doctor states the financial policy this way: "If a farmer would have to sell his cow to pay for his wife's operation, we feel he needs the cow more than we need the money." Office calls generally cost

from \$2 to \$10, home visits \$3, deliveries and operations \$100 to \$500.

Although the patient has an appointment with the doctor of his choice, examination may show that the condition could be more expertly treated by another member of the staff. Often, a number of opinions, plus laboratory reports, are brought together before a decision is reached.

Since the Clinic partnership has been working for 18 years, it has the complete health history of practically all the young people. Such a unified record has great scientific value and may shed more light on a case than an hour of interview.

The hospital has 196 beds and is the largest in New Hampshire. Wards, kitchens, laboratories and X-ray rooms teem with activity. In a year, the two specialists on the Hitchcock staff handle over 10,000 calls for the use of X rays. Hanover lies in the heart of a popular winter-sports country, and there are many cracked bones to fix. The child specialist serves as school physician, the pathologist as coroner, and the bacteriologist as inspector of food and water.

"Soon there will be thousands of doctors coming out of the armed services with experience in group medicine," the senior surgeon said. "I hope that rural health centers like ours will offer them fine opportunities — a good living and a chance for professional growth. It's up to the medical profession to organize these centers so that group practice can benefit both the patient and the doctor."

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power By WILFRED FUNK

DON'T try to get word-rich too quickly, but do work at it regularly. Fifteen or 20 minutes each day is enough. Start by being alert, as you read, for words you cannot define precisely; later, look them up in the dictionary. Do this with a dozen or so daily and soon you will have a surprising grasp of the English language.

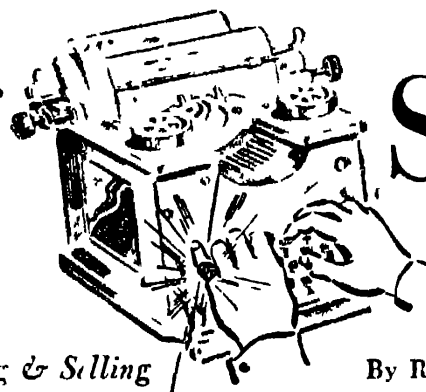
Opposite each of the 20 words below are four words or phrases. Check the one you think is *nearest in meaning* to the numbered key word. The answers and the vocabulary ratings are on page 106. The meanings given to the test words are usually the meanings they had when they appeared in articles in *The Reader's Digest*. The pronunciations are based on an authoritative dictionary.



- (1) implacable (im play'kuh b'l or im plak'uh b'l) — A: stubborn in all things. B: unreasonably irritable. C: given to violence. D: not to be appeased.
- (2) prerogative (pre rog'uh tiv) — A: superior power. B: special privilege. C: questionable procedure. D: higher rank.
- (3) contrive (con trive') — A: to invent or plan. B: to be penitent. C: to strive. D: to gather together.
- (4) concept (con'sept) — A: a beginning. B: an object perceived. C: a thought or opinion. D: an embryo.
- (5) derogate (der'o gate) — A: to cross-examine. B: to disparage. C: to storm against. D: to deny.
- (6) overt (oh'vurt) — A: secret. B: overly bold. C: open to view. D: offensive.
- (7) proponent (pro pō'nent) — A: the proposer of a plan. B: an objector to the plan. C: a competitor. D: one who is nearby.
- (8) correlate (cor'uh late) — A: to arrange in order. B: to compare critically. C: to connect systematically. D: to correct.
- (9) entails (en tailz') — A: follows after. B: involves or necessitates. C: guarantees. D: enlists.
- (10) enervate (en'ur vate) — A: frighten. B: strengthen. C: excite. D: weaken.
- (11) monsoon (mon soon') — A: tropical cyclone in the region of the Philippines or China Sea. B: a periodic wind along the Asiatic coast that reverses its direction every six months. C: a violent rotary storm with heavy rains. D: a whirling wind accompanied by a funnel-shaped cloud.
- (12) atoll (at'ol or uh tol') — A: any small island in the South Pacific. B: a reef-made coral island or islands of any size with a central lagoon. C: a small island of sand and volcanic rock. D: any coral island in the ocean.
- (13) grisly (griz'ly) — A: white. B: disheveled. C: ghastly. D: sordid.
- (14) lackadaisical (lack'uh day'zi kuhl) — A: extremely lazy. B: very careless. C: selfishly thoughtless. D: languidly sentimental.
- (15) chicanery (shī kane'uh ry) — A: petty evasion and trickery. B: major fraud. C: candor. D: a perennial herb.
- (16) specious (spe'shus) — A: deceptively plausible. B: generous. C: explicit. D: honorable.
- (17) complement (com'pie ment) — A: a freight shipment. B: a full or complete number. C: a flattering speech. D: a strong force.
- (18) apotheosis (ap'o the oh'sis, ap o the'osis or uh poth'i o sis) — A: a terse, instructive saying. B: a supernatural revelation. C: exaltation as if to divine honor. D: a repository for church vestments.
- (19) aplomb (uh plom') — A: poise. B: weight. C: depth. D: gloom.
- (20) connive (con nive) — A: to gossip maliciously. B: to cut deeply. C: to permit by pretending not to see. D: to conceal carefully.

How Jack Redshaw made a fortune from "the Mecca for the world's residue"

KING *of* SWAP



Condensed from Advertising & Selling

By RALPH WALLACE

OF ALL America's small-town businessmen, I doubt that any has found more romance in living than John Spencer Redshaw of Granville, Ill. A village postmaster 20 years ago, he ranks today as the nation's foremost trader.

His fabulous collection of gems, paintings and bric-a-brac includes \$150,000 worth of diamonds in a single tray, a star ruby of 102 carats, and chest after chest of emeralds, opals, sapphires, amethysts and other gems. His fantastic possessions spill over into a block-long warehouse, where you can pick up a merry-go-round, a bulldozer, or 10,000 corn-cob pipes. Altogether the buildings house more than 1,000,000 items; they look like a combination of Hollywood, the Old Curiosity Shop and the Arabian Nights.

Redshaw himself lends the final touch to this chaotic grandeur. He drapes his 260-pound frame in Technicolor — explosive tweed suits of blue and silver, violent green hats, red and purple socks. A 12-carat diamond ring spits fire like a Roman candle. At 50 his rumpled, unthinned hair is platinum; his eyes are a twinkling blue. His immense affability makes you instinctively like

him — a trader's greatest asset — and when he talks his bass-fiddle voice is part evangelist, part side-show barker.

Jack Redshaw has developed the American instinct for barter to an unprecedented degree. Much of his fortune, estimated by Granville gossip at \$2,000,000, has been built on white elephants. A college professor wrote dazedly that he had inherited a bank vault and couldn't get rid of it. Redshaw offered two saddle horses, worth perhaps \$200; two years later he traded the vault to a small-town banker for a one-carat diamond ring, two shotguns and \$300 in cash.

He proves every day that anything, no matter how implausible, can eventually be traded. Why anyone would want a pair of human skeletons Redshaw didn't know, but he swapped a rocking chair for them. A lodge official snapped up the skeletons to frighten new members at initiation ceremonies — and gave Redshaw six valuable fraternal rings in exchange.

Big-time swapping is a matter of intuition, lightning-quick calculation and a profound knowledge of human psychology. "Folks get scared

off if you act too shrewd," Redshaw says — and writes his letters on a banged-up typewriter or in sprawling longhand to make himself appear a simple country trader. He always deprecates his goods before showing them. "Yes, I've got a scarred old adding machine I'll swap you," he purrs. The machine turns out to be slick as a whistle, and the pleasantly surprised client carts it home.

Redshaw regards all commodities as something to be turned into still more valuable commodities, rather than into cash. He once started with a Leica camera and traded it up to a central American banana plantation. None of his items is price-tagged. When you ask what an object is worth, Redshaw shrugs. "My big ruby might be worth six new Packard cars, a small office building, or a good ranch," he chuckles. "In money, from \$30,000 to \$50,000 — if I cared for money."

Even in the days of gas rationing you could count cars from half a dozen states in front of Redshaw's cluttered one-story "Mecca for the world's residue." One afternoon I watched a Chicago banker swap an oil painting for a pool table, a farmer trade a Jersey cow for a windmill, and a New York actress exchange a scarab brooch for a spinning wheel and an antique lamp. When his sister-in-law needed false teeth he wangled them out of a dentist for a polar-bear rug.

Although Trader Jack seldom sells anything, I saw him slip an engagement ring to a flustered sergeant at half the price it would cost in a jewelry store. "I'm an old Army man myself," he said gruffly.

The saga of this midwest maharajah began when, a penniless miner's son, he used his bargaining instinct in swaps with chums. His greatest triumph was a sleek bicycle, traded up from a fishing line, an old rifle and a pair of roller skates. Forced to quit high school in his second year, Jack went to work in the mines. When marriage and an Army call occurred simultaneously, he traded his fiancée's tiny engagement ring for a wedding band and \$10 in cash. Two dollars went for a license, \$2 to the preacher, and he and his bride pocketed \$3 apiece. (On his way to camp, Jack traded his \$3 and a toilet kit for a stickpin, the stickpin for a watch — and the watch for another toilet kit and \$20 in cash.)

The war gave Jack an opportunity for further education: he took almost every course offered by the Army and YMCA. Back home he passed a competitive examination and became Granville's postmaster. Seeing a stranger write out a money-order blank with a fancy bamboo fountain pen, Jack had an idea: why not cash in on everyone's hatred of post-office pens? He invested \$3 in a dozen of the bamboo novelties, and every time a neighbor turned apoplectic over a sputtering pen Jack jerked out one of his pens and made a trade for a box of shotgun shells, a ring or a pocketknife.

Before long he was trading on a large scale. In each trade Jack demanded some money as "boot" — and after the first year the Redshaws lived on the cash from his swapping. He was also farsighted enough to trade a packet of German marks to a restaurant owner for six months of

meals. The post-office salary went to augment the swapping stock.

Music boxes had gone out of style, and Jack found that people would gladly dispose of one for a \$75 watch. Meanwhile, his increasing correspondence and advertising had located collectors who would trade two revolvers, a radio and a \$100 watch for a music box which caught their fancy. The same process worked on dozens of other objects.

Within a few years Jack was handling as much as \$30,000 worth of merchandise in a month—Ming vases, Arabian guns, vacuum cleaners, pickled snakes—anything that could conceivably be traded. He discovered that the Government periodically auctions smuggled merchandise at various U. S. ports and obtained agents to buy for him. Truckloads of goods poured into Granville.

In China a merchant heard of Jack Redshaw, and swapped him some rare jade and Oriental ivory carvings for a batch of sewing machines. In ports from Suez to Singapore Jack traded for 16 boats, including a 90-foot steam yacht, and never saw one of them. He swapped for a houseboat on the Ganges, ended up with some real estate in Detroit. "In just ten years," Jack says, "I proved that an obscure trader out in the sticks could make the whole world beat a path to his door."

As his business spread Jack developed a sixth sense which has frequently saved him from disaster. In 1931 a suave Japanese dropped in with \$200,000 worth of pearl necklaces at bargain prices. Something rang a warning bell in Jack's mind—he says he didn't like the man's face—and he ushered the visitor out without making a deal. A few weeks later Jack learned the truth. The pearls, represented as true Orientals, were actually Japan's *cultured* pearls, worth a fraction of the true Oriental price. Some of America's biggest jewelry stores lost millions in the carefully planned swindle.

Redshaw has also learned to watch the customer's eyes. When a young Englishman walked in a few years ago with four violins, any one of which he offered to trade for a bull fiddle he needed for orchestra work, Jack said, "Let's hear you play 'em," and picked the one the Englishman's eyes brooded over as he played. It turned out to be a priceless Amati.

Jack is convinced that the trading business offers opportunities to returning veterans. "Every other business is crowded," he says, "but in trading you have almost no competition. There are billions of dollars' worth of goods lying around to be transferred by a good trader—and a good commission on each swap."



Capsule Cure: WHEN a young wife became seriously ill, her husband managed to send her south for a rest despite a slim budget. Knowing they had no money to spare, the wife didn't expect any gifts from her husband and was surprised to receive one. It was a large box of capsules, to be taken morning and night. In each he had put a little note about a happy or funny memory they shared.

— Claire Mac Murray in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

The citizens of a South American country find that
unselfish coöperation is the key to progress



Colombians Remake Their Towns

Condensed from The Inter-American
SYLVIA MARTIN

"How would you go about bringing progress to a nation of 9,000,000 people locked in valley pockets, each community isolated from the others by tremendous mountains? How would you bring the 20th century to people who have been kept by geography in the mental molds of the 18th?"

The question was put to me by a prosperous businessman of Colombia. And he answered it himself.

"We are doing it," he said with pride, "and our secret is the *Sociedad de Mejoras Públicas* -- the Society for Public Betterment. We had many bloody revolutions in the last century in Colombia. The *Sociedad*, with more than 100 branches in cities and villages, is our *white* revolution."

All over this little corner of South America, in cold mountain towns and hot valley cities, I found *SMP* at work. I saw it bringing beauty and health to primitive villages and modern cities alike. I saw it creating democratic morale, the basic stuff for making free citizens.

SMP cannot be defined in a short sentence. It is too many things. It was best described to me by a town

father of an Andean village: "It is a group of public-spirited men who lead the people in building the future. It initiates, builds, directs, administers. Large sums of money are involved, but no one gets a dime out of it. Every centavo is given by the people and put to work for the people. Actually, a *Sociedad* is what it does, and what it does is limited only by its ingenuity."

The average Latin-American town, with its cobbled or rutted streets and crumbling buildings, looks as if it had been abandoned to the elements centuries ago. But an *SMP* town is clean, with a newly washed and painted look. The Society is responsible for the paved streets, the groomed parks, the swimming pool -- even for the benches in the plaza.

SMP members range from clerks to lawyers, from bus drivers to artists. All are full of a passionate civic pride; each is determined to make his town more beautiful, more progressive than any other in Colombia.

Here is an example of how *SMP* works. While strolling with *Sociedad* member Rojas in a tropical valley town, I remarked that the central

plaza looked run-down. "You're right," he said. He called an engineer and a botanist into consultation. Three days later I was a guest at the regular *SMP* meeting in the *SMP*-built public library, at which Rojas proposed a plan for reforming the unsightly plaza. After some discussion his plan was adopted, and the president appointed a committee to get the job started. It was as simple as that!

The weekly *SMP* meetings are brisk. The word *mañana* is taboo. So is speechmaking. Committees report on works in progress, and new projects are voted on. Outsiders are encouraged to contribute ideas. At a meeting I attended in Medellín, a visiting priest presented an ambitious plan for miles of tree-planting to prevent landslides along the railroad tracks. It took exactly six minutes after he sat down to okay the project and appoint its committee. The project would be tied to a city-wide "Plant a Tree" campaign. Schoolchildren and parents would be mobilized to beautify the railroad stations, as well as their own yards.

The *Sociedades* are small — from 50 to 300 members — but when they speak, officials listen, and when they act, the people rise as one man to work with them. They keep out of politics, and many times have turned down invitations from their municipalities to become official.

Anyone can belong to a *Sociedad*, but he must be active. He must present projects and work hard on those already okayed. There are no fixed dues. Each member pays what he can. Officers are elected each year on the basis of performance.

"We work well," says Joaquín Jaramillo, president of the Medellín branch, "because we use our knowledge that man has many sides to his character and that his normal life lets him develop only one or two. In the *Sociedad* he is encouraged to develop a special interest and have an artist's satisfaction in seeing it better the lives of the people. I myself, an engineer, have become a reforestation expert. A retired policeman has made himself an authority on city hygiene. And so on."

But *SMP* is not merely a group of people who get things done. The most important part of their work is waking up the common man. In Manizales, *SMP* initiated the project of filling in a shallow lake to make a central plaza. For months every man, woman and child of Manizales spent his spare time shoveling dirt into the lake. Manizalans, showing you their finished plaza, say: "I helped. This is *our* plaza."

Colombia's first Society for Public Betterment was organized in 1899 in Medellín, a thriving business community. The first members were well-to-do business and professional men who felt that the best legacy they could leave was a beautiful city.

The spirit of one man more than any other has kept the *Sociedad* vital. He is Ricardo Olano, known as the grand old man of Medellín. As a youth he returned from study in Europe, and found the infant Society flushed from the triumph of organizing, in Medellín, Colombia's first mail delivery service. Olano was young, handsome; he had wealth and family. But it wasn't enough. "Life must have meaning," he says.

and the *Sociedad*, radical for those days, fired his imagination.

He cast about for a specialty that would make him a valuable member. Visiting Washington in 1902, he was so impressed by the layout of the capital that he studied city planning and became Latin America's first authority on the subject.

Meanwhile, he was active in other directions. He proposed, for example, that, since Medellín was becoming a flourishing commercial city, girls should be educated for office work as in the United States. The proposal brought outraged cries, but Olano won. Today even girls of Colombian first families work in offices.

In 1910 Olano sponsored a contest among the city's architects for a plan for Greater Medellín. The contest aroused the interest of the people and the plan adopted then has been followed faithfully.

Olano's next step was to urge that the *SMP* become nation-wide. He persuaded it to hold a national convention of government technicians, scientists and interested laymen. The congress, held in 1917 in Bogotá, discussed the problem of transforming a socially ingrown people into public-spirited citizens. The publicity that greeted this and two subsequent national congresses spread the news of *SMP* throughout Colombia.

Ricardo Olano became a new kind of missionary. On foot and on muleback, he brought the *SMP* idea to a hundred towns and villages. Coming to a town, he spent a day studying it. Then diplomatically getting the cooperation of leading citizens, he had them announce a mass meeting. At the meeting he spoke simply, practically.

"You can live in beauty, health and cleanliness," he would say. "It is not expensive. First, paint your houses. Imagine how your streets will look with bright and shining homes. How good for the eyes, and for the soul! How about water? You have a river a mile away. Build an aqueduct so that you can have water in your homes and bathe every day. Now look at your plaza. It is desolate. Plant trees and flowers there." He quoted prices to show how little the improvements would cost. He created a storm of talk wherever he went, and he got results.

What Ricardo Olano and the *SMP* have done for Colombia is so big that it cannot be measured by any yardstick. It is at work everywhere. In lowland Bucaramanga it wiped out malaria and gave the town a new economic lease on life by getting foreign capital to create new industries. In the garden city of Cali it designed silver-painted waste-disposal boxes that would draw a prize at the Museum of Modern Art. It was the guiding hand behind a beautiful public bathing resort built in Cartagena.

In Medellín the *SMP* plaque with its inscription, "The Society Built This," was everywhere — on bridges, fountains, monuments, the Bolívar Theater, the Fine Arts Palace, the airfield. Almost all public work was *SMP*-inspired — such as the tremendous job of cleaning up malarial swamps and transforming them into new land for cultivation.

The climax of my Colombian journey came in the mountain towns of Pereira and Manizales, where I saw *SMP* in hilarious mood. Pereira, a

town of 60,000, was bright with banners: *SMP* was running a beauty contest to raise money to build a hospital. The contest was a month-long fiesta, every day a carnival. The whole town was in it, heart and-soul.

Manizales, a frontierlike town of 80,000, was holding a similar contest to build a Palace of Fine Arts. Day and night the streets echoed to the clop-clop of fast-stepping horses as the cowboys came riding into town. I asked one cowboy why he should be excited over the cause of fine arts. "No city can be great without culture," he answered. "We will make our Manizales the greatest city in all Colombia."

Olano and *SMP*, inspiring public improvements worth tens of millions of dollars, have remade Colombia. More important, they have created civic pride and democratic teamwork.

Each year the *Sociedad* awards a civic medal to the citizen who has done the most for his community. In Medellín one winner was a widow who, fighting heavy odds of poverty, reared and educated five talented sons. Another medal went to a policeman and his wife who adopted a number of homeless boys. One was

given a businessman who donated thousands of pesos and several blocks of valuable land to build low-rent model homes for the poor.

Ricardo Olano is still energetic at 70. You can find him these days on Nutibara Hill, in Medellín, carving a people's park out of the tangled brush. A few years ago he offered an *SMP* plan to make a garden retreat on this hill, from which there is a breath-taking view of the city. The city agreed, and every day the old gentleman fills his car with young trees and with workmen he pays himself, and goes to work.

As we stood together on the summit he said, "The trees will have yellow flowers so that the hill will be all golden. I will live to see children playing here." Far below, the white city shone under the sun, the green of parks and plazas interlaced with the purple of bougainvillea.

"A city or a nation," said Ricardo Olano, "is only what its citizens make it. But citizens must also be made, and this is the task of the *Sociedad de Mejoras Públicas*. In a democracy, every thoughtful man of good will can show his fellow citizens the value of unselfish coöperation for the good of all."



Answers to: "It Pays to Increase Your Word Power"

1—D	6—C	11—B	16—A
2—B	7—A	12—B	17—B
3—A	8—C	13—C	18—C
4—C	9—B	14—D	19—A
5—B	10—D	15—A	20—C

Vocabulary Ratings

20—17 correct	superior
16—14 correct	excellent to good
13—11 correct	fair
10 and under correct	poor to very poor

HOLLYWOOD QUIP ROUND-UP

 Edited by **ANDREW B. HECHT** 

LOOKING for character types and story material around Los Angeles, George Coulouris came across this sign in a bar: "No Unaccosted Women Allowed Here!"

DENNIS MORGAN was currying one of his horses at his home in the Sierra Madres. An old mountaineer watched for a while, then said: "Nice animal you got there."

The actor straightened up and smiled. "He ought to be, he's worth \$600."

The hillsman snorted: "Pure foolishness. How could a horse save that much money?"

HORSES come higher in Hollywood than pretty girls. A starlet starts at \$75 a week, but Twentieth Century-Fox has just signed a four-year-old stallion to a long-term contract which begins at \$300 a week.

— Erskine Johnson, *NLA*

Now that he's a big producer, George Jessel has a home with a swimming pool, a barbecue pit and lots of greenery. I asked if he'd named the place yet, and he said: "I'll call it *A Far Cry* — a far cry from where I lived in the Bronx."

— Earl Wilson in *N. Y. Post*

ARTHUR MURRAY tells about the producer who explained to a shoe

salesman: "I want something that has real elegance when perched on a desk."

— Lowell A. Redelings in *Hollywood Citizen-News*

ATTENDING a preview, Xavier Cugat found himself behind a lady wearing an enormous picture hat, politely asked her to remove it. After suffering through two reels of an exceptionally boring picture, Cugat asked, just as politely, if she'd mind putting it on again.

BECAUSE *Getting Gentie's Garter* opens with a kiss between Dennis O'Keefe and Marie McDonald, Dennis has suggested that he turn to the camera and say: "Please remain seated. This picture is just starting!"

— Jimmy Starr in *Los Angeles Herald and Express*

REMINISCING about his childhood, Don McGuire says: "At times I found school very dull — which is exactly the way it found me."

BILL DEMAREST tells about a producer who walked on the set of his new picture to find a five-foot actor playing the role of Napoleon.

"Who is that?" he screamed.

"Napoleon," replied the director.

Moaned the producer: "Why do you hire so small a man to play so important a part?" — Erskine Johnson, *NLA*

A HOLLYWOOD restaurant burned down the opening night last December. For the grand reopening, Pep de Lucia, proprietor, invited members of the Hollywood Fire Department as honored guests.

— Erskine Johnson, NEA

"DON'T be selfish," Aline Leslie, author of the "Henry Aldrich" pictures, kept impressing on her four-year-old daughter. One day when the child answered the door a representative of a charitable group asked for old clothes and toys. So she gave her expensive toys, most of her clothes and topped it off with her father's golf bag and clubs.

LATEST Sam Goldwynism: "This makes me so sore it gets my dandruff up."

DENNIS O'KEEFE took an elderly aunt to The Players. Ordering a glass of "imported wine," she cautioned the waiter: "Please make sure it's imported because I can't tell the difference."

COMMENTING on an actor who plays a dual role in a picture, Tom Jenk said, "At last he has achieved his ambition — to co-star with himself."

— Sidney Skolsky in N. Y. Post

PRODUCER Frank Borzage is or-

ganizing a "Society to Do Away with the Husband Looking Amazed in Movies When His Wife Tells Him He's About to Become a Father." Borzage says there's nothing more ridiculous than that "How-could-this-POSSIBLY-have-happened?" expression registered by every prospective father on the screen.

CAROLE LANDIS's scorching retort to a rude young man: "Some men should be dipped seasonally — like sheep."

PETER LORRE's farewell to his corpulent partner, Sidney Greenstreet: "So long, Sid, keep your chins up."

— Earl Wilson in N. Y. Post

PARKYAKARKUS says his niece's sergeant boy-friend has Tarzan eyes — they swing from limb to limb.

— Harrison Carroll, King Features

TOM JENK tells about a man who consulted Mr. Anthony. His problem: "My wife ran away with my best friend — and I miss him."

— Sidney Skolsky in N. Y. Post

SAYS Ann Dvorak: "If an actress doesn't watch her figure, the public won't either."

— Harrison Carroll, King Features



SIGN on the wall of a Naval Research Laboratory in Washington. "Consider the turtle—he doesn't make any progress unless he sticks his neck out."

— Contributed by Shirley Rabideau

SIXTY MILLION JOBS

A condensation from the book by
HENRY A. WALLACE

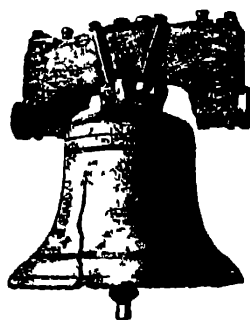
In this book Secretary of Commerce Wallace outlines the specific policies and plans which he believes will provide work for everyone, and at the same time protect and stimulate private enterprise.

As social, industrial and economic problems close in on us with the end of the war, these proposals for stimulating full employment and keeping free enterprise free take on challenging interest. "This book," writes Secretary Wallace, "is an expression of my belief as a small businessman—and not just a public servant—in the philosophy of abundance instead of scarcity."

It seems likely that 60 Million Jobs will prove to be as widely read and as controversial a book as was Wendell Willkie's One World.

IN THIS BOOK I use the total of 60 million jobs as synonymous with the peacetime requirements of full employment. The figure, although statistically arrived at, is only approximate. We may need only 59 million jobs or 61 million jobs to provide work for everyone who wants or needs work. But the goal is *continuous full employment within the framework of our free enterprise system*, and I think we should keep 60 million jobs as the symbol of it.

I believe that we can attain this goal without a "Planned Economy,"



without disastrous inflation, and without an unbalanced budget that will endanger our national credit. I shall define my terms, give chapter and verse of policy-making necessary to achieve the goal.

In the months since my appointment as Secretary of Commerce I have spent more than half my time studying the mechanics of full post-war employment. I have drawn upon the splendid statistical storehouse of the federal agencies, and upon the resources of such agencies as the National Planning Association and

the Committee for Economic Development -- both devoted to planning for freedom; and I have discussed all phases of the problem with representatives of business, agriculture and labor. As a result, I am convinced that the goal of 60 million jobs is not only practical but that it is attainable by 1950 -- provided that the "pressure groups" representing the more articulate elements of the national life work *with* the Government; and *provided that we act in time.*

The High Cost of Failure

LET US consider the price we shall have to pay if we fail.

No one will ever be able to plumb the depths of tragedy that result from widespread unemployment. Savings vanish, pantry shelves are bare, and children are undernourished as men walk the silent streets from one closed factory gate to another, and succeed only in wearing out shoe leather. Women wait home in endless anguish, or with their hungry children join in the fruitless search for work. Spirits are broken as well as bodies; and crime and disease increase as the bread lines lengthen.

But let us measure the cost of unemployment merely in hard cash rather than in heartaches.

In the '30's, we paid our heaviest costs of unemployment. In this ten-year period, it cost 70,000,000 man-years of production. Estimating one man's labor for one year as contributing an average of \$3500 to the value of our total production, these 70,000,000 lost man-years in the decade of the '30's meant a loss to the nation of around 250 billion dollars.

The mind of man reels under the impact of such a sum. It is enough to pay for 50 million homes at \$5000 each. It is enough to build 300 river valley authorities of the size of TVA. It is enough to pay off, through the current fiscal year, the increase in the national debt due to war.

Obviously we must develop a practical means of preventing such ruinously costly unemployment. And the need for haste is all the more pressing because recent technological advances have immensely increased our productive capacity. As early as 1943, the Department of Commerce pointed out that, in 1946, we could produce the same amount of goods that we produced in 1940 and still have 19 million workers unemployed. Hence, if we do not prepare our plans now, with courage and wisdom, we face a decade of economic loss through unemployment incalculably greater than we experienced in the '30's.

THE GOAL of 60 million jobs is based on the premise that employment is not like the old-fashioned game of "musical chairs"—with the rules set so that a certain number of people automatically are always left out in the scramble for jobs. On the contrary it asserts that all those who seek work have a right to work. It says that, for the time being, 60 million jobs will provide work for all the people in the labor force in the country except for the "frictionally unemployed." It includes those who have been added to the labor force because of normal population growth.

An average of 60 million persons at work at all sorts of jobs, including military service, would be no larger

for 1950, when our population of 14 years of age and over will be 110 millions, than the average of 49 million persons at work was in 1929, when our population of 14 years of age and over was only 90 millions — just under 55 percent at work in both cases.

Of the 60 million people which it is estimated will comprise the nation's postwar labor force, nearly 55 million will be between the ages of 20 and 65; about three million will be under 20; and roughly two million will be over 65. These estimates for workers over 65 and under 20 allow for a sharp decrease in the proportions of people working at such ages, in line with the trends toward longer schooling and earlier retirement.

Approximately 18 million of the 60 million workers will be women. This is more than were employed before the war, but it is believed that a high percentage of the three million women who have been drawn into war work will want to continue in paying jobs.

But where will the 60 million jobs for our postwar labor force come from?

On the basis of past experience and obvious trends in our requirements, I would expect that about 23 million job opportunities would lie in the following relatively stable fields of employment:

Government (federal, state and local) and the armed forces	7,000,000
Agriculture	8,000,000
Domestic service	2,000,000
Self-employed (business and professional men) managers and officials	6,000,000
Total	23,000,000 jobs

The less stable fields of employment, if properly stimulated by wise government policies, should yield 37 million jobs, roughly as follows:

Manufacturing and mining	15,000,000
Construction	3,500,000
Utilities and transportation	3,500,000
Trade	9,000,000
Finance, services, and miscellaneous	6,000,000
Total	37,000,000 jobs

This approximate distribution of jobs, however, will depend for its realization on the coöperation of *all* the elements of our national life — government, business, farm and labor organizations, and all the various pressure groups. For national prosperity is a seamless web of cause and effect, and no one can achieve lasting full employment alone. Economically we are one world.

Untapped Markets

To GET the meaning of the economic interdependence of the groups in our national life — to see what the goal of 60 million jobs means to each group — let us have a brief look at some of these groups.

First the businessman. There are three million of them, ranging from the proprietor of the corner drugstore to the chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, who by their vision and practicality and competitive risks must develop new and better products and improvements in know-how — and must give jobs to 37 million other people.

But to translate his dreams into

profits the businessman needs good customers and more of them. He needs an ever-expanding market. And for this expanding market, he must look not only abroad but also to the "foreign markets" within our own country. There are still plenty of undeveloped frontiers at home.

Although millions of families enjoy the prized American standard of living so often pictured in advertisements, in 1940 more than one third of the nation's 37 million families had incomes of less than \$1000 per year. As customers they were none too good even for such basic necessities as food. More than ten million families had annual incomes between \$1000 and \$2000, and were only fair customers. In fact, at least three quarters of America's families have yet to play their full part as customers.

American business has already discovered the formula which, if applied on a wider scale, will remedy this situation. Rather than sales at high prices with high profits, it calls for greater production at lower prices, more efficiency, and higher wages for a mass market.

In 1926, the average price of a mechanical refrigerator was \$400 — and in that year some 200,000 units were sold. But ten years later, the industry was making a much better product selling at an average of only \$160 — and in that year it sold 2,000,000 refrigerators. In 1926 the radio manufacturers sold 1,750,000 radio sets at an average price of \$114 a set. Ten years later they sold 8,500,000 sets at an average of \$54.50. In automobiles, washing machines and many other lines the statistics spell out the same story of increased

profits through increased sales at lower prices.

This tapping of mass consumption is the backbone of American economic strength, and it is the formula to which the businessman must look for future prosperity. For, once the tremendous consumer demands which have accumulated because of wartime curtailments have been met, any real expansion of internal markets must come from increased purchasing power in the lowest-income groups.

I have often wondered why so many so-called practical business leaders ignore this great potential market and prefer to stake their chance for survival on high prices, low wages, and a subnormal volume of business — on gorging in good times to live through the bad. This negative business philosophy holds that ours is a mature economy — a closed economy. It denies our economic interdependence and the opportunities inherent in the very thing that has made ours a great industrial nation — mass production for mass consumption.

But I also know enough business leaders, big and small, who refuse to accept the philosophy of scarcity to make me believe that this defeatist business view will not prevail.

What Full Employment Means to the Businessman

IF WE CAN maintain the gains made in the distribution of family income during the war, we shall have only half the percentage of families with incomes under \$1000 that we had before the war, and twice the proportion with incomes between \$2000 and

\$4000. Such continued full employment at good wages gives the businessman opportunity for both a steadier volume of sales and a more stable profit; which in turn means more opportunities for new investments, for the development of new products and new industries.

Full employment also means more opportunity for the small businessman. In years of good business, the small businessman can stand up to the big one; but when hard times come, the big fellow has all the advantages since he can afford to sit back and wait.

Before the war, there were some 2¾ million little businesses in this country, employing three men or less. Such businesses are the very heart of our free enterprise system. During the war, half a million of these disappeared owing to wartime conditions. It is essential now not only that the half million should be re-established but also that we have several hundred thousand new enterprises of this size.

The small business and the family-sized farm have always been and must continue to be the seedbed of American democratic free enterprise. Full employment, which by 1950 will provide opportunities for around a million more people in self-employment, will give the little fellow the chance he needs.

What Full Employment Means to the Worker

SUSTAINED war production has shown what job security can mean to the worker. Unquestionably, millions who were jobless before regained self-

reliance during the war years. I have visited with workers in all parts of the nation. And upon their faces I have seen not only pride in their country but also the self-respect that comes from doing a job well and knowing the job — or another as good — would be there the next day, the next month, the next year.

During the war millions of workers, for the first time, had several years of continuous work at substantial earnings. From this we get some idea of what it would mean to the worker — and to the whole economy — if we could find the practical means of guaranteeing wages on an annual basis. Several nationally known companies have been doing valuable spadework for some years in developing annual wage payments. It is heartening that the discussion of an annual wage, both by management and labor, now cuts across many lines of industry.

But however wages are paid, we need to keep them pretty close to recent wartime levels, even after the work week is shortened. I have already referred to the Department of Commerce warning showing that, in 1946, we could produce as much as we did in 1940 and still have 19 million unemployed. The benefits of this increased efficiency must be passed on to the worker in the form of higher wages. Only by doing this can we provide the markets we must have for full employment.

It is particularly important that high wage scales be maintained in the South. There was a time when certain southern leaders were proud of the South's low wage scale because they thought it served as an incentive

to bring industry to the South. Today more and more of the thoughtful southern leaders proclaim that the South is entitled to as high a wage scale as the North. If both wages and efficiency can be raised to a level twice that of 1940, the South's great untapped market can become as important as the untapped markets overseas.

Labor Gains We Must Preserve

TWO BASIC gains in labor practices made during the war will greatly speed the task of achieving full employment: first, the advances made toward wiping out discrimination in employment for reasons of race, religion or sex; and second, the rise in labor-management coöperation.

Since 13 million of our people are Negroes, 23 million are Catholics, and five million are Jews — a total equal to about one third our population — we simply cannot afford the luxury of racial or religious discrimination in employment. Nor can we afford discrimination against sex. Except for isolated instances, intelligent businessmen, themselves, long ago forced an end to discrimination against Catholics and Jews. But prejudice against hiring women, especially in the manufacturing industries, continued right up to the war — until women proved in war production that they could do as well as men in many jobs and better in certain jobs.

Even during the war we failed to make full use of the Negro's skills. Nevertheless Negro employment showed substantial increase. In 1940, there were slightly fewer than five million Negroes employed in manu-

facturing; but by January 1945 there were eight million. Continued full employment conditions would assure the opportunity to continue this progress, not only in upgrading Negroes to better jobs but also in eliminating discriminatory wage differentials — provided we also make sure that the Fair Employment Practices Committee is placed on a permanent basis with power to bring its decisions to judicial review for enforcement.

The second basic gain, the rise in labor-management coöperation, is also a very hopeful sign. Between March 1942, when the War Production Board inaugurated its program of Labor-Management Production Committees, and December 1944, a total of nearly 5000 such committees, covering more than seven million workers, had registered with WPB. Not all of them really functioned, yet, according to WPB's tentative estimates, more than 200 million man-hours a year were gained as a result of the ideas submitted through or stimulated by such committees.

In continued extension of labor-management coöperation lies the very hope of gaining the production necessary to provide 60 million jobs. With mutual understanding between labor and management in the difficult days ahead, we stand our best chance of getting good wages for labor, good prices for the farmer, stable profits for businessmen—and a higher standard of living for those who need it most.

What Full Employment Means to the Farmer

I THINK I can qualify as an expert on this subject without too much chal-

lenge. The Wallaces always have tilled the land — in Scotland, in Ireland, in western Pennsylvania, and then out in Iowa. My father became Secretary of Agriculture in 1921, and under Franklin Roosevelt I was given the same job in 1933. I understand the effects of the excessive ups-and-downs of industry and the stock market upon farm prices and land values.

Back in NRA days, Hugh Johnson and I made a series of speeches on "The Two Legs of Prosperity — Factory Payrolls and Farm Income." We pointed out that, when factory payrolls dropped from 11 billion dollars in 1929 to less than five billion dollars in 1932, farm incomes also dropped from 11 billion dollars to less than five billion dollars. To carry this parallel further, by 1937, when factory payrolls had risen to ten billion dollars, farm income had risen to nine billion dollars.

Department of Agriculture studies show that if we have full employment, the average person will eat 96 pounds of pork products a year as compared with 67 pounds in the years of unemployment before the war. He will eat 25 pounds of chickens as compared with 18 pounds — and 75 pounds of oranges as compared with 49 pounds. And he will consume about 38 percent more canned vegetables, 12 percent more dairy products, and 17 percent more eggs.

Full employment, of course, would not solve the farm problem in its entirety. At present wage levels there would still be around eight million city families getting less than \$1000 a year and able to buy very little in the way of meat, eggs and dairy products.

For an all-too-brief period right before the war, the Surplus Marketing Administration's food-stamp plan remedied this situation somewhat by providing better food for those needing it, and markets for surplus farm products. But the stamp plan was confined to a limited number of commodities; and it covered, in most instances, only those families certified for relief.

I recognize the administrative problems involved in extending this type of plan to all the lowest-income families over all the country on a permanent basis. But I still believe the goal is of such importance that we should give immediate consideration to finding the most feasible system to increase food consumption by the lowest-income families—using again, as the stamp plan did, the regular retail channels of distribution.

What Full Employment Means to the Veteran

THE VETERAN does not want a hand-out. He wants what all of the rest of his fellow citizens want — the opportunity to pursue a productive, profitable and pleasurable life. Such preferential treatment as he receives — and deserves — will give only temporary security unless he can work and live in a society that is sound and prosperous as a whole.

The so-called "GI Bill of Rights" does not mean much unless there is full employment for all. If there is not full employment, most of the veterans who borrow money to go into business will lose it; many of those who borrow money to buy farms will lose their farms; those who

use the Government to pay for their education may find it impossible to find a place for the specialized skill when they finish school.

Obviously we cannot promise the returning soldier or sailor or Marine that he will step off his transport into a well-ordered and properly functioning postwar America -- with a prearranged job all ready and waiting. He returns to his country as it faces a great new task.

Our veterans have answered the barbarous Axis threat to our civilization. But they come home to the new and more positive challenge -- that a people can be continuously prosperous and productive in peace. They have the right to demand this -- but they also have the obligation to help prove it.

The Framework of Freedom

SOME PEOPLE argue that we cannot meet this challenge within the framework of our capitalistic free enterprise system. They want us to believe that we cannot have full employment without forcing government to move in to control our entire economy.

Such an argument is untenable. From our very birth as a nation, the primary requirement in the relationship between our political and economic systems has been this: how to work out methods by which an ounce of government stimulation, or an ounce of government participation, would result in a pound of private initiative and enterprise.

From its very beginning, when Alexander Hamilton saw the need for federal stimulation of certain enterprises, our Government has consist-

ently bolstered private initiative. This Hamiltonian prescription -- which is, in short, that our democratic government has the responsibility for keeping free enterprise a going concern -- has proved sound throughout our history.

Our westward progress was immensely speeded by government measures. It was by such bold strokes as the Homestead Act and the subsidizing of the railroads, through both land grants and cash payments, that we built to the limit of our geographic frontiers.

Since then, this stimulation has been given in a variety of forms. For example, government participated in the expansion of the automobile industry by building more and better roads; through subsidies it shared in the development of our shipping and aviation industries, and took all the initial risk in the opening of air mail. With this government stimulation we have never failed to double our national production every 20 years.

If we live up to our past accomplishments, we shall measure national production in the '60's at more than 300 billion dollars. But to do this we must shun those who preach the doctrine of scarcity -- those who would seek safe profits by maintaining fat prices and lean levels of production, all at the expense of the unemployed. For this is monopoly in action -- and monopoly always has been the worst enemy of free enterprise.

The American people are well aware that there is no sin in bigness itself. We have gloried in the efficiency of the industrial giants of mass production. But we also know, from bitter experience, that we must keep

a sharp eye out for the monopolist. He is practicing and perfecting new tricks every day.

America is proud of its host of little men who have had big ideas. We shall continue to reward those who apply their ingenuity to the multiplication of job opportunities. The key on the string of Benjamin Franklin's kite unlocked the door so that such men as Thomas Edison and Lee De Forest could lead us into the electronics age, with its limitless opportunities for service and employment. There were always others in all the other fields of enterprise — those whose big ideas created new industries upon which thousands of other businessmen could build. And always, it has been American policy for government to encourage the little man to develop his ideas, and to oppose monopolistic agreements and unfair competition in trade.

Henry Ford would have remained just a little man with an untried big idea if he had not succeeded in breaking the stranglehold of a patent cartel that would have made mass production of automobiles impossible. I fully expect that the emergence of new industries, now that the war is over, will give us new Henry Fords if we keep open the American approach to abundance. The war gave us striking advances in electronics, in transportation, in synthetic products, in light metals and new uses for steel. The armed forces have done a magnificent job in training technicians for these great industries of the future. And all of these developments can now continue their breathless pace — if the people desire it, and if they use their power to protect the

new against the restraints of the old.

Keeping Free Enterprise Free

THE FUTURE is filled with new frontiers. And the most challenging of these is the human frontier. We must conquer the slums; we must rid ourselves of undernourishment; we must raise the general level of health; and we must make it possible for everyone to develop his or her latent capacities for work and profitable recreation. In doing these things we shall continue to multiply our job opportunities.

There are a few, of course, who think that any government servant who uses the phrase "full employment" or "60 million jobs" is engaged in some dark, deep plot. But most of the American people are well aware that we have already created for ourselves a number of basic conditions for full employment without in the least departing from our democratic traditions.

We now have a social-security program covering 34 millions of people, or 90 percent of all persons working outside of government, farming or domestic service. We have firmly established collective bargaining as an essential principle of economic democracy; we have given the worker a guarantee as to his minimum wage and maximum hours of work, and there is now under Congressional consideration a bill to lift the minimum — to make better customers of those who have been making less than \$1000 a year. Similarly, we have put a floor under farm income by providing that farm prices for two years after the war will be held close to parity levels, meaning a level com-

parable with prices of city goods. And for certain basic crops, we have provided crop insurance against natural hazards.

We have given these and other stimulants to full employment without losing any of our freedom. We have been able to do this because it is the genius of democracy to seek compromises whereby the minimum measure of control will give us the maximum of liberty.

During the easy prosperity which followed the reconversion difficulties after World War I, neither the leaders of government nor those of business felt that anything needed to be done to assure continuing prosperity. Their lack of concerted action led to the disaster of 1929.

The economic climate is very different today, among businessmen and workers, among Republicans and Democrats. Both Governor Dewey and the late Franklin Roosevelt recognized the responsibility of the Government for insuring jobs and opportunities for all. Their statements reflect the strong feeling on the part of the public that great danger lies ahead. They prove that the public knows that neither business, nor labor, nor agriculture, nor bankers, nor government alone can prevent a serious postwar inflation followed by depression. The people want united action.

The Nation's Budget for Full Employment

IN ORDER that all of us may work together to do the job, government must be assigned its peacetime responsibility.

The first obligation of government

will be to explore all possible actions that can be taken to enlarge private business, and then to find out how many jobs such business will supply. I believe, therefore, that the President should be directed by law to submit to Congress a national full-employment budget each year.

This national budget would comprise a forecast of what business, consumers and local, state and federal governments will receive and spend, and how they will spend it. Business and government statisticians, pooling their resources and experience, can — as they proved during the war — make such forecasts with considerable accuracy.

The national full-employment budget would be submitted to Congress each January, and would be subject to a quarterly check. Let us assume that this quarterly check showed that business investment and consumer purchases were not adding up to enough to furnish full employment. Then, it would be the immediate responsibility of the President to work out, in coöperation with business management, labor and farm leaders, the steps and incentives necessary to bring about additional job opportunities.

Incentive action might take the form of tax reductions, broadening of credit facilities, insurances against risks not covered by normal banking arrangements, or aids in marketing, either at home or abroad. Or the Government through grants-in-aid to states or localities could initiate programs of useful public works to supplement and stimulate private employment. For example, by loaning money at low rates for building hos-

pitals, the Government would provide many thousands of jobs, both before and after the hospital is completed.

If we approach the problem in this coöperative, democratic way, I am sure that private enterprise and government working together can do the job. But it will demand the closest integration of federal policies with the planning of local governments and communities; and it will require the maximum of unified support from organized "pressure groups."

To win the war, government had to assume virtually an absolute domination of the economy. To win the peace, we must get rid of government domination of the economic structure as rapidly as possible — but with equal rapidity the state and local governments, the business community, agriculture and labor must assume their full stature of responsibility.

There is a tendency for organized groups to believe that by exerting pressure they can get from society more than is there. They have had enough temporary success to be encouraged in this belief. It is perfectly true that any one group can, for a time, get a larger share of the national income, but it doesn't work when all try it at the same time. Sooner or later the pressure game will blow up in our faces. This is really a matter of simple but intensely practical arithmetic. Unless we learn it, our future is black indeed.

Fortunately, there is evidence that such organized private economic units are increasingly working *with* the Government for the public good. Corporations, labor unions, and farm organizations are continually making decisions which affect both production

and prices. Many of these decisions are now made with the knowledge or actual help of the Government. In the working out of such coöperation, a new science of government is in the making. In this new role, the Government does not merely serve as a policeman but is also partly a coördinator, partly a clearinghouse, and partly a stimulator. With the start we have made, we have an unparalleled opportunity to work out an economic democracy which can serve as a model for the entire world.

The Role of State and Local Governments

I CANNOT overemphasize the fact that local community planning of new enterprise must be the basis of action in our democratic life.

Shortly after I became Secretary of Commerce I received from the Chamber of Commerce of Albert Lea, Minn., a prospectus of that city's community development agency known as "Jobs, Incorporated"—a nonprofit corporation with a subscription capital of \$100,000 for use in developing new local industries. One sentence from this prospectus forcibly strikes me as applicable to all communities. It reads: "There can be no economic security unless the citizens of each community recognize their responsibility to create jobs."

Upon my desk there have been piled higher and higher the earnest, painstaking plans of communities and states — and as I have pored over them I have come to know that Main Street was not waiting for either Wall Street or Pennsylvania Avenue.

Picking at random from these plans,

there is the splendid job done by a city of South Carolina. It is entitled "Anderson — After the War." And it is an imaginative and complete job of examining and charting local problems—even down to anticipated expenditures for housing and automobiles and new farm equipment in the immediate postwar years. Another excellent survey, that of Fort Smith, Ark., bears the title: "Fort Smith — Forward by Plan."

Note that the people themselves profess no fears of democratic planning — planning has become firmly entwined with the grass roots. Back on Main Street, they know what they want -- they want action. And we, as a free people, need not fear any monopoly of planning in Washington so long as there is such an alertness, initiative and sense of responsibility at the grass roots.

Such local action is especially needed in housing, health and public works. When it comes to roads and certain types of airports, however, state and national considerations cannot be forgotten. All we ask in a democracy is a practical reconciliation between the national and the local points of view; between liberty and unity — so that the happiness of the individual and the security of the nation may be preserved.

Lower Taxes Will Help

ONE OF the most important and necessary steps toward attaining a maximum of peacetime production and consumption is tax reduction. Once the danger of a serious postwar inflation is passed, we must give prompt attention to this problem.

By lightening the taxes on personal incomes, especially in the middle and lower brackets, we can stimulate a larger consumption of civilian goods. Moreover, every reduction we make in direct consumption taxes will be reflected, almost dollar for dollar, in an increase in what the consumer buys. This applies particularly to the sales tax, which imposes too heavy a burden upon the lower-income groups. But it also applies to a wide variety of levies, such as wartime utility taxes and wartime excise taxes on a multitude of commodities.

In order to give a maximum of encouragement to private enterprise and to stimulate business to reconvert with the greatest possible speed, the excess profits tax should be ended as rapidly as possible. Undoubtedly this will be a tremendous stimulant to business activity. As a further inducement for risk-taking, I would recommend a modification in the corporate tax system so that business can get proper credit for losses. Too many businessmen have had to pay income taxes on every dollar of profit — but have found it impossible to get credit for their losses.

Small businesses should also be encouraged by revising corporation taxes so as to give them a better competitive position. I believe we should differentiate between those concerns which have access to capital at low interest rates, through stock exchanges, insurance companies or large banks, and the smaller concerns which do not have the advantage of these nation-wide sources of capital and must pay higher interest rates to their local bankers.

The activity of these smaller com-

panies would be greatly stimulated, I am sure, if they were to be given the option of being taxed as partnerships instead of as corporations. This would mean a lot to small growing businesses which want to plow back most of their profits into tangible capital investment.

Unfinished National Business

FOR THE immediate reconversion period, we have the enormous pent-up demand for consumer goods, machinery and construction, which will give business its initial driving power. Almost everything the consumers own — automobiles, tires, radios, furniture, refrigerators, shoes and clothing — is badly depreciated, if not worn out. Even with expeditious reconversion, I think it will be from three to four years before current production can begin to catch up with this accumulated demand.

But to maintain this first momentum, we must think in broader and longer terms. Specifically we must think in terms of the backlog of our unfinished national business.

The items in this list include our need for more houses than ever before, more hospitals, more schools, more rural electrification, more soil conservation, more river-valley developments, more and better transportation facilities, more industrialization in the South and other regions where people normally are underemployed and don't produce enough.

These are some of the people's unfilled orders that must go onto the books of the nation. They represent millions of jobs and work to be done everywhere that needs only the touch

of government encouragement to release private enterprise. These are the opportunities which show us the shape of things to come — the future that is ours if we are big enough to meet the challenge.

Our Frontier of Housing

HOUSING is probably the largest of our new frontiers of job opportunities. According to the 1940 census, nearly one fourth of the 37,000,000 dwelling units in the country needed major repairs; and in the decade after the war there will be a need for 16 to 18 million new units. Satisfying this demand should provide at least four million jobs over a ten-year period.

But we must manage the fulfillment of this backed-up housing demand more intelligently than we have in the past. The record of our home-building activity over the past 150 years shows that approximately every 18 years we have experienced a building boom, followed by prolonged stagnation which in turn has depressed our whole economy.

The backlog demand for housing means that we are definitely headed for another boom. If this demand, under the impetus of spending wartime savings, is allowed to develop without regard to construction costs or unified planning, we shall merely boom and go broke as before. Based on past patterns, we would in a very short while reach a yearly total of 900,000 units, and then quickly subside to about 100,000 units without having made any real progress in meeting the housing needs of the low-income groups.

We cannot expect to distribute

construction evenly over the years without doing something about the long-recognized afflictions of the housing industry. It suffers from too-high distribution costs and from ineffective selling methods; from high labor costs which nevertheless do not provide adequate wages the year round; and from a multiplicity of other ailments, including improper building codes and agreements between employers and unions in the building trades which restrict the volume of construction. The importance of this industry to full employment is so great that responsible management and labor in the industry must explore these drawbacks thoroughly and expeditiously, and cooperate with government - federal, state and local - to bring about their removal.

There is almost universal recognition that long-range planning of *housing* construction is necessary to attain greater stability in all of the construction industry, since housing not only represents a very large part of all construction but is chiefly responsible for the great swings in total construction employment. Prior to the war, the federal government's interest in housing was divided among several agencies.

But the President used his wartime powers to consolidate all housing functions under the National Housing Agency. This consolidation should be made permanent by Congress. It would make all the Government's fiscal planning and research aids available through one agency and thus enable the housing industry to cooperate with the Government with maximum effectiveness.

Our Frontier of Health

SICKNESS and disability in the United States cost us some two million man-years of working time every year. The nation's total bill for sickness and postponable death is over ten billion dollars annually. Forty out of every hundred Americans examined for military duty in World War II were physically or mentally unfit.

We cannot long afford this colossal waste — not when we must make the fullest use of *all* our resources, including manpower.

Shortly before the war a federal interdepartmental committee of experts reported to the President that one third of our population receives either no medical care at all or completely inadequate care; that services to prevent sickness are grossly inadequate for the nation as a whole; and that there is a great shortage of adequately financed hospitals, especially in rural areas.

Our immediate postwar needs in health, then, demand a nation-wide hospital-construction program. Such a program would not only raise the nation's health but would create more jobs.

The first cost of the hospital construction and facilities we need would be about two billion dollars, according to the estimates of Surgeon General Parran. It would take about a million man-years to build the necessary hospitals and equipment. About a million continuing jobs, including some 100,000 additional doctors, 300,000 nurses, and half a million technicians and other assistants, would be needed to keep the hospitals going. Some 600,000 more

persons would be needed to produce hospital supplies.

The best way to conquer sickness, however, is to prevent it. This is why we need a greatly expanded public-health service. We need this expansion to safeguard water and milk supplies, and to control communicable diseases; to intensify the fight against infant mortality; to promote industrial hygiene.

Today, only about 1850 of our more than 3000 counties have any organized public-health service. Most of these are inadequate. The first of our postwar responsibilities in health, therefore, must be to spread good public-health service throughout *all* the country.

But here again, I want to emphasize that in health, as in housing, federal participation must not lead to federal control. We must have the maximum amount of community interest, initiative and responsibility for every ounce of government stimulus or participation.

Opportunities in Resource Development

ONE OF the most exciting of our postwar opportunities lies in the nation's own full employment backlog of public projects, including those large-scale developments of natural resources where not only the national interest but also the magnitude of the job call for federal action if the job is to be done.

All too often, we built badly on our old frontiers. We despoiled too much of our national heritage. We squandered resources, ruined land, and wasted forests. Now the old frontiers must be rebuilt. I am sure that if we

comprehend the potentialities in this field we shall never again have to resort to "leaf-raking" as a way of making work for people.

The opportunities are all economically sound — as real as our land, as essential as our rivers, as sturdy as our forests.

I would estimate, conservatively, that there is between 25 and 30 billion dollars' worth of work in river-valley developments like TVA. This is enough to keep a million men busy for ten years. There is from four to five years' work for a million men in long-needed programs of soil conservation, drainage and irrigation, and in restoration of range land. There is also from four to five years' work for a million men in forest conservation and in developing recreational areas.

Furthermore, there are more than six million rural homes without electricity — a potential market for more than five billion dollars' worth of line construction, installations, electrical appliances and equipment. This would provide close to a million jobs for three years.

The progress we have made in this field, principally due to the stimulus of the Rural Electrification Administration, demonstrates conclusively that one watt of government energy generates many kilowatts of private enterprise. In preparing their own postwar plans, again at the grass roots, for extension of rural service, REA's borrowers alone estimate their expenditures in the first three years after materials and manpower are available at 579 million dollars — creating directly a further demand for five billion dollars' worth of goods and services. Finishing the job will

provide opportunities for both co-operatives and private power companies. And the record shows that federal participation in the financing has been on a sound self-liquidating basis — so sound that in many areas, private banks seek to take over the outstanding loans of rural electrification coöperatives. I am indeed proud to have had some part, as Secretary of Agriculture, in such a healthy and practical enterprise.

If we add in the needed airports — both for extension of commercial lines and expansion of private flying — and highway construction, it would be on the conservative side to list upward of 50 billion dollars in sound public projects in the nation's backlog of full employment in the immediate postwar years. This would be enough to provide a backlog of productive jobs for more than four million persons for five years.

The importance of all such government projects lies not so much in their early accomplishment as in the realization by both business and consumers that government has the plans all blueprinted and ready for use should the need arise. The certainty that government has been provided with the power to prevent unemployment should give business the courage to carry most of the burden of full employment itself — and thus help keep government spending down.

New Horizons in Industry

TECHNOLOGICALLY, the future already is here. Through the veil of wartime secrecy, we have had an occasional glimpse of the marvels of

tomorrow. I do not see upon the immediate technological horizon any single development which will give the same vast stimulus to private enterprise as did the railroads, automobiles, electric power and the radio. But wartime improvements upon pre-war processes will have a tremendous aggregate effect upon increasing business.

New wonders in chemicals and synthetics touch thousands of articles in daily use — medical products, rubber products, gasoline and oils, paints and dyestuffs. We may expect great growth of such industries as air-conditioning and refrigeration. And the use of quick-freeze units in our homes may well have radical effects on our whole system of marketing foods. The super-automobiles of the future — which our present engineering knowledge, light metals, super-fuels, and wartime advances in engine design make possible — will require an abundance of super-highways like the great Pennsylvania Pike. Our magnesium production increased 35 times between 1939 and 1943. And the men who develop new peacetime uses for magnesium will save several large communities built around the huge and costly war-built magnesium plants.

But to use our wartime scientific gains fully to stimulate the new enterprises we need for full employment, we must have technological freedom. Manifestly it is the responsibility of the same government which demanded the full use of all our scientific skill in war—and which financed so much of wartime research and development — also to see to it that the whole nation benefits from these

gains in peace. Inventive genius and technological know-how are among our most valuable national assets. National industrial growth and national security demand that we constantly broaden our scientific horizons. Only if we use the whole of our scientific wealth to guarantee a constant flow of new ideas into competitive private enterprise can we maintain an ever-developing frontier in industry. And it is of particular importance that small enterprise should be given access to the bounties of modern technology.

Small business cannot support the large and costly laboratories which are necessary for modern industrial research. Most of our advanced research is concentrated today in about 100 companies; and this concentration results in the restricted use of scientific information. To remedy this, I believe the federal government should make research facilities available to small businesses.

There are immense fields of research which cannot be the sole concern of private companies whose primary responsibility is to their stockholders. Agriculture offers a lesson to industry in the handling of this type of long-range research problem. The vast number of improvements made in crop production, handling and processing achieved during the last two generations by the initiative of the Department of Agriculture have furnished conclusive proof of the benefits of government research.

For the furtherance of industrial research and dissemination of technical information I would suggest the following program:

1. There should be a central technical authority which would coördinate the research activities of the Government and serve as a clearinghouse for existing federal scientific bureaus. Federal support should be given in fields of research not fully covered by private laboratories, especially to fundamental science, which is mother of applied science.

2. Every business and institution should have full access to all patents and research findings which have been developed at government expense. Likewise, the enemy patents seized by the Alien Property Custodian should become the property of the federal government and be made available to all businesses.

I see absolutely no conflict between this program and private research. As an incidental by-product, the Government would itself acquire the technical resources increasingly needed in order to deal wisely with the economic disruptions caused by new inventions. For the pace of new developments has posed what might be called a *permanent problem of reconversion* — the problem of how to get the greatest advance from new inventions with the least cost in terms of industrial and labor displacement.

New Frontiers Abroad

THREE quarters of the world's peoples — in most of Asia and Africa, and in much of Central and South America — still live largely on the land, producing a bare minimum of food and clothing by primitive means. Latin America, for ex-

ample, with a population larger than that of the United States, needs modern science and technology in agriculture and industry. It needs transportation and communication facilities, and water, sewerage and other public services.

In the past, the United States has had a larger foreign trade with the 12,000,000 people of Canada than with all 140,000,000 people of Latin America. Surely, then, here is an abundance of new frontiers for our factories and for our industrial and scientific know-how.

Southern and southeast Asia embrace nearly half of the world's peoples. From Iran through India, Burma, French Indo-China, and on to the Philippines, the population is enormous and standards of life generally exceedingly low. One of the real tests of the Allied victors will be the extent to which they aid the development of this great region, which can become one of the greatest producing and consuming markets in the world.

Faced with such possibilities for industrial development abroad, we must do some hard thinking and make some courageous decisions if we are to avoid the mistakes of the last 25 years. If we do not become bigger buyers of the goods of other countries than we were before the war — and if high tariff barriers continue to block imports from many countries — our business based on large exports will again prove as ephemeral as it was in the '20's.

The United Nations recognize that one reason the last peace did not endure was because it did not deal adequately with economic prob-

lems. They are determined that the new peace must establish the necessary economic foundations for a peaceful world. Through the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations, already approved by 21 nations, the agricultural departments, the public-health departments, farm organizations, and consumers' groups of all the nations can work together on these problems — and help the undeveloped nations apply modern science to crops, livestock, forests, fisheries and food.

The Bretton Woods Conference devised plans for a Stabilization Fund which will seek to prevent the chaos in international exchange rates which prevailed after the last war; and an Investment Bank as a source of funds for rebuilding industries shattered by the war and for initiating new industrial developments in undeveloped countries.

Thus the United Nations have made progress in clearing the way for more foreign trade, and I feel certain that American business can look upon opportunities abroad with new confidence.

The Low Costs of Full Employment

COUNTLESS people tell me: "Of course we should have full employment, but how can we afford it? Who is going to pay the bill? We are coming out of the war with a debt of over 300 billion dollars, and we will have to spend six billion dollars a year to take care of the veterans, and at least five billion for a large peacetime army and navy. If we insist also that government take on the responsibility for 60 million job

opportunities, we shall go bankrupt.”

Before we answer, let's make sure we understand one basic fact — which is that, just as mass unemployment means huge dollar costs to the nation, full employment means low costs. Taking a chance on national coöperation for full employment could not possibly approach the costs we undoubtedly would have to pay if we took another chance with mass unemployment. It is insanity to think that we can pay for this war by throwing people out of work.

If by 1950 we have 60 million people at work producing 200 billion dollars' worth of goods and services, we can cut tax collections almost in half and still provide more federal aid for health, housing, education and social security than before the war. Business profits would be large enough to keep industry in a state of healthy expansion, with wage rises keeping pace with the increase in productivity, and farm cash income remaining close to its present high level.

No sane statesman wants to increase the federal debt if it can possibly be avoided. It is just because we must *not* increase the burden that I have emphasized ways to avoid it — the many ways of stimulating employment in private enterprise with a minimum of government spending and a maximum of coöperation.

In striving for this coöperation, special emphasis must be placed on the capital-investment side of the nation's budget — in getting the proper kind of prompt coöperative action on housing and health programs, on urban and rural develop-

ment, on the construction industry generally, on business investments in new plants, and on the building up of exports and imports. These, in broad outline, are the fields in which the maximum of coöperation is required to maintain the maximum of business investment and consumer expenditure to guarantee a minimum of federal expenditures.

This coöperation must prevail every step of the way between Main Street and Washington — between the Congress and the President; among federal, state and local governments; between government and business, labor and agriculture; and between management and labor. I feel sure that, if we would only fear the federal debt less and fear more the consequences of our failure to achieve coöperation, then we would have full employment at a low cost to the taxpayer. And with full employment, and only with full employment, we would have a balance in the federal budget which would allow us steadily to lighten the burden of the federal debt.

Never again in our lifetime shall we have a tax bill as low as that of 1939 or 1940. However, with a 200-billion-dollar full-employment situation, we could have a tax bill about half of that of 1945. This would be sufficient for a federal postwar budget adding up to between 20 and 25 billion dollars. Then, with the full coöperation of business, labor and agriculture in achieving full employment — thereby guaranteeing a minimum of government spending—we could approach, with lighter heart and heavier purse, the retirement of the national debt.

Blueprint for a Full Employment Program

IN RECAPITULATION, to achieve full employment I propose these points of essential action:

1. *Assigning responsibility* to government for keeping a current accounting of the nation's budget of job and investment opportunities.
2. *Reducing taxes* in a balanced manner so as to stimulate private initiative, to increase consumption, and to protect the public interest against special tax privileges.
3. *Maintaining wages* to protect the take-home pay, and raising minimum wages to provide a minimum standard of living.
4. *Maintaining prices of farm products* to sustain farm income and consumption, and *adjusting industrial prices* to promote consumption.
5. *Promoting resource development* by the use of federal investment in river-valley authorities, rural electrification and soil conservation, to build up a backlog of private job opportunities.
6. *Elimination of trade barriers*, both internal and external, by opposing monopolistic practices whether applied by a foreign cartel, a domestic trust, a trade union, or farm organization.
7. *Providing a housing program* to

assure adequate homes for all groups, to be coördinated under a government housing agency.

8. *Extending social security and health insurance.*

9. *Guaranteeing security* at home and abroad by fostering racial and religious tolerance and international good will and coöperation.

WE AMERICANS are at our best when we have a hard job to do. The bigger the job is the better we do it, provided that the purpose is clearly defined. When we were challenged by the Axis powers in the war, we never faltered; we "measured ourselves against history." Starting with practically an empty arsenal in 1940, we created the most powerful military machine the world has ever seen.

Now that peace has come, the challenge is equally clear. In meeting it we must never forget that the genius of America has always been best expressed by four simple words—"All things are possible." We have the physical plant, the natural resources, and the tradition of boldness. If we fail in this we fail in the practical application of democracy. The only wilderness ahead of us today could be one of confused thinking, of timid or reactionary leadership. The land is ours in its fullness. We must plan together for its development. We must order its business to the uses of democracy.



From George Washington's Farewell Address: "It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation to give to mankind the example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence."

NOVEMBER 1945

THE Reader's Digest*

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This copy of The Reader's Digest is a gift from its editors to Service men.

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Leading nonfiction favorites at the bookstores

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- BLACK BOY** — *Richard Wright* — Autobiography of a young American Negro writer. *Harper*, \$2.50
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VOLUME XLVII

The Reader's Digest

NOVEMBER 1945

An article a day of enduring significance, in condensed permanent booklet form



Even during the climactic stages of the war last spring, the spectacular rescue of a WAC corporal and two Army men who had crashed in remotest New Guinea made newspaper headlines across the nation. Here the dramatic story behind the headlines is told by the girl who lived through those 47 days of stranger-than-fiction adventure in Hidden Valley.

A WAC in *Shangri-La*

Condensed from an International News Service feature
CORPORAL MARGARET HASTINGS, WAC

In collaboration with Inez Robb



SUNDAY, May 13, 1945, was a super-special day at the Far East Air Service Command in Dutch New Guinea. Eight of us WACs were going to get a look at Hidden Valley, a cliff-walled Shangri-La deep in the interior, entirely cut off from the outside world by towering mountains. Every pilot who had flown over it had come back with a tall tale. The natives were all giants. They were head-hunters and cannibals. Their lands were culti-

vated, and crisscrossed with irrigation ditches. All the women were Dorothy Lamours in blackface.

I was the first person in the big C-47. I went up the aisle and took the first bucket seat behind the pilots' compartment. But I couldn't see very well out the window, so I walked back and took the last seat, next to the door. This decision, based on pure caprice, undoubtedly saved my life.

I winked at S/Sgt. Laura Besley of Shippenville, Pa., opposite me. She was a dark, pretty girl and we used

to have double dates together. Pfc. Eleanor Hanna, of Montoursville, Pa., grabbed the seat next to her. "Isn't this fun!" she yelled above the roar of the motors.

I didn't know many of the men who began to fill up the plane. I recognized T/Sgt. Kenneth Decker, of Kelso, Wash., as the man to whom I had refused a date weeks earlier. (He never let me forget it, either, all the time we were imprisoned in the valley.) About the last two people to enter the plane were Lieut. John S. McCollom, 26, of Trenton, Mo., and his twin brother, Lieut. Robert E. McCollom, known as "the inseparables." By that time, the plane was loaded to capacity with eight WACs and 16 men, including the crew. Lieut. Robert McCollom went forward and found a seat. But there was none left for John.

"Mind if I share this window with you?" he asked me.

"Certainly not," I shouted.

So God took him by the hand, no less than me.

WE climbed swiftly over the Oranje Mountains, a magnificent range like our own Rockies, but covered with jungle. It was a beautiful, clear day. The jungle looked as soft as green feathers, and I kept thinking if you fell into it you couldn't possibly get hurt. We reached Hidden Valley in 55 minutes, and the plane descended rapidly until we were not more than 300 feet above rich, well-cultivated fields. We had a fleeting glimpse of a cluster of round huts with thatched roofs, and then started climbing toward the pass in the mountains.

Suddenly I felt John McCollom give a violent start. I looked down. The big plane was shearing the tops of the tall jungle trees.

"Give her the gun and let's get out of here," McCollom shouted.

I thought he was joking. It never occurred to me that we were going to crash until the plane hit the side of the mountain.

I never lost consciousness, but it is hard for me to say just what happened next. Suddenly I was bouncing, bouncing, bouncing. The air was filled with explosions like gunfire. As I bounced for the last time, I realized that someone had wrapped his arms tightly around my waist. Already fire was scorching my face and hair. I had always heard that in times of crises people can summon superhuman strength to aid them. I know this is true. I weigh less than 100 pounds, yet I managed to break that viselike grip, and started to crawl on my hands and knees — anything to get away from the flames.

Incredibly, not more than 30 seconds had gone by from the time the C-47 struck the mountainside.

"My God! Hastings!" someone cried as I stood up. It was John McCollom, without a scratch on him. The fact that we were in the rear of the plane and that the tail broke away from the rest of the fuselage saved our lives.

Before we could say another word, we heard the only cry that ever came from the plane: a woman calling for help. McCollom whirled instantly and dragged a girl out of the inferno. In another second he was in the plane again and back with another. They were the two WACs

who had been seated across from me.

Then a man came staggering around the right side of the plane. A hideous gash on his forehead had laid his skull bare. His hair was matted against his head. It was Sergeant Decker. If he had been a supernatural figure, his sudden appearance could not have been more astounding. He stood swaying on his feet, muttering over and over: "Helluva way to spend your birthday." Later we discovered that this May 13 was Decker's 36th birthday.

"Hastings, can't you do something for these girls?" McCollom's crisp command partially snapped me out of the shock which had held me almost rigid. The two girls were lying together. Even I, who had had no experience with death, could see that Eleanor Hanna was dying. Laura Besley was hysterical, but apparently uninjured.

The fire was spreading, and we had to move quickly. McCollom picked up Eleanor, and we started toward a little ledge some 25 yards away — an interminable distance in the jungle. We had to contend with the indescribable wreckage caused by the plane as it snapped trees and matted the undergrowth in its fall. I noticed that I didn't have any shoes, and my right foot was badly cut and bleeding. Later I discovered that my legs were burned. Much of my hair was burned off and the left side of my face was blistered. But neither Decker nor I felt any pain until our burns became infected.

We had crashed at 9000 feet and already we were chilled to the marrow. Now the daily rain of New Guinea began to fall, and soaked clothing

added to our miseries. McCollom made repeated trips to the plane to see what he could salvage. Never once did he let us know the agony he was enduring. In that funeral pyre was his twin brother, Robert.

He found emergency life rafts and stripped them of everything we could use: big yellow tarpaulins, small tins of water and hard candies, and a signal kit. He put a tarpaulin over the other two girls, gave Eleanor a little morphine, and then, exhausted, crawled under another tarpaulin with Decker and me. I guess you have to share the kind of paralyzing accident we had before you can realize that under such circumstances you cease to be two men and a woman. We were just three human beings bound together by a will to live.

When dawn came, McCollom knelt by one of the girls for a few moments. Then he said quietly, "Eleanor's dead." We did not talk and we could not weep. McCollom wrapped her carefully in a tarpaulin and laid her beside a tree. That was all that could be done.

FOR breakfast we had a sip of water from the emergency tins, a vitamin pill each, and a few pieces of hard candy. Laura, Decker and I were all shaking uncontrollably. It was agreed that we would spend the rest of this day and night on the peak, trying to recover from shock. Then, in the morning, we would start down the mountain. Secretly I wondered if, without shoes, I would ever be able to make it through the jungle.

We knew the Army would search for us. The first plane came over that

morning. McCollom grabbed the mirror from the signal kit and worked it frantically. They did not see us, but it made us feel a thousand times better just to know that they were looking for us.

As usual, mist and rain began to close in on the mountain in midafternoon. I crawled under the tarpaulin with Laura. She was terribly restless. Not even the morphine we gave her quieted her. I dozed a while, and when I woke up, Laura was so still it frightened me. I screamed for McCollom. He came over and felt her hands and her pulse. He didn't say a word. He just got another tarpaulin and wrapped her in it, then laid her down beside Eleanor. I ought to have felt terrible grief for this dear friend. But all I could think was: "Now her shoes belong to me."

McCollom lighted a cigarette and gave me one. He stayed with me till it was light. No night will ever again be as long as that one.

WHEN daylight came, we started down the mountain. McCollom wrapped most of the emergency rations, the water and two flashlights in a big pack that he carried, and made a smaller one for Decker. He gave me a small pail with the day's rations: two cans of water and a handful of hard candy.

McCollom went ahead. I was in the middle and Decker brought up the rear. Everything in the jungle reached out to claw at us. My hair hung more than halfway to my waist, and the men were always having to untangle it. Finally I said in desperation: "Please, McCollom, hack it

off." McCollom got out his pocket-knife and cut off all but an inch and a half of hair.

We stumbled into a steep gully and followed it. Before long we were trying to keep our footing in a swift mountain torrent, laced with waterfalls, that seemed to leap straight down the mountainside. Once we came to a 12-foot drop. McCollom grabbed one of the ropelike vines that are all over the jungle. He swung out and over the waterfall and let himself down.

"Come on, Maggie!" he ordered. Before I could think, I had grabbed the vine and swung dizzily into space. Next it was Decker's turn. He dropped into the water beside us, grinned, and said: "Damned if I ever thought I'd understudy Johnny Weissmuller!"

By midday we were exhausted, our bodies numb with cold. We could hear the search planes overhead but we knew they would never see us in the stream, roofed over by jungle. We had to reach a clearing if the planes were ever to spot us.

For breakfast next morning we had a little more hard candy and some water. I would have given anything for a cup of hot coffee. By this time, my feet, my legs and one of my hands were infected. It was all I could do to keep up, and I was half blind with tears I didn't want the men to see. Once when McCollom got way ahead of Decker and myself, I cried hysterically: "McCollom has gone off and left us, and he's got all the food, and we're going to starve to death!"

Right there, Decker turned into a tough top sergeant. He was even

sicker than I, but he knew what he had to do to keep me going. The least thing he called me was a piker and a quitter. I got so mad I wanted to kill him. But I got to my feet and stumbled on downstream. No one knows better than I that I owe my life to McCollom, and it shames me to the core to think that even in hysteria I doubted him for a moment.

About 11 o'clock that morning, after five hours in the water, we came to a clearing. McCollom pulled himself up the eight-foot bank and yelled: "Come on, this is it!"

Decker went up first, then dragged me up. I sprawled on my face, unable to move. We lay there and panted and ached, and tried to soak warmth into our shaking bodies.

Around noon, we heard the motors of a big plane. I thought we would never get the yellow tarpaulins spread out on the ground. Miraculously, the plane circled back over the clearing, and within a few minutes the pilot cut the motors. Then he dipped his wings.

We, who were so tired we could scarcely stand ten minutes before, now jumped up and down. We screamed and waved our arms.

Now we could even make jokes. Decker said, rather gloomily, "I suppose one of us will have to marry Maggie and give this adventure the proper romantic ending."

McCollom looked at me critically and said: "She'll have to put on more meat before I'm interested."

I snapped: "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man in the world. I'm going to marry Decker!"

Poor Decker looked at me in great alarm and said, "The hell you are!"

But even though I had just been rejected by two men, it was still a beautiful day. We sat and speculated about how long it would be before the Army began flying supplies to us. While we were rejoicing, Decker asked, "Do you hear something funny?" It sounded exactly like a pack of dogs yapping. But we knew at once what it was — the natives.

All the things we had heard about them were suddenly very clear and ominous: They were seven feet tall, they were cannibals, they practiced human sacrifice, they were fierce warriors. And we three were armed with one pocketknife!

"There's nothing we can do but act friendly," said McCollom.

He ordered us to hold out our only food, the hard candy, adding his jackknife to the pitiful gifts.

"Stand up," McCollom barked, "and smile!"

Black heads began to pop out from behind jungle trees. We smiled. We smiled for our lives. We held out our gifts, and then we waited.

THERE were about 100 men with wicked-looking stone axes over their shoulders. The chief led the way. Our smiles by this time had the fixity of granite. About 15 feet from us, the natives stopped and clustered around. The chief was talking 60 to the second. And then his ugly face crumpled into a beaming smile. It was reprieve. It was friendship. It was life.

The chief stepped up to McCollom and held out his hand. McCollom, weak with relief, grabbed it and wrung it. The black man who never

before had seen a white man and the white man who never before had met a savage on his own ground understood each other. The smiles had done it.

"How are you? Nice to see you," McCollom kept saying over and over. "Here! Meet Corporal Hastings and Sergeant Decker."

We suddenly realized that the natives were more afraid of us than we of them! Far from being seven feet tall, they averaged around five and a half feet. And certainly they didn't look very fierce. Their clothing consisted of a thong around their waists, from which a gourd was suspended in front and a huge tropic leaf hung, tail-like, in back. All but the chief, whom McCollom nicknamed Pete, wore snoods made of heavy string hanging from their heads down their backs. In these snoods they tucked anything they had to carry — even tobacco, the coarse native leaves which they rolled into short green cigars.

Pete and his followers had the biggest, flattest feet we'd ever seen. And some of his boys smeared themselves with a smelly black grease to make themselves look even blacker.

Now we tried to press our gifts on them. I thought of my compact, and they were wildly delighted with it, gurgling and chattering like magpies when they saw their own faces.

BY THIS TIME, I was so tired my throbbing legs would no longer hold me up and I sat down suddenly. The natives gathered round me curiously, and no wonder! I was a sight to behold. The left side of my face was

black from burns. My eyebrows and eyelashes were gone and my nose had begun to swell. My hair stood up in short tufts all over my head. I was a sight, all right, guaranteed to fascinate only savages or interns.

McCollom showed Pete the injuries Decker and I had received. Pete shook his head solemnly and muttered, "Uhn, uhn, uhn." That was the only native word we ever picked up. When the natives talked to us, we would always listen carefully, and from time to time mutter, "Uhn, uhn, uhn." They would be delighted.

Before the natives left us that day they returned the jackknife, the compact and the hard candy. Never would they accept presents.

The next morning an Army plane dropped cargo chutes to us. The first one contained an F-M radio, operated somewhat like a walkie-talkie. McCollom swiftly set it up and said into the mouthpiece, "This is Lieutenant McCollom. Give me a call. Do you read me? Over." Instantly and clearly, the reply came: "This is 311 [number of circling plane] calling 925 [number of plane that crashed]. I read you 5 x 5."

The plane could hear us perfectly!

McCollom reported the details of the crash and told our names. An Army doctor in the plane said he would parachute medical men in to us. We felt better for the mere promise of aid. When the plane flew off, there on the knoll across from us were Pete and his chums, squatted on their haunches, grinning and watching us like an audience at a Broadway play. They had built a little fire and were puffing their

homemade cigars. McCollom, Decker and I were dying for a cigarette. We had plenty of them, but no matches.

"I'm going over and borrow a light from the neighbors," said McCollom. So he got a light, and we all smoked, the natives on their knoll and we on ours.

The plane had dropped us some supplies, but the chute had fallen in the jungle nearby. As we puffed we thought of the luscious Spam and K rations probably awaiting us within a stone's throw.

"There are only two things to eat that I hate," I said dreamily. "One is canned tomatoes and the other is raisins."

"I could eat the tomatoes, can and all, if I could get 'em," McCollom declared with fervor. He hoisted himself up to go look for the supplies.

McCollom and Decker were both extraordinary men and they behaved always with the utmost fortitude. We didn't know until we got out of Shangri-La that McCollom had a cracked rib. Decker was obviously badly hurt, but just how gravely we were not to discover until later. Now he staggered after McCollom, determined to do his share of the work. When they returned, they were grinning like apes. In their hands were cans of the only food they had found -- tomatoes!

Later the men went back and found a half dozen jungle kits containing medicine, bandages and jungle knives. McCollom attended to Decker's and my injuries. It must have made him as ill as it did me to look at my legs. Bracelet burns around each calf had turned into

big, evil-smelling, running sores. My feet were gangrenous, too, and so was my hand. I was in terror lest I lose my legs. But this was no time for hysteria. I helped McCollom put ointment on my legs and feet, and he bound them up.

The two men looked at me, dirty, disheveled — and no resemblance to those Hollywood heroines who go through fire and flood with water wave and chiffons undamaged.

"Maggie, you are certainly a sad sack!" Decker commented.

"Neither one of you is exactly a Van Johnson," I snapped. They were just as dirty as I, and with four-day beards to boot.

"It's your turn now, Decker," McCollom said. We didn't even attempt to treat the angry gash on his forehead. He took off his trousers and lay face down. What we saw horrified us both, and made us realize what pain Decker had been suffering in silence. His back had been badly burned, and the burns were shockingly gangrenous. It must have been agony to have us touch him. But I cleaned the area as best I could and put ointment on it.

DECKER, in great pain — though he never complained — could barely move by nightfall; and I was too sick and weak to walk. For the next 72 hours, good, patient McCollom — himself on the verge of exhaustion — had to take care of me as if I were a baby. It was patent to all of us — though we never mentioned it — that Decker might die and I would lose my legs unless the medical paratroopers reached us soon.

The Army plane got through in the morning with more supplies. We told them not to drop the medics near us. The terrain was too wild and hazardous. All of us were afraid someone might be killed trying to rescue us.

McCollom dragged the supplies to the knoll. He lugged up a big package of pants and shirts. Then he found blankets and tried to make comfortable beds. At last he stumbled up the knoll yelling, "Eureka! We eat!" In his arms was a package of ten-in-one rations. If he had been Oscar of the Waldorf with a 12-course banquet, we couldn't have been happier. All of us reached for the same thing: the canned bacon and eggs. Much to my amazement, I couldn't even finish one small can. Apparently my stomach had shrunk.

THAT afternoon Pete came to call and brought his wife. Mrs. Pete wore the snood-shopping-bag arrangement around her head, but neither she nor any of the women used ornaments. All they wore was a G-string woven of supple twigs. They were graceful, fleet creatures, and as shy as does.

We were all dog-tired by the time McCollom got us settled for the night. But we hadn't been in bed an hour when we were surrounded by Pete and his followers. They held out a pig, sweet potatoes and some little green bananas. "They want to give us a banquet," McCollom groaned.

We tried to make them understand that we were sick and exhausted. Pete, who must have had a wonderfully understanding heart in

that wiry black body, comprehended at once. He clucked over us reassuringly and herded his followers home.

In the middle of the night a tropic cloudburst struck us. The men were on higher ground. Their bed was wet, but at least it wasn't floating. So they had to make room for me.

"Lord!" groaned McCollom. "Are we never to get rid of this woman!"

At noon next day the plane was over us again. They dropped more supplies and told us that two medical paratroopers would jump two miles down the valley.

When I finally spotted the medics down the native trail, I couldn't keep the tears back. Leading the way and limping slightly was Corp. Rammy Ramirez, his face split in a wide, warm smile. He was better for our morale than a thousand-dollar bill. And behind him came S/Sgt. Ben Bulatao, one of the most kind and gentle men God ever put on earth.

Both Doc, as we promptly named Bulatao, and Rammy are Filipinos, as were all the enlisted men who later parachuted to our aid. They rolled up their sleeves and went to work. Rammy, who had sprained his ankle, hopped around on one foot like a cheerful sparrow. Doc made sortie after sortie into the jungle to bring out the supplies. They built our first fire at nightfall and made us hot chocolate. It was heavenly.

Then Doc went to work on Decker and me. It took him two hours to sterilize and dress Decker's head wound, and another two hours, working by flashlight, to dress his gangrenous burns. Then he started work on my legs. The bandages

were stuck fast. Doc tried to get them off without hurting me too much, but he winced as much as I did.

"You ought to see the way I rip them off!" McCollom encouraged him. But I was beyond the point where I minded pain. All I wanted was to save my legs.

Next morning I awoke to the headiest aroma in the world — a combination of hot coffee and frying bacon. Doc and Rammy were getting us our first hot meal in a week. Then for six hours Doc peeled the encrusted gangrene from Decker's infected burns. Never by a flinch or a whimper did the sergeant reveal the torment he was enduring. In addition to his other injuries, it was now revealed that his right arm was broken at the elbow. There wasn't any anesthetic or even a stiff drink of whisky available to ease his pain.

It was a Sunday morning when the Army plane came over with eight enlisted paratroopers and one officer, Capt. Cecil E. Walters. "We are going down to the big valley about ten miles away and drop the paratroopers," the radio operator said. "They will be with you by nightfall."

The men reached us the following Friday! They jumped not ten but 45 miles distant. But it was good to know that help was coming to get us out of the valley.

Among the supplies dropped that Sunday was my rosary. Prayer books were dropped for us, too, and a Bible. When Doc started the peeling process on me, I wondered how I could endure it. I clutched my rosary and gritted my teeth. I was determined to be as good a soldier as Decker. For hours Doc worked

on me and I didn't make a sound, but I was yelling bloody murder inside all the time. Still, my heart felt lighter. Decker would get well and I wouldn't lose my legs.

On Monday I felt so much better in body and in spirit that I wanted a bath. I was filthy. On the side of the knoll, out of sight of camp, Rammy set up the soldier's universal bathtub: his helmet. He found soap, towels, a washcloth and clean clothing. Then the men carried me down the hill and left me to scrub up.

I took off my pants and shirt and started to bathe. But all at once I felt as if I were not alone. I looked around, and there, on a neighboring knoll, were the natives. I never could figure out whether they were goggle-eyed at the queer rite I was performing or at a skin so different from theirs.

ON Friday afternoon, May 25, Captain Walters blew into camp. He is 6 feet 4 inches tall, and looked like a giant as he came down the trail at the head of his Filipino boys and the ubiquitous escort of natives. His arrival was like a strong, fresh breeze. "Shoo-Shoo Baby," he was singing at the top of his lungs, literally truckin' down the trail. Five paratroopers were with him; three others had been left behind in the big valley to build a glider strip.

Walters was a personality kid. Often after supper he would put on a one-man floor show with a wonderful imitation of a night-club singer or a radio crooner. Then he would truck and shag, while we and the natives watched entranced. He was wonderful for morale.

Two days after Walters and his men arrived, the Army plane parachuted to us 20 crosses and one Star of David for the burial of the seven girls and 14 men killed in the crash, and the dog tags identifying each one. Walters took a burial detail to the scene of the crash. As they put up the star and the crosses, and draped each with a dog tag, the plane circled above. Over the radio came the saddest and most impressive funeral services I have ever heard. We sat around the camp, silent and very humble, as a Catholic, a Protestant and a Jewish chaplain in the plane read burial services for the dead. Our hearts ached for John McCollom. He sat with head bowed, his usual controlled self.

Back at base the Army was experimenting with glider rescue. A plane could not land even in the big valley, but it might be possible to land a glider there, take us aboard, and then pull the glider out with a tow plane. I think our virtual inaccessibility really dawned on me when Walters explained that we were in an area designated on all maps as "unknown."

BY THIS time, Pete and his natives seemed like old and dear friends. They adored Doc. Every morning he set off on a round of jungle calls, like a country doctor. Tropic skin ailments and festering sores yielded to modern drugs like magic.

When Doc finally announced, on June 15, that Decker and I could travel, we said our farewells to Pete and his men. The term "savages" hardly applies to such kind, friendly and hospitable people. The greatest

miracle that befell McCollom, Decker and myself, aside from our escape from death in the crash, was the fact that the natives were good and gentle. As we left, they followed us down the trail, weeping.

I started out on the 45-mile trek to the glider strip with a chipper confidence that melted in 30 minutes. The steady infantry pace set by the paratroopers was too much for me. We crawled over fallen logs, hopped from tree stump to tree stump, wallowed in mud. By midday, I was so lame and in such agony I wanted to shriek. Decker was equally badly off. But neither of us would give in. We knew it was impossible for the others to carry us out over that jungle trail.

Surely the followers of Moses when they came upon the Promised Land saw no fairer sight than that which unrolled before us when we stood on the last height overlooking the Big Valley of Shangri-La. It was a beautiful, fertile land, ringed by the giant peaks of the Oranje Mountains. A copper-colored river wound through the valley's green length. There below us, clearly marked, was the glider strip, and a small, neat U. S. Army camp. The three paratroopers who had stayed behind had obviously worked like beavers.

Captain Walters made a brave entry into the camp, truckin' every inch of the way. For this special occasion, the radio operator in the Army plane hovering over us had brought along a victrola and some records. He piped the captain into camp with some resounding boogie-woogie.

Sergeant Baylon and Sergeant Valasco couldn't wait to show me

the boudoir they and Master Sergeant Obrenica had built. They had partitioned off a section of a tent as my "room." They had made a deep bed of grass and canopied it handsomely with a beautiful yellow nylon parachute, and there was a bedside rug made of parachute bags. I was deeply touched. Everything about the camp was de luxe, including a bathroom with a tub made of waterproof ration cartons. This was Grand Hotel and the new guests were voluble and appreciative.

The Army plane dropped us a bag of assorted shells to use as a medium of exchange with the natives. They proved magic. The sergeants soon had purchased seven pigs. One, a runt, was named Peggy in honor of me. Peggy followed everyone around like a dog, and the moment any of us sat down she climbed on our laps.

The day after our arrival we started out to visit the native village. We were stopped by an old man of dignity and authority. He showed no ill will, but made it clear that he didn't want his village invaded. So I pouted as prettily as I knew how, batted what few stubby eyelashes I had left, and cooed, "Aw, Chief, don't be mean!"

Right before our eyes, the old chief melted. He motioned that I might proceed, but only with three others. I met the chief's wife that day. We liked each other instantly. Again it was a case of the understanding heart, for neither of us was able to understand the other's language.

I visited the queen often after that. We would sit in the communal room where the women did the cooking, and munch hot sweet pota-

toes. Her Majesty did not think much of my GI clothes. She wanted me to swap them for a G-string of woven twigs such as those worn by herself and her ladies in waiting.

One day when I was visiting the queen, I absent-mindedly ran a comb through my hair. She was enchanted. Half the village gathered round and I combed my hair until my arm was tired.

Every piece of equipment we had in camp fascinated the natives. Yet they wanted none of it. They would use a good GI axe or jungle knife when working for us. But they reverted to the stone axe the minute they had anything to do for themselves. They were too smart to permit a few chance visitors from Mars to change the rhythm of centuries.

WE FOUND no evidence in either valley that the natives had a religion. There were no idols, no altars. "They're believers in mankind," Captain Walters once said. That is as eloquent a tribute as anyone could make to the behavior of these kindly people.

Finally we learned that we were to be picked up in a glider from the floor of Shangri-La by a C-47 transport plane nicknamed *Leaking Louise*. On Thursday, June 28, the glider sailed gracefully into the valley and settled on the runway. We were all out on the field before the pilot, Lieut. Henry E. Paver of Baton Rouge, could step out of his plane.

"This express takes off in 30 minutes," he told us.

"Thirty minutes!" I shrieked. "Why, I'm not even packed."

We raced back to the tents to get the stone axes and the bows and arrows we had bought as souvenirs of our life in Shangri-La. The C-47 circled above, waiting to snake the glider into the air.

THE NATIVES understood that we were going. Tears streamed down their faces. I knew I was losing some of the best and kindest friends I would ever have. I blew my nose rather noisily, and discovered that McCollom and Decker were doing the same thing.

"Don't be upset if the towrope breaks on the first try," Paver said in a tone meant to be reassuring.

"What happens if it does?" McCollom demanded.

"Well, sir," said Paver, "the Army's got me insured for \$10,000."

I clutched my rosary and wondered if we had survived a hideous plane crash and so much hardship, illness and pain, only to be killed when rescue was so near. The C-47 roared down on us in a power dive. I froze to the rosary and the glider brace. There was a sudden jolt, then we began to slide down the strip. Now we were off the ground and beginning to climb. We grazed a treetop and I instinctively leaned back in horror. I did not know until later how perilously close we had come to being spilled into the jungle a second

time. The towrope had dragged through the trees and slowed the *Louise* down to 105 m.p.h., which at that altitude is slow enough to stall a big ship. Major Samuels, at the controls, managed to keep her flying, but he told us afterward what a near thing it was. When he was recommended for the DFC, he said with great feeling: "I wouldn't do it again for a dozen of them!"

Suddenly we became conscious of a constant slap-slap on the bottom of the glider. We had picked up one of the big cargo parachutes that marked the glider strip. Little rips began to appear in the frail body of the glider where the parachute kept rhythmically spanking it. Before long, the hole ran the width of the glider and was about two feet across. We merely had to look down to see everything over which we were flying. It was nerve-racking.

It took us only about 90 minutes to fly out of Shangri-La into Hollandia, though it seemed that many



hours. But eventually Paver set the damaged glider down in a perfect landing. I stepped onto the field, 47 days after my take-off for what was to have been a four-hour routine flight.

As we walked toward the photographers' flash bulbs I clutched instinctively at McCollom and Decker. I realized more fully than ever how lucky I had been to survive the crash with such men. Each, in his way, had suffered far more than I. Back on that mountainside, a white cross

marked the grave of McCollom's twin brother. Ahead of Decker stretched long weeks of hospitalization for his many injuries.

I thought gratefully of Captain Walters and his Filipino paratroopers who were still in Shangri-La. And, as I walked away from the glider, into my old life once again, I thought of the 21 back on the mountain peak under the little white crosses and the Star of David. Only then could I weep.



In Wonderland

I HAVE recently entered a beautiful, exotic land that few men know. When you go to this land you pass through a gate which clicks shut and cannot be opened from the inside. You find yourself in a wilderness peopled with grotesque shapes and filled with unidentifiable sounds.

If the newcomer is brave and intelligent, he will plunge deeper into this new land, until at last he reaches a region of unparalleled wonder. Soon, indistinct shapes which frightened him at first are colored with a fairylike rainbow haze of shades remembered from other days. Then the haze disperses. Objects glow with a new radiance and become discernible as in a dream, except that they are real and can be touched. Touching makes them even more beautiful.

There is nothing to spoil the scene — no dirt, no ugliness, no depressing sights. The buildings are all of whitest marble or shining silver. The sky is continually the color you always wished it to be. Trees are no longer just trees, but breath-taking creations of jade and onyx. People are not just people, but more nearly resemble gods. The newcomer meets all his old friends and many new ones. Friends have lost any flaws that may have marred their appearance. Only their voices remain as before.

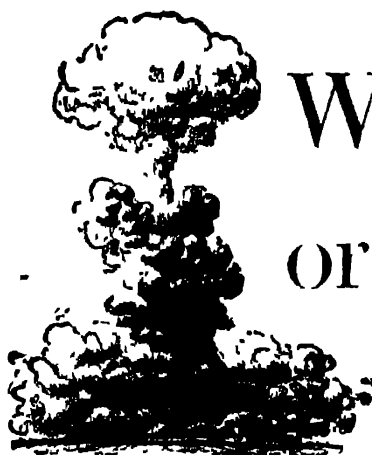
It's a land free from imperfection, a good land to live in. It is the land you see if you look, long enough and hard enough, through a pair of ordinary glass eyes.

★ ★ ★

(Lieut. Lloyd H. Greenwood, USAAF, lost his sight a year ago last May on a bombing mission over Austria. At Old Farms Convalescent Hospital, Avon, Conn., [see "They See Without Eyes," *The Reader's Digest*, July, '45] his "In Wonderland" won a contest in a writing class sponsored by Baynard Kendrick, the mystery writer.)

— *The American Magazine*

The crisis now suddenly facing mankind, as seen by a noted British commentator



World Government or World Destruction?

Condensed from National News-Letter

STEPHEN KING-HALL

A widely read weekly of information and opinion, National News-Letter is published in London by Stephen King-Hall, author of *Total Victory*, *History of the War*, *Britain's Third Chance*, etc.

THE dropping of atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki was a fearful business, but it may be that never in all the long history of human slaughter have lives been lost to greater purpose. For now it is evident that every human being has a stake in the conduct not only of national affairs but of world affairs.

You are a unit of *humanity*, linked to all your fellow human beings, irrespective of race, creed or color, by bonds which have been fused unbreakably in the diabolical heat of those explosions. The atomic bomb has made political and economic nationalism meaningless, and so has abolished large-scale national war.

Yet the fact that large-scale national or "total" war is obsolete, along with the nation-state, is still not fully realized. It is said that to every means of offense a defense can be provided. This is still true, but what must be understood is that the

defense against the atomic bomb is unlikely to be found in the material sphere. It is no use having better bombs or more of them; it is no use going underground and thinking in terms of the old-fashioned war of 1939-45, which is now as out of date as the Battle of Hastings. The only defense against atomic bombs is the creation of a world in which no one has the slightest desire to drop atomic bombs on anyone else.

Today, for instance, we Britons know that the U.S.A. possesses atomic bombs and also the planes to carry them over London between sunset and dawn. Yet, we do not go about our business in the shadow of the valley of death. We are hardly conscious of the fact that we are potentially at the absolute mercy of the Americans. Can we honestly say that we should feel quite so comfortable if we heard that General Franco had a bagful of atomic bombs?

Look at it from another angle. It is a fair assumption that at least three great powers, the U.S.A., Great Britain and Russia, will soon be able to make atomic bombs; they will be joined by France, Sweden and others. The manufacture of atomic bombs

will become easier. What then? It is impossible to imagine that the masses will tolerate a situation in which every time the papers report a ruffle on the waters of international politics people will say, "Suppose they send over 100 atomic bombs tonight!"

No country will ever again dare issue an ultimatum to another with a time limit of even six hours, because the reply in five hours might be a shower of atomic bombs. It is obvious that the national sovereign state, in its political and economic manifestations (as opposed to its very necessary and useful cultural existence) finds itself in a dilemma. The only way out is the creation as rapidly as possible of a world state. There is *no* other way out, except to get out of this world via a series of terrific explosions.

The emergence of a world state as a consequence of natural evolution would probably not have come for another century or two. The League of Nations was a successor of many similar attempts, yet the nations could not bring themselves to bend their proud necks under the relatively light yoke of the Covenant. Twenty-five years later, at San Francisco, an even feeble attempt to rationalize national sovereignty for the good of all men was adopted in an atmosphere of cynicism. All this humbug is blown away in an instant by two bombs and a few young men in a couple of B-29 planes.

Yes or No? Life or Death? Get together or blow yourselves to hell? Those are the brutal questions put by the mighty ultra-microscopic atom released by the brain of man from

the natural bonds of its balanced existence.

Consider the problem in greater detail. Of what use now are battle-ships, aircraft carriers, cruisers, submarines? The tank, the flame-thrower join on the scrap heap the myriads of batteries of guns, great and small. The vast and ponderous apparatus of combined operations, such as were being prepared for the invasion of Japan, are junk. Arguments for and against conscription are meaningless. For the atomic bomb enables its user to strike suddenly and with devastating effect at the whole of the enemy's civil population. Whoever uses it first does not necessarily win the war, because the atomic-bombers of nation A may be on their way to bomb nation B while their own homeland is being turned into a crematorium.

THE statesmen of the Great Powers now find themselves obliged to grapple with the postwar problems of Europe, the Middle East and the Far East at a moment when the atomic bomb has blown the normal standards of power politics to smithereens.

If we attempt to grapple with these tremendous matters with the thought that they are only more complex reproductions of problems which have plagued us since 1914, we shall fail. If we are so mistaken as to imagine that we can overcome the world's troubles inside the framework of and with the tools provided by the United Nations' Charter, Bretton Woods and the Foreign Secretaries' Conference in London, we shall deceive ourselves. I say this for two reasons:

First, because our present-day problems are *not* reproductions of old ones. They are in principle a new kind of problem. They are not merely national problems with world implications. They are indisputably *world problems* and *humanity problems*.

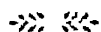
Secondly, because the organizations and instruments mentioned above are based on the assumption that *national sovereign rights* are the foundations on which we must build. These organizations are like monkeys hanging head down from their national tails. We must have organizations which are like men sitting on their tails with their heads together.

If we are to solve these problems we must not be afraid to admit that world government is no longer merely a vision held by a few idealists. *World government has now become a hard-boiled, practical and urgent necessity.*

If it is to be created quickly enough to avoid disaster, men in government must be bold in action. It is not

enough, now, to have consultations at irregular intervals. The heads of states — using the machinery of the United Nations Security Council if nothing better is available — must meet regularly and become in effect a world executive committee. "Security" has almost overnight assumed a far more comprehensive meaning than was attached to it when the Council was established at San Francisco. This World Council must issue decisions and see that they are carried out.

We need not despair of human ability being capable of extracting a real peace and a new world from these seething difficulties. The mere fact that, through the workings of men's minds, events have occurred which have brought the world face to face with the greatest crisis in its history also shows that we are capable of thinking out the answer and taking appropriate action. It can be done. It must be done.



Caustic Comments

» IN A crowded movie house, a young naval officer was just about to sit down in one of a pair of empty seats when he was abruptly pushed off balance by a woman trailing behind him with her husband. Before he could recover, the couple had plumped into the seats. "Sorry, my friend," said the husband, "we beat you!"

"That's all right," said the officer. "I hope you and your mother enjoy the show."

— Contributed by Lieut. Leslie Paffrath

» A FRIEND of ours caught in Manhattan traffic saw a little woman dash in front of a car. The driver stopped just in time. "Then," says our friend, "the traffic cop turned to the woman and said, 'Lady, that's *abusing* the privilege of being stupid!'"

— PM

» ASKED if a famous Broadway producer had called him a pinhead, as reported, George Jean Nathan loftily replied, "That's impossible. Pinhead is a word of two syllables."

— Earl Wilson

Eyes That See Again

By LOIS MATTOX MILLER

EVERY DAY some person who has lived for years in utter darkness steps into the light; every day some surgeon repeats the miracle of making the blind to see. This is, in fact, understatement; the number of blind persons restored to complete vision in the New York area alone through the once rare operation known as the corneal transplant now runs to 500 a year.

The cornea is the transparent membrane which curves over your iris and pupil like the crystal on a watch, and admits light. Surgeons have known for years that it was possible to cut a tiny window in a cornea that had become opaque through accident or disease, insert a clear pane cut from the healthy cornea of another eye, and thus restore vision.* But rarely could they get the healthy eye tissue with which to make the clear pane. The tissue had to come from a person whose eye had been removed because of an injury not affecting the cornea; or from a dead person who had offered to give the blind the sight he could no longer use. Hence blind persons on surgeons' waiting lists went through long months of nerve-racking delay until some rare chance made an eye available.

Now all this is changed. A group of New York City hospitals organized the world's first eye bank. The

hospitals agreed to make the necessary requests to next of kin for eyes of the newly dead, or to the occasional victim of an accident whose eye must be removed. They agreed to send the precious material to a central point where it would be available to the corneal surgeons.

Just a year ago, the plan was made known to the public.† The response was astounding. A surprising number of people were ready to coöperate. Many volunteered to leave their eyes to the bank; many offered the eyes of stillborn infants. Infants' eyes are as useful as those of adults, for the transplants are always very small.

Today there are 33 hospitals co-operating on a national scale. Seldom need the eye surgeon delay the corneal operation; there are almost no waiting lists of patients. And the blind, by scores and hundreds, are being made to see—the greatest program of sight restoration ever achieved.

The stories of the blind who have re-entered the world of the seeing are as various as human nature itself—but they are all moving.

One young man who underwent

* See "An Eye for an Eye — That the Blind May See," *The Reader's Digest*, December, '43.

† See "Banks for Human Spare Parts," *The Reader's Digest*, November, '44.

the operation had been blind for 17 years. Later he came back flushed with pride to announce that, tired of waiting for his draft board to call him, he had volunteered, and passed the Army physical tests without anyone even commenting on his eyes.

Another young man had been blind 22 years; fat had spattered from the kitchen stove into his eyes when he was a baby. He had gone to schools for the blind, learned Braille, led a fairly useful life. But his mother read of the corneal operation and the eye bank. She took him to one of the coöperating hospitals.

"He is a happy man today, thanks to the eyes of someone whose name we shall never know," she says. "But I wish that unknown donor could see my boy driving a ten-ton truck through New York traffic!"

Then there is the girl who, out of patriotism, gave up her good secretarial job to go to work in a war plant. There, in an accident, she lost the sight of both eyes. "We read about corneal transplant, and it sounded too good to be true," writes her sister. "But, thanks to the eye bank, it was possible to have the operation performed, and now she could go back to her secretarial job if she liked. But she isn't going to — she's going to marry a veteran just back from overseas."

Recently a physician in the maternity ward of a New York hospital undertook the sad duty of telling a young father that his baby had lived but an hour or so. He expressed his sympathy as best he could, and was about to leave when the young father detained him.

"Doctor, I've just read that human

eyes are needed for the corneal operation. Could my baby's eyes be used to enable someone to see again?" he asked.

The young father signed the necessary papers; the Red Cross Motor Corps hastened to the hospital and took the baby's eyes, sealed in containers of sterile solution, to the bank. The next day, the Red Cross carried the two eyes to two different hospitals. In one operation, a corneal graft restored the sight of a working man, head of a large family, blinded in an industrial accident a few months before. In a second operation, sight was given back to a young mother blinded by a cookstove explosion. Thus two different people were blessed by the thoughtfulness of a young father, and by the unwitting gift of an infant child only a few hours in this world.

Sometimes it is the old who help the young. A 50-year-old man recently suffered an accident that made it necessary to remove one eye — but as it happened, the cornea itself was undamaged. A graft from this eye cured the blindness of a baby less than a year old — seemingly doomed to spend a life in darkness.

The eye bank has promoted at least one romance. Keratoconus, a disease which induces progressive thickening of the cornea, resulting in blindness, afflicted a pretty young student nurse in West Virginia. She went to New York to find out if the corneal transplant was feasible in her case. It was. And she promptly went to work as nurse for the surgeon who had given back her sight.

Then a young physician from British Columbia arrived in New

York for the corneal operation. His malady was much like the young nurse's had been. Perhaps that is why she took a special interest in the case, and nursed the young doctor so devotedly. Or perhaps there was another reason. For they were married last summer, and now they are in Canada where the young doctor is rebuilding the practice so cruelly destroyed.

Stories such as these will become almost commonplace now that the New York eye bank has ceased to be a local organization and has been put on a national basis as the Eye Bank for Sight Restoration, Inc.* The bank's board of directors is made up of celebrated eye surgeons and prominent laymen. In addition to extending the bank's services to hospitals wherever possible, the board is working to set up fellowships and scholarships to make more surgeons proficient in the technique of the corneal operation. It is not a dangerous operation, but it is extremely delicate, and not more than 20

* 210 E. 64 St., New York 21, N. Y.

surgeons — fortunately well distributed about the country — are thoroughly qualified as yet to attempt it.

Another project of the organization is to push research into means of preserving corneal tissue for longer periods. As it is now, a donated eye can be kept for only a few days.

The need for donors still is great. There are some 300,000 blind persons in the United States, and about one in five — some 60,000 persons in all — could be cured by the corneal transplant operation.

It is not practical to leave eyes to the eye bank by will; a will seldom is opened and read before burial. There is, however, a form which can be filled out, and given to next of kin, or to a physician: "I herewith express the wish to donate to the Eye Bank for Sight Restoration at time of death (or at time of operation) both or either of my eyes for such use as the said Eye Bank may see fit."

There are few things one can leave behind which will do more good for the living.

Moon Low—Man High

A WELL-BRANDIED gentleman stepped out of his club at midnight, just after a heavy shower. He started to straight-line his way across the street, then stopped, fascinated by an extraordinarily bright reflection of the moon in a puddle. Stooping perilously forward, he studied it, oblivious of traffic. A cop ambled over and said, "Come along, you'd better go home to bed."

The man glanced up briefly, and returned to his tectering speculation. "This requirsh invesgation," he brooded. "You see 'at?"

"Sure — it's the moon."

"Moon?" said the drunk pointing wildly to the puddle. "If thasha moon, what am I doing up here?"

— Contributed by Grace Perkins Oursler

Picturesque Speech and Patter

On the face of the bluff a brave tree,
with toes dug in, leaned against the
wind (Betty MacDonald) . . . The ripple
of the tide kept up a quiet conversation
with the shore (Alfred Noyes) . . . Wasp-
nest gray (Townsend Scudder) . . . Great
wineglass elms that drip shadows upon
the roof (Booth Tarkington) . . . A fence
post with an ivy slip cover (Chet Shaler)

Aspirations: I'm dreaming of a white
shirt Christmas (Sgt Jens Anderson) . . .
V-E Day has come. V-J Day has come.
Now I'm waiting for V-Me Day.

Champagne, the drink that makes you
see double and think single (Leonard L.
Levinson) . . . She looks full of vim, Varga
and vitality (H. B. Cohen) . . . A girdlish
figure (Cleo Congiady) . . . Old age creak-
ing up on you (L. F. Jones) . . . A modern
girl with a bleaches and cream com-
plexion (Jack Haley)

Candid Comment: During my 27 months
overseas I've had many interesting ex-
periences - - most of them true! (Lieut.
Col. H. H. Humphreys, Jr.)

A conversation between women
always concerns who, why, how, when
and wear . . . Maid, reporting late,
"Madam, I got busleft" (Clare Lbeisole)
. . . A very combatable couple (Carol L.
Spette) . . . It was heard over the office
gripe-vine . . . Wanted: a smart young
woman to act as deceptionist (Johnny
Murray) . . . When I'm good, I'm very,
very good, but when I'm bad, I'm
better. (Mae West)

Similes: As nostalgic as wood smoke
on a frosty morning (Samuel Hopkins Adams)

As shaky as a fly with the DDTs
. . . As relaxed as rayon hose (Olin Miller)

She never enters a room, she raids it
(Pete Martin) . . . She always manages the
moment as if it were her personal
property (Ruth Rodney King) . . . She
never lets ideas interrupt the easy flow
of her conversation (Jean Webster)

*Wife, writing to point-deficient husband
overseas:* Having fine wish. Time you
were here. (Eddie Cantor)

That movie was so poor it is hard to
believe it was ever released. It prob-
ably escaped (Walter Winchell) . . . It looks
as if the Hollywood brides keep the
bouquets and throw away the grooms
(Groucho Marx) . . . Overheard from a
lady toward the end of a cocktail party:
"I feel a hell of a lot more like I do
now than when I came" (W. D. in Collier's)

Automobiles wagging their wind-
shield wipers (Margaret Greene) . . . Upon a
dozen tracks great engines, passive and
alert as cats, purred and panted softly
(Thomas Wolfe) . . . The candle had sunk
into itself like a dancer into her skirt
(Mazo de la Roche) . . . The pigeons walk-
ing up and down the roof with their
hands behind their backs (Jean Cocteau)
. . . The baby stretched out her little
legs and offered me a bouquet of toes
. . . She hummed a little raveling of a
song (Jessamyn West) . . . I clutched at the
hem of sleep and sought to pull it over
me again (Manning Long)

Barbara Stanwyck, returning from a
dull party: "It was a fête worse than
death." (Harrison Carroll, King Features)

TO THE FIRST CONTRIBUTOR OF EACH ACCEPTED ITEM of either Patter or Picturesque Speech a
payment of \$25 is made upon publication. In all cases the source must be given. An addi-
tional payment is made to the author, except for items originated by the sender. Con-
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ADDRESS PATER EDITOR, BOX 605, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

A battle royal is on among nutritionists to bring more and better foods to the table

All the Food That's Fit to Eat

Condensed from Harper's

JAMES RORTY and N. PHILIP NORMAN

WHILE food shortages continue and starvation hovers over most of Europe, this country can look ahead in the early future to the biggest food jamboree in history. Experts agree that by 1950, and probably before, we shall have huge agricultural "surpluses," and that the situation will be aggravated by rapid advances in every field of science and technology connected with food. The housewife may expect a battle royal of nutritionists and plant breeders, of dehydrators, canners and quick freezers, of locker-plant operators and air-transport carriers.

Already direct-by-mail food distributors are getting premium prices for whole-grain flour milled from wheat grown on the highly mineralized soils of Deaf Smith County, Texas, where people have practically no tooth decay — although that's possibly due in part to the fluorine content of the water. Small-time entrepreneurs are processing and selling the products of their "mineralized gardens." Others are marketing their compost-fertilized vegetables,

fruits and cereals — a business which in Europe attained considerable proportions before the war.

The U. S. Plant, Soil and Nutrition Laboratory at Cornell points out that some of the principal truck and fruit-growing regions of our eastern seaboard are so deficient in essential minerals that the actual nutritive content of the "protective" foods which they supply our great cities may be questionable. The same laboratory has discovered that winter-grown hothouse tomatoes contain only half as much Vitamin C as do the same variety grown in full summer sunlight. And some kinds of tomatoes have twice as much Vitamin C as others. The vitamin content of certain other vegetables and fruits varies even more. A Northern Spy apple, for example, contains five times as much Vitamin C as a McIntosh. Given such differences, it would be possible to step up the American diet *at its source* by concentrating on the production of high-vitamin varieties, grown in favorable climates on naturally fertile or completely fertilized soils. Plant breeders have already

proved that it is just as practicable to breed for vitamin content as for productivity and resistance to disease. In fact, many eminent nutritionists suggest that improvement of the American diet is primarily the job of the soil chemist, the plant breeder and the dirt farmer rather than that of the manufacturer of synthetic vitamins.

A case in point is wheat. The standard commercial wheat of our West is rust-resistant Marquis. But two other rust-resistant varieties, Renown and Regent, contain over 25 percent more Vitamin B. Moreover, the protein content of wheat rises step by step from east to west across the state of Kansas, depending upon the thickness of the underlying layers of limestone and their nearness of the surface. We may look forward to further improvement of the best wheat varieties, plus concentration of wheat-growing in favored areas.

Another major prospect is a huge expansion of food refrigeration* in all its branches, resulting not only in substantial improvement in our eating habits but in a new freedom for both farm and city housewives. The weapons that will win us this freedom are the quick-freezer, the refrigerator locker plant, the big zero cabinet for the farm and the small one for the city apartment.

The quick-freezing industry more than doubled its volume during the war. Research and technical advances have been continuous, so that now we have learned how to process

practically every food in the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

Within two years the industry expects to sell over a million freezing cabinets. Eventually, they may be as common as electric refrigerators and washing machines. The smallest home freezer will have a capacity of four to five cubic feet, should cost around \$100 and will add about 300 kilowatts annually to the electric bill. Locker-plant operators and frozen-food stores plan delivery direct to the consumer, on a weekly schedule which will keep the housewife's unit stocked with frozen foods. Zealots even foresee the passing of the butcher, with meat delivered pre-cut, packaged and quick-frozen.

On the farm a zero cabinet of 17 to 20 cubic feet, costing around \$300, plus rented space in the nearest locker plant, will not only emancipate the farmer's wife from the burden of canning, and meat curing, but will also salvage, for either home consumption or later sale, much fresh produce that might otherwise be wasted.

By the end of 1944 more than 5500 locker plants were in operation, and the minimum expectation of the industry is 15,000 plants by 1950. If the locker renter buys his food at wholesale prices through the locker plant, he saves from 25 to 40 percent on his food dollar; if he brings his own hogs, fruit and vegetables to the locker plant, he benefits even more.

As the sub-zero revolution unfolds, will the market for off-season fresh vegetables decline? The best answer of the big shipper-growers is air transport. Strawberries picked in Texas on Monday afternoon can be bought

*See "Now That We Have the Freezing Outfit —," *The Reader's Digest*, November, '43, and "Tomorrow's Menu," *The Reader's Digest*, February, '44.

Lloyd Stouffer in *Modern Packaging*:

Americans throw away one fourth of all the food their farms produce — simply because it doesn't get to the table in palatable condition. This "normal wastage" is most apparent in fresh fruits and vegetables. Shipped long distances, handled and rehandled, picked over by customers, an estimated 43 percent of all green and leafy produce turns into rubbish before it can reach the dinner table.

In Columbus, Ohio, an experiment conducted jointly by the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company and Ohio State University is demonstrating that, when perishable produce is sealed in packages of moisture-proof cellophane and kept refrigerated, the greater part of the spoilage is eliminated. The packaging prevents the dissipation of vitamin content, the refrigeration arrests the internal combustion that destroys food value, and since the produce is precleaned and pretrimmied it is ready for the pot.

Comparison tests show that green beans are still in perfect condition after five days in the package; unpackaged, they are completely unsalable. Packaged spinach, broccoli and radishes are 90 percent salable after five days, and similar results were found for 30 other vegetables and fruits.

Progressive California growers are packaging their produce, precooling it, and flying it to eastern cities overnight. Airborne asparagus is sold at a premium price in Cleveland 24 hours after it is picked in Salinas, Calif. One grower ships 17,000 pounds of packaged produce weekly by air.

by the Chicago housewife Tuesday morning. Moreover, they will be *ripe* strawberries; now fruits and vegetables are usually picked while green to prevent spoilage in transit.

For a century nurserymen have been trying to breed fruits and vegetables that would withstand a grueling journey, and many of the more delicate varieties are no longer grown. The airplane will help to reverse this trend. It will also add variety to the American menu by bringing us tropical offerings from Mexico and Central and South America.

As for dehydration, the industry boomed during the war, but the products of its labors were not popular with the soldiers who had to eat them. The dehydrators have not yet solved their basic problem, which is

the retention of *both* vitamins and flavor. But they are investing large sums in research, and are making progress toward the solution of one important food problem: how to retain Vitamin C, or ascorbic acid, in processed foods.

Because of its role in building resistance to disease, many nutritionists believe most people would benefit by consuming much more Vitamin C. Fresh fruit and vegetable sources are relatively expensive, however, and most processing destroys the vitamin. Dehydration has already solved the problem in the laboratory, and is moving into the pilot-plant stage. The process can be used to dehydrate all kinds of vegetable and fruit juices, including sugar-cane juice, which in its natural state is extra-

ordinarily rich in both vitamins and minerals. The writers have tasted this new sugar, and it compares well with premium maple sugar. Even more startling, engineers insist it will ultimately cost less to manufacture than the present vitamin-drained sugar, of which we eat perhaps four times as much as we should.

Since animal protein became scarce during the war, a search was made for new sources of this important food element. One such source, new to America but long a staple in Russia, is sunflower seed, which contains 52 percent of protein, all of it available for human nutrition, as against the 40 percent protein content of the soybean. Sunflowers grow readily and yield heavily on many American soils, and a recently invented sunflower harvesting machine rivals the corn harvester in efficiency.

One important discovery was the once-despised menhaden, almost as delicious as shad, but even bonier. In 1943, scientists found a way of dissolving the bones by long cooking under pressure. Canned with tomato sauce, menhaden became "silver herring," which should soon sell for as little as ten cents a can.

Radio savants urge us to buy yeast tablets and extracts at the drugstore at from three to four dollars a pound. But as soon as we salvage, dry and debitter the two hundred million pounds of brewers' yeast that now goes down the drainpipe every year, the price should drop to perhaps 25 cents a pound. Yeast is not only our cheapest source of the B vitamins but our cheapest complete protein. It takes months to grow the best vegetable proteins, such as soybeans, peanuts and sunflower seeds; it takes years to grow beef and dairy cattle. But it takes only hours to grow yeast.

Nor does the taste offer serious difficulties. Experiments at the Brooklyn Navy Yard proved that adding suitable quantities of food yeast to such dishes as goulash, curries, meat loaf and stew substantially increased the workers' daily intake of vitamins and proteins — without their knowing anything about it.

Some of these promising developments may be stopped by practical difficulties, some by vagaries of consumers' tastes, but the prospect of a postwar flood of good food is real enough to afford the American housewife satisfaction.

Rest for the Referee

» SWEEPING up and down the gridiron all afternoon, a strong Ohio State team had completely overwhelmed the University of Virginia eleven. Both sides had sent in so many substitutes that the players weren't unusually worn out, but the referees were exhausted from racing after State's backs.

Late in the fourth quarter, with the score 68-0, one of the referees handed his whistle to a Virginia end and, gasping for breath, said, "Here, you referee for a while and let me play!"

— Contributed by A Klinefelter

Humbly starting with \$1.65 and a vision, Laurence Clifton Jones has enriched the lives of thousands of Negroes

The Little Professor of Piney Woods

Condensed from *The Rotarian*
NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD



A HUSKY black boy of 13 lifted a gunny sack to the top of the teacher's desk. Behind the desk the short, scholarly-looking Negro glanced up.

"What is it, son?" he asked with a smile.

"Sweet 'taters -- they's all Ah got," answered the boy. "Pappy says Ah needn't to come here without no money, but prechah says you'd take me. Ah'll wuhk hahd to learn things." He wriggled his bare toes in an agony of uncertainty.

"Of course I'll take you," said the teacher. "Nobody's ever been turned away from Piney Woods School because he hadn't any money."

Today, grown to manhood, that boy, R. P. McGhee, is head of the manual-training department in a Mississippi Negro high school. "I'd be an ignorant field hand if it hadn't been for the Little Professor of Piney Woods -- and so would a lot of the boys I've taught," says McGhee. "He taught me to do things. What's

more, he inspired me to help other people do things."

"The Little Professor" is Laurence Clifton Jones, Missouri-born, northern-educated Negro, who turned his back on good jobs and comfortable living to bring practical education and opportunity to members of his race in the most backward region he could find. In 1909 he founded Piney Woods Country Life School, near Jackson, Miss., on a pine stump with three illiterate pupils and \$1.65 cash. The school now has a \$250,000 plant, 1700 acres of well-tended land, and an enrollment of 440 pupils ranging in age from six to 40, drawn from 15 states and one foreign country. It has sent out to rural communities thousands of trained farmers, mechanics and housekeepers and hundreds of practical, competent teachers. In addition it has carried the gospel of good farming, healthful homemaking, sensible religion and stimulating social life to Negroes for miles around.

The only Negro in his class, at

the University of Iowa, Laurence Jones was a favorite of faculty and students because of his musical and dramatic talent, his scholastic ability and his sterling character. When he was graduated in 1907, the white owner of the hotel where he had worked as night clerk was ready to set him up in business. Fathers of wealthy classmates offered him positions. One wanted to finance a dramatic and musical career for him.

But the young man had his mind made up. "I want to do something for my people," he said.

He went to the deep South, where he had never been before, and worked as a farm hand, a cattle herder, a porter. In the heart of the piney woods, 25 miles south of Jackson, he found hundreds of blacks who sharecropped cotton, watched over a few razorback hogs, drank corn liquor hot from the still. They were 80 percent illiterate.

Here Jones started teaching, his pupils three illiterate boys. He made his living picking cotton and peas and cutting hay. When he tried to interest Negroes in the region he met suspicion and misunderstanding. They didn't want education, especially from a "furriner." Within three months, however, his pupils showed off their newly acquired learning so well that he had 29 students. A well-to-do Negro in the community donated a tumble-down cabin and 40 acres of land. Jones and his pupils fixed up the old cabin for a schoolhouse and living quarters for himself. The county board of education appropriated \$18 a month.

As the school grew, another build-

ing was needed. Jones approached a wealthy white mill owner, who listened to his story and said: "I've always claimed it was plumb silly to try to educate these Negroes. But, young man, you've got guts and a practical idea. I'll give you 10,000 feet of lumber, and you can have credit for any more you need."

Other white men made contributions. The Negroes gave their mites. With their own hands Jones and his students put up a substantial building. Enrollment leaped to 85. The 40-acre tract was planted to corn and garden truck. When a white farmer gave the school a Duroc-Jersey sow that was about to farrow, the professor and his pupils built a hog-tight fence—a lesson to community where swine were allowed to run wild. Jones was soon able to devote the arithmetic lessons to figuring profits from good crops and well-cared-for livestock, and the English classes to essays about sound farming.

Then one day two brothers, who were members of the college fraternity where Jones had waited on table, paid a surprise visit. "I made up my mind to ask for \$100," Jones says, "but before I could get my courage up, one of them said, 'We own 800 acres near your school. If you want that land, it's yours.'"

A local family started a fine herd of purebred Ayrshires for the school, and a retired businessman whose hobby was orcharding gave 500 fruit and pecan trees. More gifts arrived daily—clothing which the students made over, bedding, old furniture, a plow.

Money came in, too, but not fast

enough. Jones organized a group of singers from the student body, built a makeshift bus on an old chassis, and took them over the country giving concerts. At Marshalltown, Iowa, where he had grown up, the Rotary Club sponsored a concert and cleared \$1000 for the school.

Jones wrote a song, "Sweet Memories of Dixie," which brought in enough money to provide for 40 penniless boys and girls. He gave Chautauqua lectures, and organized a semipro baseball team that earned money for Piney Woods by playing in many communities.

Now, in addition to a fine farm which produces 60 percent of the food consumed by the students, the school has five handsome brick buildings and 20 frame structures. Students made the brick, cut the lumber and put up the buildings.

From the beginning Jones's formula has been: Teach boys and girls how to work with their hands so they will be able to make a living, academic subjects to make them articulate and adjusted to American culture, and sane moral and religious training as a substitute for superstition and fear. Today 30 teachers, mostly Negro, offer first-class vocational training in agriculture, carpentry, plumbing and steamfitting, auto mechanics, masonry, printing, cooking, sewing, laundry work, book-keeping, stenography. Every student must learn at least two trades, so that if work is scarce in one he can turn to the other. Courses range from primary grades through junior college.

The students learn by doing. They milk 50 cows daily, learn modern farm methods such as ter-

racing and contour plowing, and experiment in growing tung trees and kudzu. From the school garden they put up 15,000 quarts of fruit and vegetables each year. The girls make out menus, cook and serve the meals.

On a press obtained for the school by C. W. Winn, the white publisher of the Brandon (Miss.) *News*, students in printing get out two papers, one for themselves, one for distribution to friends of the school. There is no piece of machinery on the campus that students in mechanics cannot repair. Piney Woods boys can roof a building or grind a valve, build a kitchen cabinet or weld a broken iron rod.

A blind colored girl who had formerly begged for a living learned chair caning at Piney Woods. Other blind children followed her example. One of the teachers studied Braille. Now there are 26 blind students. Every blind boy or girl who has gone out from the school is self-supporting.

Seriously crippled children are also trained at the school. Beatrice Price, crippled by infantile paralysis, became an expert seamstress. John Gilmore, legless, is now telephone supervisor in a New Orleans factory.

Commencement exercises at Piney Woods are like those in no other school in America. For example, Milton Weathersby, valedictorian of the Class of 1945, spoke for three minutes of Negro opportunities, then took off his dark-blue cap and gown and stood in overalls. "Bring in the pig," he called out.

Two colored youngsters brought in a young Duroc-Jersey and laid

it on a table. "I am going to demonstrate how to vaccinate against hog cholera," Weathersby said. As he explained the process and its scientific basis, he took a syringe and plunged the needle into the pig's shoulder so skillfully that the animal made no sound.

Lenora Collins, salutatorian, laundered and ironed a blouse that would have taxed the skill of an expert. Gertrude Adams canned a mess of beans in a modern pressure cooker, while Epsy Jane Johnson canned tomatoes by the hot-water-bath method. A group of girls exhibited a luncheon set made from flour sacks, sheets made from bleached feed bags. Every one of the 27 graduates presented something that could be used to improve the life of the vast Negro population of the region.

Piney Woods has never departed from its original ideal of education for poor children. If a boy or girl can pay, the charge, including board and room, is \$20 a month. Most of the students pay what they can and earn the rest of their way by working.

Through the extension department of the school -- reaching 15,000 Negroes annually -- and the influence of its graduates, three fourths of the colored farmers in two adjacent counties own land, as against less than five percent when Piney Woods was started. Twenty home-economics graduates are now house-

keepers for well-to-do families, at \$75 to \$175 a month. Others teach in 26 states.

Georgie L. Myers, a member of the first graduating class, started teaching a one-room country school. She and her pupils gave entertainments, made and sold candy, picked peas, begged contributions, and erected a three-room schoolhouse costing \$2500. She repeated this achievement in two other communities. The counties, seeing what she had done, furnished funds to maintain the schools adequately.

Bettye Mae Jack, graduate of Piney Woods and of the University of Chicago, has for eight years been supervisor of three Negro high schools and 46 grade schools in Scott County, Mississippi.

Small wonder that Piney Woods has won the continued confidence and support of white and Negro alike. And small wonder that Laurence Clifton Jones is called "one of the first citizens of Mississippi" by Dr. J. S. Vandiver, state superintendent of public instruction.

I asked the Little Professor how he managed to persevere through the long years of his early struggles. He smiled.

"I just kept on praying as if everything depended on God, and kept on working as if everything depended on me. You can't get discouraged if you do that."



ACTRESS Anne Jeffreys' maid surprised her with a request for a \$10-a-week raise. "But don't you know that now the war is over help will be much easier to find?" Miss Jeffreys asked. "Sure," said the girl, "and so will a husband."

— Erskine Johnson, NEA

"Faced with the awful responsibility of a world in which the atomic bomb and guided jet missiles are already realities, dare we fail to entrust the unpredictable future to anything less than the best civilian and military brains we have, coördinated in a single department of national defense?"

Why Army, Navy and Air Must Combine at the Top

By BEIRNE LAY, Jr.

[HAVING just won a global conflict, we are proud of our armed forces and of ourselves — and we want to forget all about the war. The desire to forget it may be traditionally American, but it is dangerous. *For the fact is that we won our war in spite of fundamentally unsound military organization at the top.*

Our future protection demands that we unify our armed forces into a single department of national defense. How we can do it and why we must do it *now* are questions on which the public must have the facts if corrective action is to come in time.

Air power did not win this war, neither did sea power nor ground

forces. The job was done by their combined efforts fused into an offensive whole, and seeking — but never quite realizing — the degree of co-operation that would have been possible if there had been a single supreme commander of all three forces. The War Department and the Navy Department, existing side by side with equal authority, had to be flour-pasted into a makeshift unity by a patchwork of Presidential executive orders and improvised arrangements.

In the beginning our republic did have only one agency of defense, the War Department, with a Secretary of War who administered naval as well as ground forces. In 1798 a separate Navy Department was created. This seemed logical, for sea and land were then two entirely different mediums of warfare.

As succeeding generations of officers wore the uniforms of the two branches, the War and Navy departments each accumulated growing prestige which fostered the spirit of the old school tie. In each there grew a jealous consciousness of prerogatives. West Point and Annapolis inoculated their graduates with loy-



BEFORE the war Beirne Lay, Jr., was a lieutenant in the Air Corps Reserve and later a writer (his *I Wanted Wings* became a best seller). Returning to active duty he became a colonel in the Army Air Forces in World War II, and served four years as staff officer overseas and as the commander of a heavy bomber group. When his B-24 crashed over France in 1944 he was "missing in action" for three months until liberated by General Patton's forces. He recently returned to civilian life. In this article he expresses his personal views, based on first-hand experience and observation during his 12 years as a reserve officer in the Army.

alty primarily identified with the Army or the Navy, instead of with a common institution for the defense of the United States. No one will question that our generals and admirals have been loyal to their country; neither is there any question of their sometimes fanatical loyalty to their own branch, with a consequent lack of mutual understanding. Too often rivalry on the football field became an emotional and fixed concept of competition, distrust and even hostility toward the other service.

Until the end of World War I, however, the system of two separate departments functioned satisfactorily. Land and sea battles were essentially remote from each other in 1914-18, and split-second cooperation in combined operations was still a requirement of the future. But the seed of that requirement had already been born: warfare had expanded into a new medium — the air.

The record shows that neither the War Department nor the Navy Department recognized that fighting in the air was a new medium of warfare. Instead, they regarded the airplane as merely a new weapon, and as a signal for an interservice hair-pulling contest for custody of the child. Had a single department of national defense been created at that time to coördinate the growth of balanced sea, air and ground power, a black chapter in American history might never have been written.

The Navy developed naval aviation, the Army permitted a limited development of land-based aviation of its own. Neither service could agree who had primary interest in the new service. Confusion was inevitable be-

cause there was no central agency to coördinate all three branches.

It is heartbreaking to look back on the results of the internal disagreements which followed. As late as 1935 ground-trained officers dominating the General Staff almost killed an appropriation for our first 13 Flying Fortresses, on the grounds that the B-17 was too large an airplane for Army purposes. And the B-17, after proving its capabilities, was restricted for a time to flights of 100 miles off shore, to avoid offending the Navy! When the Japs struck Pearl Harbor, the AAF had only 1157 airplanes suitable for combat, scattered over Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Panama, Puerto Rico and the United States.*

Time and again, bills which would have joined the Army and Navy at the top have been introduced in Congress. It has often been pointed out that a single department of defense would be in accord with the principles of sound organization. It would insure balanced planning, provide speed of control, permit the most effective employment of all forces, permit full development of air power, simplify administration, permit maximum economy, increase efficiency of supply.

No less than 26 painstaking studies of the possible reorganization of our armed forces for maximum effec-

*Had all three services been unified, it is unimaginable that we would have been caught in the insane position of trying to defend Pearl Harbor with only six Flying Fortresses, 80 short-range pursuits and a few oddments officially described as "death-traps." It was known in March 1940 that the Germans had 22,000 planes and the Japanese 4000 planes. —Francis Vivian Drake

tiveness have been made in Washington. But every one of the bills which emerged foundered on the War and Navy departments' rock of *resistance to change*.

So December 7, 1941, caught us with our Army, Navy and airmen widely separated in their thinking and planning. Our first operations disclosed that unity of effort was missing to a dangerous degree. Something had to be done at once, and it was fortunate that the President's war powers made fast action possible.

As a first step, prosecution of the war's broader phases was invested in a Joint Chiefs of Staff agency. The ground and sea services each had a vote in the persons of General Marshall and Admiral King. But General Arnold, representing air, had no vote; he sat only as an advisory member. We actually fought the war without an air representative in the high council who could vote! Only the creation by law of a Department of Air would have entitled Arnold to sit on an equal basis with the Army and Navy leaders.

Through Executive Orders, the War and Navy departments were hastily reorganized with a view to unity of effort. The reorganization was extended into the field, where the principle of unity of command was reflected in the appointment of supreme commanders in all theaters — except the Pacific.

To the everlasting credit of many leaders in industry and government and in the high command (such as General Marshall), and thanks to the heroic efforts of our men overseas in all the forces, tremendous advances in teamwork between the services

were made. The exigencies of a fight to the death *forced* our commanders to fuse their efforts in a common cause, and to rise above jealousies between the services which existed in every theater. Actually, our commanders had to win battles in which they struggled against *two* opponents: the enemy and our imperfect unity of command at the top.

In the European theater, General Eisenhower achieved our closest approach to an integrated effort in the field. Only he can say what jigsaw puzzles he was compelled to solve in his relations with the Combined and Joint Chiefs of Staff and the War and Navy departments in Washington, but we have a clue that those difficulties were not push-overs. Last summer he stated flatly that he favored a single department of national defense. President Truman had expressed this same view while he was a Senator investigating the conduct of the war.

In the Pacific theater there was in fact no supreme commander. General MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz — and General Spaatz, when at last a supreme commander for the air arm was appointed — integrated their efforts, as well as they could, through the Joint Chiefs of Staff thousands of miles away. I heard a high commander, who served in Europe and in the Pacific, express a frank opinion of this fantastic arrangement: "In Europe, where we had a supreme commander, we spent 90 percent of the time fighting the enemy. In the Pacific, our commanders were forced to spend half their time fighting each other and Washington."

Why was such a situation allowed

to persist? The Navy opposed the appointment of a supreme commander. Because of the large land forces expected to be employed in subjugating Japan, he would of necessity have been an Army man. The Navy feared loss of prestige in a war which it considered a naval war. But the Pacific war was not exclusively a naval war, though the Navy's work can never be praised enough.

The opinions of our top commanders in all theaters regarding the creation of a single department of national defense are well known in the War and Navy departments as a result of recent studies. Ground and air commanders are unanimous in their approval. Naval commanders are about equally divided. Nimitz advocates the single-department type of organization, but Navy spokesmen in general have dodged the issue.

Now that the war is over, it is no longer necessary or advisable to postpone unification of our national defense. Continuation of the Joint Chiefs of Staff is not the answer; a committee will never be a satisfactory equivalent for a *single* commander, with a committee to advise him. There are practical reasons why the big change should be made now.

First, the war powers of President Truman will lapse six months after the termination of the war. The danger is that through inaction we will revert to the prewar setup which the war revealed to be so woefully inadequate. That will happen unless the people of America speak now through their Congressmen.

Second, if the War and Navy departments are permitted for the present to return to the traditional status quo, the task of later reorganization will become far more difficult.

The most powerful resistance to change will be generated by the Navy Department, which is loath to surrender any of its authority to a higher central body. Secretary of the Navy Forrestal says that Navy opinion has not yet "crystallized" on the matter. It never will crystallize, except adversely, until what the Navy considers the present danger of reorganization has passed. The Navy will no doubt counsel delay, a tactic which may succeed unless public opinion (which favors a single department, according to the editorial pages of a majority of our newspapers) makes itself felt.

Since I have served in the Army Air Forces, it may be said that I am biased, that I am simply plugging for a separate Air Force. But I am urging not separation of any department but unification of all. I don't care a hoot whether the heavy bomber becomes obsolete tomorrow, and new conceptions of warfare ride in the saddle.

I only pray that we, the people of this country, in a world in which the atomic bomb is a reality and in which the unpredictable warfare of guided missiles propelled by jets and rockets is already upon us, will entrust our future security to the best civilian and military brains we have, coordinated in a single department of national defense.



The adaptable royal house of England molds
a queen who may rule over a socialist realm

Princess Elizabeth

Condensed from Life • WILLIAM W. WHITE



[PRINCESS Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Windsor, who will someday claim the allegiance of 489,000,000 of the world's population as Elizabeth II, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Queen, Defender of the Faith and Empress of India, recently saw her sceptered isle go through the turmoil of sudden political change. Her one recorded comment when she learned that her good friend Winston Churchill had been snowed under an avalanche of leftist votes was, "Oh, bother."

This is not to say that the events of the day were altogether lost on Elizabeth. She has been educated to think very seriously while saying very little.

At 19 she is already carefully coached and acutely conscious of the duties, dignities and limitations of a throne — especially the limitations. The British have whittled away at the powers invested in the Crown so diligently since the original Elizabeth said to an overpresumptive minister,

"I will have here but one mistress and no master," that there is not much left. What is left is the power of creating peers, a never-used veto as head of the Privy Council, and the rather dubious honor of naming a Prime Minister who has already been chosen by the British electorate.

At present, as heiress presumptive (as long as her father lives it is presumed he may have a male heir) Princess Elizabeth has no powers, no royal duties of state and no constitutional functions. When she becomes queen her most vital contribution will be that of a symbol of continuity. Governments may fall, parties may dissolve, but the Crown goes on forever. In that fairly certain knowledge the British find an unconscionable pleasure. The Crown remains one of the few expenses the British bear without grumbling.

So far, Elizabeth has shown every prospect of living up to a prediction made recently by one of Britain's elder statesmen: "She has intelligence, personality and charm. She will be a good queen. She may even

be a great one." Good queen or great, she will be an attractive one. Mannequin height (5 feet 6½ inches), Elizabeth has inherited from her Hanoverian antecedents an ample figure, a lovely rose-and-cream complexion, good white teeth and a sturdy constitution. Unfortunately, she is not photogenic because her chief attraction lies in her coloring. Her regal bearing reminds old-timers of her grandmother, Queen Mary.

Less lighthearted than her attractive 15-year-old sister, Margaret Rose, whose superb mimicry of visiting dignitaries has more than once caused gales of laughter at the royal dinner table, Princess Elizabeth has already shown traits which indicate she has a mind of her own. A year ago when, like her subjects-to-be, she became due for national service, the King ruled after long deliberations with his councilors that her training as a princess outweighed the nation's increasing manpower problems and that "Betts" should not join any of the women's auxiliaries. But Betts had other ideas, and not long afterward the Palace made a straight-faced announcement that the King "had been pleased to grant an honorary commission as second subaltern in the ATS to Her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth."

Elizabeth passed her driving course in two days less than the prescribed time, after attending lectures and getting her hands greasy dismantling engines. Most of the students finish this ATS driving course by driving to London for the experience. It was ruled that Elizabeth should not, since the risks of a smash involving

the heiress presumptive would be too great. But while the wheels of government were churning out that ponderous decision, Elizabeth was driving a camouflaged army vehicle up from the country. She arrived at the Palace after making two complete circuits of Piccadilly Circus in the rush hour "to get in as much traffic as I could."

When the princess embarks on a venture it completely dominates her life. Thus, while she was at the driving school the royal dinner-table conversation was centered around spark plugs and engine performance. Currently the major topic of conversation — as far as Elizabeth can guide it — is horses. She hopes to have her own stable in a year or so and race against her father.

At dances in Mayfair private houses, which Elizabeth frequently attends accompanied by her lady in waiting — and from which she has been known to return as late as 3 a.m. — she dances with many different young gallants and favors no one in particular. But the names of several young peers keep recurring constantly. Handsome, blond, 20-year-old Lord Wyfold, the young Earl of Euston or the good-looking Duke of Rutland are the usual three Elizabeth is bound by the provision of the Royal Succession Act to marry only with the consent of her father in council and not to marry outside the Protestant faith. If and when she marries, her husband, on her accession to the throne, would not be king but prince consort, like Victoria's Albert of Saxe-Coburg. The number of eligibles who would care for this subordinate role is problematical

Elizabeth's first official public tour after her father became king was in Wales. Instead of appearing in the stately setting of an evening Court at the Palace, the Princess made her debut in the orange glow of furnace fires in a Welsh tin-plate mill. Since then she has made many appearances with her family and by herself. She has, so far, made two radio talks and a dozen speeches.

Her most important engagement so far was the launching of Britain's newest and greatest battleship, *H.M.S. Vanguard*. Although it was a cold, gray day and she confessed to a nearby official, "I'm too nervous to feel the cold," she went through the ceremony without a flaw. Only later did she show she was more woman than princess. She had been presented with a beautiful diamond brooch and while the chairman was laboring through a ponderous speech of welcome, Elizabeth sat quietly turning the Rose-of-England-shaped brooch over and over in her hands, admiring it for all she was worth.

Elizabeth's training has been arduous. "Grandmamma England" — Queen Mary — seems to have had a firm hand with young Elizabeth, and she got in return more respect from little Betts than from her other grandchildren. The two Lascelles boys, Gerald and George, when very young, had a terrifying habit of rushing into a room and attacking Queen Mary's ankles. She was often obliged to put up a spirited defense with her famous parasol. Happily, Elizabeth was less boisterous.

Queen Mary taught the child the art of talking intelligently to the various visitors at Court, and young

Elizabeth early learned her most difficult lesson—that she must appear to be enjoying the talk, however dull. So that she might be well informed or curious about many subjects, her grandmother trotted little Elizabeth through the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Royal Mint, the Bank of England, the science museum in South Kensington, the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey and the National Gallery.

Since she was six, Elizabeth's formal education has been supervised by an able young Scotswoman, Marion Crawford — "Crawfie" to everyone in the royal household. If young Betts found it easier, as indeed she did, to absorb history while lying on her stomach on the floor of Crawfie's room, Crawfie had no objections. By the time Elizabeth was 12 she had shown a marked aptitude for history and languages and a sublime distaste for mathematics. At that point her education became a matter on which the Cabinet had to be consulted.

Elizabeth's mother wanted her to go to a girls' school so she could meet more of her contemporaries, but the choice of a school and the specialized curriculum necessary for a royal person were difficult, so it was decided she should have a staff of tutors as Queen Victoria had. Her historical background includes the study of constitutional changes from Saxon times to the present as well as the history of British land tenure and agriculture. She is also well versed in American history, speaks French fluently. To what would in Victorian days be called "the accomplishments" — she plays the piano and

sings agreeably — Elizabeth has added completely 20th-century arts. She swims, drives a car, likes American dance music, has the “good hands and pretty seat” of an accomplished horsewoman, is a good shot.

When she was very young, Elizabeth was asked what she would like to be when she grew up. Without a moment's hesitation she answered, “I should like to be a horse.” Time has served to modify that ambition. Whether anyone would genuinely

like to lead the antiseptic and rather empty life of a modern queen may be a matter for doubt. But Elizabeth will have that duty. That being the case, her ambition is to be a good queen. If she, like the earlier Elizabeth, reflects and encourages the contemporary spirit of her people, she may occupy a position in history of similar importance. The first Elizabeth built the British Empire. The second, by gentler means, may keep it together.



“Don't Nail His Ears to the Post”

OF LATE, agitators have been trying to split us up into warring racial and religious groups. Street fights by kids, for example, have been magnified into signs of a rising wave of anti-Semitism. Kids always did fight. The way for the cops to handle such a street brawl is to give each reachable kid a boot in the pants and thereby break it up — not to tell it to the papers as an anti-Semitic sign and portent, and thereby drag a lot of parents into the trouble.

Such exaggerations of the actual facts can stir up a great deal of envy, hatred and malice, and these feelings can snowball into a serious situation. By continually striving to make mountains out of interracial molehills, these agitators may finally be able to make actual mountains. The consequences can be disastrous.

We think Archbishop Francis J. Spellman struck the sane, sensible and realistic chord in his message to Judge Joseph M. Proskauer, president of the American Jewish Committee, now active in combating racial disunity in America:

“I trust your noble efforts to be

helpful in overcoming religious and racial animosities will bear fruit and will promote mutual respect, understanding and tolerance among all groups of Americans.”

That is how we got to be the nation we are — via “mutual respect, understanding and tolerance among all groups of Americans.”

As for the agitators who are promoting racial disunity while going through the motions of fighting it, we are reminded of a story from Puritan days in Massachusetts. It seems that the Puritan cops arrested a man for something kissing his wife on Sunday, perhaps and were dragging him off to the hoosegow, followed by a mildly interested crowd. A voice in the back of the crowd began to scream: “DON'T nail his ears to the post! DON'T nail his ears to the post!” This old-time propaganda expert kept repeating his cry, and the man didn't get to the hoosegow. The crowd presently snatched him from the cops and nailed his ears to the post.

—N. Y. Daily News

They get it from bacteria in the soil; they call it streptomycin; it's effective where penicillin and the sulfas fail; you'll be hearing more of it in the months to come—

Medicine's Newest Wonder Drug

Condensed from Hygeia
J. D. RATCLIFF

THERE is a new drug on the horizon which will make medical history. Its name is streptomycin. It already has a brief but glowing record of lifesaving. Picking up where sulfa and penicillin leave off, it does jobs neither of those drugs can do. At present it looks like a great bludgeon of a weapon against an incredible array of diseases: typhoid and undulant fevers, cholera, surgical infections, and *possibly* tuberculosis.

Penicillin was discovered by accident. Streptomycin was discovered by design. Dr. Selman A. Waksman of the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station, Rutgers University, set out to find a drug which would do jobs not done by sulfa or penicillin. Waksman is a microbiologist, and his hunting ground was the soil.

In the last century research men suspected the soil — particularly that of cemeteries — of being the source of epidemics. But tests showed that there were no disease bacteria in it: they had been destroyed by soil microbes. Since then, a few researchers had tried to isolate these good microbes that kill disease bacteria. One of Waksman's former students,

Dr. René J. Dubos of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, had discovered a soil microbe which would kill the bacteria that cause pneumonia and streptococcus infections, and from it extracted the drug tyrothricin.

This set a group of research men at Oxford to studying another soil microbe — an almost forgotten green mold. Their work led to the discovery of penicillin's lifesaving ability.

Waksman began to explore the soil for a weapon against bacteria which produce such intestinal ailments as typhoid fever, dysentery and cholera. Bacteria of this family often invade the urinary tract of older people, resulting in vast misery.

Finding the beneficent microbe which would stop this destruction of human life posed staggering problems. The amount of soil a man could hold on his thumbnail might contain as many as 8,000,000 million microbes! How to find the wanted one?

Waksman plowed ahead, devising techniques to simplify the job. He would mix soil with water, then streak this mud across a glass plate holding a thriving colony of disease microbes. Then he would look for

clear areas on the plate where disease microbes had been destroyed. When he found them he would try to sort out the soil microbe responsible for the killing. Even after he found it, he had to extract the chemical juice that held killing powers. And often as not the juices he obtained were also lethal to living creatures; some could kill a man in a few seconds. The task was discouraging and looked hopelessly unrewarding.

Then one day in the fall of 1943 things broke wide open. Waksman and a young assistant, Dr. Albert Schatz, found specimens of a soil microbe called *Actinomyces griseus*. This *griseus* looked like a brilliant performer right from the start. It attacked and killed scores of disease bacteria, including those which caused tularemia and typhoid fever. Its chemical killing stuff was extracted and named streptomycin.

Waksman had neither the training nor facilities for the endless testing required of a new drug, so he went to the Merck & Company laboratories in Rahway, N. J., where several of his former students worked. The first thing to determine was whether streptomycin was too toxic to be tolerated by living creatures. It passed this test with flying colors: mice could stand enormous quantities of it with no ill effects. Merck research directors — Drs. Randolph Major, Hans Molitor and James Carlisle — promptly assigned 50 research men to study the new drug.

These men tested streptomycin's effect on the bacteria that inhabit the human intestine. A burst appendix lets these bacteria loose in the abdomen to cause flaming infection

and death. They slip into the urinary tract to set up persistent infection against which there has been no wholly satisfactory drug.

In the laboratory streptomycin worked brilliantly against this fulminating death. Then it got its chance in the hospital. In Toronto, 66 soldiers who were suffering from urinary tract infections were given streptomycin. Within 24 hours all the harmful bacteria had disappeared from their urine.

Since this drug was so effective — in test tubes and in animals — against most of the bacteria found in human intestines, mightn't it be a top weapon against typhoid fever? This question was asked by three Philadelphians: Drs. Hobart A. Reimann, William F. Elias and Alison H. Price. They tried it on a man who had been miserably ill with typhoid for three weeks. Small doses of the drug were administered by hypodermic every three hours, and prompt recovery followed. Treatment of subsequent patients had the same result.

Other Philadelphia physician wondered if the drug would work against microbes that cause 20,000 cases of food poisoning a year in this country. They had a case at hand — a nurse who had been sick with a *Salmonella* infection and had become a carrier. They gave her the drug by mouth: unlike penicillin, streptomycin is highly resistant to acid stomach juices. Within four days the drug had completely eradicated the microbes.

Further reports indicate that streptomycin is fulfilling its initial promise. For example, at the Mayo Clinic

laboratory 60 mice were infected with tularemia, or rabbit fever. Half of them were set aside to die, and were dead within 96 hours; the other half got streptomycin, and recovered.

Physicians in half a dozen cities heard this hopeful news, and streptomycin got its chance with human tularemia sufferers. It cured the disease in as little as 12 hours. Patients who otherwise would have been sick for months were up and about in a few days.

Early results with undulant fever, a disease spread by unpasteurized milk, have been similarly encouraging. The animal-world equivalent of undulant fever is Bang's disease. To eradicate it in dairy herds, the Department of Agriculture has had to slaughter the infected animals. About 150,000 cows are killed each year, costing farmers \$30,000,000. Present evidence indicates that streptomycin will end this. And it should be similarly valuable against other animal diseases including a common intestinal ailment which destroys 3,000,000 pigs a year and "shipping fever," which annually kills 150,000 beef cattle.

Any writer is reluctant to suggest that a new drug may be effective against tuberculosis. Scores of such drugs that looked promising have come along — and all have failed. Yet the work of streptomycin in the tuberculosis field must be mentioned.

Waksman and the Merck researchers, in examining streptomycin's performance against the tubercle bacillus in the test tube, noted that the bacillus was exquisitely sensitive to the drug. Samples of streptomycin

were sent to Drs. W. H. Feldman and H. C. Hinshaw of the Mayo Foundation. These researchers inoculated 12 guinea pigs with tuberculosis, which always kills these animals. Eight got no further treatment; four got streptomycin. After 54 days the eight that acted as controls had widespread and progressive tuberculosis; in those that got streptomycin the disease was either arrested or nonexistent.

The fact that streptomycin seems to be a cure for tuberculosis in animals does not necessarily mean that it will cure human beings. A year or more may elapse before sufficient quantities of the drug are available for full trials. For anyone to abandon the usual treatment meanwhile would be folly.

Theoretically, streptomycin should be effective against whooping cough. And it should be a godsend in stamping out epidemics of dysentery.

Streptomycin is an excellent supplement for penicillin. Since penicillin is an acid and streptomycin a base, the two may perhaps be combined to make a salt — penicillin streptomycinate. Such a pill would be a tremendous weapon against disease, penicillin working against one set of microbes, streptomycin against another.

From all available evidence, streptomycin appears to have an almost fantastic range of usefulness. At a similarly early stage of development penicillin was similarly promising, and fulfilled that promise. An indication of the widespread faith in streptomycin is the fact that Merck & Company is building a \$3,000,000 plant to produce the drug, and 20-

odd other chemical and pharmaceutical manufacturers are also preparing to manufacture it.

In some respects, production of the new drug poses the same problems posed by penicillin. The microbes are grown in big tanks or in glass bottles, where they feed on a shallow layer of nutrient broth.

As they grow, they drop their drug, streptomycin, into the liquid. It is then extracted by laborious chemical processes.

It will be at least a year before the drug can be generally available. And, since the microbe secretes the drug in such miserly amounts, it is almost sure to be expensive.



Many Happy Returns

EIGHTEEN years, three months and seven days before Pearl Harbor, Japan experienced an earthquake that took over 90,000 lives and left disease smoldering in its wake. Some \$11,000,000 in cash and many a shipload of relief materials from a sympathetic United States "are things no Japanese is likely to forget," commented Herbert H. Gowen in his *An Outline History of Japan*.

Japan did not forget. Said a War Department communiqué of February 1942: "Several of the specially built barges which the Japanese used in attempting landings on the west coast of Bataan have been captured. In them were lifesaving and other equipment marked 'U.S. Army Transport *Merritt*.' This equipment was part of the relief supplies given to Japan by the United States after the disastrous earthquake of 1923. These supplies were loaded on the *Merritt* in Manila for shipment to Japan under the direction of Brigadier General Douglas MacArthur, then commander of the Philippine Scouts Brigade."

— From *History in the Writing*, dispatches of foreign correspondents of *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune*, edited by Gordon Carroll (Duell, Sloan & Pearce)

Where Men Are Men

VISITING us at the ranch last summer was a bit of feminine attractiveness from the East whose sentiments toward Frank, one of the cowboys, were a mixture of romantic design and hero worship. At one Saturday-night dance in town she made a particular effort — every curve and curl and eyelash was calculated to awaken his interest, but Frank confined his conversation to beef cattle, and before long retired to the bar. Soon she appeared beside him. "That cowhand over there made passes at me," she said indignantly, "and I've never even been introduced to him!"

Frank knew a gentleman's duty. Walking manfully over to the cowpuncher, who outweighed him by 50 pounds, he asked his name. Then he politely introduced him to the girl, and returned to his drink.

— Contributed by Lawrence Cardwell



Pickup on Fifth Avenue

By MacKINLAY KANTOR

Author of "Long Remember,"
"Happy Land," and other novels

THIS happened on an evening when the world went hilarious as it never went hilarious before. Everybody will know what date I mean. I wish I had seen this thing happen, but I didn't; it was my friend Donald Friede who saw it and told me about it.

It began up at 59th and Fifth Avenue in the afternoon of that never-to-be-forgotten day. People were milling around in New York's streets and sidewalks, others were still dumping paper out of the high windows, and a hundred boats were making their hoarse whistles resound in the rivers.

Donald said that he was standing there watching the crazy crowd when he saw it. It was a case of boy meets girl, and, although they met amid the howl and hustle of a town gone mad, there was something

simple and tender about it. Donald said that he wanted to cry when he saw them meet that way.

The boy was an ensign — one of those gangling, sunburned kids we have seen by the hundreds in the years just gone, undoubtedly sure of himself when it came to doing his job, but a little uncertain and lonely now, amid all this rejoicing in an unfamiliar city.

He had on three ribbons — war-theater ribbons, dotted with spots of metal to show that he knew what danger and battles were all about. Donald said that the girl was cute and shapely. She wore a pretty flowered print dress, black gloves and a black hat.

Well, they met. They passed each other; then they halted, looked back simultaneously, and both of them smiled. You could tell that they liked and loved in the first glance; immediately, no doubt, the ensign wanted to smother the girl in his arms and immediately she wished to be smothered. So they stood there laughing. The ensign turned back a step or two and said something. The girl said something, and pretended to start on, but she wasn't really starting on.

The ensign took another step and grasped her arm. They spoke. They laughed again. The girl let him hug her arm up tight against his body, and so they moved away. One last flash of gold bar and star on the boy's shoulder board, one last ripple of the girl's dress and tap of her high heels, and they were gone away together. The Fifth Avenue crowd, the victory jubilee, had eaten them up.

And they, thought Donald, would find the relief and the jollity they sought.

They would fight their way into a bar, have a drink or two, and join in the singing; they might have another drink, and perhaps settle down to eat in some crowded restaurant. Donald said he thought about them later in the evening — thought of them in the hesitant, appropriate rapture that these hours would bring: the voices that spoke lower and more slowly over their coffee and their after-dinner drink; the walk along streets where people danced and screamed in the celebrating dusk; the trip up in the elevator, the place where he stayed or the place where she stayed; then they would snuggle together as young people do in time of war, indeed as young people do in time of peace, also, but more urgently and readily when the guns are still echoing in their ears.

There would be the insistence, the pleading, the denial, the eventual acquiescence — a small passion that seems so important at the moment, and is frittered away on the raucous

victory air, forgotten soon enough, mixed up with other loves to be in turn forgotten.

That was how he thought about them, and then he dismissed them from his mind.

Donald said that he walked and walked, and thought about the war and the people who had died in it and those who wouldn't have to die now. After an hour or two, he found himself in the great gray shadow of St. Patrick's. He climbed the cathedral steps. Within the doors there was quiet; people at prayer, and candles burning before shrines. He turned to look back at the screaming throngs on the Avenue and the wild laughing faces.

It was then that he saw it. He saw them step out of the crowd — the Navy kid with his row of ribbons, the girl with the high heels and pretty ankles and flowered dress. They stopped, they looked silently at each other; they made their way into St. Patrick's; and they got down on their knees, side by side, in the church. And Donald saw them praying there together.



Party Chatter

» PAUL KRUGER, the great Boer leader, disapproved of immodesty in women's clothes. Asked one day if the ladies had worn beautiful dresses at an official banquet in London the night before, he answered: "I don't know. I didn't look under the table."

— Stuart Cloete, *Against These Three* (Houghton Mifflin)

» ROBERT BENCHLEY was drinking martinis mixed with second-rate gin one day when a friend passed by. "Don't you know," said the friend, "that stuff's slow poison?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Benchley. "I'm in no hurry."

— Contributed by Bonnie White Baker

The

Christian Science Monitor

An adventure in idealistic journalism—a newspaper that should “injure no man, but bless all mankind” — has surprised its admiring competitors by occasionally turning a nice profit

(T)

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

MARQUIS W. CHILDS

THE hushed cathedral quiet of *The Christian Science Monitor* newsroom in Boston would give an ordinary newspaperman the screaming meenies. It just doesn't seem natural. Most of the typewriters are noiseless and the others seem strangely muted. The whole place is bright and shiny and clean. No haze of tobacco smoke hangs over the copy desk. So far as can be determined, no one has ever smoked in the *Monitor* offices.

The *Monitor*, the property of the Christian Science Church, carries more news of world events than an ordinary daily. Christian Science itself is discussed in only one article each weekday — the *Monitor* is not published on Sunday. This article appears on the Home Forum page in English and also in one of 15 other languages. A national newspaper, the only one of its kind, the *Monitor* has many readers who are not members of the Church.

In an editorial published in the first issue of the *Monitor*, in 1908, Mary Baker Eddy, founder of Christian Science, set as her ideal a daily newspaper that should “injure no man, but bless all mankind.”

To keep within the spirit of Mrs.

Eddy's instructions and yet not entirely exclude human frailties and follies is a problem that has plagued the editors from the beginning. As if to compensate readers for the absence of the more highly seasoned fare, the editors have encouraged the light touch in the writing of feature items. Present editor Erwin D. Canham once kept a basket of apples beside his desk and the news editor producing the snappiest anecdote to enliven Page 1 was rewarded with an apple.

The *Monitor's* basic news policy has been “responsibility.” News beats and sensationalism have taken second place. *Monitor* correspondents are held accountable for a balanced insight into the situation they are assigned to cover. Dispatches that give only one side of a controversial matter are sometimes held up so that a parallel dispatch from some other source may be obtained to round out the picture.

Today, few religious inhibitions prevent the *Monitor* from reporting the important news of the world. There is, of course, a special policy with respect to crime. No details of Errol Flynn's legal trouble appeared, nor a single line about the sordid Chaplin affair. But if a crime is con-

sidered to have national significance — the Lindbergh kidnaping, for example — it is briefly reported.

The news policy today represents a striking evolution from a period when the most narrow taboos were enforced. Twenty-five years ago the first that *Monitor* readers learned of a disastrous New England flood was when the paper reported collection of a Red Cross fund to aid the victims (in the *Christian Science* doctrine death is not recognized). The inhibition extended to the weather. An adverse phenomenon, such as a heavy snowfall, could not be reported. In fact, snow itself was considered pretty unfortunate and, if it had to be mentioned, was referred to as a "blanket of white." Reviewing a book called *Apple Tree Insects and Diseases*, the *Monitor* dropped "and Diseases" from the title.

These taboos derived not from the founder herself but from overscrupulousness among some of her followers. Searching for precedents for realistic reporting, Editor Canham found that Mrs. Eddy, in the *Christian Science Sentinel*, another church publication, had included totals of the dead and wounded in reports of the Spanish-American War. So World War II was reported realistically, and Jap atrocities were recounted in some detail.

Most of the curious prohibitions once prevailing have been gradually eliminated. Willis J. Abbot, who became editor in 1921, set the paper on its present path. After Abbot gave up the editorship and became a roving columnist to write "Watching the World Go By," he set the tone, too, for the *Monitor's* foreign correspondents.

They still work hard to maintain the tradition he set of poking into odd places. Often their zeal sets them a little apart from the ordinary, vulgar breed of reporter. The paper's Latin-American specialist, Roland Hall Sharp, was one of a group of correspondents who made an inspection tour of the Amazon rubber country. There has probably been nothing like his jungle equipment since Stanley went to Africa to find Dr. Livingstone. He had a portable distilling apparatus for producing fresh water, a mosquito-proof tent with hammock, pith helmet, white drill riding breeches and black leather boots equipped with flypaper tops to stop bugs from crawling any higher.

Fellow reporters called him Frank Buck, Jr. But Sharp had a perfect answer — he intended to stay on five months after the rest of the party returned, and visit all sorts of out-of-the-way places.

Another of the *Monitor's* far-roving correspondents, R. H. Markham, covered the Italian conquest of Ethiopia. Markham found it necessary to buy a mule. No other means of conveyance was available, he explained to his home office when he put the mule on his expense account. Moreover, he wrote a story about the mule which caused more comment than his more serious news dispatches.

In normal times, before the war more than ten percent of the *Monitor's* subscribers lived outside the United States. Though its circulation has never been large (today about 155,000) the paper's influence is disproportionately great, partly because of its widespread distribution — only 15

percent of the total is in the New England region where it is published.

The *Monitor* has regularly carried advertising from firms in various world capitals. Women readers are sometimes bemused to discover that the attractive bargain advertised is on sale not on Boylston Street but in Wellington, New Zealand. This advertising derives in part, of course, from faithful Christian Scientists. Other advertisers, however, have discovered that an ad in the *Monitor* has exceptional pulling power because members of the Church take their paper with unusual seriousness.

Consistently the *Monitor* has kept to a higher ratio of news to advertising than the average secular daily. At least as much advertising is turned down because of Christian Science principles as is accepted. The schedule of prohibitions would horrify the ordinary advertising manager. Listed as "not acceptable" are: tea and coffee; tobacco; liquor; medical articles; food products, soaps and complexion preparations or other commodities when advertised on a health basis; hotel, resort or travel advertising employing a health appeal; schools, camps, travel agencies; undertakers or cemeteries; chiropractors, dentists, hearing aids.

The fortunes of the paper are not dependent on the upswings and downswings of business. In bad years the Christian Science Publish-

ing Society absorbs any deficit, and the high standard of the *Monitor* is maintained regardless of losses. In some years the paper makes a handsome return. Over both the business and the editorial departments the five directors at the top of the Christian Science Church maintain a close watch. The *Monitor's* editorial policy has generally been on the conservative side, in Presidential elections the paper invariably swinging to the Republicans. And the New Deal has come in for some sharp criticism. But in foreign policy it has been consistently internationalist and even on domestic issues there is liberal expression in its columns.

Members of the faith have a very real sense that the paper is theirs. The editors like to tell stories of their volunteer contributors' zeal for accuracy. For a special edition devoted to the Northwest, a *Christian Science Monitor* reader sent in an article on the work of the Girl Scouts in her area. Just before the edition was to go to press, the contributor telegraphed: "Please hold up story. Error discovered. Letter follows."

The article was withdrawn. In a letter that arrived later, the contributor explained that she had written that the cookies sold by the Girl Scouts were round, whereas actually they were oblong. That, the *Monitor* editors knew, could happen only on the *Monitor*.

A SIGN in a store window read: "Fishing Tickle." Noticing the error, a customer asked: "Hasn't anyone told you about it before?"

"Yes," replied the dealer. "Many have dropped in to tell me, and they always buy something."

— Sam Holt in *Modern Retailing*

Four essential principles to unite labor and management
in promoting their own and the public's prosperity

We Can Avert

INDUSTRIAL CIVIL WAR

By WILLIAM HARD

WE NOW enter the Fourth Chapter of the history of the American labor movement. A mark of it is the Industry-Labor Conference called in Washington by President Truman to seek basic principles of peace between managements and unions. Another mark of it is the "Charter" calling for partnership between managements and unions, issued last March by Eric Johnston for the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, William Green for the AFL, and Philip Murray for the CIO.

A third mark of it — perhaps even more significant because more local — is the formation in Toledo, Ohio, by Vice-Mayor Michael DiSalle, of a steadily functioning committee of leading employers, union officials and neutral citizens to promote prosperity and full employment through "practical coöperation between management, labor and the public." Communities in times past used to try to attract new industries by advertising "nonunion labor" and "cheap labor." Toledo proposes to attract new industries by advertising itself as a unionized city in which unions join with managements to produce industrial peace and progress.

To grasp the meaning of such developments in Chapter Four of the history of the American labor movement, it is necessary to remember the outstanding characteristics of Chapters One, Two and Three.

Chapter One lasted from the adoption of the Constitution until about 1815. There were unions, little local unions; and there were strikes, many for shortening the 12-hour workday. But the unions were under a legal cloud. They were largely regarded as "conspiracies," and some were prosecuted under that charge. Not until about 1815 did the courts firmly recognize unions as lawful institutions.

Chapter Two lasted from about 1815 to 1926. Local unions multiplied. Unions on a nation-wide scale emerged. The AFL was founded. Unions now had the full right to organize, but the employer retained the full right to refuse to recognize the organization.

This was the "Free Fight" period in the history of employer-employee relations. Union organizers were assassinated by agents of employers. Plants of employers were dynamited by agents of unions. This "freedom" to conduct free private wars, irre-

spective of the public interest, became intolerable.

Chapter Three. In 1926 the Railway Labor Act obliged railroad managements to recognize unions established by the free choice of their employes. This principle was extended to nonrailroad industries by the Wagner Act of 1935. It is sometimes said that the Wagner Act compels unionization. This is not true. If a majority of the employes do not want the union, they are utterly free to reject it.

This Chapter Three, which still continues, can be regarded as the period in which the "Free Fight" principle is abolished in favor of the peaceful principle of majority rule. It is the period of "Collective Bargaining under Law."

But, unless it is supplemented, it still remains a negative period. The fight is transferred to the collective-bargaining table but it can remain a mere fight. The employes can do their best — and worst — through the contract and through their daily behavior to harass and hamstring the employer. The employer can recognize the union in the same spirit in which Job recognized the fact that he had boils, and, like Job, can spend his time telling the world with great eloquence about the bad consequences of boils in general and of his own boils in particular.

COLLECTIVE bargaining, in and of itself, does not necessarily produce greater good will between the two sides, and still less does it necessarily produce greater efficiency, greater output, greater wealth and prosperity for the American people.

Indeed, it may actually diminish national wealth and prosperity.

Hence Chapter Four, supervening upon Chapter Three, and designed to lift collective bargaining from a continuous controversy into a continuous collaboration by agreement upon certain positive dynamic principles.

These principles, I think, can be boiled down to four, which appear in scattered spots in the Johnston-Green-Murray "Charter."

1. "The fundamental right of labor to organize and to engage in collective bargaining with management shall be recognized and preserved." This would mean that certain managements would desist from trying to devitalize or artfully circumvent the Wagner Act.

2. "The inherent right and responsibility of management to direct the operations of an enterprise shall be recognized and preserved." This would mean that certain unions would desist from trying to substitute themselves for management in making the decisions.

3. There shall be "the highest degree of production" and "technological advancement must be constantly encouraged." This would mean that certain numerous unions would desist from trying to limit the output of the worker, and from trying to prevent the introduction of better machines and methods.

4. There shall be "an economic system for the nation which will protect the individual against the hazards of unemployment." This would mean that certain managements would desist from looking at all new unemployment-compensation plans and

full-employment plans with instant hostility. It would mean that they would approach such plans with the sincere hope of finding in them, somewhere, the roots of practicable action.

The basic trouble in Detroit is that these necessary agreed principles have not been reached by the two sides. The inevitable result is industrial war.

These four principles are likely to find their way in some form, I think, into whatever "Charter" the Toledo Prosperity Committee may adopt and into that committee's subsequent activities.

From interviewing union leaders in Toledo I find, first, that there is a genuine fear among them that many important managements may try to use the postwar period of reconversion and unemployment to weaken or smash unions. Hence the really passionate demand for Principle One: full and wholehearted recognition of the right of unionization and of collective bargaining. Hence also the bitter resentment in labor circles against the National Association of Manufacturers for its refusal to join the Chamber of Commerce of the United States in signing the "Charter." In Toledo I surmise that this Principle One will be completely accepted by the employers, *provided* Principle Two — the right of management to manage — is in turn accepted by the representatives of the employes.

But just how can these two principles be made to work together? The answer is not really too difficult if we look at the numerous workshops where it is already reached — or approached — in practice.

The collective-bargaining contract lays down the rules that shall govern the behavior of the work force and of the supervisors. These rules may cover wages, length of shifts, length of total work week, promotions, demotions, discharges, seniority, and many other items. They constitute agreed law as to human relations in the plant.

It is management's responsibility to execute this legislation which collective bargaining has produced. It is for management to have the initiative, the authority to make the decisions which will keep the plant uninterruptedly producing.

In a Toledo plant the management discharged a young woman for being habitually late to work. Union officers at once went to the plant gates, hung out a strike sign, formed a picket line. The other thousands of employes declined to go through that line. The strike lasted many days. The employes lost some \$600,000 in wages. How can such preposterous interruptions to production be prevented? I think there is a growing opinion in both labor and management circles for writing into the collective-bargaining contract management's right to discharge for given causes. Many contracts now contain lists of such causes. Unions have agreed to them as their experience with trouble-makers in their own membership has lengthened.

But an employe thus discharged has subsequent redress against possible injustice. Because: every really modern collective-bargaining contract contains elaborate "grievance machinery." Any aggrieved employe can appeal to a series of tribunals,

beginning with the union shop steward and foreman, and rising, when the grievance machinery is perfected, to an impartial chairman, chosen jointly by both sides. The grievance machinery can adjudicate the case -- *under the contract*.

WE SEE dawning in our workshops today a perfect parallel to our constitutional public institutions.

Legislation: the collective-bargaining contract by employer and union together. *The Executive:* the employer alone. *The Judicial System:* the grievance machinery.

This is the only formula, surely, that can yoke together the first two principles of the Johnston-Green-Murray "Charter": the right of the union to bargain and the right of management to manage.

But the remaining two principles are fully as important.

One is that each worker shall do an honest day's work and shall accept improved machines and methods. The other is that society shall protect him against the peril of unemployment in case his better and faster work should result in his "working himself out of his job."

Some unions have already accepted the basic procedures of advanced scientific management: for instance, "time study," "work standards," "incentive pay." In Toledo, in the Doehler-Jarvis Die Casting Corporation, I have seen representatives of the union and of the management working cooperatively on time-study techniques. And in the dress industry in New York a joint office of the employers and of the International Ladies' Garment Workers'

Union sends experts out into the industry to fix piece rates which may be in dispute.

The advanced scientific management of today is far indeed from the old cruel speed-up systems. It is based on the idea that the speed of the worker shall be determined with scientific care, so that he will never come to the end of the work week unduly fatigued. It is also based on the idea that the gains made by the employer through the increased productivity of any worker shall be equitably shared with that worker.

All these matters can be put into the collective-bargaining contract. They no longer constitute any valid argument against increased productive effort by the employee. There does remain, however, the argument drawn from the fear of unemployment.

It is, in part, a groundless fear. If work is done better and faster and at a lower final cost and price, the market for it will usually expand and the amount of employment will thereupon actually be not diminished but enlarged.

Nevertheless, this does not invariably happen. There is little doubt, for instance, that the mechanical cotton picker will throw hundreds of thousands of cotton-field hands out of work. And it can also be anticipated that the technological substitution of metal X for metal Y in construction work may cost the workers in metal Y a lot of temporary unemployment and suffering before they finally get absorbed into the increased numbers of the workers in metal X. There is thus some justification for the resistance of many unions to advances in technology.

Now, there is no employer who does not wish that every union would cease from all such resistance and would abandon all effort to make him continue hiring four men to do the work of three. How short-sighted it is, thereupon, for any employer to fail to give ardent encouragement to all attempts to find ways to reduce the scope of the unemployment curse in this country.

THE best move that organized employers could make today would be to stop the sneering that so many of them level at the very phrase "full employment" and go down to Washington and help President Truman and Senator Murray devise the best full-employment bill that the combined best brains of American business and American labor and American public life can put together. It would be a bargain most profitable to management. Management then could and should say to labor:

"We promote full employment. You promote full workshop efficiency. Is it a deal?"

The alternative to this whole balance of joint concessions and of joint activities is a continuous economic civil war which would greatly weaken the United States both in its internal prosperity and strength and in its external influence. Soviet totalitarianism, however repressive of individual personality and however

restrictive of true collective bargaining, does at any rate produce (1) full employment, (2) managerial authority, and (3) an incessant striving for more and more efficiency and productivity. In a free democratic society there has to be a fourth aspect: free voluntary collective bargaining. We must achieve all four goals, or resign ourselves to the defeatist proposition that a free democratic society cannot produce an edifice of growing industrial stability and achievement.

I calculate, therefore, that the President's Industry-Labor Conference will somehow develop into a permanent body, continuously striving to infuse all collective-bargaining agreements with the spirit of Chapter Four of the history of the American labor movement.

I calculate, further, that the work done by the President's Industry-Labor Conference and by Vice-Mayor DiSalle's Toledo Prosperity Committee and by similar committees in other cities will be followed by work of the same sort in local communities in all states. As in Toledo, it will be found advantageous to have public representatives as well as labor and industry representatives in the Committee's membership. After all, it is to the public that both managements and unions must finally report. And, if both keep the public in mind and cooperate with it, I do not fear the outcome.

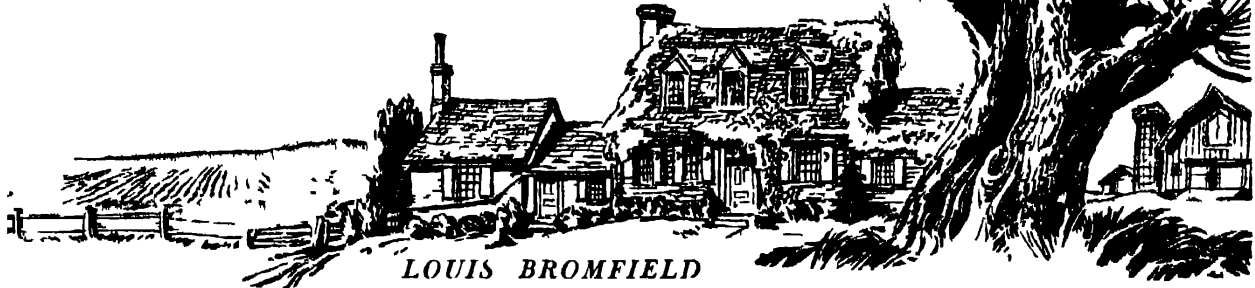
PASSING through the garment factory at Marquette Prison one morning, I noticed a prisoner sitting cross-legged, sewing a burlap covering on a bale of overalls. "Good morning," I said. "Sewing, eh?"

"No, Chaplain," he replied with a grim smile. "Reaping."

— Contributed by Chaplain Arthur C. De Vries

'MY NINETY ACRES'

Condensed from "Pleasant Valley"



I HAD a friend, an old man, who lived in Possum Run Valley on a farm known as "My Ninety Acres." Years ago when Walter Oakes was young, everybody used to speak of "My Ninety Acres" with a half-mocking, half-affectionate smile, because Walter always talked as if it were a ranch of many thousand acres or a whole empire. But as time passed the mockery went out and "My Ninety Acres" became simply the name of the farm.

Old Walter had a right to speak of it with pride. It wasn't a bright new place, but the small white house with its green shutters looked prosperous, the huge fire-red barn was magnificent, and there were no finer cattle in the whole county.

The place had a wild natural beauty. The patches of lawn were kept neatly mowed but surrounding them grew a jungle of old-fashioned flowers and shrubs. Beyond the neat vegetable garden the romantic shagginess continued. The wire along the fence rows was hidden beneath sassafras and elderberry and wild black raspberry. The place was shaggy not because Walter was lazy

or a bad farmer — there was no more hard-working man in the whole Valley — but because Walter wanted it like that, Walter and Nellie.

I never saw Nellie Oakes, but my father told me she had been the prettiest girl in the Valley. She taught school until, at 22, she married Walter. People wondered why she chose Walter, who had only 90 acres of poor hill land he had just bought, when she could have had any catch of the Valley. But I know from all the long story it was simply because she loved him.

In the parlor of the little house on "My Ninety Acres" there hangs an enlarged hand-colored photograph of Walter and Nellie taken at the time of their marriage. The bride and bridegroom are stiff as statues. Walter, stalwart and handsome and gentle, stands with one big muscular hand on Nellie's shoulder. She sits on a chair in front of him in a white dress with leg-o'-mutton sleeves and a full flounced skirt — dark, with big eyes, holding in her small hands a lace handkerchief and a bunch of lilacs. She looks beautiful and intelligent. Old people

still say, in the Valley, "Nellie Oakes was the only woman I ever knew who was as smart as she was pretty."

Nellie died when her second son, Robert, was born. But sometimes when my father and I walked about the fields of "My Ninety Acres" with Walter and his boys, I wasn't at all sure she wasn't there, enjoying the beauty and richness as much as Walter himself. "Nellie wanted me to put this field into pasture but we couldn't afford not to use it for row crops," he would say, or, "It's funny how many good ideas a woman can have about farming. Now, Nellie always said . . ." Sometimes I'd return to the house almost believing that I would find there the Nellie who was dead before I was born, waiting with a good supper ready.

Walter never married again, though a good many widows and spinsters set their caps for him. He didn't leave "My Ninety Acres" save to go into town or to church on Sunday with the boys, John and Robert.

I used to fish and swim with the boys, and got to know them well. But I went away from the county when I was 17 and I was gone 25 years. The war came, and in it John was killed at St.-Mihiel. Robert came back from the war, but he did not stay on the farm. Ambitious always, he became president of a corporation and made millions. He tried for years to get his father to give up the farm and live in the city or in Florida, but Walter always refused.

In the first weeks after I came home I never thought about Walter Oakes. And then one day someone mentioned "My Ninety Acres."

"Is Walter Oakes still alive?" I asked.

"Alive!" came the reply. "I'll say he's alive. The livest old man in the county. You ought to see that place. He raises as much on it as most fellows raise on five times that much land."

The next Sunday I tramped over the hills to "My Ninety Acres." As I came down the long hill above the farm I thought, "This is the most beautiful farm in America."

It was June and the herd of fat cattle stood knee-deep in alfalfa, watching me. The corn was waist-high and vigorous and green, the oats thick and strong, the wheat already turning a golden-yellow.

As I went down toward the creek I saw old Walter with two sheep dogs moving along a fence row. I stood for a moment, watching. The old man would walk a little way, stop, part the bushes, and peer into the tangled sassafras and elderberry. Once he got down on his knees and for a long time disappeared completely.

Finally, the barking of the dogs as they came toward me attracted his attention. He stopped and peered, shading his eyes.

"I know," he said, holding out his hand, "you're Charlie Bromfield's boy."

I said I'd been trying to get over to see him and then he asked, "And your father? How's he?"

I told him my father was dead, "I'm sorry," he said, very casually as if the fact of death was nothing. "I hadn't heard. I don't get around much." Then suddenly he seemed to realize that I must have seen him

dodging in and out of the fence row. A faint tinge of color came into his face. "I was just snoopin' around 'My Ninety Acres.' Nellie always said a farm could teach you more than you could teach it, if you just kept your eyes open. . . . Nellie was my wife."

"I remember," I said.

Then he said, "Come and I'll show you something."

I followed him along the fence row and presently he knelt and parted the bushes. "Look!" he said, and his voice grew suddenly warm. "Look at the little devils."

I could see nothing but dried brown leaves and a few delicate fern fronds. Old Walter chuckled. "Can't see 'em, can you? Look, by that hole in the stump."

They sat in a little circle in a nest, none of them much bigger than the end of one of old Walter's big thumbs—seven tiny quail. They never moved a feather.

Old Walter stood up. "They used to laugh at me for letting the bushes grow up in my fence rows." He chuckled. "Last year Henry Talbot lost ten acres of corn all taken by chinch bugs. Henry doesn't leave enough cover along his fence rows for a grasshopper. He thinks that's good farming!" He chuckled again. "When the chinch bugs come along to eat up my corn, these little fellows will take care of 'em."

We were walking now toward the house. "Nellie had that idea about lettin' fence rows grow up. I didn't believe her at first. But I always found out that she was pretty right about farmin'."

At the house, old Walter said,

"Come in and we'll have a glass of buttermilk. It's cooler in the sittin' room." The buttermilk was such as I had not tasted in 30 years—creamy, icy cold with little flakes of butter in it.

"You're living here alone?" I asked.

"Yes."

I started to say something and then held my tongue, but old Walter divined what I meant to ask. "No. It ain't lonely. Nellie used to say she didn't understand the talk of these women who said they got lonely on a farm. Nellie said there was always calves and horses and dogs and lambs and pigs and that their company was about as good as most of them women who talked that way."

The Sunday afternoon visits to "My Ninety Acres" became a habit, for I found that old Walter knew more of the fundamentals of soil, of crops, of livestock than any man I have ever known. We were not always alone on those Sunday walks because neighbors and even farmers from a great distance came sometimes to see Walter's farm and hear him talk about it. As he told the history of this field or that one, and what he had learned from each, a kind of fire would come into the blue eyes.

One day Robert came on his annual visit, and drove over to see if I could help persuade the old man to retire. "He's 75 now and I'm afraid something will happen to him alone there in the house or barn. But he's stubborn as a mule and won't quit. This morning he was up at daylight and husking corn in the bottom field by seven o'clock."

We were both silent for a time sitting on the porch overlooking the Valley. The green winter wheat was springing into life in the fields beyond the bottom pasture where the Guernseys moved slowly across the blue grass. "Honestly, Bob," I said, "I don't see why we should do anything. He's happy, he's tough as nails, and he loves that place like a woman." Then, hesitantly, I said, "Besides, Nellie is always there looking after him."

A startled look came into the son's eyes. "Do you feel that way too?"

I said, "Nellie is everywhere in that 'Ninety Acres.' She's out there husking corn with him now."

"It's the damndest thing," Robert said. "Sometimes I think the old gentleman gets Nellie and the 'Ninety Acres' a little mixed up."

We finally agreed that there wasn't anything to be done. I said I'd keep my eye on old Walter. And so every day for two years I, or somebody from the place, went over.

One Sunday afternoon in early September he and I were walking alone through one of his cornfields. It was fine corn, and as we came near the end of a long row, he stopped before a mighty single stalk which had two huge nearly ripened ears and a third smaller one. Old Walter stopped and regarded it with a glowing look in his blue eyes.

"Look at that," he said. "Ain't it beautiful? That's your hybrid stuff." His hands ran over the stalk, the

leaves and the ears. "I wish Nellie could have seen this hybrid corn. She wouldn't have believed it."

As I watched the big work-worn hand on the stalk of corn, I understood suddenly the whole story of Walter and Nellie and the ninety acres. The rough hand that caressed that corn was the hand of a lover. It was a hand that had caressed a woman who had been loved as few women have been loved, so deeply and tenderly that there could never have been another woman to take her place. I knew now what Robert's remark about Nellie and the ninety acres getting mixed up had meant.

IT HAPPENED at last. I went over one afternoon and when I could not find old Walter or the dogs anywhere I returned to the house. I heard scratching and whining in the ground-floor bedroom, and when I opened the door one of the sheep dogs came toward me. The other dog lay on the hooked rug beside the bed, his head between his paws. On the bed lay old Walter. He had died quietly while he was asleep.

Walter was buried beside Nellie in the Valley churchyard.

Robert wouldn't sell "My Ninety Acres." I undertook to farm it for him, and one of our men went there to live. But it will never be farmed as old Walter farmed it. There isn't anybody who will ever farm that earth again as if it were the only woman he ever loved.



Prejudice is being down on what we are not up on.

— Rachel Davis DuBois, *Build Together Americans*
(Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge)

Unwoven cloth, towels you can throw away, nonrun nylons, clothes resistant to moths, wrinkles and rain—these are a few of the things science will soon be giving you

New Things Coming in Textiles

Condensed from Forbes • LLOYD STOUFFER

THE oldest textile fabric known, a bit of linen taken from the tomb of an unidentified Egyptian who was wrapped up in it about 4000 B.C., was made exactly like the cloth in your handkerchief. The fiber was combed and spun into yarn; the yarn was woven on a loom. Cloth was never made any other way — until just lately.

Last week I stood in the Chicopee Mill in Milltown, N. J., and saw machines taking in cotton at one end and turning out cloth at the other — *without either spinning or weaving*. Here and in other mills, more than 2,000,000 yards of such cloth will be produced this year.

This is a completely new basic process — the first in 60 centuries. It is an even more revolutionary step in the textile industry than the invention of the power loom, which set off the Industrial Revolution of the 18th century. In the United States alone there are 6193 textile mills with 26,500,000 spindles and 470,000 power looms. Much of this equipment is probably now obsolete, for its work can be done better and cheaper by the new processes.

Heretofore the strongest textile fabric made has depended only on friction to hold its fibers together. The new process substitutes the positive action of a plastic binder.

In the Chicopee machine, raw cotton is combed out straight to form a continuous sheet, or "web," resembling fluffy cotton batting, about a quarter of an inch thick and 40 inches wide. Run between rollers, it is compressed to normal fabric thickness and then overprinted with liquid plastic to bind every individual fiber permanently in place. This plastic imprint can be colorless and purely functional — just wavy, cross-wise lines spaced about a quarter of an inch apart — or it can be a decorative design in any color.

The printed material is dried over heated cylinders and then wound on a reel — and that's all there is to it. In one single operation, raw cotton is turned into a finished textile; and any fiber can be handled in the same way. In the conventional method of making cloth the fiber goes through a dozen operations in as many highly complex machines.

The new nonspun and nonwoven

cloth will be cheaper, not only because it eliminates so many operations but also because it requires much less of the basic fiber to cover a given area. A pound of cotton, which will make only eight yards of spun and woven open-mesh gauze, will make 24 yards of nonwoven toweling. Yet the nonwoven cloth presents an almost continuous surface, in contrast to the porosity of the closest woven cloth.

I examined a piece of "Masslinn" toweling as it came off the Chicopee machine. It looked and felt like a thin, white cotton flannel, but it had all the resiliency of a woven fabric. It draped beautifully. Dipped in water it is instantly absorbent, without noticeable loss of strength.

Production is being stepped up rapidly but has never been able to meet demand. Right now nonwoven cloth is being used for dental towels, diapers, milk filters and linings for many things from shoes to coffins. Most of these are throw-away items, for which paper has hitherto been used. But cloth is softer to the touch than paper, and stronger when wet, and with the new process it can be just as cheap. We shall soon have cloth napkins, tablecloths and window curtains so cheap that they can be thrown away when soiled. Already, Chicopee has marketed thousands of "Chix" disposable diapers which cost less than the laundry service alone for the conventional type.

The new material is not yet strong enough for such things as shirts and sheets. It has only one-way strength — across the fibers. In the direction of the fibers it will tear rather easily. But a method of cross-laying the

fibers to provide two-way strength awaits only the development of production machinery. In a dozen laboratories experiment continues.

At the Kendall Mills in Walpole Mass., I watched the manufacture of a different type of nonwoven cloth which can be stitched without sewing.

Kendall mixes plastic in fiber form with cotton fibers and binds them together by the pressure of heated rollers. The resulting fabric can be as thin as tissue and almost as transparent. Because of its plastic content, two thicknesses can be firmly "stitched" together merely by the application of heat and pressure. Eventually the housewife may be able to do her "sewing" with an old-fashioned curling iron. One of the first uses for the Kendall material, known as Webril, was for tea bags, of which we use about 1,600,000 annually.

These nonwoven fabrics are only one evidence of the recent chemical improvement of textiles. There are many others.

In one laboratory I was shown two wool socks, size 12. They looked and felt the same, but one had been treated with a resin which is called melamine. We washed the socks for two hours in a regulation Army laundry wheel. The treated sock shrank only about ten percent; it remained soft and resilient. The untreated sock shrank 37 percent, to about an eight size, and its yarns were swollen and matted. This melamine treatment, licensed by the American Cyanamid Company, reduces shrinkage of woolen goods generally by 75 percent. Eventually the plastic treatment may provide

shrink-proofing so that men's wool suits can be thrown in with the Monday wash.

Shrink-resisting resins, already marketed commercially by both American Cyanamid (as Lanaset) and the Monsanto Chemical Company (as Resloom), have other values. Cloth treated with them, whether wool, cotton or rayon, tailors better, is much more resistant to wrinkling, and wears longer.

A wool dress treated with Monsanto's Resproofing — which coats each fiber with an invisible but permanent plastic film — could be washed and dried as easily and quickly as a pair of nylons.

At the Du Pont laboratories in Wilmington I saw a piece of olive-drab cotton twill, which had been chemically treated with quaternary ammonium salt. When it was placed under a spray of water the drops of water either bounced off or formed into little balls and rolled away like quicksilver.

This sort of treatment, which is permanent, has been given to millions of Army field jackets. No claim is made that such a garment is *water-proof*. Under pressure, water will pass between the threads of the weave — but it will not soak into the thread, so the garment itself does not really get wet. Nor would the wearer get wet in anything less than a cloudburst.

The same chemical peculiarity that repels water will also turn away soil and stain. Dr. George A. Slowinske of the Du Pont laboratory squirted his fountain pen at a piece of goods, then held the fabric under a faucet. The ink seemed to get right up and run off. It left no mark. With an

invisible coating of a rubberlike plastic which makes use of vinyl butyral, Monsanto chemists produce damask tablecloths immune to gravy stains. With a polystyrene resin called Merlon they give even cottons a laundry-proof wear-resistant finish. With it, bed sheets are expected to wear twice as long — at an added cost of about five cents a sheet.

A brand-new chemical called Syton keeps trousers from getting baggy at the knees. With the same chemical we are promised serge that won't shine. And there are many new chemical finishes which help natural fibers to resist mildew, moths and fire. Various nonskid treatments which give a permanent and invisible coating to hosiery threads promise to end runs. In the Du Pont laboratory I was shown an untreated nylon stocking with 150 snags in ten square inches and a stocking treated with acrylic resin, given the same torture, which had only five snags in the same area. It costs about one sixth of a cent to increase the life of a pair of hose 35 to 50 percent.

There are new war-developed synthetic fabrics which may give both nylon and rayon a race. The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company has a way of making its Velon into the sheerest hosiery. Another hosiery possibility is Vinyon, developed by Union Carbide & Carbon Corporation, which is extruded and spun from a vinyl resin. Exceptionally strong even in sheer fabrics, Vinyon is totally unaffected by water. Blended with cotton, wool or rayon it makes a fabric that holds a pressed-in shape, fold or pleat.

Scientists have discovered that the

molecular structure of almost all protein substances lends itself to the formation of textile fibers. Useful fibers have been produced from such diverse substances as eggs, peanuts, seaweed, whale blubber, pumpkin seeds, chicken feathers and tree bark.

It is likely that your felt hat contains about 15 percent of Aralac, a fiber spun from cow's milk.

With all these new processes and products in the offing, King Cotton and Mary's little woolly lamb must look to their laurels.

The Human Thing to Do

Curator William Bridges tells in "Good Housekeeping" these stories of love on the wing at the New York Zoological Park

LOOKING over a cage of birds, acquired from a private aviary, the Curator of Birds spied a white-headed jay thrush whose bill had been broken off.

Without a bill, which is its knife and fork, glass, thumb and fingers, a bird will starve to death. But this jay thrush was as fat and sassy as you please. And the loss of her bill was no recent thing, for the skin tissue was smooth and healed.

The Curator presently saw a European jay pick up a beakful of chopped egg, hop over to the jay thrush and thrust the egg into the gaping hole. The jay thrush squeaked and fluttered her wings, as an amorous female does when she is begging her mate to feed her at nesting time, and the European jay skimmed back for a bit of chopped fruit.

As long as he lived, the European jay fed his helpless friend. When he died three years later, the Bird House keepers ministered to her wants but were not equal to the task. Within a week the white-headed jay thrush was dead.

IN THE ZOO were three ravens — a mated European pair and a bachelor American. For a long time we had known that the American bachelor was in love with the female European. Their cages were side by side, and they used to "talk" through the wire screen separating them — huddle close to it, flutter their wings, and croak happily at each other. The European male never seemed to mind.

The love affair was so flagrant that the public began to notice it. Every spring when the raven passions were at their peak, an elderly gentleman used to write a bitter letter to the Curator, demanding that he cease frustrating true love.

The Curator finally gave in although his knowledge of birds warned him that the European male, deprived of his mate, would probably pine away and die. The meeting was as affecting as the reunion of two human lovers long separated by prison bars. The male flew to an upper corner of his cage and out of a recess unsuspected by us dragged pieces of meat he had been hiding. With these treasured morsels he fed his bride.

Apparently the abandoned husband was always a bachelor at heart, for his appetite and well-being improved.

The lovers are old now, both almost blind. But they still huddle together, and each spring they pretend to nest, with all the ardor of young ravens.

Those Vicious

KANGAROO COURTS

Condensed from Collier's • VERA CONNOLLY

What can be done about the American children held — many for insufficient reason — under brutalizing conditions in more than 2000 county jails?

THROUGHOUT the United States thousands of children are arrested every year and thrust into stinking, verminous jails in company with drunks, hardened criminals and sex perverts. Some are accused of only trifling offenses, but are held for days or weeks before they are given court hearings.

Often when a young boy is thrown into a cell block that is full of older men, greedy eyes study him. He is at the mercy of the prisoner bullies, who have set themselves up as a "kangaroo court" with a "sheriff," a "judge" and a set of brutal rules and penalties.

These fake courts exist only in jails run by lazy, callous, corrupt jailers. They impose on every newcomer a "fine for breaking into jail." Often a fixed amount is stated in the kangaroo court rules boldly tacked up on the wall. It may be \$2, \$5 or even \$10. If the boy has the sum, he quickly hands it over to the "judge" after one glance at the frightening penalty — in some jails 25 lashes, in others up to 100. If the boy has no money, he is forced to do all the dirty work of the cell block at ten cents per day until his fine is paid. The

final horror is the demand that he participate in degenerate acts.

Recently a boy was awarded \$6000 from a county sheriff in the Great Lakes region for damages inflicted by kangaroo court "officers." Another boy, George Henry Coover, 16, died in the county jail at Denver, Colo., as the result of a brutal beating by a bigger, stronger boy, Carl Wells, the "sheriff" of a kangaroo court. The first night Coover entered jail, Wells committed a perverted assault upon him. Thereafter Coover was beaten and abused, and finally he was murdered.

These brutal "courts" are active in many sections of the country. One inspector reports of a jail in a southern city: "Here the administration and discipline are very poor. The sheriff does not go into the jail often enough to see how things are. Blankets are torn and dirty, toilets filthy; bedbugs and body lice abound. Prisoners are allowed to retain their cash, and kangaroo courts are in full operation — as evidenced by rules pinned on the wall."

Of a county jail in a prosperous midwestern city an inspector reports: "The worst feature here is the kan-

garoo court. Jail officials permit this 'court' to have its own set of rules, and they allow the kangaroo judge to enforce them, to levy fines and mete out punishment. There is almost no supervision; the jailers seldom even look into the cell blocks."

Of jails in the Pacific Northwest, one veteran inspector wrote: "With few exceptions, kangaroo courts are allowed even in the bigger and supposedly better-run jails. Jailers and sheriffs either approve of kangaroo courts or offer a flimsy alibi." Regarding one large western jail the same inspector reported: "A kangaroo court is permitted to fine and search all prisoners. The jail officials have even typed up the kangaroo court rules. The 'judge' of the court is in jail on a charge of killing two persons with a butcher knife."

Last Christmas Eve in Seattle, John Emberg was arrested for wearing a "kind of Army outfit." He was 16, slow and shy, and longed to be in the Army, but was too young. Few victims of war atrocities have endured worse persecution than Emberg during the 23 days that followed. Without ever having been taken before any judge, he was beaten to death by bestial kangaroo court officers whose degenerate commands he refused to obey.

Following is a statement by a boy who witnessed the abuse of young Emberg. It helped convict three torturers of second-degree murder:

"The judge of the kangaroo court would pick on the little fellows, especially Emberg.

"I saw them tie Emberg, with his bare feet up in the air, against the bars of the cell. He was resting on

THIS article furnishes the evidence for one of the most serious indictments of bad county jails.

"Kangaroo courts, under the guise of prisoners' self-government, are vicious organizations controlled by the most perverted and brutal prisoners for the purpose of enforcing their indescribably revolting demands upon the young and weak prisoners and for extorting money from them.

"This article should be an alert to the citizens in every community to investigate their own jail conditions and to take action to wipe out this evil which is prevalent in a large percentage of jails throughout the country."

James V. Bennett, Director,
Bureau of Prisons, U. S. Department of Justice

the back of his neck. Then they put lighted cigarettes against his bare feet and between his toes. He screamed, but the jailers paid no attention."

Emberg's death was hideous. According to the testimony of another young witness, Red Thomas, the head of the kangaroo court, one evening demanded of Emberg a dollar bill, hitting him because he had none. "He kept hitting Emberg on the face and chest till Emberg was gasping for breath, then he told him to take a shower. After that he knocked Emberg down, and he was out for a few minutes. When he came to, Red made us hold him down and kept hitting him on the chest. Two boys were burning his feet with matches. Emberg died."

The official responsible for the administration of this jail offered this alibi: "The acoustics are so poor that such a tragedy is understandable if deplorable." And the jail super-

intendent who was appointed after the tragedy, presumably to improve administration, proffered this opinion: "Kangaroo courts if properly handled are not the menace some believe. Humans just naturally select one person to guide them."

Miss Nina Kinsella, who for 15 years has been supervisor of jail inspection for the federal Bureau of Prisons, told the writer a few weeks after Emberg's death:

"This Bureau will not approve any jail where a kangaroo court operates. I am appalled that some jail officials are so criminally lax that they turn their own jobs over to prisoners. Prisoners are not competent to govern themselves. Under no circumstances should they be given authority over others."

Federal jail inspectors, hunting for jails fit for federal prisoners, have visited every county jail in America; and out of more than 3000 they have approved fewer than 500. The rest they scathingly condemn. But they are federal officers, without authority to change conditions in county jails.

The blame is everybody's. We blindly elect as sheriff some man wholly untrained in institutional management. We let him appoint equally untrained jailers. We allow these men a certain sum per prisoner per day for board. Nothing is more vicious than this fee system. By half starving the prisoners a sheriff can pocket most of the board money, sometimes as much as \$50,000 a year.

When citizens start to clean up a bad jail they think only of the outward filth. In a southern town right now sincere citizens are demanding sheets for the local jail. That jail

certainly needs a scouring, repaired plumbing and edible food; but the acute problem is its criminally lax management. Because of this a girl of 14 was subjected to attempted rape by a "trustee." The girl had been arrested for giving her age as 16 when she applied for a marriage license. Her assailant has been convicted and sentenced. But the head jailer, whose negligence was responsible, still runs the jail — and the citizens clamor for sheets.

I asked James V. Bennett, Director of the federal Bureau of Prisons, "How can the people of a county improve their jail?"

"They can write us," he replied, "for our rating on their jail. Or their state as a whole, through the governor, can ask an intensive, state-wide inspection. When the citizens know positively the conditions in their county jail they can go to work."

"A marshaled public opinion can force the county government to establish satisfactory personnel standards, offer salaries that will attract qualified persons, prescribe sound rules for operation of the jail and see that they are enforced. This Bureau stands ready to help local citizens clean up their county jail. But enforcement rests with them."

Last February The Reader's Digest condensed Vera Connolly's article in *Woman's Home Companion*, "Get the Children Out of the Jails!" This shocking exposé has already helped to bring about reform legislation in New Hampshire, Maryland and New York. Readers who wish reprints of the article condensed above, "Those Vicious Kangaroo Courts," may have them at the following rates, postpaid to one address:

1000 reprints	\$7.00	25 reprints	\$.30
100 "	1.00	10 "	.15
50 "	.50	Single copy	.05

The Time of **THANKSGIVING**

Condensed from Mademoiselle

HOWARD FAST

Author of "The Last Frontier," "Citizen Tom Paine," "Freedom Road"

IN THIS vast country of 140 million people and many million square miles we speak in many tongues and many tones. Sometimes, though, we speak together, in a song, in devotion to a man we love, in a cause, and -- curiously enough -- in a holiday.

We have a holiday like no other in the world, a day of thanksgiving that came from the nation, even as the nation was making itself.

This time of thanksgiving came about not only from the Pilgrims, but from several sources, all of them winding together like a rope being woven. Yet in a fashion the first Thanksgiving in 1621 made a pattern; not a pattern that was copied but a pattern repeated over and over again, since the land was the same, the urge, the memories, and the hopes too.

The year 1631 was a black year in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The few people there were ringed in by an endless unknown of wilderness; there was little food; the children whimpered from hunger; the men and women were gaunt-

and faced. They were a people who lived by the Book, and even as other people in the wilderness had done so long before, they berated their leader for having led them into this dark and hopeless place. And their leader, a stern man, stilled them with his wrath. "Ye have escaped oppression and brutality," he said, "and this is God's land where Jehovah sees us, and yet ye whimper of hunger. Then shall ye know hunger and complain no more."

He decreed a day of fasting. But before that day, a ship loaded with provisions arrived. There was food in plenty; the sun broke through the cold clouds, the leader relented, and the people sat down to feast and to give thanks that they were here in this land, where there was no king and no established church to tell them they might not worship God in their own way.

Some 13 years later there was another Thanksgiving, by a people who spoke another tongue. The place was the Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam. Menaced by Indians, the stout burghers left their garden patches, their counters and their fur piles, shouldered their pikes and matchlocks and went out to fight for the little corner they had scraped from the wilderness. They fought and

won, and their leader, Governor Kieft, proclaimed a public thanksgiving which was held in February of 1644. And in the same way, with the fruits of the land piled high on the rough-hewn tables, and with a prayer of thanks for the good land to which they had come.

There are nine recorded instances of pre-Revolutionary colonies declaring Thanksgiving holidays.

On eight occasions during the long and terrible course of the American Revolution, the Continental Congress set aside specific days of thanksgiving. Nor were these in any way derivative of the Pilgrims' holiday; no, they were a humble measure of thanks for the few pitiful victories the ragged American armies gained.

The custom of observing Thanksgiving on the last Thursday in November stems from George Washington's decision to set aside Thursday, November 26, 1789, as a day of general thanksgiving throughout the newly formed union.

Why this humble gratefulness, so like that of the children of Israel when they came out of Egypt? What is this curious thread that runs through American life? Perhaps the answer is the key to much of America.

We are thankful — and constantly thankful—because nothing is or ever has been ours by divine right. We are no supermen; we are the people of all bloods and all races and all religions. What we have we have made out of sweat, blood, and faith in man.

We had nothing to start with, just the land as God left it. How many thousands of us came to this shore as bound servants! How many in the holds of slave ships! How many in the disease-infested steerage! We remember the Catholics driven from the land, the Protestants murdered in the night, the pogroms. We remember the famines, the plagues.

So we are thankful. In Ohio, the corn is husked; in California, the grapes ripen on the vines and become raisins. In Kansas, the wheat fields are like golden sheaves; in Massachusetts, the pumpkins lie ripe and full. In hundreds of cities, the lights of evening come on. All's well in the land.

We are not smug; we give thanks humbly and sincerely. For we know our blessings are ours only by a precarious right. A right to be paid for — and the proof of that, on this same autumn day, is the sunlight which shines always on the graves of Americans in some corner of this earth.

In a Whirl

SEVERAL engineers who were checking out of a Columbus, Ohio, hotel had a gyroscope with them built into a special suitcase for exhibition purposes — the same type of gyroscope that operates the automatic pilot on a big bomber. As a gag they started it and called a porter, who picked up the suitcase and headed for the door. The gyroscope kept on a straight course through the door but refused to turn off down the hall with the porter. Three times he fought valiantly with the determined suitcase. Then, plunking it down, he turned angrily on the engineers. "You gentlemen have been drinking too much!" he snorted and stalked away.

- Norman Siegel in *Cleveland Press*

Life in These

BILL and I left New York August 4 for a north woods fishing trip and for ten days never saw a human footprint. As we came back downstream on August 16, Wallace Moody, a local trapper, came along in a rowboat. "Well, if it ain't Ed and Bill," he said. "How fur up ye been?"

"Camped at Bearpaw Pond. Has anything happened since we left? Any war news?"

"Quite a bit's happened," said Wallace. "Did ye fish them beaver dams on Moose Crick?"

"They're out," I told him. "Must have been high water. What's the war news?"

"Well, the U. S. has got a bomb made out of atoms. Piece as big as a hen's egg blows up that mountain. Piece big as your head blows up this whole state. End of world must be comin' soon. Git any trout?"

"Enough to eat. But listen, Wallace, are we dropping those new bombs?"

"Dropped two — jest little ones. Blew up two Jap cities — killed everybody. Any big fish in Panther Brook?"

"Good Lord!" said Bill. "The Japs can't stand that much longer."

"Hell! They've quit," replied Wallace. "Them dams is out because there ain't enough beaver. . . ."

"For heaven's sake, Wallace," I interrupted, "do you mean to say Japan surrendered? How about the Japs in Manchuria?"

"They quit too. Forgot to say Russia came in. The fishin'd be a lot better except for that damn Conservation Commission raisin' the limit on beaver. I tell ye, things ain't what they used to be around here."

— EDWIN O. PERRIN (*Pelham Manor, N. Y.*)

I CAME back to my car, which I had parked on a side street in Pittsburgh, to find that a small boy of about eight had given the hood a "dry wash," leaving it in sparkling contrast to the dusty sides. "Finish the job for 50 cents, mithter?" he said. I agreed, and after ten minutes of brisk polishing he stepped back with an air of finality. I gave him a dollar, and told him to keep the change. "How's business?" I asked.

"Fine, pop," the little fellow replied, digging a small wad of dollar bills from his pocket and adding mine. "You're the theventh thucker today."

— T/5 GEORGE R. SCHLICHT (*APO San Francisco*)

★ ★ ★

THEY have telephone service that's really service in a small Mississippi town where I was visiting recently. A young mother wanted to borrow something from a neighbor but had no one to take care of her four-months-old baby. So she rolled the crib up to the telephone, placed the receiver by the baby's side, gave the telephone a vigorous crank and said to the operator: "Miss Floy, I'm leaving the receiver down in the baby's bed while I run over to Lydia's for a few minutes. Will you please ring me there if you hear him crying?"

— MRS. R. M. RLDHLAD (*Woodville, Miss*)

★ ★ ★

ON THE night shift at the Ford Motor Company, I often spent my midnight lunch hour with Dinny, the ancient Irish watchman. One evening the conversation turned to Henry Ford. "They say he has four hundred million dollars," said Dinny. "'Tis a hell of a lot of money for wan generation. And him with only wan son to leave it to, poor man." Then his old eyes sparkled and

United States

his lined face wrinkled in a beautiful smile. "Now me, I got two sons."

— S. SHIRWOOD DAY (*Fitchburg, Mass.*)

★ ★ ★

MY ESCORT had climbed a high fence into a small field to gather me some particularly lovely wild flowers while I waited in the car. Suddenly he called excitedly to a farmer hoeing tobacco in the next field, "Hey! Is this bull over here safe?"

"Well," said the farmer composedly, "he's a dern sight safer'n you are."

— JEAN CONDRA (*Nashville, Tenn.*)

★ ★ ★

I LEARNED that our elderly Cape Cod neighbor had been seriously ill from eating clam chowder, and in the afternoon I called to see how she was. "Come in and see for yourself," said her daughter.

"Oh, don't disturb her," I began — and then I saw the old lady. There she sat at the table, a napkin tied under her chin, eating clam chowder.

"But," I exclaimed, "I thought it was clam chowder that made her sick!"

The old lady looked me in the eye. "It did! But I don't aim to hev my stomach dictatin' to ME what I can eat!"

— NORA A. BROPHY (*West Roxbury, Mass.*)

★ ★ ★

DURING the pheasant season in Wisconsin last year I met an old man out shooting with a rather ancient pointer. Twice the dog pointed at a clump of bushes, and each time his master walked up to them and — though no birds rose — fired into the air. My curiosity got the better of me and I asked what he was doing.

"Shucks," replied the old man, "I knew there wahn't no pheasants in there. Old Fritzie's eys and nose ain't what

they used to be. But she's kinda sensitive, and I hate to call her a liar."

— J. A. CHRISTOFFERSON (*Franksville, Wis.*)

★ ★ ★

PETER JARVIS was a shiftless man whose one claim to respectability was a brief service in the Spanish-American war. He referred to it proudly as "The Battle," and used it as an excuse for begging. One morning he came down the street as my grandmother was scrubbing the steps of her brick house. "I've been in 'The Battle, mum," he whined.

Grandmother peered at him over her spectacles. "Aye," she said, "and I've been in the battle too."

"What battle, mum?" Peter bristled.

"The battle of life," replied Grandmother dryly, and resumed her scrubbing.

Peter eyed her bent form and gnarled hands, then departed. Our neighborhood saw him no more until some weeks later, when Grandmother was again at her weekly task. Along came Peter, in a street-cleaner's uniform, sweeping his way down the street. When he reached my grandmother he stopped. "I'm in the battle, too, mum," he said. Then, as she stared, speechless, he explained with grave dignity, "The battle of life."

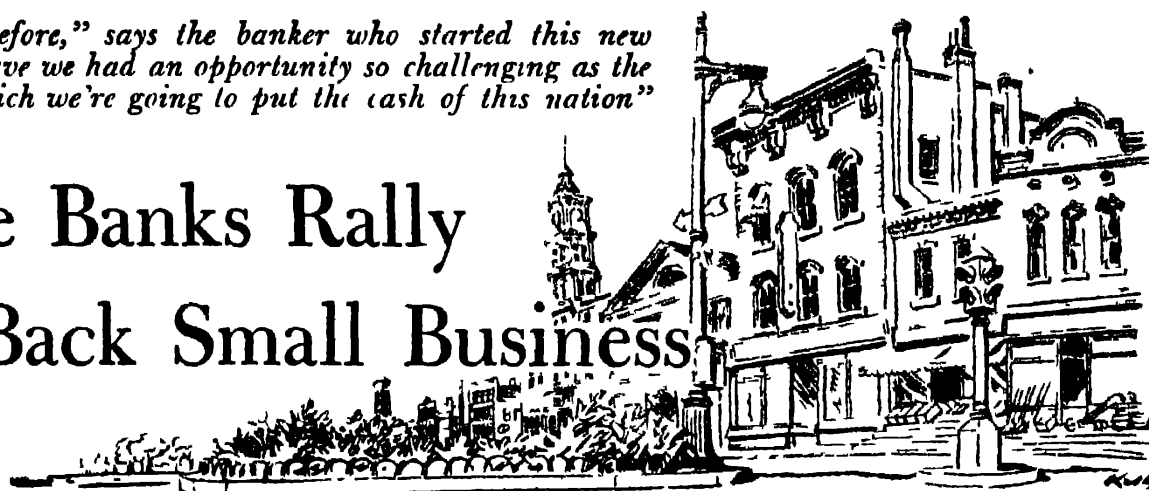
— KATHERINE L. SMITH (*Kingston, Pa.*)

★ ★ ★

For each anecdote published in this department, *The Reader's Digest* will pay \$100. Contributions must be true, revelatory or humorous unpublished human interest incidents from your own experience or observation. Maximum length 300 words, but the shorter the better. Contributions must be typewritten, and cannot be acknowledged or returned. All published anecdotes become the property of *The Reader's Digest Association, Inc.* Address "Life in These United States" Editor, *The Reader's Digest*, Pleasantville, New York.

"Never before," says the banker who started this new plan, "have we had an opportunity so challenging as the use to which we're going to put the cash of this nation"

The Banks Rally to Back Small Business



Condensed from Barion's • SYLVIA F. PORTER Financial Columnist, New York Post

A GROCER in Seattle recently wanted to borrow \$12,000 so that he could buy out his partner. His only assets were his reputation and some shop fixtures. But Seattle's bankers were determined not to let such young businessmen down. They had just signed an agreement to share loans that seemed too risky or too big for one institution. This bankers' pool lent the \$12,000.

A manufacturer in Maryland applied to his local bank on a Wednesday noon for \$50,000 to complete a vital reconversion deal by Friday. The local bank couldn't handle the loan by itself, but it phoned a larger bank in Philadelphia. That same night an officer from the Philadelphia institution arrived; by Thursday the big bank had said yes, it would take a share of the loan; by Friday the manufacturer had his cash.

Both these loans -- typical of hundreds now being made -- represent something new in American finance. Almost certainly both loan applications would have met flat refusals 12 months ago. To many a small businessman, and to thousands who plan

to launch a postwar business, the new lending program may offer the key to opportunity.

There are 2,758,000 firms in the United States which employ fewer than 100 persons each -- but in the aggregate they employ 45 percent of all the wage earners in this country in peacetime. It is they who must go ahead now to produce goods and create jobs for former war workers and demobilized veterans. Their need for financing is so imperative that the bankers feel sure Government agencies will take over the job if private lenders don't.

The threat of Government competition is no mere bogey. Powerful groups in Congress are pushing several bills to establish a permanent Small Business Corporation, with up to \$5,000,000,000 capital, to make direct loans. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation is all set to carry on in peacetime. The advocates of Government banking haven't been fooling during the war, and they aren't now.

The prospect of more and more political influence in business and banking is something that neither

business nor banking would like at all. Hence in the last few months most of America's 15,000 banks have organized in 43 groups. These groups or pools have but one purpose — to take on loans too much for a single bank's capacity, experience or nerve. If the local bank can't handle a loan by itself, it can turn to its city correspondent for assistance, or the two of them can appeal to the regional bank group for aid. Robert M. Hanes, of Winston-Salem, N. C., spokesman for the bankers, told a Congressional committee: "We are determined that, if the individual banks cannot grant the credit, the bankers will stay with the applicant and see that he gets the money from some other bank or group of banks." In the words of A. L. M. Wiggins,* the South Carolina country banker who first got the idea for this drive, "never before have we been confronted with an opportunity so challenging as the use to which we're going to put the cash of this nation."

This new "big brother" technique saved a midwestern canning company and hundreds of farmers from bankruptcy this past summer. The canning company had signed contracts to buy thousands of acres of peas when the bank with which it had always dealt decided it was already too seriously involved in the company's finances and could lend no more. The company, facing ruin, went to another bank and pleaded for help. This local bank was able to lend only 25 percent of the cash needed, but it immediately repeated the story to its big city correspondent.

*See "Lee Wiggins, Country Banker, Talks Turkey," *The Reader's Digest*, Dec., '43.

The correspondent bank studied the risks and possibilities and came through with the other 75 percent. The canning company paid off the farmers and went ahead with its operations.

An Illinois manufacturer needed \$170,000 to start making a line of deep-freeze units for home use. The three banks in his town could lend him only \$68,000 because of the legal limits on bank loans to a single borrower. So the three banks appealed to a "pool" in St. Louis. The credit group liked the loan and its profit possibilities. The \$102,000 was advanced from St. Louis and the manufacturer is operating now.

Most loans, however, are for hundreds of dollars, not thousands — \$867 to a beauty parlor operator in Iowa for remodeling; \$500 to a young California baker for new shop fixtures; \$500 to a butcher in Wisconsin who wants to modernize his refrigeration. These are random examples of loans which all too many bankers would have turned down but for the new program.

Traditionally, only big corporations or individuals borrowing on a personal loan basis have had the privilege of paying off their debts in regular monthly sums. Now large numbers of loans repayable in installments are being made to small businessmen. One of the most imaginative was to an attorney in Indiana who recently told his banker that his hobby was raising goldfish and that he would like to give up his law practice and go into goldfish farming, selling to five-and-ten-cent stores. He wanted to borrow \$2300 to buy pumps, tanks and trucks, and

to pay off his loan as the profits rolled in. The attorney got his loan on a three-year, easy-payment plan.

Not all America's bankers are participating in the new program. In big and little cities, I found plenty of stuffy, lazy ones who have grown fat in recent years just by making war loans insured by Government guarantees and by clipping coupons on Government bonds. Perhaps 15 to 25 percent of the nation's bankers are in this stodgy category. Leading bankers agree that this stubborn minority is an obstacle to their drive, and representatives of the American Bankers Association are now touring the country to promote increased cooperation in the plan.

Its importance is obvious. Most of the big business concerns will be able to finance reconversion without borrowing. But the small ones are not in this fortunate position. High taxes and narrow profit margins haven't let them build up cash back-

logs. Some need loans to stock up on civilian goods. Some want money to modernize their plants, to purchase additional machinery, or to revive prewar sales connections. More want to expand into new fields or try out war-inspired inventions. And there will be thousands of veterans and former war workers establishing new stores, restaurants, bowling alleys, radio repair shops, garages, appliance outlets. The list is as long as American ingenuity.

No matter how much money is needed, there is no doubt that the banking system can provide it for those who have the requisite integrity, know-how and prospects. Deposits in American banks today top \$140,000,000,000, more than double 1940's level and the largest total ever recorded. Loans in 1940 amounted to \$39,000,000,000. Even if businessmen ask for twice as much money as they did in that last full prewar year, the banks can supply it.



Good American Stock

A FEW MONTHS after William Hallicy, New Jersey nurseryman, joined the Seabees in February 1942, a brush fire swept his four-acre plot. When he went home the other day after being discharged he found his nursery was nothing but weeds and charred trees. Figuring it would take him eight years to grow salable stock from seedlings, Hallicy planned to raise chickens and turkeys until his nursery could produce again.

But Hallicy had not figured on his neighborhood competitors. Members of the North Jersey Nurseryman's Association appeared unannounced at the Hallicy home with \$2500 worth of small trees in 15 trucks. With tractor, plow and spades they cleared the plot and set out the trees. In a few hours, the Hallicy nursery was right smack back in business. Hallicy stared and gulped. He finally managed to pull himself together and serve beer. But nothing could wash down the lump in his throat.

—N. Y. *World-Telegram*

These events, half a world away,
are important to every American

Trouble over Iran



Condensed from The New Leader

ANDRE VISSON

THE STAGE is set for trouble in Iran. In this Near Eastern country, located athwart important commercial routes, and rich in oil and metals, British and Russian interests collide. The results of that collision are already being felt half a world away, in America.

Britain wants to continue development of British-owned oil fields in the southern Iranian provinces, and to maintain communications lines across Iran to India. Russia wants to get a share of Iranian oil and ores, a warm-water port on the Persian Gulf, and the use of Iranian roads for transit of goods to and from Central Asia.

The United States wants no special privilege. But the Iranians want Americans there.

Iran, which we used to call Persia,



BORN in Russia, educated in Belgium, Andre Visson spent years in the Balkans and Central Europe, reporting international affairs for French newspapers. In the United States he became a Washington correspondent for *Time*, and the author of a weekly column for the *Washington Post*, the *New York Herald Tribune* and other papers. From years of covering the "international beat" in the capital he has developed exceptionally authentic sources.

stretches over 628,000 square miles of land, mostly sand and stone. Its population is estimated at about 15,000,000, of which 3,000,000 are nomads. The great majority of the people have a standard of living too low to permit them to be important buyers of American goods, and American imports from Iran -- rugs, lambskins, cashmere goat hair, caviar -- are not vital to us.

Yet we are vitally concerned by what happens in this remote and barren land. For there the security zones of Great Britain and the Soviet Union overlap. For more than a century, the British have been worriedly blocking Russian penetration. Soviet pressure today is severe; and there is a limit to the concessions the British can afford to make. Should the Soviet Union try to go too far, a conflict could hardly be avoided -- and we could not ignore such a conflict.

The Iranians have long dreaded a war between the two great powers, knowing that the victor might absorb Iran. But they are equally apprehensive of complete agreement between the Russians and British, fearing that such agreement would result in a partitioning of their country.

"When the British Lion and the Russian Bear move together," wrote a 19th-century Persian poet, "the fate of Iran will be sealed."

The Lion and the Bear did move together, in 1907. Declaring that they "agreed to respect the integrity and independence of Persia," they actually divided the country into three zones — a northern one for Russian influence; a southern one with the rich oil fields, for British control; and a middle one which both agreed to let alone.

This arrangement was upset in 1917 by the Russian Revolution, and immediately the two powers clashed in Persia. Out of the struggle Persia emerged once again under its ancient name of Iran, with the soldier-usurper Riza Khan on the throne. Riza Khan shrewdly played Russia and Britain against each other, and by 1930 had the nation on the way to political and economic independence.

Hitler's attack on Russia once more induced the Bear and the Lion to move together: British and Soviet armies invaded Iran in August 1941 and in three days overwhelmed the Iranian forces. Riza Khan was exiled to the island of Mauritius and his son, Mohamined Riza, succeeded him in a country occupied and partitioned by Russia and Britain.

The Soviet desire was to seal the back door to Russia's Baku oil fields against a possible German attack, as well as to institute a Russian road across Iran for American supplies.



Britain's motive was to make sure that the presence of Soviet troops in northern Iran would not endanger British interests on the Persian Gulf.

The British and the Russians promised to evacuate their forces from Iran six months after the end of hostilities against Germany and her satellites. This pledge, made in 1941, was re-emphasized at the conclusion of the 1943 Teheran conference, on American initiative; and the signature of President Roosevelt added to those of Stalin and Churchill publicly expressed the growing American interest in seeing Iran remain independent. At Potsdam the early withdrawal of Russian and British token forces from Teheran was reaffirmed.

In fact, of course, Iranian independence was suspended. The five northern provinces administered by Russia are Iran's granary. Russia has

isolated them, closed their borders to all travelers, even to Iranian tax collectors, and has prohibited the export of any food to the deficient southern provinces under British control. This creates a fictitious prosperity in the north. Economic comparison is definitely unfavorable to the British-controlled south.

Moreover, while the British cannot always overcome their habit of looking upon Iranians as "inferior natives," the Russians have made a point of treating the Iranians as equals. To hammer home that point, the Soviets make lavish use of propaganda literature, radio programs and traveling theatrical shows. Peak of their great propaganda effort is their support of *Tudeh* (Masses), a new pro-Soviet Iranian political party composed of a coalition of Communists with left-wing elements.

Tudeh insists on the partition of large landholdings among the Iranian peasants, and supports Russian demands for oil concessions. Last autumn it staged pro-Soviet street demonstrations coordinated with Soviet press and radio attacks on the Iranian government. As a result the government was forced to resign.

Feeling the tightening of the Soviet grip, distrustful of the British, the Iranians look to the Americans as their last hope.

American-Iranian relations were formally established in 1856 by the Treaty of Amity and Commerce, signed by President Franklin Pierce and His Majesty, Nasr-ed-Din, Emperor of Persia. The first Americans to appear in Iran, even before the Treaty, were Presbyterian missionaries. Their humanitarian activity won

the respect of the Iranians; and the fact that they were not followed by American soldiers increased Iranian confidence in the United States. When in 1907 the division of Iran into British and Russian spheres was sharply criticized by American public opinion, the Iranians became gratefully aware of a new friend among the powers.

To this new friend they turned for help in putting their financial house in order. On Iranian request, the U. S. Government in 1911 sent a financial mission headed by W. Morgan Shuster. But Russia and Britain realized that, if the Shuster mission succeeded, their Iranian projects would be badly handicapped. A British-approved Russian ultimatum to expel the American mission was sent to the Iranian government. Russian armies crossed the border — and the Shuster mission was sent back home.

The American government, again on request, sent another mission in 1922, under Dr. Arthur C. Millspaugh. It stayed for five years and helped reorganize Iranian finance.

When the Soviet-British occupation of 1941 struck Iran, the Iranians at once asked Washington to send over many American missions. Dr. Millspaugh went back, with the authority of a financial and economic dictator. Major Gen. Clarence S. Ridley headed the American experts invited to reorganize the Iranian army. Col. H. Norman Schwarzkopf, former head of the New Jersey State Police, came to organize the Iranian constabulary. Other American advisers undertook administration of oil, agriculture, irrigation and public health.

Some Americans went to Iran without invitation — the forces of the Persian Gulf Service Command. But they came merely to assure the speedy flow of American lend-lease to Russia.

When war ended in Europe, Iran demanded that Britain, Russia and the United States live up to their pledges and take away their troops within six months. The Americans had already begun to move out. But Moscow pointed out that the pledge was worded "after the defeat of Germany and her satellites," and said Russian troops could not leave Iran until Japan was defeated. And Britain would not consider leaving as long as there were Soviet troops about.

Meanwhile the Iranian political situation is fast deteriorating. The government is rapidly losing even its nominal authority. Such a situation cannot last indefinitely; it is dangerous for Iran, dangerous for Britain and Russia, and dangerous for the United States, now entangled and involved.

There is a solution, difficult but possible. It has the double advantage of being both moral and practical, and it would satisfy all the legitimate aspirations of Britain and Russia.

1. Invite Russia to join the United States and Britain in arranging a mutually satisfactory agreement on Near Eastern oil concessions. The British were able to develop their oil fields in an independent Iran; there is no reason why the Russians could not do the same, and without interfering with prior British interests. It was an error not to invite the Soviet earlier.

2. Establish a free customs harbor on the Persian Gulf, with use of the Iranian railroad to and from Russia. This would satisfy legitimate Soviet economic interests, and would not endanger British trade routes.

3. The three powers must agree that Iran shall be independent. An independent Iran, free of all foreign troops and foreign interference, and hence of the prime causes of mutual suspicion, would constitute no threat to either Russia or Britain.

It is for the United States to take the initiative, by inviting Britain and Russia to work out such an agreement. It must be based on Iranian independence, as a first essential. Otherwise, there will be dangerous conflict over Iran, which the United States will not be able to disregard.

Illustrative Anecdotes—71—

SAM BALLARD, a young Louisiana newspaperman, appeared before a Senate committee to protest the erection of a statue to the late Huey Long, Louisiana dictator, in the rotunda of the nation's capitol. He was rudely interrupted several times by a Senator favorable to the Long regime, who finally roared: "Young man, do you realize you are addressing a Senator of the United States?"

"Yes, sir," retorted Ballard. "And do you realize that you are addressing a citizen of the United States?"

— Contributed by John Watts

The hitherto unrevealed story of the special air squadrons which ferried agents and dropped supplies to resistance forces in Europe

Scarlet Pimpernels of the Air

Condensed from Skyways

ALLAN A. MICHIE

ASUAL listeners to BBC newscasts to occupied Europe in the long months before V-E Day were frequently surprised to hear announcers say, "Uncle Jean has two shillings in his pocket," or, "Tell Marie to wear her galoshes." Such seeming nonsense was a coded signal to some French underground radio operator, often meaning that a plane would be over a Maquis landing field that night to drop arms and supplies, or perhaps land saboteurs.

Much of Hitler's troubles in occupied Europe came from a secret British-American air force. In Tempsford, a little town in Bedfordshire, there was a road marked "Closed to the Public." The villagers knew it led to an airfield, but the airmen who drank in the local pub were under threat of court-martial if they talked of their job. A few miles away at Harrington, Northamptonshire, some 3000 U. S. airmen operated another secret airfield. Even administrative officers and ground-crew men weren't told what was



*The assignment was code-named
"Carpet-bagging"*

going on. When they asked why the B-24 Liberators were painted black, the reply was "for night pathfinding operations."

From these fields two RAF special mission squadrons and the American 492nd Bomber Group delivered arms, ammunition, radio sets, thousands of carrier pigeons, food and sabotage equipment to the undergrounds of Europe. For the Norwegians they dropped skis and sleighs; for the French Maquis, jeeps, bazookas, mortars, bicycles and tires — made in England but with French trade-marks. These Scarlet Pimpernels of the Air transported hundreds of Allied spies, underground agents, saboteurs and resistance leaders in and out of Europe under the very noses of the Gestapo.

The U. S. 492nd Bomber Group,

from the time it began in January 1944 to the war's end in Europe, dropped 4500 tons of equipment and landed hundreds of agents in France, Belgium, Holland and Denmark. The two RAF squadrons which began operating from Tempsford in February 1942 made their drops in 19 countries from the Arctic Circle to Africa.

Just before and after D Day, these secret air forces dropped "Jedburgh" teams in France — specially trained teams of American, British and French officers plus a radio operator — to organize and spark-plug the resistance attacks on German rear communications and supply dumps.*

In the operations rooms at Tempsford and Harrington, huge wall maps showed a tiny flag for each drop reception ground and landing field in Europe. There were thousands of flags, from the tip of Norway to the remotest corner of Austria. Hundreds clustered around Paris, Oslo, Copenhagen, Brest and Brussels. There were even drop areas outside Berlin and Hamburg and in the Bavarian mountains, and throughout the war Allied agents parachuted down on them.

In 1942, when Reinhard "The Hangman" Heydrich, ruthless Gestapo boss of Czechoslovakia, was murdered while driving near the Czech village of Lidice, obliterated by the Nazis in reprisal, the world wondered where the killers had come from. They were Czech parachutists who the night before had taken off from Tempsford.

During the last weeks of Germany's

* See "Spark Plugs of France's Secret Army," *The Reader's Digest*, April, '45.

fight, Allied columns were pushing with apparent recklessness deep into the Reich. But the Allied commanders knew just what they were doing. Intelligence men dropped by the special air squadrons kept telling them exactly where the Germans were. And when the German radio was still boasting of a last-stand fight to be made in the Bavarian mountain "redoubt," the Allied commanders knew the redoubt was a myth. Dozens of agents dropped into the area reported that there wasn't any redoubt.

In preparation for D Day, the Allied Supreme Command determined to build up a huge backlog of sabotage materials in *Festung Europa*, and American Liberator squadrons, experienced in long navigational flights because of antisubmarine work, were chosen for the new assignment. The Liberators were painted black, the waist guns were yanked out to give space for packages and a circular opening — known as the "Joe hole" — was cut in the floor through which to make drops. An historically minded Southerner code-named the assignment "Carpet-bagging."

A complex chain of organization linked the airfields, the London headquarters, and underground hideouts all over Europe. Local resistance leaders selected the reception fields — usually farmlands or sports grounds — and sent the location by secret wireless or by pigeons to an obscure building in a drab London street. There the reception fields were given code names, such as "Bob," "Percy," "Luke." Often reconnaissance aircraft would zip

across and photograph the field and surrounding landmarks. When the field was approved, another colored flag blossomed on the huge wall maps at Tempsford and Harrington, marked with the dates when underground men would be standing by to receive drops.

If a Maquis leader asked London for supplies or arms, a plane was loaded with steel canisters and wicker baskets, with parachutes attached. That evening, a BBC man would say, over the air, "Henri has found two francs." That meant the drop would be made at reception field "Henri" about two in the morning.

Few reception fields had secret radio to guide the planes in. Most drops were made into a boxlike formation of flashlights pointed upward by waiting Maquis. Sometimes the Germans built fake drop areas but they seldom received the cargo because they couldn't give the correct flashlight signal. Often German radar would spot the plane and night fighters would attack it. Two night fighters set an American Liberator afire and wounded the tail gunner and radioman, but the plane staggered home to Harrington, where they counted more than 1000 bullet holes in it.

The agents dropped were a varied lot, American, British and other Allied officers, French-Canadians, anti-Nazi Germans, young boys, girls and old men. On the afternoon before their flight they were brought to the secret airfields by car. Intelligence men searched them thoroughly — a London bus ticket, an American cigarette, would give them away on

the Continent — and then dressers took over. Each agent was clad in a baggy jump suit abundantly fitted with pockets into which went a daggerlike knife, concentrated rations, a flashlight, a first-aid kit, bundles of radio parts, secret maps and papers. One agent even stowed away a phonograph record denouncing Laval which was to be slipped into a Vichy radio program. A rubber cushion was placed in the seat of the suit and rubberized cloth was wound around the agent's feet. Knee-high boots and a rubber crash helmet completed the rig. The agent by now looked like a lumpy mattress.

Approaching the drop zone, the agents would slide along the floor to the "Joe hole" and on a light signal from the pilot would drop into darkness below. One German was dropped five times, once dressed as a German colonel, again as a lieutenant, later as a corporal and twice as a civilian.

Since the underground needed more material than could be dropped by parachute, it was decided that heavy planes carrying large loads must land behind the German lines. Flying antiquated single-engined planes, which could land on a 150-yard strip of rough ground, RAF pilots had already been putting down and taking off from France with a couple of agents each trip; larger aircraft were a bigger problem. The British practiced with Hudsons until they could land in 450 yards and the Americans decided to use C-47 Dakota transport planes. A month after D Day, Colonel Clifford Heflin set his C-47 down in a half-harvested wheat field in southern

France. The waiting Maquis quickly uprooted trees and replanted them around the C-47 so that it was invisible to the Germans and 48 hours later, after having been wined and dined, Colonel Heflin took off for Harrington with two American airmen, a Canadian gunner, an RAF navigator, a British agent, a young French girl and a Frenchman to attend a sabotage school.

When a Hudson bogged in a French field, enthusiastic Maquis mustered 200 men, ten oxen and four horses and in four hours had the big plane on firm ground. An American C-47 nosed over landing in France on a flashlight flarepath. Mechanics were flown over from Harrington and in a few days had the plane serviced for the return trip.

The leader of the Danish resistance movement told the fliers at Tempsford that 90 percent of the

arms and equipment dropped was reaching underground hands and being put to immediate use. The agent in the Lyons area was brought out to Harrington to tell the Americans that in the month previous his Maquis had killed 1000 Germans with the arms dropped from the air.

On a plain granite memorial near the French village of St. Cyr de Valorges is carved this inscription: "In memory of five American airmen found dead under the debris of their aircraft, shot down in flames at this place April 28, 1944, whose mission was the parachuting of arms to our secret army for the liberation of France and the restoration of our ideal." That simple monument to five unknown warriors of the Anglo-American special air squadrons will stand in history as a symbol of the gratitude of the free peoples of Europe for their help.



President Truman's Address to the Nation

WE TELL ourselves that we have emerged from this war the most powerful nation in the world — the most powerful nation, perhaps, in all history. That is true, but not in the sense some of us believe it to be true.

The war has shown us that we have tremendous resources to make all the materials for war. It has shown us that we have skillful workers and managers and able generals, and a brave people capable of bearing arms. All these things we knew before.

The new thing — the thing we had not known — the thing we have learned now and should never forget, is this: that a society of self-governing men is more powerful, more enduring, more creative than any other kind of society, however disciplined, however centralized. We know now that the basic proposition of the worth and dignity of man is not a sentimental aspiration or a vain hope or a piece of rhetoric. It is the strongest, the most creative force now present in the world.

Now let us use that force and all our resources and all our skills in the great cause of a just and lasting peace!

— Excerpt from the President's speech, August 9, 1945, on his return from Potsdam, and reprinted in *Vogue*

Despite heartbreaking disappointments, he never admitted his goals were impossible — and he achieved them. An inspiring story for us all



BOSS KETTERING— The Man Who Fails Forward

By PAUL DE KRUIF

AT the age of 69 Boss Kettering reminds you of a bright-eyed boy on a September morning on his way to his first day at school. To the head of General Motors Research Laboratories, 50 years of invention and research is only a good beginning, his many contributions to our way of living are only little steps toward an unlimited future. His automobile self-starter helped put America on wheels. His ethyl gasoline led to the high-octane fuels without which we couldn't have won the war. His Diesel locomotives are revolutionizing the railroads. His hypertherm, or artificial fever machine, is helping doctors fight syphilis and other grave diseases.

All that only makes Boss Ket laugh at how little he knows. "The moment you're satisfied with what you've got," he says, "the concrete has begun to set in your head."

His perpetual self-dissatisfaction is the secret of his permanent youth. What if ethyl gasoline *has* added a billion horsepower to our motors? Petroleum won't last forever. So he's instigated science leading to the use of the synthetic gasoline, triptane, bidding fair to increase half again

the motor fuel resources of the world. But there's a ceiling to the raw materials for triptane; so together with his biologists and chemists he's probing to trap the limitless energy of the rays of the sun.

The streamlined world Boss Ket has helped to set going is itself the deepest of his dissatisfactions; it's too far ahead of the unhealthy, short-lived humanity inhabiting it. So now he's teaching himself to be a new kind of scientist — an engineer-doctor; he hopes to concentrate the principles and methods of industrial research on the conquest of cancer.*

THE industrial world knows him as Charles F. Kettering, vice-president and research director of General Motors. To the professors he's Dr. Kettering, President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. To most of the hundreds of men who've worked for him he's "the man who likes more people who dislike each other than anybody

*In August the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation granted \$4,000,000 for a Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research at the Memorial Cancer Center in New York City.

we've ever known." To me — and I've known him for many years — Boss Ket is simply a one-man college of fundamental knowledge teaching how tough it is to get all new things started.

The one-course curriculum of this Kettering college teaches you that the price of all progress is trouble. In his youth, Ket had long spells of savage pain in his eyes, brought on by constantly poring over his books at night after his farm chores were done. Nearly complete blindness interrupted his efforts for years while he worked his way through Ohio State University as a trouble-shooting mechanic. Of this major trouble (compared to which all subsequent ones were minor) Kettering cured himself by giving up reading temporarily and working outdoors as a telephone post-hole digger and linesman.

ONE day while he was on this job a hobo came by begging a handout. Ket, the line-gang foreman, took the panhandler to a restaurant, fed him a big meal, and then handed him a shovel and digging bar. The ground was underlaid with flinty shale. The gang snickered when Ket caught the tramp about to make his getaway with the hole not half dug. "Let me show you what a nice hole looks like," said Ket. The bum stood by while the Boss began cutting a perfect circle.

"You see," said the Boss, "it's real sport to dig a hole if you dig it right. The straighter you dig it the more fun it gets."

The ex-hobo eventually became

the best hole-digger in the gang. And that's the spirit Boss Ket still infuses into the hundreds of technical men working on dozens of projects in his laboratories. Their jobs may at times seem humdrum, but the Boss manages to fire them with a feeling of the dignity of driving even a little wedge into nature's unknown.

In Boss Kettering's personal college he learned that all mechanical troubles are minor compared to the human instinct of negativity to anything that's new and strange. While at Ohio State, he installed at Ashland, Ohio, the first central battery telephone exchange on any rural line in that part of the state. It ended the nuisance of cranking your phone to call up central, and should have been a great success. But, back at college, Kettering got the bad news that the company was scrapping the new system because for a couple of hours every afternoon the whole line went dead. He hurried back to Ashland. At farm after farm he split the line, failing and again failing to spot the trouble till he came to one of the last houses -- where he roared with laughter. Grandpa, just before his afternoon nap, had developed the habit of laying his spectacles on top of the telephone box across the exposed terminals, thereby short-circuiting the whole system.

"The company people," says Ket, "were going to throw out their greatest improvement just because they were naturally negative to anything outside their own experience."

Such incidents were the A-B-C's of his education.

In the first tough 28 years of his life he learned three great lessons.

He vaccinated himself against black despair by finding that all success depended entirely on how he handled his troubles. He found that he could multiply the power of his own hands and brain by giving everybody who worked for him a feeling that the job at hand was the most important thing in the world at the moment. And he often astounded the men he worked for by proving that it was always "some damn dirty little thing like grandpa's specs" that they liked to make their alibi for their negativity to all things new.

Armed with these three fundamentals, Kettering became an electrical inventor for National Cash Register in Dayton, Ohio. He had long, strong, steady fingers that he'd trained from his farm boyhood in an incessant dismantling and putting back together of everything that vibrated, that moved back-and-forward, that turned round-and-round. This instinct he shared with maybe a hundred thousand other Yankee mechanics—but to it he added a clairvoyance that, I believe, is uniquely Ketteringian.

He had a special sense of *seeing the problem*. "Any problem, well stated, is half-solved," he says. The top engineers of America's greatest electric companies had given it as their opinion that to operate a cash register by electricity would take a motor as big as the register itself. "Of course you can do it with a *little* motor," drawled Kettering. "All you want is a quick, short spasm of turning power."

It didn't matter to him that such a start-stop motor was unknown. "Nothing's impossible if it's within the range of natural law," he said.

The designers and machinists who worked for him at National Cash Register gave him the nickname "Boss Ket" as a joke because he could work all of them under the table. During a long factory shut-down in a sweltering August, there was no power. How could he and Chad Lee turn out the parts for the model of the new little start-stop motor the nation's experts had declared impossible? Hour after hour, day after day, in the hot, silent factory, Boss Ket stood on a chair, pulling the belt round and round so that Chad, who was the better machinist, could turn out their parts on the lathe. . . . Ket's final development of the "impossible" electrical cash register and of a banking machine that made bookkeeping easy are two of his many achievements that I didn't mention in paragraph one of this article.

|| Not as he was as top inventor in the cash register industry, Ket took a gamble and chucked his job. He wanted to start what he said was to be "a little business where fundamental scientific knowledge of every detail would be the first consideration." It was fantastic to think that this could lead to a living, let alone the fortune that finally resulted. Recently married and with a wife and baby to support, he began working alone in the hayloft of a Dayton barn.

Ket had the crazy scheme of putting battery ignition, electric lights and self-starters on gasoline automobiles. The elite of the scientific world were against him. Charles P.

Steinmetz and Thomas A. Edison had already pronounced the obituary of gasoline buzz-buggies; the electric would soon drive them off the roads. But the names of these scientific whales meant little to Ket. "You're an authority," he said, "only when you jibe with the facts."

AND you got facts only by experiment. "The Boss," says Bill Chryst, who worked with him, "experimented all over the place. Once in a coon's age, when Mrs. Ket couldn't stay home any longer, she'd drag him out to the theater. He'd come out with the program covered with sketches for experiments. He'd get home and disorganize the bathroom with chemical experiments that would plug the washbowl."

Boss Ket remembers how much he learned about spark coils with the first radio set he rigged up in the dining room while Mrs. Ket was away. "I used her egg-poachers and it caused a slight argument." It must have been a lovely life for Mrs. Kettering.

To start automobiles in the early 1900's you had to crank them—at the risk of life and limb. Ket interested the Cadillac people in the idea of a self-starter. But, to the Cadillac executives, the nation's top electricians proved that a self-starter would need all of eight horsepower, and that any apparatus to generate that would weigh half as much as the car itself and leave no room for passengers.

The answer to these authorities came from the hayloft of Ket's Dayton barn (named the Dayton

Engineering Laboratories Company—Delco for short). There Bill Chryst, who worked five and a half days at National Cash Register for his living, spent Saturday afternoons and Sundays and almost every week night winding coils for free. The Boss was still too poor to pay him.

"I want the job to get the fellow and not the fellow get the job." That's always been Boss Ket's slogan. In that hot barn during the summer of 1910 he inflamed all of his co-workers with the dream that the self-starter was going to make it possible, *for the first time in history*, for anybody to go anywhere without something getting tired. For all of them the job was the boss, not Kettering.

Then when the first self-starter car was delivered to Cadillac, Kettering's troubles only began. Road-testing the self-starter, he wrecked the car, broke his ankle, was ordered to bed for two weeks with his leg in a cast. The next day—at Detroit—you could see that plaster cast sticking out from under a Cadillac automobile. From under the car came Ket's high-pitched drawl: "I guess she's all right now, boys. Just step on her."

There were still plenty of bugs in the starter. Herman Schwarze, then Cadillac's master electrician, explains why the starter didn't die a-bornin' before it got into production. "Boy," says Herman, "you should have seen that Ket get down into the guts of an automobile and fish out the trouble after we'd all given up. He would come from Dayton to Detroit all dressed up and go away looking like a greasy bum. . . . We had

plenty of trouble, but we never lost faith in the starter — because, you see, we all loved Ket.”

“Research,” says Boss Ket, “is just about ten percent experiment and 90 percent getting along with the fellows you’re working with.”

Kettering was president of Delco, now transformed from a few fellows tinkering in a barn to a booming industry bringing in millions of dollars. And Boss Kettering was probably the strangest executive in American history. “The only rank we’ve got at Delco is when one guy is ranker than another,” he used to harangue the boys. When the treasurer came into his office waving the sensationally favorable financial statements, the Boss would drawl: “Now you get to hell out of here with those figures, George. The only things I’ve got time for is our troubles.”

For all their prosperity they had trouble aplenty. Automobile motors began knocking badly at just about the time Boss Ket’s battery ignition sounded the death knell of the old magnetos, and of course the magneto manufacturers blamed it on the batteries. It was spark knock, they said; it was a hot spark you needed. Ket didn’t argue but tested it. From feeble sparks to sparks hot enough to fuse the spark plugs there was no difference in knock or the power an engine developed. So maybe the fuel was the villain. This set Boss Ket on 14 years of search for a better fuel.

It was a fantastic fact that to the most eminent engineers and chemists of the day gasoline was simply gasoline. On the top floor of an old tobacco warehouse, Boss Ket rigged up a little single-cylinder Delco

farm-light engine as a mechanical guinea pig. He hired a chemically ignorant young mechanical engineer, Thomas Midgley, Jr., to help him. They added iodine to this gasoline and presto! the knock vanished. But the experiment was impractical because it took a dollar’s worth of iodine to take the knock out of a gallon of gasoline.

There followed years of cutting and trying with thousands of chemical compounds. After about five years they were excited to find that aniline was a powerful anti-knocker. But tests showed that it chewed up the engine. Three years later their hopes soared when they found that tellurium was effective. But tellurium reeked so of garlic that for weeks Ket’s boys were banned from society and were unwelcome in their own homes. However, tellurium brought them directly to testing tetra-ethyl lead, close by in the atomic table.

THIS tetra-ethyl lead was astounding. As an anti-knock chemical it was 50 times more powerful than anything they’d found. All you needed of it was a teaspoonful to a gallon of gasoline. It transformed the little Chevrolet testing car into a hill-climbing wonder so unprecedented that they named it “the goat.” That was in December 1921.

The rest of this adventure of ethyl gasoline was easy. It only took five more years of nothing but trouble to perfect the new fuel. They found that ethyl gas eventually ruined exhaust valves and spark plugs, but that a bromine compound could cure the difficulty. Bromine, however,

was then a comparatively scanty substance. Still, there was limitless bromine in the sea — if you only could mine it. It was just another dirty little trouble like grandpa's spectacles, and it took only three years for Ket, his boys and the scientists of the Dow Chemical Company to find the chemical trick of getting billions of pounds of cheap bromine out of sea water.

Through it all Boss Ket remained imperturbable. He kept needling his own boys and others into further experiment. He needled them to fail forward, so that today's automobile engines put out almost twice the power for the same size; so that billions of dollars have been cut from what would otherwise have been the nation's fuel bill; so that ethyl gasoline became a *must* component of all our high-octane aviation gasoline used in the war.

All this gives him just a momentary gleam of satisfaction. "You see," he drawls, "it's always been that way with every one of our developments — a succession of failures with just enough success to keep us hanging on by our eyebrows."

Then Ket's dark eyes flash discontent through his spectacles. If only there were a million more boys being taught what it takes to be a researcher, what a world this could be!

"Think of the poor kids," says Boss Ket. "From the time they start to school, they're examined three or four times a year, and if they flunk, it's a disgrace. If they fail once, they're out. In contrast, *all research is 99.9 percent failure and if you succeed once, you're in.*"

Then he smiles. "Here's what we ought to teach them," he says. "*The only time you don't want an experiment to fail is the last time you try it.*"



Of Time and the Professors

» THE editors of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* sent an historical article, which had been in the book for a good many years, to the head of a western university history department for possible revision. It came back with the caustic comment that it was "badly disorganized and full of errors." Curious to see who had written such an "inaccurate" article for them originally, the editors checked their files. They were flabbergasted to find that the article had been written by the professor himself — so many years before that he had forgotten it.

— Warner Olivier in *The Saturday Evening Post*

» IRWIN EDMAN, professor of philosophy at Columbia University, spent an evening with a colleague and his wife, and the conversation was spirited until about two o'clock in the morning. After several elaborate yawns had been ignored, the colleague said, "Irwin, I hate to put you out, but I have a nine o'clock class in the morning."

"Good lord," said Irwin, blushing violently. "I thought *you* were at my house!"

— Bennett Cerf, *Try and Stop Me* (Simon and Schuster)

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power By WILFRED FUNK

EACH day, if you are an articulate person, you utter some 30,000 words. These words reveal you to your listeners — your mental processes, character, ability and personality. Then how important it is to be sure that you command the right words which reveal the real you. For this reason it is wise to give a few minutes each day to vocabulary building.

Here is a list of 20 words selected from The Reader's Digest. After each key word are four words or phrases. Pick the one, A, B, C or D, that you think is *nearest in meaning* to the key word, and then turn to page 90 for the correct answers and your vocabulary rating. A leading dictionary is the authority for the pronunciations.

- (1) tenable (ten'uh b'l)—A: *unstable*. B: *slender*. C: *characterized by sensitivity*. D: *capable of being defended*.
- (2) accrue (a kroo')—A: *to accumulate*. B: *to hold on to*. C: *to win*. D: *to take*.
- (3) aggrandizement (uh gran'diz ment)—A: *the act of being boastful*. B: *increase in honor or power*. C: *greed*. D: *wastefulness*.
- (4) devious (dee'vi us)—A: *varying from a straight course*. B: *divided*. C: *underhand*. D: *many and various*.
- (5) cogitation (coj i tay'shun)—A: *excitement*. B: *meditation*. C: *confusion*. D: *determination*.
- (6) contrition (con trish'un)—A: *restriction*. B: *diminution*. C: *penitence*. D: *tensity*.
- (7) canard (kuh nahrd')—A: *a game bird*. B: *a receptacle*. C: *a fabricated sensational statement*. D: *a raucous noise*.
- (8) amenities (uh men'i tēz)—A: *agreements*. B: *the ultimate boundaries*. C: *the agreeable qualities of a situation*. D: *witticisms*.
- (9) conclave (con'clave)—A: *a secret council*. B: *a church law*. C: *any body of people meeting in council*. D: *one of the sustaining arches of a cathedral*.
- (10) toxicity (tex iss'i ty)—A: *high irritation*. B: *the state of being poisonous*. C: *acidity*. D: *ill will*.
- (11) ceramics (se ram'ics)—A: *Egyptian crypts*. B: *oriental scarves*. C: *a branch of higher mathematics*. D: *the art of making pottery*.
- (12) synthesize (sin'the size)—A: *to render conformable to reason*. B: *to put together different substances in a new form*. C: *to pity*. D: *to distill*.
- (13) raconteur (rah'con tur')—A: *daring adventurer*. B: *skilled storyteller*. C: *art connoisseur*. D: *a Beau Brummell*.
- (14) harbinger (har'bin jer)—A: *a bird of ill omen*. B: *a bird of good promise*. C: *a part of the harness for horses*. D: *an advance courier*.
- (15) imprimatur (im'pri ma'tur)—A: *license to publish*. B: *an official seal or stamp*. C: *a hand-lettered title page*. D: *the beginning of anything*.
- (16) turgid (tur'jid)—A: *tense*. B: *swollen*. C: *roiled and muddy*. D: *dusty*.
- (17) cabalistic (cab uh lis'tic)—A: *of or pertaining to black magic*. B: *having a private or mystic sense—mysterious*. C: *of or pertaining to those who are secretly united for intrigue*. D: *of or pertaining to an acrostic*.
- (18) histrionic (his'tri on'ic)—A: *having an excitable manner*. B: *having a theatrical manner*. C: *in chronicle form*. D: *fanatical*.
- (19) exemplar (egz em'plar)—A: *a piece of needlework*. B: *a knight of the Middle Ages*. C: *one who is freed*. D: *a model designed to be copied*.
- (20) supersonic (su'per son'ic)—A: *pertaining to vibrations too rapid to be heard by the human ear*. B: *of unusual size*. C: *extremely loud and noisy*. D: *pertaining to sound waves that are too slow in frequency to be heard by the human ear*.

What You Should Know About DDT

Reprinted from
The Baltimore Sunday Sun
LOIS MATTOX MILLER

THE wonder insecticide of World War II, DDT, is beginning to reach the civilian market as military demands fall off. Seldom has the public been more excited about a new product, its interest aroused, of course, by stories of the miracles DDT worked for the Army and Navy. DDT killed every fly and mosquito on whole islands in the Pacific. It made a healthful rest camp out of that pesthole, Guadalcanal. It stopped the typhus epidemic in Naples, and prevented the spread of typhus when the miserable army of Displaced Persons was loosed upon Europe.

Along with these true stories fantastic myths have been built up concerning DDT's potency, its deadliness to men and women, to children, to pets. Much advice has been passed from mouth to mouth, and much has been printed — two thirds of it wrong.

Here are the facts, checked for accuracy by the experts of the De-

Before the crop season of 1946, the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., will have more complete and detailed reports on DDT's usefulness to farmers and gardeners. You may write to the department next spring for the latest information on its uses.

partment of Agriculture, the U. S. Army and the manufacturer.

What is DDT?

It is a colorless, odorless, crystalline solid that can be compounded in powdered or liquid forms. Chemically, it is dichloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane.

Is it new?

It is not; it was first synthesized in 1874, but it was only six years ago that a Swiss chemical manufacturing firm discovered its great value as an insecticide. The first samples were sent to the United States in 1942.

How does DDT work?

DDT attacks the insect's nervous system. After contact, flies and mosquitoes go into drunken jitters; paralysis soon follows. Flies and mosquitoes die within half an hour; bedbugs in a few hours; roaches within a week.

How is DDT used in the home?

Against flies and mosquitoes in rooms, wettable DDT powder and water to make a five percent mixture is effective. This should be applied in a droplet (not a mist) spray on

ceilings, walls, screens, furniture — wherever the insects rest. Or a five percent solution of DDT and odorless kerosene may be used (not near a stove or any open flame, of course). This oil solution is also effective against bedbugs and fleas but a fine powder, ten percent strength, is probably better against fleas and against cockroaches.

Is DDT harmful to people?

The Army, the U. S. Public Health Service and the Department of Agriculture, after careful observation of the use of thousands of tons of DDT overseas and at home, report that human beings have nothing to fear from the substance, if used according to directions. Of course, DDT preparations are poisonous if swallowed and they should not be sprayed or dusted near uncovered foodstuffs or used on the parts of vegetables that are to be eaten.

Is DDT harmful to household furnishings or clothing?

No, unless combined with some harmful solvent. Odorless kerosene or naphtha solutions may be used freely. Water sprays leave a residue which is visible on polished or dark surfaces, but is easily wiped off.

Must the premises be sealed, as for fumigation?

No. In fact, if windows and doors are opened, screens and porches can be sprayed at the same time. The deodorized kerosene solvent holds the DDT particles on all surfaces that have been sprayed; hence the prolonged effect.

Is DDT effective against moths?

Yes. Woolens and furs can be protected by dusting with a five percent DDT powder, or spraying with a five percent DDT concentration in naphtha. DDT kills the larvae of clothes moths almost instantly. It does not affect the eggs but the larvae as they hatch come in contact with the crystals and die. Furs and woolens sprayed with naphtha-DDT can be stored moth-free for six months or longer in bags, trunks or chests. DDT also kills carpet beetles and silver fish.

Can DDT be mixed in wall paints?

Experiments show that DDT is effective — probably for several months — when mixed in paints of the “soft surface,” water-solvent or kalsomine type. Apparently it is much less effective in oil paints.

Can DDT be used on cats and dogs?

A dusting powder (usually with a talc base) containing five percent DDT will keep dogs free from fleas, lice and ticks. Because dogs are washed and are likely to be out in the rain, the powder must be applied often. DDT powder should be dusted only on the head and neck of a cat — and then very lightly — because cats lick their fur.

What is the value of DDT in the garden?

Consult your experiment station or the Department of Agriculture before using. It will kill many garden pests, is ineffective against others (the Mexican bean beetle, notably) and may leave a poisonous residue.

Will DDT kill termites?

Yes. A kerosene solution containing five percent DDT, used as a soil poison, has been found effective for more than two seasons.

Does DDT kill body lice?

Yes. A dusting powder containing ten percent DDT is used on the body and the clothing. Dusted into the hair, it destroys head lice, but has no effect on the nits or eggs. If not washed out, it will kill the nits as they hatch.

Is DDT an effective "mosquito repellent"?

No. Even though a person has been dusted or sprayed with a DDT preparation, a mosquito bites before the DDT takes effect. Later the mosquito will die.

Does DDT kill bees, birds and fish?

DDT kills bees, but many other insecticides are equally harmful.

Even the widely used lead arsenate is often carried back into the hive, thus eventually killing a whole colony. Extensive experiments are now under way to ascertain the effects of DDT on wild life. DDT powder, used at the rate of five pounds to the acre to control forest insects, has killed birds and fish.

How can genuine DDT preparations be identified?

Read the label! All reputable manufacturers will state plainly on the label (1) the percentage of DDT in the product, (2) the type of solvent used and (3) the particular uses to which the mixture is best suited. Don't be fooled by some of the inferior products which are trying to capitalize on DDT publicity by claiming to "contain DDT." Many are ordinary insecticides to which DDT has been added in such minute amounts as to be wholly ineffective. *Read the label carefully before you buy.*

*"Time Brings All Things"*

Excerpts from the Miscellany department of Time

All Wet

In Kansas City, Mo., weather forecasters of the American Meteorological Society picked an "ideal day" for their annual picnic, were rained out.

Harvest Time

In Washington, D.C., a woman who had bought her 11-year-old daughter a War Bond two years before sent the Treasury a snapshot of the girl, demanded the money that was promised on maturity, explained: "You can see that she is very mature."

Outmoded

In Washington, newsmen who cover the Treasury Department asked for a new adding machine in the pressroom, because the present one, installed during the Coolidge Administration, computes only as high as the millions.

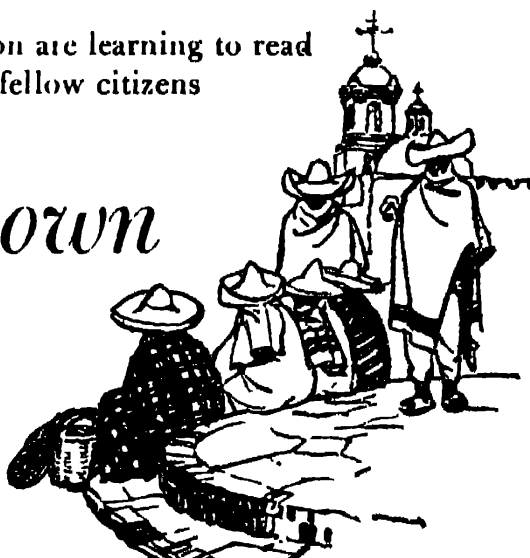
Strip Tease

In Red Bank, N. J., a busload of soldiers heard a female voice ask the driver, "Will you wait a minute, please, while I get my clothes on?," twisted their necks out of joint, saw a laundress lift aboard a load of linen.

The illiterate half of a nation are learning to read and write—taught by their fellow citizens

Mexico Gets Down to A-B-C's

Condensed from The Pan American
MICHAEL SCULLY



SINCE its 1910 revolution, Mexico had struggled uphill toward democracy and a better life for its masses. But progress was fitful - something was lacking. A fine new constitution worked haltingly. Land reforms failed to produce enough food. Apostles of imported "isms" taught labor how to strike, but no one taught it how to work. Café-table statesmen debated "what this country needs" for endless, fruitless man-hours.

Then, in 1944, President Manuel Avila Camacho put a finger on the problem. "What this country *really* needs," he said in effect, "is to learn to read and write."

Some 10,500,000 Mexicans - about half the population - were illiterate. Thousands of schools had been built in recent years, but only half enough for the child population; more than 2,000,000 children were growing up without schooling. Mexico's illiterates included 3,000,000 Indians who did not even *speaking* Spanish. How could such people be effective citizens or workers?

Avila Camacho acted as simply as

he had spoken. Exercising war-emergency powers, he decreed that all illiterates between six and 40 years must learn to read and write, and that all literates should be responsible for teaching them.

The campaign was officially launched on March 1, 1945.

In September, some 900 villagers, jungle Indians, city street waifs and peons representing every state of the republic gathered around the Independence monument in Mexico City. Six months before, few of them would have recognized their own names in print. Now they read from the constitution, sang the *Himno Nacional*, and delivered brief, moving speeches of their own composition.

These were people of unusually high native intelligence who, given their first chance to learn, had swept through primary instruction in half a year. But they represented 4,300,000 other students attending five classes a week in more than 80,000 anti-illiteracy centers, discovering the wonders of the written word. By next March, the government expects to raise the total to 7,000,000.

Avila Camacho's decree spotlighted a critical problem, put the moral responsibility for solving it on each citizen, and set off the greatest advertising-selling campaign ever launched below the Rio Grande. Mexico is one fourth the size of the United States, and most of the illiterates were scattered over a crazy quilt of mountains, farming plateaus, jungles and deserts. Even to reach these millions with a single idea was an unprecedented project.

But behind the President was a man with a plan: Jaime Torres Bodet, Secretary of Education, a stocky, 12-hour-day worker with the face of a poet — which he is — and the drive of an athlete. Torres Bodet had spent ten years abroad, exploring almost every school system of Europe, storing ideas that would be useful in Mexico. Now, with the job he had always wanted, he set out to reclaim half a nation from ignorance.

First enlisting all newspapers and radio stations, he launched a publicity barrage at the nation's literate half, appealing to every impulse from patriotism to simple self-interest. To the patriotic, he pointed out that aiding an illiterate to learn meant creating a better citizen, building a stronger Mexico. To the employer, it meant more able workers. To the merchant, customers who could earn and buy more. To newspapers, more readers. To the law-abiding, less menace from crime: 90 percent of prison inmates were illiterates.

Torres Bodet's propagandists organized a "chain of responsibility" which made each governor responsible for his state, each mayor for his

municipal area. Under these came school officials, heads of farming communities, officers of remote army posts, anyone with legal or moral authority. Thus 6000 points of contact were established through which instructions from the capital could reach every mountain fold and jungle clearing.

An eye-catching primer was prepared. First it illustrates each vowel with an easily comprehended drawing — a mouse squeaks "e-e-e," a locomotive moans "u-u-u." Then it leads quickly into the simplest words of daily use, each lesson picturing an incident in the life of a peasant family. Midway in its 112 pages, the primer begins guiding the pupil to an understanding of his country, explaining the significance of the constitution and introducing national heroes such as Hidalgo, Morelos, Juárez and Madero. The primer is adroitly patterned to mold a citizen as well as a literate by such declarations as: "To throw filth in a stream, to tear a book, to write on a wall — these are the signs of barbarity." And the real meaning of liberty: "As a free people, the best way to guarantee our rights is to perform our duties."

To provide primers from his meager budget, Torres Bodet induced the capital's newspapers to lend their plants during off hours. His department paid only the printers' extra wages. In this unorthodox fashion, the greatest book-publishing job ever undertaken in Latin America was accomplished. There remained the problem of distribution. Tons of primers were packed over the mountains on burro-back, poled

down rivers in dugouts, even dropped from army planes into jungle villages.

Organizing the illiterates under competent teachers was another challenge. "This could not be literally an 'each-one-teach-one' campaign,"* Torres Bodet explains. "In Mexico City there are more than four literates for each illiterate, while in some states the reverse is true. We had to be flexible and still stress the point that each literate is *responsable* for an illiterate, whether it is a housewife who sees that her servant attends classes or a manufacturer who supports a school."

The public response to the anti-illiteracy program has been a conspicuous demonstration of national unity. Churches and clubs, labor and employer groups formed volunteer teaching corps. The Mexico City newsboys' association resolved to expel any member who did not learn how to read his papers within the year. University youths offered to teach the 900 illiterates of the Islas Tres Marias penal colony, Mexico's Alcatraz.

The heart of the urban effort was the *patronato*, or board of patrons, of civically conscious citizens. The Mexico City *patronato*, faced with 326,785 illiterates, pays 800 trained teachers to conduct night classes in the schools. Volunteers have gone beyond the obligation of the law to do their part. Doña Luz Fernández Islas, who used to be a teacher, is 90 years old, but when she heard the President's decree she immediately began searching her neighbor-

hood for illiterate servants. Each afternoon, a group of teen-age girls probes the mysteries of the primer at the feet of this teacher whose normal-school diploma is dated 1873.

In Torreón, José Ortiz, banker-industrialist, pledged 1000 citizens to subscribe ten pesos (\$2) a month each, so that trained teachers could be paid two pesos a month for each illiterate instructed. Ortiz offered free baseball tickets for perfect class attendance and the *patronato* bought weekly movie seats for class leaders. Merchants offered more substantial prizes — clothes, furniture, radios — for those completing their courses with top honors.

The reward motive combined with the Mexican love of *fiestas* helped accelerate the campaign. Torres Bodet promised the village of San Nazareno Etla a new school and a party to celebrate it when the last illiterate was reclaimed. Within six months he had to fulfill his pledge. In San Bartolo, a textile town with 6000 illiterates, factory owners promised after-school coffee and cakes for each class with a perfect attendance. The result has been an almost nightly social event — and more than 1000 literates in the first four months.

The Michoacán state legislature decreed that illiterate prisoners could reduce their terms by mastering the primer, literate ones by teaching their fellows. This inspiration has produced scores of free and wiser men. Mexico's conscript army, where illiteracy has been as high as 80 percent, has become one of the educators' richest lodes. Coöperating commanders promote worthy pupils and

*See "Each One Teach One," The Reader's Digest, September, '44.

restrict the privileges of the reluctant. At the Monterrey post, where 1100 men attend daily classes, 60 percent already have reached a working degree of literacy.

But the 3,000,000 non-Spanish-speaking Indians remain a problem. Among them, they use some 50 different dialects and they cannot leap abruptly from their spoken tongue to the reading and writing of Spanish. Torres Bodet has opened an institute to teach Spanish to native instructors; then the first real effort to bring the Indian into Mexican life will begin.

He has plans, too, for cultivating the seed. When Torres Bodet took office two years ago, the newsstands were plastered with gory thrillers, romantic bonbons and pornography. He decided that the reading public

needed worth-while books at lower prices, and began publishing a series of "newsprint classics" — simplified, condensed biographies, histories of the American nations, poetry and popularized science — to be sold at 25 centavos (five cents) each. To date, 70 volumes have sold more than 2,000,000 copies. Now he plans a series of illustrated nickel booklets: "How to Be a Better Farmer," "How to Care for Your Baby," "How to Avoid Disease" — advice by the nation's highest authorities so simplified as to put the written word to work in the lowliest homes.

Avila Camacho's "emergency," as implemented by Torres Bodet, seems on its way to becoming the most important decree issued in Mexico since the Aztecs were conquered by Cortez.



Revised Edition

A 15-year-old boy was considering the different girls he might ask to the next school dance. "I think I'll ask Jean," he decided at last.

"That surprises me," his mother said. "Last year you wouldn't even dance with her — you said she was too tall and skinny."

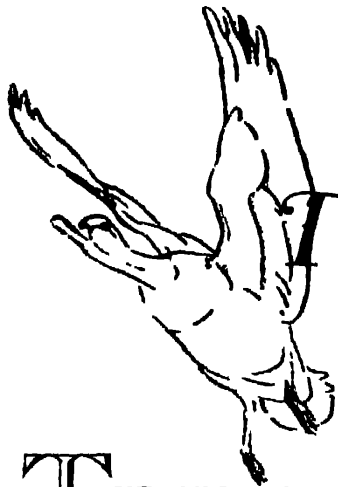
"Oh, but she's different now," her son assured her. "She's tops. Since last year she's mobilized her physique and brought up reinforcements."

— Contributed by N. Scherer

Answers to: "It Pays to Increase Your Word Power"

1—D	6—C	11—D	16—B	<i>Vocabulary Ratings</i>	
2—A	7—C	12—B	17—B	20—17 correct. . .	exceptional
3—B	8—C	13—B	18—B	16—14 correct. . . .	superior
4—A	9—A	14—D	19—D	13—11 correct.	excellent to good
5—B	10—B	15—A	20—A	10—8 correct.	fair to poor

Astonishing facts and theories about one
of nature's most fascinating phenomena



The Mystery of Migration

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

IVAN T. SANDERSON • *Naturalist, author of "Animal Treasure,"
"Caribbean Treasure," etc.*

THE MIGRATION of animals has been observed by man for thousands of years, and it is still one of the most fascinating questions in nature. We cannot be sure that all the incredible facts we have now gathered about this phenomenon add up to an explanation of it.

After modern investigation had shown that migration is a natural habit common to a great part of the animal world, and necessary for their existence, another problem arose. All over the world men have from time to time encountered vast armies of animals advancing across the face of the earth in countless millions, often without apparent cause.

The commonest example is probably the locust, a perennial scourge in many warm lands. One swarm in the Red Sea area covered 2000 square miles. In the north of Canada and in Norway, vast numbers of little ratlike animals known as lemmings pour down from the uplands from time to time and, after crossing the coastal plains, plunge into the sea and disappear. In South Africa herds of springbok, delicate little antelopes, pressed shoulder to shoulder and

reaching in all directions as far as the eye can see, suddenly appear at the coast and likewise plunge to their destruction in the sea.

These unexpected eruptions of animal life occur in almost every country. I once walked for an hour through a continuous carpet of little hopping frogs in the grass fields of West Africa. Hardly a summer passes without a swarm of insects being reported in New York. In 1943 The Bronx had two — green flies that appeared from nowhere and huge cockroaches that appeared out of drains.

Such phenomenal appearances of animals should properly be described as emigrations, in contrast to seasonal migration. Migration makes possible the continuation of the species, while emigration invariably ends in mass suicide. Yet these contrary marvels have some features in common.

Scientists who investigated lemming emigrations brought several unexpected things to light. Norwegian lemmings live in colonies on mountain uplands above the tree line, where the only vegetation is grasses and lichens. Every so often the number of lemmings in one of the colonies increases tremendously,

and concurrently the little animals, which are usually very timid, become bold and fearless. They begin to produce larger litters at shorter intervals.

The animals that prey on the lemmings — owls, martens, weasels and hawks — also begin to increase, and they, too, become bolder and more voracious. The process goes on until there is hardly standing room for the animals. Finally when the pressure of numbers becomes intolerable, hosts of lemmings pour down the mountainside into the woodlands, a region quite unsuited to them. They are followed by swarms of their enemies. On they go, a vast moving blanket that creeps across the earth. And all the time they keep breeding.

During the two or three years the lemmings may take to reach the coast, they are devoured by the thousands, are drowned in billions while crossing rivers and fiords, or wilt away from starvation. Those that reach the sea press on, swimming blindly out into the Atlantic to perish. It is a mass hysteria: the animals have lost all their natural sagacity.

It was discovered that some of the lemmings reached isolated plateaus suitable to them, and settled down there. But, surprisingly, these colonies became extinct in a few years.

Why, the investigators asked, should the lemmings suddenly start to breed so madly? Why should they commit mass suicide? Why should all those that settled on suitable plateaus die out, while those few left behind in their original home survive and in time give rise to another swarm? The answer to this question disclosed perhaps the most important key to the mystery of animals' mass movements.

Examinations of the lemmings at all phases of the swarming showed that the sexual organs underwent extraordinary changes. What is more, the whole animal changed anatomically in accordance with its increased vigor — a change, investigators suggested, caused by something the lemmings ate.

For a time, this substance remained an unknown factor. Then vitamins were discovered. At once it was recognized that the substance in question must be a vitamin, and soon one was found in the lichens on which the lemmings feed after their long hibernation.

The source of this stimulant to breeding activity was left behind when the animals emigrated, although they carried some of the vitamin stored up in their bodies. In the case of those that found a haven in some seemingly suitable environment, it became disseminated through overuse and, there being no new supply, the animals lost their fertility and died out.

This may well be the general pattern of all mass emigrations. While it is a scarcity of food or water that prompts the animals to start their trek, the craze to breed and the mass hysteria often noted among emigrating swarms of animals are probably caused by the stimulation of some such vitamin.

Seasonal migration is an altogether different matter. The basic causes may be the same, but, whereas emigrating animals disappear, migrating animals (or their offspring) always return to the place where they began their journey. The degree of movement of migrating creatures varies

greatly. Elephants sometimes perform migrations that take nearly ten years to complete. Troops of some kinds of South American monkeys migrate back and forth between two areas of forest every few weeks.

A most astonishing sight is the migration of land crabs on the island of Jamaica. These creatures, which dwell in rock crevices, once a year descend at the same time to certain beaches for breeding purposes. They invariably do this by following the straightest line possible, and as a result they scramble over any obstacles, even houses, that happen to be in their path.

One species of aphids spends half the year on apple trees and the other half on the stems of grasses. These insects are used by certain ants as we use cows. They are herded and protected and "milked" by the ants, which eat a honeylike fluid which exudes from the aphids' bodies. Having discovered that the aphids have to migrate, the ants carry them down from the apple trees and place them on the grass stems or take them from the grass up to the apple trees, as the season may demand.

The champion traveler is probably the Arctic tern. This small, slender, gull-like bird migrates from Arctic America across the North Atlantic to Europe, thence down the coast past Africa to the Antarctic Ocean, and back up the same route the following spring — a distance of about 24,000 miles.

Why should birds perform these prodigious feats? The only answer that seems plausible is the suggestion that the breeding stimulant which was discovered to be the cause of the

lemmings' increased fertility is found in the young vegetation — and in the insects that feed upon that vegetation — in the northlands freed from the blanket of winter snow by the warm spring sun. The birds crave this vitamin like a drug.

The astonishing behavior of Atlantic eels, though also carried out for the purpose of breeding, is unique. Eels spend many years of seemingly contented life puttering about in the ponds and streams of Europe and North America. Then suddenly they leave their homes, go down the rivers and head out into the Atlantic, swimming onward until they reach a great deep in the Atlantic Ocean south of Bermuda, where they sink and disappear forever.

Later, an eruption of tiny, transparent, threadlike creatures with bulging black eyes come welling up to the surface and, spreading out like an ever-expanding mushroom, stream off in two groups. Those going east reach the shores of Europe in three years. Those going west arrive sooner at the American coast. Both shoals — by now grown into young eels — swim up the rivers until they reach the abodes whence their parents started out.

This phenomenon has a fascinating theoretical explanation based on what is known as Wegener's theory of continental drift. Alfred Lothar Wegener, a German geophysicist, pointed out that the earth's crust is composed of two layers, the outer one being lighter, and less deep than the oceans. He suggested that our earth originally had a complete skin of this outer layer, but that about half was lost by flying off into outer

space. The remainder then cracked up into big pieces which we call continents, and started to drift around to balance the earth, which was lopsided and wobbling. As evidence he cut out maps of the continents, and showed that they can be fitted together. The east coast of North and South America fits almost exactly into the west coast of Europe and Africa.

Now if the eels originated in the sea-filled crack between the Old and the New Worlds when they lay close together, and spent their time between breeding seasons in the ponds and rivers of the nearby land on either side of the crack, they would have had to make longer and longer journeys to their breeding grounds as the continents drifted apart, until it eventually became impossible for

them to make the trip every year. Thus they would have to spend a longer rest period in fresh water and go less frequently to breed. By carrying this process to an extreme, it will be seen that their behavior would eventually become that which it is today, whereby they spend their whole lives resting and storing up energy for their great adventure and then set out to the ancestral grounds, now thousands of miles away, where their eggs are laid. The effort now entailed so entirely exhausts them that they never survive.

Migration is the major life process of the animal world. The many varying kinds are unified only by their object and result: survival. Without migration, a great part of our earth's animal life would probably have long since become extinct.

Watch on the Rhinehart

Excerpts from *The Saturday Evening Post*

» IT SEEMED to a certain son that his mother had reached a milestone that should not pass unnoticed. Not a birthday nor an anniversary, but, nevertheless, a clearcut point in progress. He wrote a poem for the event, with this touching inscription:

"To Mother, on the occasion of her 54th murder."

The lethal lady with this impressive score was Mary Roberts Rinehart, the author of so many best-selling mysteries.

» WHEN Mrs. Rinehart was covering World War I battle zones as a correspondent, her son Stanley, now president of publishers Farrar and Rinehart, was stranded behind the lines as an officer in the Services of Supply. He asked repeatedly for permission at least to visit the war, but was put off every time. What finally jolted his superiors into action was the reason the young officer assigned in asking for a short leave. "To go to the front," he wrote, "to visit my mother."

A not unbiased report on the Civil Service by one who has struggled for seven years in its red tape

Shall We Go Back to the Spoils System?

Condensed from Harper's • JOHN FISCHER

Now one of the editors of Harper's, recently with the BEW and FEA in Washington and in India

THE hosannahs of good citizens were heard throughout the land on January 16, 1883. Congress had just passed the Civil Service Act to guarantee an honest and efficient government forevermore. Corrupt political bosses and their thieving henchmen finally had been shooed from the public trough; federal jobs from then on would be filled strictly on merit by the ablest men in the country.

But somehow, in the 62 years since that glad day, the Great Reform has gone sour. Nearly every agency in Washington today pays a large staff to figure out ingenious schemes for carrying on the public business *in spite of* Civil Service Regulations. (These rules and regulations fill a 524-page book, plus 46 pages of reference tables. Probably no living man wholly understands them, but they govern every waking hour of the three and a half million people in the federal service, including — especially including — their behavior off the job.) Thousands of typists who might be doing useful work in a hand laundry waste their dreary lives filling out stacks of Civil Service

forms, usually in quintuplicate. A responsible executive officer in the War Department recently stated (very privately) that the Civil Service system had been the greatest single obstacle to the war effort.

Even Congress finally recognizes the failure of Civil Service. Whenever our lawmakers want to set up a really effective and businesslike agency — for example, TVA or the Federal Farm Mortgage Corporation — they always provide that it shall operate “without regard to the provisions of Civil Service.”

What's gone wrong with Civil Service? First of all, it's too slow. An administrator in urgent need of a new assistant can hope to get somebody on the job — with luck and infinite finagling — in six or eight weeks. Even under wartime pressure par for the course was at least a month.

When you want to fire an incompetent the ordeal may drag on for six or eight painful months. If you are an experienced administrator, you will never try to fire anybody — you will foist him off on some unsuspecting colleague in another bu-

reau, transfer him to the South Dakota field office, or reorganize your section to abolish his position.

I once spent a whole winter trying to "terminate" an elderly female clerk who had become so neurotic that no other woman could work in the same room with her. This involved written charges, interviews with my tearful victim, protests from her Senator, indignant union delegations, and formal hearings before a panel of Civil Service personnel experts. In the end I gave up and transferred her, with a raise in pay, to the staff of a trusting friend who had just joined the Government. She is there to this day, muttering to herself as she misfiles vital documents. My friend, who no longer speaks to me, is trying to get her transferred to the Veterans Administration, before General Omar Bradley learns how Washington works.

A Government administrator may spend as much as a third of his time placating the Civil Service Commission and its hordes of minor personnel specialists. He draws organization charts, argues with classification experts, and listens to personnel-management lectures until he has little energy left for his real job.

The personnel boys can freeze appointments and promotions, lose papers, and generally bedevil any official who refuses to "coöperate." If he fails to initial a Green Sheet or to attach the duplicate copy of Form 57, the whole machinery of his office grinds to a halt. If a Government project bogs down in the process, nobody can ever hold the personnel priesthood responsible.

Nor can the administrator escape the Civil Service investigators, who drop in once or twice a week to question him about the morals, drinking habits, and possibly treasonable opinions of some poor wretch who has applied for a federal job. Nearly all of them operate on the theory that anybody willing to work for the Government must be a scoundrel, probably with Communist tendencies, who could never hold a job anywhere else. What purpose the investigators serve, other than wasting other people's time, is obscure, because their investigations often are not completed until five or six months after the new employee starts work.

The Civil Service system violates the most fundamental rule of sound management: when you hold a man responsible for doing a job, you must give him the authority he needs to carry it out. Above all, he must be free to hire his own staff, assign them to tasks they can do best, and replace them if they don't make good.

In peacetime, at least, no agency operating under the trammels of Civil Service has this authority. Suppose, for example, that Congress sets up a special Flood Control Agency, with urgent orders to harness the rampaging Ohio River. The new FCA administrator, full of zeal, asks the Civil Service Commission for the best chief engineer the merit system can supply.

After some argument whether a first-class engineer — capable of earning \$30,000 a year in private practice — is worth \$6500 to the Government, the commission finally tells the administrator to take his

choice of three men. They head its list of people who once took a Civil Service engineering examination. All the best men on the list have already been snapped up by other agencies, because the last examination was held five years ago. And it wasn't a very good list in the first place, because few engineers knew that such an examination was being held. (It had been announced in a bulletin, printed in the kind of type used for Bible footnotes and displayed on post-office notice boards between the Marine recruiting posters and the FBI photos of escaped kidnapers.)

Of the three "referrals," one turns out to be a professor at Freshwater Academy who never poured a yard of concrete in his life. The second is afflicted with a personality which makes it impossible for him to work in any organization. The third actually has had practical experience in designing a garbage-disposal plant. He has no interest in flood control, but the administrator has to take him anyway, although he knows a dozen better-qualified men eager to tackle the job. During the next six months the administrator tries desperately to recruit the rest of his staff from Civil Service registers. Meanwhile, if a flood sweeps the Ohio Valley, the Civil Service Commission is unperturbed. It has preserved the merit system.

By no means does all the blame for the defects of Civil Service rest on the Civil Service Commissioners. They are three well-meaning people who grieve sincerely over the flaws in their organization. The commission's chairman is Harry B. Mitchell, Montana rancher and publisher,

who once served as mayor of Great Falls. Perhaps his chief interest has been improvement of the retirement system for decrepit Government employes. The other Democratic member is Mrs. Lucille Foster McMillin, a southern gentlewoman of the old school, widow of a former governor of Tennessee, who devotes much of her energy to the protection of the federal working girl. The commission actually is run by its able Republican member, Arthur S. Flemming, whom Roosevelt drafted six years ago from the American University School of Public Affairs.

Flemming's efforts to shore up their rickety machine has won the assent of his Democratic colleagues. He has had less success in gaining the support of the commission's permanent staff—the most inbred, tradition-ridden clique in Washington.

These veteran bureaucrats know that their bosses come and go, while they go on forever. They are skilled in the art of passive resistance, and they have no intention of letting any upstart commissioner tamper with their time-hallowed procedures. The tight inner circle of the permanent staff is made up of men who started with the commission as messengers or clerks some 20 years ago and rose to positions of power on the seniority escalator. Few of them have had any experience in private business or other Government departments. They have little conception of the problems of an operating agency.

Civil Service, in their view, is primarily a kind of police force designed to keep political patronage appointees from creeping into federal

jobs. This they do well — but they rarely feel any responsibility for positive action to make the Government work, or to persuade the best possible men to enter the federal service.

To increase their power they have developed a special jargon, and an elaborate structure of red tape and ritual which can be mastered only after years of study. They demand of the whole Government what Dr. Floyd W. Reeves, professor of administration at the University of Chicago, calls "an almost idolatrous worship" of the commission's "detailed and antiquated rules."

But the greatest share of guilt falls on Congress. It has never bothered to work out legislation for an effective system of personnel administration. Instead, it has encrusted the original act of 1883 with scores of piecemeal amendments. One law provides that employes of the Farmers' Home Corporation must be residents of the states where they work; another specifies that superintendents of national cemeteries must be disabled Army veterans — no sailors or Marines need apply. All of these laws undermine the principle that the best man ought to get the job; each one is simply a device for legalizing patronage.

As a result of Congressional indifference, Government pay scales are notoriously low. Worst of all, Congress has perpetuated the basic flaw

in the original Civil Service Act. The commission is still an independent agency, entirely divorced from the normal structure of government. Although it wields great power it is responsible to no one.

It can be argued, in all seriousness, that Congress would do well to wipe out Civil Service, and go back to the old-fashioned spoils system. Any political party presumably would choose the ablest men to put its program into effect; if it loaded the payroll with too many thieves and incompetents, a healthy democracy would throw out the whole gang at the next election.

However, such a forthright return to the patronage system probably is not actually necessary. It is too much, of course, to hope that Congress will do anything to improve the Civil Service on its own initiative. But President Truman already has asked Congress for authority to undertake a sweeping reorganization of all federal agencies. His request presumably will be acted upon early in the present session. If Congress does not exempt the Civil Service Commission from the reorganization — as it did when Roosevelt made a similar request — Truman will have a chance to give the merit system its first thorough overhauling. It may also be his one best chance to save his program from being marred, as Roosevelt's so often was, by inexcusable failures in administration.

To BUILD that new world, we'll need fewer
architects and more bricklayers

— *The Slipstream*

Bringing newsreels to the fireside, Gene Castle created in eight years
a novel business that makes work for 320 employees



PIONEER OF HOME MOVIES

Condensed from Popular Photography

DON WHARTON

OWADAYS, when you see a home movie not made by a fond parent or an enthusiastic amateur, ten to one it was made by Gene Castle. Starting with a mere idea, plus incredible persistence, this ex-cameraman has developed a new industry, which directly provides full-time employment for 320 persons and indirectly makes work for several hundred projectionists and over 1000 salesclerks. Less than eight years after releasing his first home movie, Castle is selling \$3,000,000 worth annually — 105,000,000 feet of film.

Eugene W. Castle was born in 1897 in San Francisco. As a youngster he put on magic-lantern shows in his basement, with elaborate scripts written in a childish scrawl. At 16 he received a \$500 bequest from his grandmother, and blew it on an obsolete secondhand French movie camera, only to discover he couldn't take many pictures with film costing \$10 a roll.

When Gene was 18 he got a job with Gaumont newsreels. At that time Gaumont's main competitor,

Pathé, had an ace cameraman on the West Coast, and to keep up with him Castle mastered the movie camera himself. Soon he was covering stories from Canada to Mexico — shooting balloon races, Villa raids, and the first transcontinental phone call. In the fall of 1916 he filmed the world's first experiment in parachuting a man and a motorcycle from a plane. The man landed within 300 yards of his motorcycle, and roared away at 60 miles an hour. Castle's photos were carried to Washington a quarter of a century before German paratroops took Crete, but the War Department saw no possible military application of the idea.

Castle joined the Marines in 1917, but his only shooting was with a camera to boost recruiting. After the Armistice he held various newsreel jobs. Then in 1926, with only \$550 capital and unlimited gall, he went into business for himself — making publicity shorts. He persuaded a California auto dealer to let him circle the globe to film touring Cadillac owners. His movie short proved such a sales stimulant General

Motors took it over, and eventually it played two weeks on Broadway.

To start a new business, Castle says, "You have to have the brass to knock down the door of the fellow who wants to keep you out." Castle had it. He bearded William Simpson, the Santa Fe official who put the Grand Canyon on the map, and sold him the idea of doing America's No. 1 Wonder in color. Castle had never made a color movie. But he walked out of Simpson's office with a \$64,000 order, and produced a film that ran in 4000 movie houses.

Once when an insurance company wanted a safety-message film, Castle bought three secondhand cars, hired some unemployed taxi drivers to smash them up, and produced a movie so realistic that it was shown to traffic violators in New York courts. But shorts like that lasted clients a long time and Castle didn't pile up any spectacular profits. He found he had to have a side line, and he bumped into the idea of making home movies. He saw a full-page advertisement of home projectors and said to himself, "If Eastman can spend thousands of dollars on this ad, somebody is buying them."

Castle decided to make George VI's approaching coronation the subject of his first home movie. He signed contracts with the newsreels to use their film, got a staff ready to produce a ten-minute movie, and launched a sales campaign. His first catch was a big New York store, which took customers' orders for \$32,000 worth of the coronation film before it was released.

Six days before the coronation, during intermission at a theater, Castle saw a man with an early edition of a tabloid whose front page screamed, "HINDENBURG EXPLODES." Ten minutes later he was in his office finding out what pictures of the disaster were available. At midnight he was looking over newsreel rushes and within 48 hours his staff had a home movie on the Hindenburg explosion ready. He sold 35,000 of those Hindenburg prints, and 60,000 of the coronation film.

Some 3000 photographic and department stores now handle Castle's home movies; 500 stores rent films to customers — some for as little as 35 cents a night. The release of a new Castle film is today no less an event to thousands of distributors and home operators than the premiere of a big Hollywood picture is to the general public.

Altogether Castle has turned out 208 home movies. He releases about 20 pictures a year, lists more than 100 in his catalogue. A third of them are news pictures; sports, travel and adventure pictures add up to another third; cartoons account for the rest. About one picture in four is made from film shot by Castle's own camera crews; others are built from newsreel material or from film bought from explorers, big-game hunters and other specialists. His best seller is an annual newsreel which summarizes the year's important events.

Whatever the source of the picture, Castle's staff begins with thousands of feet of 35-mm. film (theater size) which is cut, edited and titled into

a home movie. Then a laboratory reduces the film to 16- and eight-mm. sizes. About 19 out of 20 home-movie sales are silent.

To get a picture lasting ten minutes, one Castle camera crew spent two weeks with a circus making one-night stands, spent \$7000 on light bills alone, shot 20,000 feet of film. Castle's 360-foot bear movie was made from 10,000 feet of film on which an animal specialist had spent months.

Amateurs buy his home movies and incorporate parts of them in their own films. For this purpose, every Castle movie now comes in a 100-foot as well as a 360-foot edition. Many amateurs buy the annual newsreel and splice portions

of it into their annual film biographies of their children.

While pioneering home movies, Castle has continued to produce industrial shorts and has established an affiliate which is the nation's largest distributor of 16-mm. movies for publicity purposes. It distributes 3000 free industrial film prints a week to schools.

When production of movie projectors for civilian use stopped in January 1942, there were approximately 400,000 of them in American homes, ranging from \$36 for the eight-mm. (silent) projector to \$475 for the 16-mm. (sound) machine. Castle now expects a tremendous postwar boom in the use of home projectors.

Payment in Full

I WAS about seven years old when I pushed open the bakery-shop door one day and saw Mr. McIntosh, the owner, behind the counter. "Please, sir," I stammered. "That wedding cake in your window is so beautiful. I would like to make a down payment of 17 cents on one like it."

A roar of laughter came from the other customers in the store, but Mr. McIntosh leaned over the counter and asked seriously: "And when will you want this cake delivered, miss?"

"Oh," I replied, "not for several years yet. But I wanted to be sure of getting one just like that."

In a businesslike manner, the baker accepted my 17 cents and wrote me out a receipt.

Passing years made me somewhat ashamed of my childish act, and I steered clear of that bakery. Then, the night before my wedding, I was called to the door to receive a huge package. Inside was an exact duplicate of that first impressive wedding cake with this bill enclosed:

ONE WEDDING CAKE

On account	\$0.17
Balance	Respects of McIntosh Baking Co. for the sincerest compliment ever paid them.

— Contributed by Mrs. George P. Ord

Most of us read badly. Here's how to test your reading ability and how to improve it

How Well Do You Read?

Condensed from *Liberty* • RUTH McCOY HARRIS

WOULD YOU like to know how fast you read? Then get a pencil and a watch.

When you come to the end of this paragraph, write down the exact time. Continue reading at your regular speed. Questions at the end of the article will test your understanding of what you have read. Are you ready?

"Slow readers are poor readers," says Norman Lewis, author of *How to Read Better and Faster*. "A person reads fast because he thinks fast, has good eyesight, a good vocabulary, and a wide background of information. Most persons who read ten times as fast as the plodder absorb much more of what they read than he does."

Lewis, who teaches remedial reading to adults at the College of the City of New York, points out that reading is perhaps the most important skill we ever learn. There is hardly a job that does not require reading. And while less than four percent of American adults cannot read at all, at least 60 percent do not read well.

Millions who read nothing but the

comics would find pleasure and stimulation in magazines and books if their reading habits were improved. A child who does not read reasonably well is doomed to failure in school. Most delinquents have a long record of school failures, beginning with reading troubles.

Exercise is an important part of trying to improve your reading. For a certain time every day make a conscious effort to read a little faster and to see more at each glance. Your eyes see nothing as they are moving along a line of print; it is during the brief pauses they make that they read. The wider your eye span, the more words you see at once and the faster you read. A good reader makes only two or three stops on an ordinary line of print; a poor reader stops for nearly every word. An excellent reader will see an entire line at once, so that he can read *down* a narrow column of type without moving his eyes from left to right. That is how Theodore Roosevelt got the reputation of reading a whole page at a glance — an obvious impossibility. He read rapidly down the page, and he knew how to skim, often reading only the key words.

According to Dr. Stella S. Center, head of the New York University

Reading Clinic, the chief reading faults are reading one word at a time and turning back to reread. Many of those who read slowly pronounce each word, either aloud or mentally. If you want to find out whether you are vocalizing, touch your lips lightly as you read. If they do not move, try touching your throat over your vocal cords. If they vibrate slightly, you are vocalizing. To keep from vocalizing, try to read easy material faster, so that there is no time to pronounce, and, most important, try to keep your mind focused on the author's thought. This is also the best way to keep from regressing. We read efficiently when our minds and imaginations are captured by what we read.

All reading experts agree that a poor vocabulary is a drawback to rapid reading. But don't stop to look up every new word in a dictionary. Keep going, at least to the end of the paragraph. Often the meaning of the word is made clear by the way it is used. If not, it may become clear if you try to figure it out before looking it up. "A large vocabulary," says Norman Lewis, "does not come from looking up long lists of words in a dictionary. It comes from wide reading, from being alert and curious."

The books Lewis recommends for his students' outside reading seem heavy going for slow readers: history and biography, psychology and physiology, mathematics, sociology. "If my students also read whodunits and boy-meets-girl stories, that's fine. It will help them speed up. But one trouble with slow readers is a narrow background of information. Since they have never

enjoyed reading, some of them haven't opened a book since their school days. They've missed a lot of facts that other people know. Reading a few solid, factual books will give them a background to build on. The more you know, the faster you read."

Adapting your reading speed to your material is important. If you are studying directions for making a cake or building a shelf, you will take your time in order to be sure you have every step clearly in mind. On the other hand, if you are reading a "western," it's no crime to skip elaborate descriptions of mountain scenery and get on with the story. Skimming is not the same as skipping. Skimming — glancing rapidly over a paragraph and picking out the key words — is the secret that enables many professional people to keep up with everything published in their field.

How fast should you read? If you read 225 words a minute, you are reading at about the national average and as well as a sixth-grade child is expected to read his school books. That is not fast enough to make newspaper or magazine reading enjoyable. High school students get into difficulties if they cannot read 300 words a minute, and college students who read below 350 words will find the going tough. In some jobs even 600 words a minute is too slow, and Dr. Center has had men come to her clinic to improve that rate. They did it too. Lewis reads faster than 800 words a minute, and is still improving. Apparently you can always read faster and better, no matter how well you read.

To many of us, it will be challenging to learn that most adults can improve their reading rate at least 35 percent — by their own efforts

Now look at the time. Divide the number of minutes into 920, the number of words you have read, and you'll know your rate per minute

To test how well you absorbed what you read answer the following questions without looking back at the article. Count ten for each correct answer. If you score 80 or higher, you have grasped the main points

1 Fast readers miss a lot of what they read. True? False?

2 A poor vocabulary slows up your reading. True? False?

3 If you pronounce each word, you will understand what you read better and build up your vocabulary. True? False?

4 Theodore Roosevelt read a whole page at once. True? False?

5 Reading is more important

than any other school subject. True? False?

6 The number of adults who have reading troubles is probably about (a) 5 percent, (b) 25 percent; (c) 60 percent

7 Most adults can increase their reading speed at least by (a) 10 percent, (b) 35 percent, (c) 100 percent

8 (Two answers are wrong. Cross them out.) The commonest reading faults are (a) reading word by word, (b) reading comics, (c) rereading or regression, (d) pronouncing the words, (e) going to the movies

9 Anyone who reads very fast can learn to read even faster. True? False?

10 Using a dictionary to look up each new word immediately will improve your reading rate. True? False?

Answers to questions on reading

1 False 2 True 3 False 4 False

5 True 6 60 percent 7 35 percent

8 Wrong answers are (b) and (e)

9 True 10 False

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933

of The Reader's Digest, published monthly at Pleasantville, N. Y. for October 1st, 1945
State of New York } ss
County of Westchester }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County of said personally appeared Albert L. Cole, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and says that he is the General Manager of The Reader's Digest and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above captioned year and by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Local Laws and Regulations to wit: 1 That the names and addresses of the publisher, editors, executive, editor and general manager are: Publisher, The Reader's Digest Association, Inc., Pleasantville, N. Y.; Editors, DeWitt Wallace, Julia Acheson Wallace, each of Pleasantville, N. Y.; Executive Editor, Kenneth W. Payne, Pleasantville, N. Y.; General Manager, Albert L. Cole, Pleasantville, N. Y. 2 That the owners are: The Reader's Digest Association, Inc., DeWitt Wallace, Julia Acheson Wallace, Pleasantville, N. Y. 3 That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are none. 4 That the two paragraphs next above giving the name of the owners, stockholders, and security holders if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed: Albert L. Cole, General Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of September, 1945. (Seal) Bertha F. Lee, Notary Public.

SWITZERLAND:

PROSPERITY THROUGH FREEDOM



The Swiss rely on themselves, rather than their government — and collect dividends both in cash and in liberty

Condensed from The American Mercury
EDWIN MULLER

THE Swiss have none of the things that are supposed to be essential to prosperity. Their country is small and overcrowded. They haven't enough arable land to feed half the population. They have no coal or oil, little iron or other ores — almost no raw materials of any kind. They have no access to the sea.

Yet the Swiss have maintained a degree of prosperity as high as, if not higher than, any in the world. In our prosperous year of 1928 — the last for which comparative figures are available — the United States had a per capita wealth of \$2098. Switzerland had \$3126. In Switzerland poverty was rare.

During the depression years Switzerland suffered with the rest of the world, but unemployment, in proportion to population, was less than one fourth of ours. There was no widespread destitution. And today Switzerland is a bright oasis in the economic desert of Europe.

With this relative prosperity the Swiss have kept something even more important — individual freedom. Perhaps they are prosperous *because* they are free.

There is a theory, widely held today, that individualism is not compatible with national well-being, that we must barter our freedom for prosperity, that there must be increasing government control and central planning of industry. But the Swiss haven't abandoned free, competitive economy. Except for the war emergency they never have had centralized government direction of the economic life of the nation.

For the Swiss way of life rests solidly on one concept: the resourcefulness and initiative of the individual — every man solving his own problems, responsible for himself, striving constantly to make his own living and free to choose how to make it. More than that, there is coöperation as well as competition. Each Swiss recognizes that his own prosperity is bound up with that of his neighbor.

Take as an example a dairy farmer of the high Alps. His farm is perched at the head of a narrow valley, against a background of snowy precipices — seven or eight acres of stony soil, some of it so steep that if he weren't sure-footed he might fall out of his farm and break his neck.

A central planning board would no doubt decide that such a farm was "submarginal," an inefficient part of the national economy. The farmer would be moved out, put to work on some big collectivist farm in the lowlands. But this family, left to do its planning for itself, stays here and fights out its own living on its own land, and does pretty well.

There are pigs, cows and chickens. Basketfuls of loam are carried to a sheltered spot to make a productive vegetable garden. The farm is nearly independent of an outside food supply. The cash crop is milk. Milk means hay. So the stones are removed from the meadows, and the land is manured and fertilized with painstaking thoroughness. An ingenious irrigation system is constructed by the farmer himself. A small brook, boiling down from the high snows, is diverted by a trough made of hollowed-out logs and carried in a network of ditches out over the sloping meadows. As a result the farmer has a stand of hay as thick and luxuriant as if it had grown on a rich river bottom.

In winter this farmer and his family go to work in the factory in the village, or operate as an independent manufacturing unit. The whole family makes watch parts, wooden utensils, cigars; the women do hand embroidery, straw plaiting. They receive the materials each week from a factory in the lower valley, send back the completed product. They have a lathe powered by the stream that irrigates the fields. To this work they bring the same intensive skills that they devote to their farming. The quality of the work being high, the pay is good.

The Swiss like an activity that keeps the family together. Yet the family is not an isolated unit, for it coöperates in many ways with the other families of the valley. During the summer herds are pooled and driven by cowherds employed jointly by all the farmers to the high grass slopes, right under the cliffs, the common property of all. The village cheese factory belongs to the Co-operative, in which each farmer has a joint share and control in proportion to the amount of milk he delivers — a share in the management and a share in the profits.

Participation in these coöperative activities is voluntary. A farmer doesn't have to pool his herd with the others for the grazing. He doesn't have to bring his milk to the cheese factory. He can, and often does, deliver it to the tourist hotel down the valley.

By a combination of working for himself and coöperating with others the farmer gets by, has a little more in his savings account at the end of each year. It's a hard but satisfying life. At the end of the day he sits at the head of the long table under the light shaded by a colored handkerchief. Mother and the girls on one side, the boys on the other. Between them the big bowl of soup, the ham, the cheese, the big brown loaf. What they have they've made for themselves.

WHAT is true of the farmer is true of other Swiss workers. They make a good living — in spite of their country's poverty in resources — through hard work and individual resourcefulness.

They work longer hours and with

fewer holidays than we are used to. And they work with skill perhaps more intensified than that of any other people. All that they have to sell is quality. They must live by export — must import raw materials from their neighbors and make from them finished products so much better than the neighbors make at home that the latter are willing to buy them back. That is the basis of all the Swiss industries: watches and clocks, precision instruments, hydro-electric machinery, chemicals, textiles.

The Swiss must keep ahead of their neighbors in ingenuity. They must constantly invent new things and new processes better than the old. The United States grants annually 330 new patents per million of population. Switzerland grants 930 per million. Every manufacturer keeps up an unending search for new inventions. And this ingenuity isn't confined to the laboratories of a few big corporations. It abounds among small businesses and individuals.

There's big business in Switzerland, especially in the heavy industries. But generally the industrial units are small. Only 30 percent of Swiss workers work for companies employing 100 or more. The great majority of businesses have less than 20 employees each. The typical unit, especially in the largest industry, watches and clocks, has ten to 15 employees and the owner is usually the manager.

In Switzerland there's no great gulf between employer and employee. When you walk around a Swiss city you can't tell which is the workingmen's quarter. Usually there isn't

any. An employer and some of the men who work for him often live in the same block, go to work on the same streetcar.

Marx and other socialists have said that in a capitalist system the rich would always get richer and the poor poorer. But the spread between the rewards of managers and workers is much greater in Communist Russia than in capitalist Switzerland. There are not many large incomes in Switzerland, and Swiss economy doesn't produce great concentrations of wealth. On the other hand the average worker makes good money; an expert watchmaker may earn \$10 to \$20 a day, and skill brings similar rewards in other industries. And the worker is likely to hold on to his money. In 1937, 75 percent of Swiss men, women and children had savings accounts.

Switzerland is no industrial Utopia. It has its strikes and lockouts, bitterness and violence. But the record is better than in most great industrial nations.

The labor unions are strong. So are the associations of manufacturers. Neither dominates the other, for the machinery for negotiation is well organized. In each industry the union and the association negotiate a contract covering wages, hours, working conditions and a hard and fast provision for the arbitration of disputes.

Within each company there is provision for close and continuing contact between employer and employees. There is often a joint committee on which they are represented 50-50. It meets weekly to hear complaints and to consider any matters of mutual interest. In these

meetings the employer is likely to discuss not only operating matters but also his financial policies, his troubles and his hopes.

Government touches the workingmen most closely in its social-security legislation. In this the Swiss are guided by three principles. First, such legislation should not undermine individual self-reliance. Second, security should be attained voluntarily by each recipient. Third, legislation should take account of local conditions.

The Swiss theory is that the state should look out only for those who can't be expected to look out for themselves: children, the old, the sick and disabled. The Swiss have always shied away from legislation that attempts to guarantee social security to every adult, "from the cradle to the grave." Old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, sick benefits (with the exception of industrial accident insurance) are generally based on voluntary funds set up in each industry, to which employer, employee and the government contribute. If a man doesn't want security he doesn't have to have it or pay for it.

They localize their social legislation as far as possible. Each canton feels that it can meet its own problems better than by passing them on to the federal government. But when industries overlap cantonal lines, legislation affecting them must as a rule be by the central government.

THE SWISS believe in private, competitive industry. They are against private monopoly. When an industry by its nature must be a monopoly, the government owns or controls it. The country is too small for more than one railway; government owns it. The same with communications. Public utilities are nearly all owned or controlled by local governments.

But government does not attempt the central planning of private industry. The theory is that the state is the one who makes the rules of the game, not the quarterback who calls the plays. It makes the rules of fair competition. It says, "You must not," rather than, "You must." And not too much of "You must not."

Since about 90 percent of Switzerland's principal manufactured goods must be exported, the Swiss want a world of stable currencies, a world of free trade in which individuals everywhere are free to buy and sell to each other. Of course they do not know what kind of world they face in the future. But the Swiss are not a people who "walk reluctantly backward into the future," their eyes fixed only on the past. Their whole temperament and training is to go constantly forward. They want progress. But progress, to them, is not in moving away from individual freedom and self-reliance. They do not see liberty and material well-being as two alternatives. They see freedom and well-being as indivisible, the one following upon the other.



THE sad thing about most diets is they do so much for the will power and so little for the waistline.

—Grand Ole Opry (NBC)

Remember the little French-Canadian boy who sat on a church steeple to show his friends how brave he was? That story, "The Pinnacle of Fame," told first in *The American Mercury*, was condensed in *The Reader's Digest* in March 1945. Now the boy is the hero of a delightfully crazy book — Simon and Schuster's current best seller, *The Happy Time*.



My Friend the Mouse

Condensed from "The Happy Time"

ROBERT FONTAINE

I MADE a friend of a mouse. I had never known a mouse before, and this new comradeship taught me a sad lesson in love and loyalty.

Sometimes I took shortbreads to bed to keep under my pillow and munch while I read fairy tales. This was forbidden, but I knew that *Maman* expected me to do it anyway, and that her only interest in the matter was in keeping her conscience and record clear. So I disregarded the injunction. The Mouse, I soon discovered, was gnawing on the shortbreads while I slept. I caught him in the act one morning. Fortunately, *Maman* had not yet had time to teach me to fear mice. I wished him to remain with me so that I might have him for a pet. Fervently I asked the Lord to make it so that no one would see The Mouse and set a trap.

But Papa entered my room one night and saw The Mouse.

"*Hein?*" Papa said as a gray streak flashed across the room. "What was that?"

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" I said naïvely.

"What was that which just now appeared and disappeared?"

"Me, I saw nothing. You promised to fix my skates."

My father frowned and sat down slowly on the bed. But in a moment he suddenly arose with a bad light in his eyes. He was, I could see, no longer a good, kind man with music in his heart; he was now a fierce hunter. He had discovered the doorway to The Mouse's home. It was a very small hole near a corner.

"Oho!" he shouted like a savage.

"Is something the matter?" I inquired.

"Aha!" Papa exclaimed. He knelt down and pecked into The Mouse's home.

Don't let him kill The Mouse, I demanded silently of the Lord. Fair is fair. I have learned already twice the number of Bible verses I am supposed to learn and You have hardly noticed *me* at all. Papa is Papa and I love and respect him, but You know and I know The Mouse is my friend.

This was the first time I had ever given the Lord orders, and I was not so sure I had used the most politic method.

I tried to engage my father in

conversation. "What do you think I learned in school today?" I asked eagerly.

My father replied without looking up: "Very little, no doubt. And that little of more harm than good."

I tried hard to think of something else to talk about when suddenly Papa jumped up, holding his nose, and cried. "*Nom d'un nom!*"

The Mouse apparently had scratched Papa's long nose. I could not help but laugh. "You, too, would be angry if someone sticks his nose in your house," I said.

Papa rubbed his nose and came back to the bed, a little confused. He began to repair my skating boot, and I sighed happily, thinking he had abandoned his wild-game hunt.

Perhaps he had, but The Mouse had not given up Papa. Foolish Mouse!

As soon as my father became comfortably seated on the bed, The Mouse walked right out. Not only did he walk out; he stood up on two legs and looked my father calmly in the eye. It was as if he wished to say: "Look here, I did not mean to hurt your nose. It was an accident. The Boy and I are friends. It is not easy to find a true friend in this world. For a small boy it is difficult; for a mouse it is almost impossible. Can we not talk this over, man to man?"

Alas, my poor father, who understood so many lovely things so well, did not understand The Mouse. He saw only a wild animal and lunged for it. The Mouse, who apparently knew something of human nature, was intelligent enough to disappear.

The next day there was a trap

with some cheese. I stole the cheese in the name of my friendship with The Mouse. I could not do otherwise.

The following day, Papa, seeing neither cheese nor mouse, remarked pointedly: "Aha! What a remarkable mouse it is we have here, eh? He eats the cheese and yet he does not spring the trap!"

I rolled my eyes and tried to look as much as possible like a cherub in the Sunday-school pictures.

"Such a thing is possible — for a very smart mouse."

Papa looked me in the eye. "It is not possible," he said firmly. "But what is most possible is that a small boy with a vacant head is removing the cheese from the trap."

"What small boy would do such a thing?" I inquired.

"You will find him in the mirror," said Papa.

He then forbade me to touch the cheese. It was a direct command of the first degree and had to be obeyed.

Once more I prayed for The Mouse. "Dear Lord, I have saved The Mouse once. What I can do, certainly You can do. If the worst comes to the worst, remove The Mouse from the temptation of the cheese. Lead him not into temptation, but deliver him from the evil trap."

Nevertheless, I awaited, with terror in my heart, the end of *mon ami*, my proven friend.

I opened the subject with *Moman*: "If you have a friend whose loyalty is proven, you stand by this friend when others wish him harm. *N'est-ce pas?*"

My mother was working a large gourd into one of Papa's socks.

"*Mais oui*," she replied.

"Aha!" I shouted triumphantly. "Then why do we have to catch The Mouse?"

My mother opened her eyes wide and stood up quickly.

"Mouse?" she repeated nervously. "What mouse? Where is The Mouse?"

Papa sipped his wine and put down his newspaper. He looked at me across the room with a wise smile. I could see I had made a fatal strategic error. *Maman* was afraid of mice.

"The Boy," my father said quietly, "has in his room a mouse. They are friends, these two. So the Boy claims. The Mouse has said nothing."

"Set the trap!" cried *Maman*. "Set the trap!"

"The trap was set," my father explained patiently, "but The Mouse removed the cheese without springing the trap."

"*C'est impossible!*" my mother said. She turned to me. "I forbid you to remove the cheese. You understand?"

"I will not remove the cheese," I promised sadly. "But it is only a coward who stands still while his best friend is killed with low tricks."

"Listen to him sing!" Papa exclaimed, a little upset.

"*Maman* herself has said this is one of the things one does not do," I argued.

"A mouse," my mother countered, "is different."

"A friend is a friend," I said. "At least, if you wish to fight my friend you could fight fair — not with traps."

"Ho! Name of a thousand and one names!" Papa cried. "Shall I

make a tail for myself and get down on my hands and knees and bite The Mouse with my teeth?"

Papa went upstairs and set the trap with an unfairly large and unusually attractive piece of cheese.

I sighed. I could see it was no use. The Mouse could be saved now only by the good Lord.

When I awakened in the morning the cheese was still there. I jumped out of bed, kneeled down, and told the Lord: "*Merci bien, Monsieur!*" Then I dressed and bounded joyfully down to breakfast, humming gaily. I ate my oatmeal in bliss. Just as I had finished, there was a scampering above us.

"Is that," Papa asked, "perhaps The Mouse?"

I held my breath and prayed one more time. *Maman* was busy making toast and said nothing. In a few moments there was scampering again. This time it seemed very close.

"Does The Mouse know even the way downstairs?" Papa asked in surprise.

I did not answer him. I busied myself putting jam on my toast. Halfway through the toast I felt as if something soft had touched my feet. I looked down. There was The Mouse, reeling, wobbling, struggling toward my feet.

When he saw my friend, my father stood up hastily. I do not know what he intended to do — perhaps protect *Maman*. It does not matter. In a few seconds The Mouse rolled over at my feet, dead. He did not die, however, before he had said something to me with his eyes.

My father rushed upstairs and came back excitedly, exclaiming:

"Astonishing! The cheese was removed from the trap. One imagines the trap then sprung and struck The Mouse in the jaw. Imagine it, this is a mouse who has died from a punch in the jaw!"

The wonder of it did not impress me. I knew The Mouse was a brave one. But I did not know about myself, for, with his eyes, The Mouse seemed to have said to me:

"Look, I was your friend and you have killed me. But here is the wonder — I am still your friend. See, I come to die at your feet and to forgive you. It is easy to love those

who are kind to you; it is a terrible but necessary thing to love those who betray you."

Ah, perhaps The Mouse did not mean anything of the sort. Maybe it was my own heart speaking, learning, growing up.

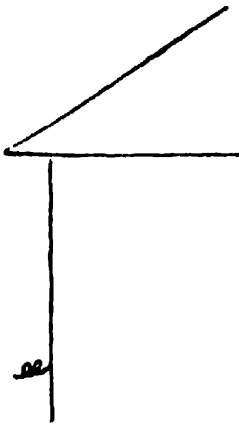
"Papa," I asked quietly, "is there a heaven for The Mouse?"

"Yes, yes," Papa said unhappily, "there is for everyone a heaven."

Maman, who had been white and silent through the tragedy, now spoke meekly: "After this, let us get a large cat, so that such matters will be out of our hands."

The "Matsie" Game

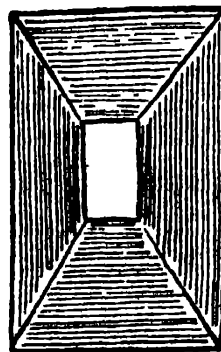
Charles D. Rice in This Week Magazine



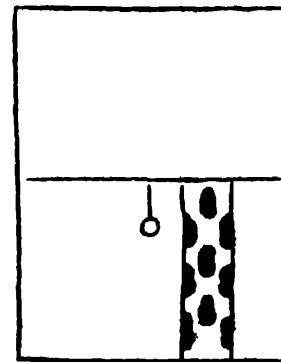
Just in case you give a darn,
This pig is going 'round a barn



When you kiss a pretty miss
She looks like this



View, by jiminy,
Up a chiminy




Second-story window—My!
A giraffe is passing by

If you don't like music

stay away from Winfield, Kansas

Mad About Music



Condensed from Recreation
WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

Now that the war is over, it soon will be time for another "piano raid" at Winfield, Kansas, the town of 11,000 that has become a music center of the western prairies. Sedate citizens will "hustle" pianos from music stores, homes, churches and clubrooms to the gymnasium of Southwestern College, to renew one of the most unusual music festivals ever held anywhere.

The piano shifting is on a huge scale. First of all, the pianos of two or three neighbors are trundled into one man's living room, where a group practices every evening for a couple of weeks. Next they assemble at Cunningham's music store where 15 pianos are used for a week's rehearsal each by consolidated groups. And finally there's the grand rush on the gym with 100 pianos. For two days, relays of players rehearse in groups of 50, polishing off their ensemble performance.

When the big night arrives, a crowd of about 2000 fills the hall. There's a preliminary fanfare: through an archway the performers march — lawyers, bankers, debs, mothers, bobby-soxers, college athletes, businessmen. The players seat

themselves, two to a piano. The director lifts his baton, and 400 hands begin dancing over the keys.

The music pours out like a mighty wave as the hundred pianos are played in unison. The crescendo passes and the sound diminishes to a note so soft that it seems impossible so many instruments are in action. Here is more than unity of performance; it is a unity of spirit born out of love for music.

This unique piano concert is only one of the many evidences that Winfield is "mad about music." Practically every adult resident has at some time studied the piano. The town's Civic Music Association each year engages five or six high-ranking artists and gives 500 free admissions to high school music students. The Winfield Oratorio Society, numbering 1000 members — soon to be revived after inactive war years — is accustomed to assemble a 500-voice choir for a spring choral festival, supported by an orchestra of 75 local players.

Until the war, the town annually staged an old-time Fiddlers' Festival, which drew contestants from all over Kansas and Oklahoma. One of the

star performers was Bert Woodard, a barber now 80 years old, who learned on a \$10.98 mail-order violin and branched out into making his own. To date Bert has whittled out more than 200 violins from wood he imported from Norway and Bohemia. Another popular stunt was a state-wide Barbershop Quartet contest in which as many as 50 quartets vied for prizes on the Chautauqua Assembly tabernacle stage, a replica of an 1880 barbershop.

Winfield's madness for music started back in the early 1880's when J. S. Mann, a young Canadian haberdasher who loved music, migrated to the frontier town. Elected to the school board, Mann advocated music in the schools and after a two-year fight secured a budget appropriation for this purpose. The school board hired a young music teacher, Louis M. Gordon, who had recently moved to Winfield. A lover of both youngsters and music, Gordon quickly captured the hearts of the children. He taught them simple tunes and told them stories about great composers. Music began to take on glamour, and before long it was a common occurrence for boys to leave baseball and girls their dolls to participate in the voluntary after-school instruction that Gordon instituted.

Gordon's older son, Edgar, followed in his father's footsteps. He studied in Chicago, taught violin at Hull House, and at another settlement organized a chorus of 100 factory workers. Then he returned to Winfield to help his dad interweave music into the life of the community.

For many years Winfield has not graduated a boy or girl from the

grades who was unable to read elementary music. Fourth graders are given music evaluation tests, and over several years they have shown that 75 percent of all Winfield children have musical ability to perform, while more than 95 percent reveal the capacity to appreciate music. Everybody gets a chance to play but likewise is able to sit in the bleachers and understand and enjoy the fine points of the game.

The town pride is the High School Symphony Orchestra of 80 players, which Dr. Howard Harson, director of the Eastman School of Music, recently said equals some of the better-known metropolitan symphonies. A reserve orchestra of the same size acts as a feeder for the main organization, and there are two junior orchestras composed of children from the fourth to the seventh grades. In addition, the high school has ten chamber-music groups, and its choirs total 250 voices. An *a cappella* choir has 70 voices and the senior girls' choir 80. All school musical organizations rehearse regularly an hour a day, with full school credit.

Winfield graduates have gone on to big orchestras, to radio, and to the movies, or to become conductors, all over the country. During the war, over 75 of the Winfield high school students were in Army and Navy bands and several of the boys worked their way up to be conductors. Others improvised small bands and singing groups all the way from Egypt to the Aleutians. One flyer got his fiddle into his kit and made music for a bombing crew while over enemy lines. Another boy, stationed on a

Pacific island, organized natives into a musical group, some playing on improvised reeds and bamboo instruments, and others singing.

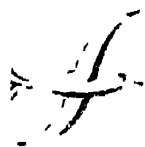
Musical taste in Winfield, as a result of the years of good music in the public schools, has so improved that jazz for listening purposes is only mildly popular. The kids are not wild about Harry James's playing, but they take to George Gershwin, and the high school symphony orchestra was one of the first successfully to perform *Rhapsody in Blue* in unabridged form. Delinquency is a curiosity and night clubs have been unable to get a start among high school youth. Their idea of an evening of fun is to get cokes and sandwiches, invade a home and play and eat until parents chase them out.

If any group in Winfield wants a musical program, the high school furnishes it free of charge. It contributes orchestras to Sunday schools, singers to church choirs and to Women's Club meetings. An hilarious Dutch Band of five brass pieces

does the clowning for conventions and county fairs.

The spell that music has woven over Winfield youth was dramatically shown in 1944 during the worst flood in the city's history. The turbulent Walnut River crashed through the dike, and raging waters engulfed the business district, bringing everything to a standstill. In spite of the flood, Prof. Joseph E. Maddy, founder of the famous National Music Camp at Interlochen, Mich., arrived in Winfield to conduct the high school orchestra in a rehearsal. Students rowed or waded to the school to keep the engagement. When rehearsal started, 98 out of 100 players — the other two were ill — were in their seats.

It was long after midnight when the youngsters stored their instruments, grabbed their hip boots and set out for home. They had had a glorious adventure — and, more significant, their devotion high-lighted the tradition of more than half a century of good music in Winfield.



Father's Day

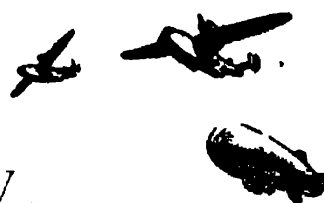
AT THE TIME of the Jim Corbett-John L. Sullivan bout, Steve Brodie of Brooklyn Bridge fame predicted loudly that the champion 'would knock out Corbett in the sixth round. Word reached Jim's father, and he was enraged. Not long afterward, Corbett introduced him to Brodie. The old man looked him over sourly, then said at last, "So you're the man who jumped over the Brooklyn Bridge."

"No, no," Brodie corrected him. "I didn't jump over it. I jumped off it."

Corbett senior snorted. "Oh," he said in thinly veiled contempt, "I thought you jumped over it. Any fool could jump off it."

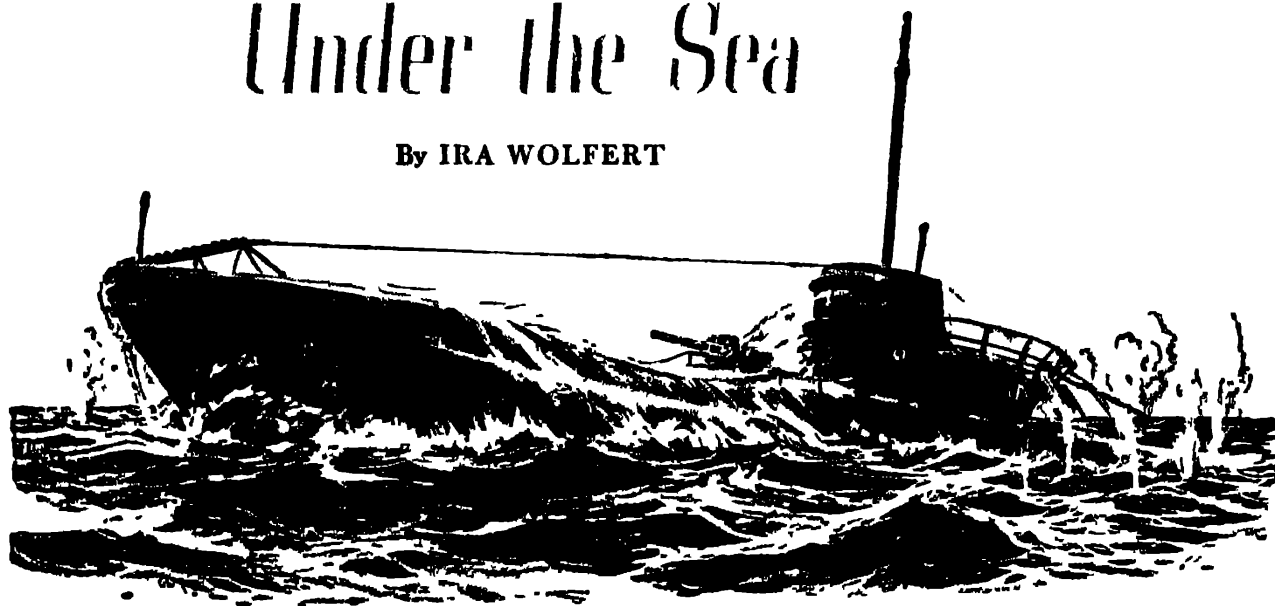
— Fred Stone, *Rolling Stone* (Whittlesey)

The Battle of the Atlantic was shrouded in secrecy until the war was over. Now it can be told



The Silent, Invisible War Under the Sea

By IRA WOLFERT



IN THE year 1942, enemy submarines sank 1161 of our merchant vessels.

Had Hitler's U-boats been able to go on at that rate, Britain could not have survived, Russia could not have won, the whole course of the Japanese war and our own fate would have been inscrutable. Both sides were aware how high the stakes were and the play was desperate. The United States threw a million and a half men into the Battle of the Atlantic and dedicated thousands of scientists to the same single fight.

The Battle of the Atlantic was war under the sea unlike any that ever had been before — secret, nearly invisible, only faintly heard and then at second hand, through its echoes.

Blind men groped for each other with rays. They fumbled for each

Here for the first time is told the story of the secret weapons and secret tactics and the hidden deeds of heroes that snatched victory from defeat in the war with Hitler's U-boats.

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other's throat with slide rules and graph paper. They turned dials, pushed buttons, read thermometers, prayed at frosted glass windows, humbled themselves imploringly before bakelite earphones while at a large console sort of thing a single note and its overtones — the immortal *ping* — were composed into a symphony of death by a young man who had to have a musician's ear.

Then, at the end of hours, or days, or a week, there was most often no climax to the symphony, just a drift-

ing off into silence. If there seemed to be a little oil on the surface, an apparatus known as an "oil thief" would be thrown over the side so that chemists might ascertain whether the U-boat was dead. Sometimes there was a playful, bubbling gurgle, a kind of watery death rattle, and then fatal vomitings from the bottom -- upbobbing wreckage. The wreckage would be collected carefully, including broken-off pieces of men.

The undersea warfare seemed often much more like a patient, silent experiment than a battle. And indeed it was largely a battle of the laboratories -- to counteract the enemy's devices, to counteract his counteractions to your devices, to produce new devices.

An example: the acoustical torpedo. In its way, the acoustical torpedo was the weirdest weapon of the war. The rockets and the bombs were just big, blah, dumb, blind whambambos. The acoustical torpedo had a fiendish little brain sitting up in its war head. It "homed" on noise. The German submarine skipper had only to launch it in the general direction of a ship and the whole wide field of sound of a ship's propellers became an awful kind of vacuum cleaner sucking the torpedo out of the sea and into the ship. The torpedo seemed to snuffle through the water like a dog on the scent of a rabbit. Whatever turn the ship made, the torpedo could turn better; whatever speed, it could go faster. Once it got its nose caught in a little whimper on the edge of the field of sound it was sucked deeper and deeper into that field until at last it rammed unerringly for the ship's panting heart.

The acoustical torpedo had the further devilish talent of being able to pick out the biggest target in a convoy. When a small ship was traveling within range of a larger one, the torpedo would circle hastily as if sniffing and then lunge for the larger and noisier ship.

American experts came up with 14 answers to the acoustical torpedo in a brief number of hours. I noted them down not because I understand them all, or would be allowed to explain them if I did, but simply to illustrate the ingenuity existing in our laboratories. Here they are, in the Navy's own nomenclature: 1) rotating hammer trough; 2) vibrating diaphragm - - plunger and propeller type; 3) rattling chain pipe; 4) tuning fork; 5) vibrating pine cone; 6) tear drop hammer; 7) vibrating diaphragm with bellows; 8) double cone inside rattle pipe; 9) knocker with vanes inside pipe; 10) circular vibrator; 11) towing spar with propeller and rattler; 12) air bottle and pneumatic hammer; 13) 5' x 25' canvas sleeve; 14) tripping device.

The idea of all such devices is, as one admiral put it, "to make more noise where you ain't than where you is."

However, the laboratories could provide only part of the answer. Men in battle had to do the rest. A whole new tactic of defense had to be evolved and special skills developed to use the noisemakers. For example, there was always the danger that an acoustical torpedo circling in the trap of a noisemaker would hit another ship in the convoy by accident. For another example, experts could actually pass the torpedo from

IRA WOLFERT won the Pulitzer Prize for his dispatches on the Battle of the Solomons. He witnessed the only big naval battle ever fought within full view of shore ("A Grandstand View of Jap Naval Disaster," *The Reader's Digest*, February, '43). Among his other outstanding war articles in the *Digest* were "American Guerrilla in the Philippines" (March, '45) and "The War from Inside a Tank" (June, '45).

He has virtually been living with the Navy for months to get the long-hushed story of the war in the Atlantic — studying the secret reports, visiting the naval bases and headquarters, hunting up the men who fought the great fight, and piecing their experiences together.

noisemaker to noisemaker until it cleared the target area.

ON THE German side there was the race against our radar and the elaborate sonar devices with which the *ping* was evolved into a symphony of destruction. The *ping* is an underwater sound wave; when it strikes a solid object it returns an echoing *ping*. The Germans spent a long time trying to develop a rubber for coating their submarines which would absorb the *ping*. They did get a rubber so sound-absorbent that men in a room lined with it could not understand each other's words. Then they developed a glue to fasten the rubber onto their subs. German workmen got some of the glue on the soles of their shoes. They tore the soles from the uppers trying to free them from the U-boat hull. The rubber and the glue were wonderful — but still the *ping* kept echoing back to the last day of the war. The *Pillenwerfer* — an underwater gun to shoot chemical pills giving off a noise that bent and agitated the *ping* — was a more effective counter.

Our radar drove the Germans crazy. The first answer they tried was the "Flying Dutchman" — a cross between a helicopter and a kite.

It was attached to a drum in the conning tower. The U-boat made speed into the wind to send the kite aloft. Once air-borne, an engine-driven horizontal propeller kept it up. The pilot had a walkie-talkie. There were two things wrong. The first was that the pilot was so busy keeping his Flying Dutchman aloft he did not have much time to keep a lookout. The second was that there was no way to retrieve him hastily in the event he spotted an airplane and the sub had to crash-dive. Generally he was just cut loose to fall helpless into the sea. This made him a morale problem.

The Germans then came up with radar decoy balloons. These were hydrogen-filled and had tinfoil strips on them to reflect radar waves. They were attached by about 30 yards of catgut to a sea anchor. An expert radarman seeing on his screen a pip that traveled with the wind and at about the wind's speed could guess it was a decoy. But nobody could be sure. It might be a sub crafty enough to travel with the wind and with the wind's speed. So these balloons had nuisance value right up to the end.

The Germans' radar could pick us up no sooner than ours would spot the sub, and then things became like

a brawl in a western movie where both sides draw simultaneously. So the Germans evolved a "search receiver" with which they could detect the location of a radar set ten to 20 miles farther away than the radar could spot them.

Then we sent to war a new kind of radar — the S-radar. A feeling almost of panic spread through the Nazi fleet. Their search receivers couldn't detect the S-radar. The Germans had tried to develop a detector using infrared rays and they thought that where they had failed we had succeeded. For six months they barked up this wrong tree, developing a paint to coat their submarines that would make them invisible to infrared rays. Meanwhile Nazi skippers were afraid to use their search receivers or radar, and ship sinkings fell steeply. Eventually the Gestapo in a spy raid in Rotterdam found a set which broke the secret.

"The Germans would do something and we'd do something back," said Admiral "Killy" Kilpatrick, Chief of Staff, Atlantic Fleet. "Then we'd do something and they'd do something back. The whole war went that way with both sides like boxers trying to think up and work out the answers with a face full of leather."

Throughout the critical four years Admiral Royal E. Ingersoll commanded in the North Atlantic. Admiral Jonas Ingram succeeded him. Admiral Ingram reflected, "When I look back on the whole thing I'd say that what we won on was the ability of American boys to learn faster than Germans how to become expert in using the stuff scientists put out."

The Germans made three revo-

lutionary developments in undersea warfare, each one of which was designed in turn to seal victory.

The first of these was the Wolf Pack. Submarines on patrol made rendezvous until they outnumbered the escort vessels of a convoy. Then they lunged.

The airplane was our answer. Heavy land-based, radar-equipped bombing planes drove the Wolf Packs out from both shores of the Atlantic, where the pickings were thickest. But then the packs clustered in mid-Atlantic, out of land-plane range, and made their kills.

The escort carrier was our answer to that. "We got the *Bogue* and rushed it out on an experimental basis," Admiral Kilpatrick said. "Baby carriers didn't have the speed to keep up with a fast convoy. They made their 16 and 18 knots all right, but they had to stop and turn into the wind to launch and take on their planes. That was time lost they couldn't make up. What we did was send the *Bogue* up to wait at the switch and pick up a convoy as it drew out of range of the land-based air. A complicated timetable — well, I guess it was the most complicated and finely drawn timetable ever made — took care of the speed problem eventually. There should have been escort ships to protect the carrier, but we didn't have the escort ships and we couldn't wait for them. The war was slipping out of our grasp. So we just had to cross our fingers, and you can imagine how the Fleet felt when the *Bogue* sailed on its first mission. And how the men on the *Bogue* felt."

The first baby carriers scored hys-

terical successes. They took the Nazis by complete surprise and found submarine crews feeling so secure that they were using the middle Atlantic as their private beach for sun bathing and swimming. A crash-diving submarine is helpless before an airplane in what the Navy calls "those sacred seconds" before a relatively safe undersea level is reached.

The initial Nazi reaction to the baby carrier was an incomprehensible error so profound that, our own men say, it cost the Germans the battle. In panic and with Teutonic stubbornness, they decided the sub should fight it out with the airplane!

Admiral Doenitz called in all the submarines and bristled them with AA guns. Yet in six months in 1943, 150 Nazi subs were sunk and the back of the Wolf Pack was broken. And all the time the Nazis had the answer to their problem sitting "fat, dumb and happy," to use the Navy phrase, right in front of their nose — the escort carrier itself, lying helpless for at least three hours out of every 24 as it launched and took on its planes. They never made a successful attack on a baby carrier until the closing months of the war.

THE great victory of the little flat-tops was not won "just like that." Three things went into it: thought, skill, and willingness to die to make a kill.

A long campaign of trial and error was endured before the ideal attack by an airplane against a sub was developed. The most minute instructions were drawn up. An enormous variety of skills was required of pilots and their crews, from radar and

sound-gear reading to the astute reading of the enemy's intentions in the last moments of the attack. The Navy insisted fanatically on the development of these skills.

Example: On April 15, 1943, an airplane of Patrol Squadron 83 at the end of its tenth hour on patrol stumbled over a German submarine. When the plane was still one half mile off, the sub made a crash-dive. There was no time for correct tactics. The pilot just threw himself on the sub. He made a 60-degree dive from 4000 feet. He disabled the sub, forcing it to the surface and kept harassing it in the face of its ugly anti-aircraft fire until a second plane from the squadron could come up and destroy it. Then, with gas running low, he photographed the enemy survivors swimming in the sea and flew more than 300 weary miles back to his base. There were no medals waiting for him there. Instead, there was a chilly critique of his unorthodox methods which concluded: "While there is no denying the attack was effective, the end attained should not be permitted to obscure the means employed."

In other words, do it our way, or don't do it at all. And this policy, says Admiral Ingram, paid off. It paid off in reducing our casualties and in increasing our kills.

Under the heading of bald, brass-boweled courage: During the night of August 5, 1943, Lieut. J. M. Erskine, skippering a Mariner plane on patrol out of Trinidad naval base, spotted a sub and made an attack with the aid of flares, reporting damage unknown. Such attacks were rarely successful. If the flare was

bright enough to light up the target, it generally was bright enough to glare up the pilot's eyes and throw off his judgment of distance.

Erskine spent the rest of the night making what is known as a "gambit" — keeping out of periscope view so that the sub might be tempted to surface, yet remaining in radar contact so that he could pounce if it did.

But that was a wise old, tough old German down below there and he knew about gambits and stayed underwater. At dawn Erskine, running low on gas, was replaced by Lieut. A. R. Matuski. For seven and one half tedious hours, Matuski plied back and forth and around a square of ocean, figuring how he would maneuver if he were a sub skipper who had been down so and so many hours in such and such currents and this and that kind of sea, and making his gambit accordingly.

Matuski was a boy who knew his business. At 1321 hours (1:21 p.m.) Trinidad naval base got a sub contact report from him, giving longitude and latitude, adding, "I am going in to attack."

"1330," he radioed, "sub damaged, bow out of water, making only about two knots.

"1335: sub bow sank.

"1337: no casualties to plane or personnel.

"1348. Damaged. Damaged. I am on fire."

Silence.

Matuski and his crew died. Apparently in their eagerness to keep the wounded sub under observation, they had gone too close.

In the meantime Trinidad had dispatched Lieut. L. D. Crockett to

the scene. It was a race now between the sub's damage-control party and Crockett. If the sub could repair enough to submerge before he got there, Crockett might just as well stay home. It was clear this was no ordinary U-boat, but something very crafty and very firm in the nerves.

Crockett reached the position given by Matuski and 20 minutes later picked up the enemy pip on his radar. When he got in visual range, he could see that Matuski had done his last work well. The sub's stern was down, its bow up, and it was lumbering across the sea. But the nerves on board were still firm. As the Germans saw death circling above, they opened fire with their three-inch gun and their shooting was good.

Crockett took plenty of time. He circled the sub twice, maneuvering as if to make a stern run. He knew the Germans expected that of him. Then, abruptly, he threw his giant plane into a steep dive from an altitude of 1500 feet at 240 knots and came in on the port quarter. This was flicking death's teeth, but Crockett and his crew lived through it. Unfortunately, the sub did, too. Yes, there it was when the boil of water subsided, shuddering, warping, gashed, but still afloat and still firing.

So Crockett made a second run. This time he didn't try any tricks, hoping to fool the Germans that way. But they weren't fooled. Their guns were right on him and before Crockett had got well into his approach a wing was on fire. Crockett didn't expect to live, so he dropped every bomb he had in one mighty effort to take the sub down with him.

But while the plane was still in the

approach dive, Machinist A. S. Creider was crawling into the wing with a shirt to smother the flames and his crewmates were tossing him bottles of CO₂ to help. Creider put out the fire. The plane, Crockett and the crew stayed alive, but so did the sub. It was circling slowly, out of control, but men were clambering out of the conning-tower hatch to take the place of the dead at the guns.

"I need help," radioed Crockett.

A Ventura had taken off from Trinidad shortly after Crockett, and it arrived on the scene 27 minutes after Creider had subdued the fire. The affair between Crockett and the sub had become a very personal matter and now he wouldn't stay out of the Ventura's attack.

"There are a lot of guns on that sub," he told the Ventura pilot, "and they shoot good. I'll strafe for you."

So Crockett turned his awkward giant of a sea plane to the duties of a fighter plane. The Ventura dropped back eight miles astern the sub, while Crockett drifted out three to four miles off the starboard beam. Then, at Crockett's signal, they both threw themselves at the sub simultaneously.

Crockett must have hotted that Ventura pilot up good about those Nazi gunners. The Ventura was so anxious to pass over them while they were still cowering away from Crockett's fire, that he passed hurtling right through Crockett's tracers, and his four depth charges going off together stood Crockett's plane on one wing and jiggled it up and down.

The submarine's gun crew were all dead now. The depth charges had made a perfect straddle and, along with Crockett's shooting, had fin-

ished them off. But the sub's damage control was still excellent and the nerves still firm because there were more men clambering out of the conning-tower hatch to replace the dead and, while Crockett and the Ventura circled angrily, pumps gradually brought the sub's stern up a little. But the U-boat could only limp in a circle.

TWO MORE Mariners had taken off from Trinidad, a blimp was coming up from far away and a slow, old two-motored Army bomber was humping itself to be in on the kill.

The first to arrive was the Mariner piloted by Lieut. J. W. Dresbach.

"Let's make it good this time," Crockett said. "Let's finish this guy and go home."

He told the Ventura to come in strafing on the port bow while he strafed on the starboard bow and Dresbach bombed from dead astern.

"Come on, come on!" cried Crockett. "Let's go!" And the three planes lunged. The sub knew which plane held highest priority. It turned its guns on Dresbach.

"She started firing at us at about 1000 feet," said Lieut. O. R. Christian, who was sitting in the second pilot's seat. "We were diving and were just hung up on a hook there for them. They put bullets into Dresbach's chest and arm. I saw him slump deep down into his seat as if snuggling up to sleep and I was puzzled until I saw the blood."

Bow gunner E. H. Baites had been hit in the leg and blood was stampeding out of him. Seaman H. E. Kerr, in the bombardier's panel, had been shot in the side, leg and hip.

"We had trouble finding out Kerr was hit," reported Christian. "He stayed right at the bombardier's station and wouldn't say anything about being wounded."

Dresbach opened his mouth to give an order, but only blood came out. He struggled erect and, in his last conscious act, pressed the firing button releasing his bombs. Then he fell against the controls. The plane was diving at 190 knots, at less than 200 feet altitude. Christian brought it safely up and into the nearby clouds in what the official report describes as a "cool piece of work."

"Boy, that's a beauty, Dresbach!" cried Crockett. There had been only one explosion from the bombs, but the sub shook violently, canted far over to starboard, then rocked back to port and continued to rock for what seemed minutes.

Christian was climbing then to make a demolition run. Lieut. R. A. Hilbert got into Dresbach's seat to help out Christian. Dresbach was carried to the forward bunk room where he died.

"We came out of scattered clouds for the attack, but there was a long open space there to go through," Christian said, "and the Nazis got on us fast. They hit Lieut. J. M. Hurley in the face, and P. R. Sani-gan, radarman, was hit in the wrist. The instrument panel was smashed up and the air-speed indicator shot out, but Hilbert put her over into a 50-degree dive, practically standing her on her head. Then something went wrong with the bomb racks and only one bomb released. It exploded 100 to 200 feet on the sub's port beam and did no damage."

But the Nazis' nerve was going now. "While we were pulling out of the dive over the sub," said E. J. Ruff, a radioman, "I saw men standing on the conning tower with their hands around their heads, and I also saw two or three men lying on the deck by the forward hatch with their hands wrapped over their heads. They looked as if they were crying, although I guess they were afraid of tracers and splinters. The sub wasn't firing at us when we pulled out of the dive. Somehow the way those men were covering up their heads with their arms caught my eye and just stuck in my mind and it's still stuck in there."

It seemed impossible that the sub could survive, but it did, and Lieut. Commander Null attacked in his Mariner. There was an accidental release of bombs while the bomb-bay doors were opening, and the explosives fell short. Null, heartbroken, kept on diving. If he couldn't put bombs on the sub, he would at least put machine-gun bullets into it.

The Army B-18 made a final attack. By then it was too dark to tell what had happened. Everybody went home, knowing that destroyers were coming up. The destroyers arrived at dawn. They had only to pick up survivors. The sub had sunk during the night. As a last ugly twirl to the fight, the blimp, overstaying its time in its earnestness to help to the last minute, ran out of gas on the way home, had to crash-land and was wrecked.

"We had science on our side," said Admiral Ingram, "and the factories did marvelous work. But the payoff in the Atlantic was on heart."

That's what my boys put into the battle, their naked heart."

THE GERMANS were not out of the war just because their undersea blitz was licked. Aviators began to report seeing something like a wastepaper basket moving through the Atlantic, leaving a slight white wake and sometimes a little smolder of smoke. Thus the dread *Schnorchel* made its appearance in the battle.

The Achilles' heel of submarines had always been their batteries. They had to operate on batteries when submerged, and after about 24 hours would have to come to the surface to recharge. When surfaced they were vulnerable. Not even the night offered them shelter any more since American baby-carrier pilots had solved the infinite problems of night landings and take-offs. With the *Schnorchel*, the U-boat could use its engines under water and need not surface to recharge batteries at all. In one stroke, the *Schnorchel* tripled the submerged speed of the submarine, stripped the airplane of about 80 percent of its efficacy as a counter weapon and made radar all but useless.

The *Schnorchel* was an extensible Diesel air vent, a tube fitted with a valve. The Diesels discharged their fumes through the tube into the open air while the sub cruised at periscope depth of 35 to 40 feet. The valve prevented water splashing in.

The Germans found the idea on two Dutch subs captured in 1940, but they began their experiments with it 18 months too late, they say themselves. Nazi troubles in perfecting the *Schnorchel* were numerous.

Crews got earaches from the fluctuations it caused in air pressure. In heavy seas, the strain on the crew was almost unendurable because keeping exactly the proper depth was so difficult. This fault they never cured. Stoppages were frequent. Submarines filled with smoke. The U-269 had to return from patrol after five days because its entire crew had acute diarrhea from the fumes. Exhaust fumes entering the Diesel compartment often caused severe carbon-monoxide poisoning. The Nazis gave engine-room personnel larger shares of fruit and milk, and stuck to their experiments.

In the end they had something. The *Schnorchel* operated noisily, making it easier to detect the sub by sonar and its noise hampered its own sonar operators. But it might have won the battle if our own sonar gear had not kept a step ahead.

Our laboratory men could make sound gear so sensitive that conversations within German subs on the bottom could be overheard. However, there was a point of diminishing returns. The world under the waters is a busy and noisy one, and equipment too sensitive, while very fine in a laboratory, at sea would pick up so mingled an omelet of disturbances that no ear could unscramble it.

A more valuable gadget was the expendable sonic buoy. An airplane would drop it into an area where it suspected the presence of a sub. The sound gear on the buoy would pick up the sub and an automatic radio sender on the buoy would broadcast the sound to the airplane. So that the plane, no longer an

effective U-boat killer, took over work radar used to do.

During the ten weeks when we invaded Normandy and the Riviera, U-boats equipped with the *Schnorchel* and the acoustical torpedo sank 12 merchant vessels. But 29 U-boats were known to have been destroyed, many others were probably destroyed, and even more were damaged.

The last great U-boat offensive of the war then died. Our fleet was just too good for them.

As is beautifully illustrated by the story of the sinking of the U-546. This is described by Admirals Ingram and Kilpatrick as a classic -- a struggle in which almost every device and tactic known to both sides was used.

THE U-546 was one of six submarines which put out into the North Sea March 19, 1945. Information available led to the deduction that as a last desperate Hitler gesture these submarines were planning to buzz-bomb America's shores. The whole Atlantic fleet girded itself against them.

At first the only work that could be done was on charts spread out on drawing boards in the tiny, crowded office occupied by Operations Plot, Cinclant. There men who knew all about U-boats and Nazi skippers imagined what *they* would do if *they* had command of these six subs. The problem was not new to them. Once these same men had tracked a Nazi U-boat blockade runner all the way from Japan through the Pacific and into the South Atlantic by hypothesis alone and, still working by hypothesis, had ordered a ship to the point where they believed the sub

to be. The ship came back with the Nazi's scalp.

This time nobody was taking such a chance. Four escort-carrier groups and four supporting-killer groups were ordered to throw up a barrier against the six submarines along the line that appeared in purple -- purple for estimate, green for known -- on Op Plot's chart.

Nazi submarines throughout the war gave themselves away by reporting to Berlin almost daily. Admiral Doenitz knew very well that our radio direction finders thus located U-boats, but insisted on the radio reports nevertheless -- perhaps because the Nazis never trusted anybody, not even their own. These six submarines, however, used their radios charily. Once they asked a German sub farther west for a weather report. Direction finders were on them immediately and Op Plot noted with satisfaction that the green X lay within a mile of the purple X. Once there was chatter to Berlin, staccato, nervous and over in a blink. Again Op Plot had a check on its estimates. But mostly the tracking had to be done for more than three long, wearing weeks by hypothesis.

Then on April 11 a plane from the *Croatan* saw a low, thin trail of smoke apparently from a *Schnorchel* and on April 15 two submarines ran head-on into the barrier Op Plot had placed across their path. Both were sunk. April 22 a third submarine was sunk and at 1:22 that afternoon another submarine was sighted by an airplane 70 miles from the Destroyer Escort *Pillsbury*. Its killer group was ordered to proceed

to the scene at 20 knots. A search continued all night and into the morning of April 24 when at 0829 hours the Destroyer Escort *F. C. Davis* said over TBS (talk between ships): "We are going to investigate possible contact astern of us." The ships on the line slowed to five knots while the *F. C. Davis* investigated.

Exactly 11 minutes later, a torpedo broke the *F. C. Davis* in two and the battle was on.

A torpedo is a venomous weapon. Of the 179 enlisted men and 13 officers aboard the *F. C. Davis*, 105 enlisted men and ten officers died. The *Hayter* turned to the rescue. She fished out 65 men unconscious, half conscious, or shaking helplessly from their dip in the frigid water. Lieut. Edward J. Keyes alone rescued 12 men and retrieved three bodies, jumping into the water and towing the helpless to the side of the ship. Eight men on the ship gave artificial respiration for hours. Richard L. Bumgarner revived three men who were believed dead, working unflaggingly despite the heavy rolling of the *Hayter*. He labored over one for three consecutive hours, refusing relief because he knew the importance of maintaining a rhythm.

IN THE meantime all the other ships of the force were sticking long, quick, sensitive cars into the wild world under the sea where the submarine lay. And from the loudspeakers above the consoles poured sounds like the sounds of a city.

"The production of sound," says a Navy instruction book, "is apparently nearly as common among the fish and crustacea of the sea as

among insects and other animals on land." Singing fish and drum fish are notably gossipy. Certain shrimp snap and crackle like bacon frying, loudly and continuously. The rush of porpoises and whales through the water produces a "hydrophone effect." A croaker chorus is like the roar of a machine shop.

But what the sound gear sought was the ping and other sounds that would identify the echo as having bounced from a submarine's hull.

Thirty-seven minutes after the *F. C. Davis* had been hit, the *U. S. S. Flaherty* picked up the submarine and the line of searchers held still while a few of their number gathered for the kill. The *Flaherty* was ordered to make an ahead-thrown attack, the *Pillsbury* to maneuver to pretend it was the real attacker.

Ahead-thrown attacks are made by contraptions which spread underwater missiles in one of two patterns, the hedgehog or the mousetrap. Unlike depth charges which detonate at a set depth, the missiles explode only on contact and so they make no noise under water unless they mean it. The sonar crew usually loses contact in the roar of a depth charge, but can keep contact throughout an ahead-thrown attack.

At 0950, wham! the *Flaherty* fired. There was a crack, a hurtling, gasping ~~sox~~-d, a splash, the suck and sigh of missiles plunging down below the surface — and silence. Men held stop watches accurate to a tenth of a second to time the explosion and so get the depth of the sub, but there was no explosion to time.

The attack had failed because this was no ordinary sub. This sub skipper

knew every trick of his trade and he used them all. He knew how the bubbles of a wake distorted and weakened sound waves. So he circled around and around in the water in which he lay to make a whole area of wakes. He ejected air slugs from his torpedo tubes. And when a *ping* banged his hull, he jammed the ship's sound gear by *pinging* back. He was expert at throwing out a "knuckle." A knuckle is an area of disturbance in the water caused when a sub makes a sudden burst of speed and a sharp turn and it will return an echo when *pinged*. He would run right under the enemy ship so that the *ping* could not follow him. Nor was there any fooling him as to which ship was making the attack. He could hear the K guns fired and could hear the slap of the depth charges hitting the water.

Finally, he had a thorough mastery of the temperature gradients of these waters. All German submarines carried charts showing the sound conditions to be expected in different areas. A temperature difference of as little as nine degrees Fahrenheit deteriorates the echo. A sub skipper can dive into or beneath a temperature gradient the way a soldier dives into a foxhole. He pulls the layer of cold or warm water over him like a blanket and lets the enemy whistle.

This sub skipper even used the temperature gradients to ~~walk~~ *talk* his attackers. But our ships were respectful of him. They, too, had men on board who were masters. The ships walked across the water like cats on wet grass, finically, and when the German did fire his acoustical torpedos, they were set for him with their noisemakers. However, the

musical sawlike sound of the noisemakers drowned out the *ping*, and contact was lost.

Contact was lost more than a dozen times, but always regained.

THE FIGHT lasted all day and into early evening. There were more ahead-thrown attacks and depth-charge attacks and creeping attacks during which formation was kept so tightly that there seemed a real danger the side-thrown charges would land on our own ships. The *U. S. S. Hubbard* depth-charge crews were green boys making their first attack. "The men were tense and consequently fumbled a bit," reads the official record. "This was greatly magnified by their being preoccupied with charges thrown from the adjacent vessels which, as they arched from the projectors, produced the optical illusion of having sufficient range to land on or over the *Hubbard's* fantail." The *Hubbard's* men bent their backs to their task nevertheless.

The first consequential damage to the submarine was done two hours after the attack began. The terrific concussion of the explosives loosened her up until water began to leak in at numerous points, but the damage-control crew managed to block them off. Conditions gradually worsened during the day. Then time began to run out for the Germans. Violent maneuvers had nearly exhausted the ship's batteries. She had shipped so much water it was necessary to use the main bilge pumps. The noises from the pump made the hydrophone ineffective and the skipper could not tell what was going on above. It was while the hydrophone was in-

effective that the U-546 came to its end. A direct hit caused a major leak and cracked the battery cells. The dread chlorine gas killed all the personnel in the forward part of the U-boat in a few minutes.

This was past eight o'clock in the evening. The *Flaherty* had fired a hedgehog. The *Pillsbury* had noted an underwater explosion. Four minutes later a small oil slick had come seeping up like a gout of blood. Ten minutes later a big bubble blew into a balloon and burst and there was a seethe of small bubbles. The *Flaherty* fired another hedgehog.

2036 hours — from *Varian*: "He's coming to surface. Stand by guns!"

At 2040 hours the sub broke water and the *Pillsbury* opened fire with its main battery and 40 mms. while other ships fired as they could. The Nazi survivors found the conning tower so badly damaged they had to escape through the Diesel-room hatch. The *Schnorchel* had enabled the sub to remain submerged continuously from March 21 to April 9!

But it had not saved it from its fate nor did it save the last two of the six U-boats. They were dispatched in succeeding days.

IN THE closing days of the war the German fleet came through with its third radical development — a submarine that could dive to 700 feet and make the hitherto incredible speed of 15 knots while submerged. It came too late to have any effect and, in any case, was not invulnerable. It was comparatively blind when at great depths and it still had only limited underwater endurance, while we had developed unlimited patience.

"My boys were ready for them on this one," said Admiral Ingram.

I ASKED Admiral Kilpatrick whether, in view of all the progress antisubmarine warfare had made in the last three years, the U-boats had outlived their usefulness.

"If the Germans ever try again," he replied, "they'll try with U-boats."

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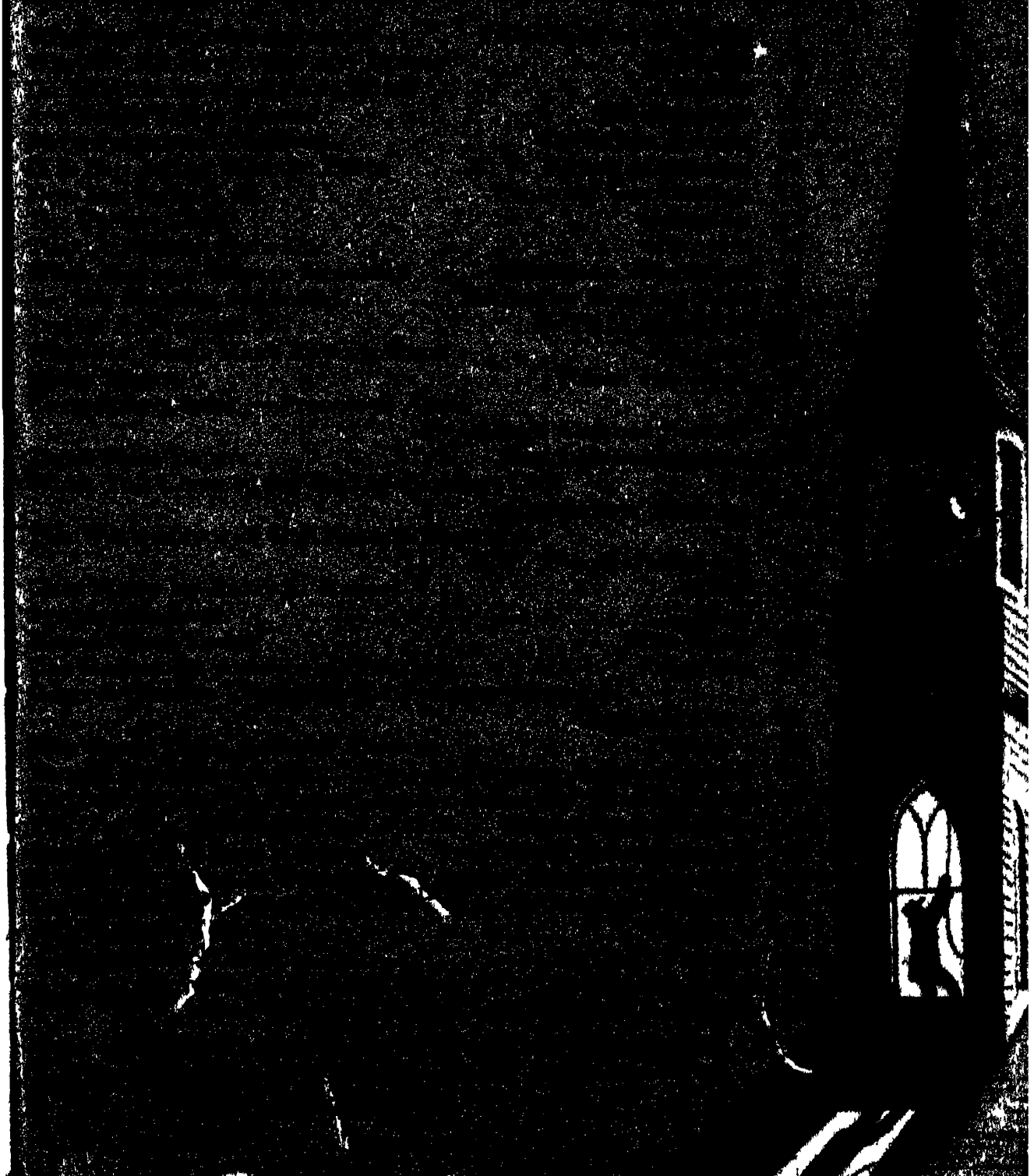
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When the Wise Man Appeared

Condensed from Philadelphia Bulletin

William Ashley Anderson

IT WAS a bitterly cold night, vast and empty. Over Hallett's Hill a brilliant star danced like tinsel on the tip of a Christmas tree. The still air was resonant as the inside of an iron bell; but within our snug farmhouse in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania it was mellow with the warmth of our cherry-red stoves.

The dinner things had been cleared away, and I had relaxed with a cigarette when Bruce came downstairs — an apparition in a long white nightgown with a purple cloak of tintexed cotton over his shoulders. In one hand he held a tall crown of yellow pasteboard and tinsel. From the other swung an ornate censer. On his feet were thin flapping sandals.

"What in the world are you supposed to be?" I asked.

My wife looked at the boy critically, but with concern and tenderness.

"He's one of the Wise Men of the East!" she explained with some indignation.

The look she gave me was an urgent reminder that I had promised to get him to the schoolhouse in town in time for the Christmas pageant. I shuddered at the thought of the cold and went out into the night pulling on a heavy coat.

The battery in the old car had gone dead, but by one of those freaks of mechanical whimsy, the engine caught at the first turn of the crank. That was a trick of the devil. For the engine died before we got out to the main road. My heart sank. I glanced at Bruce, with the crown and censer clasped in his

arms, staring down the endless lane that disappeared in the lonely hills. Hallett's place was more than a mile and a half away, and the nearest turn of Route 90, with the thin chance of a lift, was more than two miles away.

Well, I thought, it's not tragically important. Bruce still said nothing, but his eyes were staring now at the big star twinkling just over the ragged edge of the mountain. Then an uneasy feeling stirred in me, because I knew the boy was praying. He had made his promise, too, and he was praying that nothing would keep him from being one of the Three Wise Men on this magic Christmas Eve.

I strained and heaved at the crank, but it was useless. I fumbled to light a cigarette while I thought it over. When I looked up, Bruce was scuttling down the lane, one hand holding his skirts, the other swinging the censer, the high golden crown perched cockeyed on his head. I hesitated between laughing at him and yelling for him to stop. Then I threw the cigarette away and began once more to crank.

Finally the engine coughed throatily. I scrambled into the car. Just about where the road enters town I overtook Bruce.

"You shouldn't have gone off that way," I growled. "It's too cold."

"I made a fire in the censer," he said. "I kept warm enough. I took a bearing on the star and made a short cut across Basoine's farm, and came out right by the new cottage." He shivered.

"But look at your feet! You might have frozen them!"

"It wasn't so bad."

We arrived at the school on time. I stood in back and watched. When I saw Bruce appear, walking stiff-legged on cut and chilblained feet, kneeling by the crèche, declaiming his lines, I regretted my laughter at the dinner table. Then an uneasy awe rose up within me. Something stronger than a promise, I knew, had brought him through the bitter night to this sacred pageant.

Going home, Bruce showed me where the short cut came out. "That's where the Thompsons live," he said, and added, "Harry Thompson died there."

As we passed the Basoine farm there were lights burning. I thought this was strange. Since George Basoine had gone off to war the old grandmother, who had lost her youngest son in the first war, had sort of shriveled up and a gloom lay over the house; but as I slowed down I could see Lou Basoine through the kitchen window, smoking his pipe and talking with his wife and mother.

That was about all there was to the evening. But on Christmas Day a friendly farmer's wife came by with gifts of mincemeat, made from venison, and a jug of sassafras cider. She went into the kitchen where my wife was supervising the Christmas feast. I drifted toward the kitchen, too, when I heard laughter there, since I have a weakness for the gossip of the countryside.

"You must hear this!" said my wife. The farmer's wife looked at me with a glittering but wary eye.

"You hain't a-goin' to believe it either," she said. "Just the same I'm tellin' you, folks up here in the hills see things and they do believe!"

"What have you been seeing?"

"It was old Mrs. Basoine. Last night when she was a-feelin' low she thought she heard something back of the barn and she looked out. Now I'll say this for the old lady — she's got good vision. There warn't no moonlight, but if you recollect it was a bright starry night. And there she saw, plain as day, one of the Wise Men of the Bible come a-walkin' along the hill with a gold crown on his head, a-swingin' one of them pots with smoke in them —"

My wife and I looked at each other, but before I could say anything our visitor hurried on:

"Now don't you start a-laughin'. There's other testimony! Them Thompsons. You know the ones whose oldest boy died? Well, the children heard him first — a-singin' 'Come All Ye Faithful' plain as day. They went runnin' to the window and they seen the Wise Man a-walkin' in the starlight across the lane, gold crown and robes, and fire pot and all!"

The farmer's wife looked defiantly at me. "Old folks and children see things that maybe we can't. All I can say is this: Basoines and Thomp-

sons don't even know each other. But old lady Basoine was heartsick and lonely for her lost boy, and the Thompsons was heartsick and lonely because this was the first Christmas without Harry, and you dassent say they wasn't a-prayin' too! Maybe you don't believe that amounts to anythin' — but I'm tellin' you it was a comfort to them to see and believe!"

In the quiet of the kitchen the eyes of the two women searched my face — for disbelief, perhaps, since I'm not a very religious person. But whatever they expected, they were surprised at what they got.

I hadn't seen a vision, that Christmas Eve, but what I had seen was to me far more impressive than any apparition: a flesh-and-blood small boy with a promise to keep, following over a trackless countryside the star which centuries ago led the Wise Men to Bethlehem. And it was not for me to deny the courage and the faith I saw in my son's eyes that night.

And so I said, with a sincerity which must have startled those two good women as much as it obviously pleased them:

"Yes, I believe that God is very close to us at Christmastime."

Christmas Carol

ON Christmas morning my little daughter was downstairs opening her packages before any one else was out of bed. To my surprise, I heard her singing the Happy Birthday song. "Happy Birthday on Christmas morning?" I thought, amused that, while she was aware of festivity in the air, she was confused as to the occasion. But as she sang on, I realized it was I who had been confused. "Happy Birthday, dear Jesus," the little voice caroled. "Happy Birthday to you."

— Contributed by Phoebe Berk

Why be a victim of your own emotional cycles?

Here's a way to turn them to advantage |

Why We All Have "Ups and Downs"

Condensed from Redbook Myron Stearns

FOR years psychologists have known — as you know yourself — that people react differently, on different days, to the same things. One day the Boss is genial; his secretary's small mistakes don't bother him. On other days her work must be letter-perfect or he'll bite her head off. Every mother knows that on some days her youngster is affectionate and obedient, while on others he seems "possessed." On some mornings your husband sings in his shower: on others he is glum.

"Ups and downs" are commonplace. You take it for granted that a run of bad luck will get you "down." Good news, on the other hand, raises you to the top of the world. You're sure of it.

Now along comes science to tell you you're wrong. Dr. Rexford B. Hersey of the University of Pennsylvania, who has been studying the rise and fall of human emotions for more than 17 years, has found that with all of us high and low spirits follow each other with a regularity almost as dependable as that of the tides. Outside circumstances merely have frozen to postpone slightly our

"It wasn't st

regular periods of elation or depression. Instead of lifting you out of a slump, good news will give your spirits only a brief boost. And, conversely, bad news is less depressing when you're in an emotional "high." About 33 days after your particularly low or high spots, you're likely to find yourself feeling the same way again, for that is the normal length of the human "emotional cycle."

Research into the best working conditions for railroad repair-shop men led to Hersey's discovery of emotional cycles in 1927. Checking 25 repair-shop men every day, four times a day for more than a year, he made charts based on what they said, how they acted, their physical condition and state of mind.

Presently, to his astonishment, he found that all the charts fell into a fairly regular pattern. For each worker one week in every period was much lower than the rest, and the intervals were remarkably steady. Between the low points there was a rise to relatively high spirits.

One man lost an arm in an auto accident. It occurred during his high period, and for the first weeks

of his stay at the hospital he remained cheerful. "You can't keep a good man down!" he'd say. "Maybe I'll get me a better job!"

It worked out exactly that way. Returning to work, he was given a job as a minor supervisor, with more authority and pay than he'd ever had. But by that time he was in a low period; instead of being elated, he became so depressed that he broke off his engagement to an attractive girl who was genuinely in love with him. "She'd regret it," he said. "She's just being sorry for me."

An elderly mechanic claimed he was not subject to ups and downs of any sort. "I'm always cheerful," he said. But Hersey's chart showed that about every fifth week he became much more critical of his superiors, refused to joke with his companions, and didn't want to talk with anybody.

Almost without exception, the men failed to recognize any particular changes within themselves. Outside conditions, they felt, were responsible. The reason for feeling poorly was always immediate and plausible: a man hadn't slept well, or he'd had a spat with his wife, or it was the nasty weather.

Wanting more information as to *why* our spirits go up and down and how we can use the constant ebb and flow of well-being more efficiently, Hersey made a detailed investigation of his own ups and downs.

In his low periods, he soon learned, he became more critical than at other times, and more irritable. He didn't want to be bothered by talking to people. He planned his schedule so that during his periods of depression he could devote himself

to research, avoiding anything that required much self-confidence. During his high periods he scheduled his consultations and lectures.

Then he made a long-drawn-out investigation of his own internal processes to ascertain the physiological basis for his emotional changes. Joining forces with Dr. Michael J. Bennett, endocrinologist of the Doctor's Hospital in Philadelphia, he underwent every week, for over a year, a searching physical examination.

He found that the work and output of his thyroid glands, his pituitary glands, his liver and other internal production plants varied markedly from week to week. The number of his red blood corpuscles, his blood cholesterol, each had — as with all of us — its own particular rhythm. The thyroid output, which to a greater extent than any other single factor determines the total "emotional cycle" rhythm, usually makes a round trip from low to high and back in from four to five weeks. Together, Hersey and Bennett decided, all the different factors work out to a "normal" cycle length of between 33 and 36 days.

Basically this emotional cycle consists of an over-all upbuilding and giving-out of energy. But the production and use of energy do not parallel each other quite evenly. First, we gradually build up more energy than we use. That makes us feel better and better, and we become more and more active and high-spirited. So we begin to use more energy than our system is producing. This keeps on until exhaustion of our surplus energy induces a reaction. We slump, often quite

sharply, into feeling tired, depressed, discouraged.

We feel on top of the world for some time after our store of energy created for best conditions has begun to diminish. And conversely we feel low for some time after the rebuilding process has started up again. When everything seems hopeless we have already turned the corner.

Bringing more and more people under observation, Drs. Hersey and Bennett concluded that variations from the 33-day cycle are largely caused by unusual thyroid activity. If you are a hyperthyroid case, your cycle may be as short as three weeks. If you have a low, or hypothyroid, output, your cycle may be several weeks longer than average. Hersey has noticed that his own emotional cycles have a tendency to lengthen as he gets older. They are now, he says, about three days longer than they were ten years ago.

There seems to be no difference in cycle length between men and women. With women, however, the results are confused by the menstrual cycle, which has its own ups and downs. When the emotional low of the menstrual cycle and the low of the basic emotional cycle coincide, an abnormally bad state of nervousness or anxiety may develop. Many unnecessary marital separations have unquestionably, Hersey and Bennett believe, been started at such a time.

You can see at once how tremendously important these findings can be to you personally. First of all, you can lessen any discouragement you may feel from temporary setbacks, any worry or anxiety about the future you experience when you

are blue, by the realization that your depression may be a perfectly natural phase of living, soon to be followed by days or weeks of greater strength, assurance and optimism. No matter how dismal the outlook may seem to be, you simply won't be able to avoid feeling better presently.

Next, you can keep track of your emotional cycles, so you will know when to expect a high or a low period. Simply mark on a calendar the days when you feel unusually discouraged or depressed. Your low days give you more accurate dates to go by than your high periods, because the "happiness" portions of your curve are usually more long-drawn-out; low periods seldom run more than a few days or a week and usually occur with regularity.

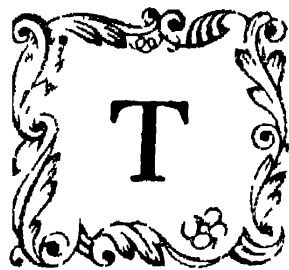
After you have found when to expect your high and low emotional tides, you can take advantage of both by planning your work intelligently. In high periods you are likely to be stimulated by difficult tasks. In low periods you are likely to be defeated by them. With a little experimenting you may find yourself able to plan the tough, constructive jobs, which require energy and confidence, for your high periods. At the bottom of your cycle, your powers of observation, coordination and memory seem less acute; you are more likely to make mistakes or have accidents. Hence that is the period to reserve for easy but tiresome routine.

One great danger is that during low periods minor crises or mishaps seem unduly important.

"Be sure," Dr. Hersey advises, "not to let unimportant troubles be magnified just because you are 'down.'"

DR. EINSTEIN ON THE ATOMIC BOMB

As told to Raymond Swing



Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

THE RELEASE of atomic energy has not created a new problem. It has merely made more urgent the necessity of solving an existing one. As long as there are sovereign nations possessing great power, war — soon or late — is inevitable. That was true before the atomic bomb was made. What has been changed is the destructiveness of war.

Perhaps two thirds of the people of the earth would be killed in a war fought with the atomic bomb. Civilization would not be wiped out, for enough men capable of thinking, and enough books, would be left to start again, and civilization could be restored. Nevertheless, the urgency of preventing such a war is clear.

I do not believe that the secret of the bomb should be given to the Soviet Union, nor to the United Nations Organization. I do not believe it should be given to any sovereign state or group of states. Under present anarchic conditions and the danger of friction between competing nations, such a course would only accelerate the armament race, which we must halt if we want to prevent another world war.

The secret of the bomb should be committed to a *world government*, and the United States should immediately announce its readiness to give it to a world government. This government should be founded by the United States, the Soviet Union and Great Britain, the only three powers with great military strength. All three should commit to this world government all of their military strength. The fact that there are only three nations with great military power should make it easier, rather than harder, to establish such a government.

Since the United States and Great Britain have the secret of the atomic bomb and the Soviet Union does not, they should invite the Soviet Union to prepare and present the first draft of a constitution of the proposed world government. That will help dispel the distrust of the Russians, which they already feel because the bomb is being kept a secret chiefly to prevent their having it. Obviously the first draft would not be the final one, but the Russians should be made to feel that the world government will assure them their security.

It would be wise if this constitution were to be negotiated by a

single American, a single Briton and a single Russian. They would have to have advisers, but these advisers should advise only when asked. I believe three men can succeed in writing a workable constitution acceptable to them all. Six or seven men, or more, probably would fail.

After the three great powers have adopted a constitution, the smaller nations should be invited to join the world government. They should be free to stay out, and they should feel perfectly secure in staying out, but I am sure they would wish to join. Naturally they should be entitled to propose changes in the constitution. But the Big Three should organize the world government, whether the smaller nations join or not.

This world government would have power over all military matters, and only one further power. That is to interfere in countries where a minority is oppressing a majority and thus creating the kind of instability that leads to war. Conditions such as exist in Argentina and Spain should be dealt with. There must be an end to the concept of nonintervention, for to end it is part of keeping the peace.

The establishment of this world government must not have to wait until the same conditions of freedom are to be found in all three of the great powers. While it is true that in the Soviet Union the minority rules, I do not consider that internal conditions there are of themselves a threat to world peace. One must bear in mind that the people in Russia did not have a long political education, and changes to improve Russian conditions had to be carried

through by a minority for the reason that there was no majority capable of doing it.

It should not be necessary, in establishing a world government with a monopoly of military authority, to change the internal structures of the three great powers. It would be for the three individuals who draft the constitution to devise ways for their different structures to be fitted together for collaboration.

Do I fear the tyranny of a world government? Of course I do. But I fear still more the coming of another war or wars. Any government is certain to be evil to some extent. But a world government is preferable to the far greater evil of atomic wars. If such a world government is not established by a process of agreement, I believe it will come anyway, and in a much more dangerous form. For wars will end in one power being supreme and dominating the rest of the world by its overwhelming military strength.

Now we have the atomic secret. We must not lose it, and that is what we should risk doing if we give it to the Soviet Union or to the United Nations Organizations. But we must make it clear as quickly as possible that we are not keeping the bomb a secret for the sake of our power, but in the hope of establishing peace through a world government which we will do our utmost to create.

I appreciate that there are persons who approve of world government as the ultimate objective, but favor a gradual approach to it. The trouble with taking little steps, one at a time, is that while they are being taken,

we continue to keep the bomb without making our reason convincing to those who do not have it. That of itself creates fear and suspicion, with the consequence that the relations of rival sovereignties deteriorate dangerously. So while persons who take only a step at a time may think they are approaching world peace, they actually are contributing to the coming of war. We have no time to spend in this way. If war is to be averted, it must be done quickly.

WE SHALL NOT have the secret of the atomic bomb very long. It is argued that no other country has money enough to develop the bomb. But other countries which have the materials and the men can develop it if they care to, for men and materials and the decision to use them, and not money, are all that is needed.

I do not consider myself the father of the release of atomic energy. My part in it was quite indirect. I did not, in fact, foresee that it would be released in my time. I believed only that it was theoretically possible. It became practical through the accidental discovery of chain reaction by Hahn in Berlin, and he himself misinterpreted what he discovered. It was Lise Meitner who provided the correct interpretation, and escaped from Germany to place the information in the hands of the Danish physicist Niels Bohr, who brought it to the United States.

I do not believe that a great era of atomic science is to be assured by "organizing" science, in the way large corporations are organized. One can organize to apply a discovery already made, but not to

make one. Only a free individual can make a discovery. Can you imagine an organization of scientists making the discoveries of Charles Darwin?

Nor do I believe that the vast private corporations of the United States are suitable custodians of atomic development. The U.S. Government must keep the control of atomic energy, not because socialism is necessarily desirable, but because atomic energy was developed by the Government, and it would be unthinkable to turn over this property of the people to any individual or groups of individuals. As to socialism, unless it is international to the extent of producing world government which controls all military power, it might more easily lead to wars than capitalism, because it represents a still greater concentration of power.

To estimate when atomic energy can be applied to constructive purposes is impossible. What now is known is only how to use a fairly large quantity of uranium. One cannot predict when the use of small quantities, sufficient, say, to operate a car or an airplane, will be achieved. Nor can one predict when materials more common than uranium can be used to supply the energy. Presumably such materials will be elements with high atomic weight. Those elements are relatively scarce because of their lesser stability. Most of these materials may already have disappeared by radioactive disintegration. So though the release of atomic energy will be a great boon to mankind, that may not be for some time.

I do not have the gift of explanation with which to persuade large numbers of people of the urgency of

the problems the human race now faces and the pressing need for world government. Hence I should like to commend someone who has this gift of explanation, Emery Reves, whose book *The Anatomy of Peace** is

*See page 123 of this issue

intelligent, clear, brief and dynamic.

At present, atomic energy is no a boon to mankind, but a menace. Perhaps it is well that it should be. It may intimidate the human race to bring order into its international affairs, which without the pressure of fear, it undoubtedly would not do.

Are Yanks Lousy Lovers?

Reprinted from a United Press dispatch from London

AMERICAN Army officers and GIs in England are seething over an Army nurse's flat assertion that they no longer know how to make love.

Citing her own romantic experiences as proof she dismissed American soldiers as lousy lovers in a letter to the Army newspaper *Stars and Stripes*. She said she prefers the gallant British and French soldiers. As for the Americans, their love-making technique is disintegrating so rapidly that very shortly there will be no technique at all. They operate on a catch-is-catch-can basis as a result of their quick success with candy and cigarettes among hungry and smoke-famished native lassies in Europe.

'With chewing gum supplanting conversation and chocolate bars superseding the build-up in Europe, Americans have had things pretty much their own way with the females,' she said. But the love market in the United States certainly won't operate on this candy and commodity basis.

The nurse sadly related a typical evening with Americans.

"I go to an officers' party. By 10

p.m. every officer has made passes at me which, although flattering, are so lacking in subtlety, originality and deception that they are utterly repulsive. When their efforts are unrewarded the officers disappear to the chocolate circuit, and the nurses are left to walk home alone."

The nurse said that she had not attended any enlisted men's parties, but had dated them singly. "And the situation is exactly the same," she reported.

No wonder we prefer French or British army personnel whose courtship subtlety, suavity and shlip phrases not only establish the proper setting but practically make results a foregone conclusion," she declared.

The writer signed the letter, "Nurse, 59th Evacuation Hospital."

The Reader's Digest will pay \$1.00 each for the ten best letters (not over 500 words) discussing either pro or con, the subject of this controversy. Only letters from women who have served with the Allied armed forces in England or in Europe will be considered. The letters must be received before January 15, 1946. Address Contest Editor, *The Reader's Digest*, Pleasantville, N. J.

The story of a Sunday school which, in collaboration with Union College, does a unique job of personality training



Fifty Frightened Children

Condensed from Christian Herald

Fulton Oursler

ON THE STAGE a small boy sings and a little girl dances, puppets woo and squabble while child fiddlers make music. Fifty youngsters of an upstate New York Sunday school are performing before their parents, who, knowing the story behind the show, watch it with misty eyes. To them the exhibition seems a miracle.

All the 50 performers are doing things that seemed impossible for them only three months ago. Formerly shy boys and girls are playing boisterous parts in little plays, the scenery for which was designed and built by their comrades, "awkward" children dance, once-clumsy fingers manipulate the intricate routine of marionette strings. Every participant has mastered a handicap—that is why the show is called the Can-Do Convention.

The 50 youngsters were chosen because they were frightened. All were threatened with the most prevalent and dangerous mental hazard of childhood—a fear of failure. Each had been on the way to acquiring a chronic inferiority complex. The display of self-conquest in this

Can-Do show is a routine example of personality development in a youth project that for 11 years has been achieving remarkable results.

Thanks to the use of modern psychology in Sunday-school work, the 50 frightened children have learned that everybody can do something important; everyone has some special aptitude; no one is wholly untalented.

Since the project was started thousands of children have been sent from Sunday schools in Albany and Schenectady to laboratories of nearby Union College. Based on the findings of psychologists, an individual plan for self-development was made for each child. Success has been achieved on the basis that no two human beings are ever alike, each child must be coached according to his own problems. Public- and church-school teachers have worked in cooperation with parents and scientists to overcome character weakness and develop talents.

The sponsors say their project is only a beginning. The director, Ernest M. Ligon, professor of psy-

chology at Union College, declares: "In any city of 100,000 there are probably as many children with all the natural endowment of greatness as there have been really great men and women in this country during its entire history. Furthermore, this greatness can be achieved with the right kind of character education. *We need to develop coaches for character and personality as we now have coaches for athletic skill.*"

JUST such coaching in personality produced the Can-Do Convention. Take Ted, the boy who welcomed parents at the front door. He asked their names, and then two hours later shook hands good-bye and with pleasant assurance again spoke the names. Ligon says "You should have seen that boy three months ago!"

Here is the picture as it was then: "I can't do this" and "I'm no good at that" are the two articles of Ted's credo. A new game or hobby - all fresh and unknown ideas - he meets with a brush-off attitude of utter futility. He constantly criticizes his brothers and sisters, but fiercely resents criticism of himself. Sometimes he sulks, occasionally he has violent fits of temper. With outsiders he is shy, flushing easily, becoming quickly confused, more and more he avoids people. When Ted was small he had been coddled too much, warned too often to be careful, and too seldom allowed to work out his problems for himself. He had come to depend too much on his parents.

One day Ted's schoolteacher told his mother about the First Re-

formed Church Sunday school in Schenectady. It's a different kind of Sunday school; one with a unique plan to overcome fear and hate and all other obstacles to mental growth. Here the purpose of religious education is to bring youth to self-confident maturity, emotionally ready for a life work that will provide a good living, satisfaction and, most important of all, a role to play in the service of mankind. And surely that calls for mental and spiritual health.

To join the Sunday school Ted must agree to face, every autumn, an elaborate battery of psychological tests. The fee each year will be \$25. This is a high premium, yet 12 years ago First Reformed Sunday school had less than 30 pupils, while today it has 300 and a long waiting list.

Ted is taken to the examination rooms, which are run by college students majoring in psychology. First he takes tests that are given college athletes; his coordination and stamina are measured; he has trials for sight and hearing, all sensory impressions. Next he takes the Binet intelligence quotient quiz, and the tests for emotional responses.

The most helpful discovery often comes in the special aptitudes tests. What is this boy good at? To find the answer he is led through complications of putting pegs in holes; he tinkers with bolts and nuts and pliers. In one test he examines a card* portraying 30 human faces, each with a name printed under the chin. Lean, lantern-jawed face, glasses and small mustache - Mr. Williams. Round, chubby face and beefy neck - Mr. Fletcher. Thirty names and 30 faces to study for a

timed period. Then the card is whisked away and Ted goes on to other tests. By and by a new card is brought to him; 30 faces, some the same as before, but new ones added, too, all mixed up — and no names under the chins!

How many can Ted name correctly? The boy's virtuosity astonishes everybody; he remembers almost all of those he has seen before. He has an uncommon aptitude for remembering names and faces, a valuable asset to anyone.

However, Ted is not told now of potential commercial values of his talent; instead, Professor Ligon begins to explain how much happiness he can bring to others with such a gift. He can begin very soon; human beings are so often lonely and shy. For example, he can welcome visitors at school gatherings and, because he remembers names, can quickly put them at their ease.

"Your boy is shy," Ligon tells Ted's parents, "because he is afraid he isn't much good. Now is the one time in his life when he can best get rid of that notion before it becomes fixed. It's nothing unusual; there are hundreds of thousands of boys like Ted. And it is not so bad as it seems, either; a fear of failure can be of real value, if you do something constructive about it."

The professor suggests, no more criticism of the boy for a while. Instead the parents are to dramatize failure as a road to success. At dinner table Dad will tell how many times his errors cost his ball team a game, before he became the star first baseman he insists he once was. Mother tells how hard it was for her to learn

how to cook. They talk of their own failures as stepping-stones to accomplishment, and all casually, without making it too pointed.

NEXT, the schoolteacher is invited in. Overworked as they are, not once in 11 years have schoolteachers failed to coöperate wholeheartedly in the special assignments which Ligon suggests to help his pupils.

Ted's teacher reviews his case with his parents and the professor. Then in the classroom she is ready to go to work on Ted's fears, his deep feeling of inferiority.

One day she begins to talk to her pupils about baseball. No one suspects that the talk is directed to Ted, or that the material was handed to her by Professor Ligon.

"What," she asks, "would be a perfect batting average?"

"One thousand!" the answer is shouted.

"Right. But the best batters have averages of only between .300 and .400. That means they hit safely only three or four times out of every ten times they come to bat."

To Ted's amazement she tells things about baseball he doesn't know.

"The ball speeds toward the batter at the rate of 150 miles an hour. In one third of a second he has to size up the pitch and decide what to do about it. No wonder batters fail to make hits more often than they succeed. Great batters are great because their averages are high — and yet every one is far from perfect."

Life, too, the teacher goes on, hurls problems at every one of us.

We have to make swift decisions. It takes a lot of practice and persistence. Many of us are tempted to lose courage because we fail so often. But the men who succeed never lose courage!

Meanwhile, Ligon has also given Ted's Sunday-school teacher some special material. Just before service begins, the professor asks Ted if he would like to be the official welcomer at a show the school is going to put on. Before the boy can stammer a refusal, the professor stalks away. Then class begins, and Ted is soon fascinated by what the teacher is telling about Steve Wozniak, of Buffalo. When he was nine years old, Steve was already an expert swimmer, but at 15 he was run down by a truck. Seven broken ribs, a broken right leg and a punctured lung—hard luck for a fellow who had dreamed of being champion. But worse, after a few weeks Steve was told by doctors that he could expect only two more years of life. Recovery, they said, was impossible.

The afternoon that he heard his doom, Steve, a devoutly religious boy, first prayed and then got into his trunks and jumped into the pool. He refused to accept the death sentence! Two years later, when he should have been in his grave, Steve Wozniak entered the national 220-yard free-style event. Later he won the national five-mile title.

Ted's eyes are bright with wonder at the swimmer's story, when he feels a sudden jog at his elbow; Dr. Ligon is grinning down at him. "Willing to take on that welcoming job now, Ted?"

"Yes, sir!"

But Ted needs a lot of help in spite of his renewed willingness to try. No change of character attitude is ever easy. First he is carefully rehearsed in greeting just one child. He mumbles, stammers, blushes. Of course he feels awkward; but no one laughs. No one cares. The other children are busy with other work. Easy does it. Come on, Ted, let's try it again.

After a while, Ted can self-confidently welcome any one of those 50 youngsters—learn their names and take them to seats—with complete aplomb. As a welcomer, he now considers himself an expert.

OF COURSE, on the morning of the real show he has an acute case of stage fright. But the show must go on. People are arriving and there is no one to take them to their seats. Ted it's really up to you! So Ted braces himself and becomes one of the bright stars of the morning; he makes everyone feel at ease. No wonder there is a mist in the eyes of his parents as they watch him.

Every other child in that Can-Do Convention has his own little history of achievement. Frank S. has lost heart because he is short, and he knows he will never be anything else. Some short persons overcome their inferiority feeling by becoming aggressive. But Frank, made of frailer stuff, yields to despair; without knowing why, he is peevish and inattentive.

Ligon finds the answer to Frank's problem in sports. Shortly before the Can-Do Convention a basketball game is played between Union

College and Colgate. A Union forward is a very little fellow, but a brilliant player, and, as it chances, he stars in the game.

Next Sunday, Ligon enters the church school arm in arm with the Union coach. The coach gives a little talk to the school about the players; only a few elders know that it is principally for Frank's benefit. Shortie has always loved basketball; but his friends advised against it because his lack of height was such a disadvantage. Nevertheless he endured rebuffs and ridicule in high school; by incessant practice he has made himself a faster, surer player than many much larger students.

Frank, listening, takes new hope for himself. There is a lot more to his re-education, but eventually *he* becomes master of ceremonies and introduces the acts in the next Can-Do show.

Mary B. has a high I.Q., but is snobbish and quick-tempered. She can't get along with anyone. Laboratory tests show her to be rich in imagination; also she has good mechanical and constructive ability. So the psychologists put her aptitudes to work.

"Mary," says the church-school teacher, "I want you to write a scenario for the puppets' pantomime. Let's make it a problem play. Your hero is the sort of person, who gets sore all the time and always thinks he is right and everybody else, is wrong. A bad-tempered snob, smart but disagreeable. Now let's change

that fellow into a coöperative person who can always see the other fellow's side. That's quite a plot. Eh, Mary?"

Mary works on that story without seeming to recognize her character at all. But her own ways begin to change. Not only does the puppet hero learn coöperation; so does the author!

BY SUCH devices the professor and his church-school colleagues and the parents solve all the children's problems. Basically, about 75 percent are of the same type, a sense of inadequacy; a distrust of one's own capabilities.

Today, other churches throughout the United States have joined in the project. Not all of them have psychological laboratories at their disposal. For such schools a simplified, minimum testing program has been set up. It is not the laboratory that is needed one tenth so much as the consecrated interest and enthusiasm of teachers and parents. The program requires greater investments of labor and talent and money than the average church has ever thought of making. But the promised rewards are inspiring.

By furthering character education, generations of men and women can be reared who have never surrendered to fear, nor been overcome by fury, who are masters of discouragement and doubt, who know their own natural gifts and joyously use them in the service of their fellow men.



It Is Our Job to Win the Peace

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

Anne O'Hare McCormick

THANKSGIVING week in England began on September 15 -- fifth anniversary of the day when the outnumbered RAF won the battle that saved Britain.

On that warm bright Saturday afternoon all London poured into the streets to celebrate. The scene should have been gay. But somehow it wasn't. The rare sunshine and the holiday mood accented the threadbare clothes, the gaps in the walls, the windowless houses -- the general shabbiness and dinginess of town and people. Six years of total war, shared manual labor, uniform short rations and the universal leveling process have made all classes look alike and even think alike. All wish for the same simple things, like oranges, roast beef, house room, windowpanes, paint, freedom to move about once more and, above all, rest.

Peace has brought none of these gifts. "The British came out of the war tired, cross and impoverished," said an officer just home after four years of fighting. "It's a shock to come back and see how raw-nerved and down-at-heel they are."

While the bombs were falling, London took punishment with a smile. Now that there is no longer an enemy to defy, the chins that were held up so long sag a little. The house

is safe at last, but it is dreadfully dilapidated. With a profound sigh of weariness the inhabitants realize that victory does not mean plenty and relaxation, but only more effort and prolonged privation.

People far from the front and immune from devastation cannot imagine what it means to face staggering tasks of reconstruction in a state of battle fatigue as deadening as the soldier's who has been too long on the firing line. In England the civilians have lived as constantly in the shadow of death as the fighting man with the difference that they have been obliged to "take it" without the satisfaction of "giving it." They have had no furloughs and have had to worry more over the dogging problems of clothing, transportation and shelter.

In Europe the atmosphere of depression is as tangible as a fog. No country on the Continent can feel any thrill of triumph except Russia, and even the new assurance of the Russians is tempered by war-weariness and aching hunger for the fruits of peace.

Europe is a picture of physical destruction and human exhaustion. It is an infernal panorama of broken nations, broken economics, broken cities, broken homes and broken spirit. Millions came out of the war like

lost souls, shaken to the roots, still mortally afraid.

Today's peacemakers face conditions incomparably worse than and entirely different from the aftermath of World War I. They have to deal with the consequences of a convulsion unique in history — on the human level with hunger and cold, violence and apathy; on the economic level with the breakdown of the world's money system aggravated by a head-on clash between two prescriptions for recovery; on the political level with conflicts of ideas that will fatally divide the victors if they are not reconciled.

Participants and observers were disappointed in the London Foreign Ministers' Conference because the parley revived the oldest fashions in peacemaking. Instead of opening a perspective on a new world it harked back to Versailles and Vienna. Here were presumably new-deal governments — revolutionary Russia, Socialist England, France of the Resistance, a changed America this time pledged in advance to put all her power behind the peace, a China elected to a place in the world directorate.

Yet when these new men, supposedly representing a new international mind, gathered around the traditional green baize in Lancaster House they began to bargain over frontiers, colonies, scraps of territory and areas of control as if this were the end of the Battle of Waterloo. The atomic bomb may have ended this war and rendered the next unthinkable, but it did not rate a question mark in the agenda of the preparatory peace conference. Overburdened

men and governments that have escaped catastrophe at such cost are bound to think backward instead of forward and hedge against past rather than future dangers.

Americans have to see the terrible beating the winners have taken in the war to understand this postwar state of mind; we have to realize that peace-table manners are invariably bad because representatives of war-sick nations must carry tokens of victory home to people who enjoy no other fruits of victory. They are still wary and fearful, still fighting for positions on a military map. In Europe they have pored over that map too desperately to think straight or to superimpose on the immemorial battle lines a chart of peace.

The inexorable conclusion is that America has a special obligation in the peacemaking because our country alone comes out of the struggle whole.

True, the United States has its own strains and uncertainties to cope with. Our war damages are far greater than anyone abroad will believe. Nothing we say to the world at large will make a dent in the fixed impression of America as a modern Midas guarding mountains of buried gold. But compared to other belligerents we are unscarred. We have won the fight to keep the enemy from our own door. Our production plant is not only intact but expanded. Our communications system, though worn, is unbroken. Mines have not turned our fields into death traps. We have more ships, more planes, more skilled men than we had before.

In a hungry and threadbare world we are well nourished and well

clothed. To pour into the common war chest prodigious quantities of raw material we have dug deep into the national patrimony, but we still have vast resources. We have used up energy without stint, but we have not exhausted our vital forces. Seen through the tired eyes looking out of the battered windows of Europe we look younger, more vigorous, more fortunate than ever before.

Surely the responsibility for making a workable peace rests, above all, on the country that is most nearly normal as the war ends. Russia is powerful, but she has suffered debilitating losses and the eyes of the Soviet leaders are clouded by the suspicions of 25 years and by curiously old-fashioned images of the world, derived partly from Marx and partly from the imperial archives. Great Britain is tired out, weakened and irritable. France is a convalescent, her listlessness punctuated by spasms

of violent self-assertion. China is as yet only the embryo of a great power.

Any child can see that the postwar world is in a state that calls for bold and imaginative treatment. With Germany prostrate and Europe reduced to a vast first-aid station, the peacemakers have the great opportunity of history to slough off old conceptions and make political settlements that have some relation to economic realities, not to speak of the techniques of modern war.

The United States has done more than any other power to create the environment of the 20th century. We are the pioneers in the atomic age. For that reason we have the first responsibility to fashion a peace structure to fit the environment. For if the peacemakers fail to realize the transformation the atomic bomb has wrought, their treaties will be written on tissue paper and the negotiators will mumble their formulas in vain.

Ultimates

» WHEN the treasurer of a Pacific Coast theater chain was held up, papers spread the news that he had lost his entire bank roll — \$15. The president of the chain forthwith issued orders: All executives hereafter must carry at least \$150. In the event of a holdup, publicity would be more favorable. — *Your Life*

» IN Highwood, Wis., police were nonplused when a woman telephoned to say that her three-year-old wouldn't go to sleep, explained, "I'd like a policeman to come out and frighten him." — AP

» ON THE back of a blonde society woman's photograph, sent to a midwestern newspaper, was this notation: "Please darken hair as the subject is now a brunette." — Neal O'Hara

» A MAN walked into the Springfield, Ill., police station and started talking fast to the desk sergeant. Pointing to a woman who was following him, he explained: "My wife has been nagging me, and I want to be locked up so I can get some sleep." He got his wish. — AP

He runs the biggest broiler business in the world;
the story of J. G. Townsend, Jr., and his many partners

Now See Here, J. G. . . .

Condensed from Country Gentleman
Alfred H. Sinks
and Harris Samonisky

WHILE other men were raising clouds of ballyhoo over their sensational records in war industry, J. G. Townsend, Jr., of Delaware, was calmly breaking records *as usual*. He had been a farmer, lumberman, manufacturer, banker, fruit grower, packer, canner, governor and U. S. Senator. At 67 he plunged into a brand-new business, and within six years made it the biggest of its kind in the world. In 1938 he set out to raise more chickens than anyone else — more by millions. And he did just that.

His broiler business is a modern, efficient production line that turns 45,000,000 pounds of feed into 9,000,000 pounds of chicken every year. Probably no factory in America occupies more working space. Townsend farms in Delaware add up to an area larger than Manhattan, and with two more farms in Massachusetts and New Hampshire they produce enough eggs to keep the huge Townsend hatchery near Millsboro, Del., turning out about 17,000,000 baby chicks a year.

When the rumor first went around that Townsend was going to splurge in the chicken business a neighbor decided to give him some good

advice. "Now see here, J. G.!" he said. "I know this broiler business and you don't. The biggest producer in the state never raised more than 400,000 birds a year. Yet I hear you've been talking wild about raising a million!"

"Make that *three* million!" Townsend answered with a twinkle. "And I'll do better than that. Anyway, a man who's afraid to take a risk isn't going to get very far!"

Raising broilers is fraught with risk. The men in charge must be on the alert day and night, watching for the first sign of epidemic, heat prostration, or any of the other ills that, unchecked, may wipe out a chicken business almost overnight. Few hired hands can be trusted with this responsibility. But Townsend found the answer: profit sharing.

To keep down epidemics, his chicken houses are scattered over many farms. Each farm is run by a foreman, who looks after 15,000 to 30,000 birds. His salary varies with the number he raises and he also collects five percent of the profits of his unit. Wages have increased materially since the venture started, and profits have soared.

"I'm always hoping these fellows

will want to go into business for themselves," Townsend says. "When they do, I'm always willing to back them or go partners with them. There's room for a lot more independent businessmen. Each new one means more jobs for others and that's what we're after in this country.

"Competition? Humph. I've never found it hurt me to help somebody else get started."

Townsend partners—farmers, merchants, manufacturers, garagemen—are scattered all through south Delaware. In 1940, J. G. reviewed his business life and found he had had 150 partners in all and only three of them had ever lost money.

Sand, pine forests, subsistence farms and fishermen's shanties—that's about all there was in south Delaware half a century ago when Townsend married Jennie Collins and set up housekeeping in a one-room cabin near Millsboro. For two years J. G. worked as a relief railroad station agent and telegrapher. But even the better pay of a regular agent would be only \$12.50 a month, and by now he had two sons. He raised his own food, but he was going to need cash to educate his boys.

He took a job with a local company cutting crossties for a dollar a day. When the company failed, he risked his entire capital of \$150 to go into the same business for himself. Profits from the sale of crossties went to purchase a sawmill, then another and another. The young couple lived off the land and staked their earnings on a more ample future. Profits from the sawmills went into timberland, and finally a full-fledged lumber mill at Selbyville.

The poverty of the countryside and the indifference of its people were a challenge to J. G. He saw that one need was for a bank that would encourage a man to take a chance on a good idea and lend him the money to do it. In 1903 he opened The Baltimore Trust Company in a one-room wooden building. Its total assets were \$5000. Today the bank, with two branches, has deposits of \$6,000,000.

But Townsend's instincts pulled him back to the land. One of the first men in the East to discover the magic in soybeans, he sowed them far and wide over loose Delaware sand that had never produced anything but crab grass and scrub pines. Soon the soy vines had added enough nitrogen to the soil to nourish strawberry plants.

One day J. G. stopped off at a soda fountain in Millsboro. "Wouldn't your customers like a soda made with real strawberry syrup?" he inquired.

"Bet they would," the druggist agreed.

Townsend started raising strawberries on a vast scale. He built the world's biggest strawberry packing plant, and supplied syrup to soda fountains all over the country. People still call him "the strawberry king."

Next he went in for fruit orchards, and now only one man in the country raises more apples and peaches. And back of the orchards are mammoth fields carpeted with vegetables, grown to be preserved at J. G.'s cannery in Georgetown.

Townsend's spirit—his refusal to admit that anything is impossible—has permeated the sandy soil like

a tonic and turned a down-at-the-heels region into one of the richest farming sections in the country. South Delaware's chicken business alone, though barely ten years old, pays its farmers \$50,000,000 a year. Townsend's own county produces one out of every four broilers consumed in the United States.

In 1916, when Delaware elected Townsend governor, the state ranked 47th in the quality of its public schools, and had less than \$200,000 in the treasury. J. G. had learned reading, writing and figuring in a one-room log-cabin school. He had never learned the technicalities of the law. But to him the job of governor called for the same qualities that had worked for him in business.

The state was poor, but among its citizens were some of the country's richest men. Townsend marched into the office of Pierre S. du Pont.

"The legislature won't appropriate money to build public schools for the Negroes of this state," he said. "I want *you* to pay for those schools. And for more schools for the white children, too. It would be a fine thing for you to do for the state of Delaware!"

J. G. raised \$7,000,000 and the schools were built. He persuaded another millionaire to pay the entire

cost of completing a much needed modern highway from one end of Delaware to the other. And when Townsend stepped out of office after four years, the state treasurer's report showed a surplus of \$1,750,000.

In 1928 the state sent Townsend to the United States Senate. In Washington he used to stroll through the produce market in the early morning, listening to the farmers talk over their troubles. Later, on the Senate floor, he'd pop up with a common-sense analysis of farm problems that delighted his colleagues. For 12 years Townsend went about the business of being a Senator as he did everything else. He thought of his constituents as partners. If anyone asked his occupation he'd probably answer that he was a farmer.

It is typical of Townsend, at 74, to be planning things for the future. He wants to straight-line the chicken business from farm to city consumer. First he'll set up his own feed mill. (Raising feed corn will furnish a new source of income to south Delaware farmers.) Then he intends to build a huge dressing plant. He even plans to open his own retail stores in eastern cities.

"This means cheaper chicken and more jobs," he says. "All I need to make it a success is the right partners."

On the Beam

» THE August 15 issue of the North Creek, N. Y., *News* carried a banner headline: BIG WORLD WAR II ENDS. The story, however, was just one paragraph long: "The biggest war in history came to an end yesterday when the Japanese sued for peace. The President announced the news at seven o'clock. You have undoubtedly heard all the details over the radio." — PM

Picturesque Speech and Patter

Is she a blonde or a brunette, or does she have a convertible top? (Libber McGee and Molly) My idea of a vacation is to rest quietly in the shade of a blonde (Richard Powell)

Christmas shopping when children stop, look and glisten (S/Sgt Steve Podroskey) . . . November frosts had tightened up the ruts of the road (Herbert O H Walker) . . . He was a gentleman of the highways, he tipped his headlights (Katrina G Rouse) I am-o-shattered acorns (Hal Borland)

Some girls get orchids All I get are forget-me-nots (Ruth I Sydn) Women's styles may change, but their designs remain the same Give a woman an inch and she thinks she's a ruler (Stars and Stripes)

I melt like chocolate in a baby's hand (Margaret Halsey) Air as clean as starched linen (Lawrence William) She's in and out like a fiddler's elbow (Charles Norris)

GI Letter I want to marry you after the war so please become my pinned-down girl now (Pvt M S Lilmar)

Definitions A diplomat a man who can convince his wife a woman looks stout in a fur coat (Northwestern Bell) Married GIs were-wolves (Beatrice Kraft) . . . "The service man I was out with last night was A W O L I (Bob Hope)

Blue herons standing along the bank with their wings in their pockets (Florence Page Jaques) Mountains shawled

in snow (Christopher La Farge) A dog nosing around like a vacuum cleaner (Julie Charlesworth)

Well Named Air transport Command nurses in Newfoundland call their barracks "The Ladies' Soaring Circle"

The maternity department of a St Louis hospital carries a sign "Ladies Ready to Bear Department" A sign on the Obstetrics Clinic at Altus Army Air Field, Oklahoma "Stork Club"

In the dark a cat turned her headlights in my direction (Kay Keyes) They went outside to have a hand-to-hand talk (Bette Dedon) A policeman conducting his traffic orchestra (G C Basden)

She completely monotonizes the conversation (Lns A W Sunyar) I got loose and family free (Pearl Medley) The same old ship-bored existence (William F Rogers RM 3/c) Fire is the forest's prime evil (Annie Broderick)

Sign in a New York night club Not responsible for dates left over ten minutes

She cut him short, slashing his jocular vein (J K Boin) The female of the speeches is deadlier than the male (H Hershfield) She's an anatomic bomb (Life)

A prospective builder, turning a spade of dirt on a vacant lot, is interrupted by a breathless house-hunter "Is this house rented yet?" (Frank Adams cartoon)

TO THE FIRST CONTRIBUTOR OF EACH ACCEPTED ITEM of either Patter or Picturesque Speech a payment of \$25 is made upon publication. In all cases the source must be given. An additional payment is made to the author, except for items originated by the sender. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned, but every item is carefully considered.

ADDRESS PATTERN EDITOR, BOX 605, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

The Perfect Case

Condensed from The Rotarian
Anthony Abbot

THE MURDER of a Bridgeport priest 21 years ago provided a classic in the ethics of manhunting. Today the record of the trial that followed is required reading for attorneys in the U. S. Department of Justice, law schools expound its grim moral to future prosecutors, while connoisseurs of the truth that is stranger than fiction hold it in reverence.

FOR A QUARTER of a century it was the after-supper habit of the Rev. Hubert Dahme, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, to take a walk through downtown Bridgeport. At 7:40 on the night of February 4, 1924, he was passing along Main Street, his head bent against blasts of winter wind, his hands deep in the pockets of his buttoned overcoat. Where the southerly side of High Street meets Main, a man suddenly appeared behind the priest. He raised his right hand, which clutched a revolver, took aim and fired. The shot rang out in the freezing darkness and the murderer turned and ran, leaving the body of his victim a forlorn heap on the pavement.

In the uproar that followed, seven witnesses agreed that the escaped murderer was a young man of me-

Here's a classic, cited by many legal authorities, of a State's Attorney's diligence in seeing that justice was done



medium height, that he wore a cap and a dark, three quarter overcoat with velvet collar and that they could see the glitter of a revolver in his hand as he ran off. Motive there seemed none. People of all faiths had loved Father Dahme, 12,000 persons shuffled past his coffin. From behind a screen the witnesses scrutinized every mourner but did not recognize the killer.

As days passed not worth while clue was found, although thousands of dollars were offered in rewards. Newspapers and public were becoming indignant, when the police suddenly announced that the mystery was solved, the killer safely behind bars. Patrolmen in nearby Norwalk had nabbed a penniless tramp who gave his name as Harold Israel, he was young and of medium height, he wore a cap and a three quarter length overcoat with a velvet collar, and in his pocket he was toting a small black 32-caliber revolver.

The autopsy had disclosed that Father Dahme was killed with a 32-caliber bullet.

The prisoner told a luckless yarn. After some soldiering in Panama, he

had followed two buddies to Bridgeport, but failing to find work there he was now hiking to Pennsylvania. And he had an alibi: at the time of the crime he was watching a picture called *The Leather Pushers*.

Then came the witnesses to have a look at him. Ballistics experts compared the rifling of his revolver barrel with the lump of lead from the dead man's skull. And one of the prisoner's friends, a waitress, had a long private talk with the authorities. Popular excitement was at feverish height when Harold Israel suddenly made a hideous confession. Out of work, hungry, desperate, he declared he had felt something snap in his brain; overcome by fury, he slew the first human being in sight.

On May 27 the Criminal Superior Court was crowded when State's Attorney Homer S. Cummings, later Attorney General in the Roosevelt Cabinet, rose to present the case of *The People* against Harold Israel. The gangling prosecutor stood near a large map of downtown Bridgeport. On the trial table lay revolver, bullets and shells, a cap, an overcoat — ominous exhibits. Bets were being made in the corridors that the jury would find Israel guilty without leaving the box; the prisoner himself was praying for fortitude on the gallows.

The prosecutor summarized ten annihilating points against the defendant:

1. The accused had signed a confession, fully admitting the crime.

2. He had led the police over the route of flight, designating the various spots referred to by the witnesses.

3. He wore a cap and an overcoat with a velvet collar.

4. Two witnesses saw a man with a cap and velvet-collared overcoat actually do the shooting.

5. A moment later two other witnesses saw the fleeing slayer in cap and overcoat.

6. All four witnesses identified Israel as the person they had seen running away from the fallen body.

7. Ten minutes after the crime, at a distance from the scene, another witness saw a man, exhausted from running, and wearing a cap and a coat with velvet collar.

8. The waitress, who knew Israel well, waved to him through the restaurant window, close to the murder scene and only a few moments before the crime, thus blasting his motion-picture alibi.

9. The prisoner revealed to the police that he had hidden the shell of the fatal bullet in his room. Such a shell was found there by the police.

10. The prisoner's revolver was declared by an expert to be the weapon from which the murder bullet was discharged.

THEN the State's Attorney spoke solemnly:

"There is no evidence that this prisoner was subjected to any physical violence or any form of torture commonly known as the Third Degree. My own view *was* that, if the facts were subject to verification, the accused was undoubtedly guilty. . . . *But it goes without saying that it is just as important for a State's Attorney to use the great powers of his office to protect the innocent as it is to convict the guilty.*"

The pale man in the prisoner's dock looked up unbelievably. There was a sense of conflict in the air, as

if this tall, deep-toned prosecutor saw and recognized in process not merely the trial of one accused man but a struggle of law and truth itself against ignorance and greed and all the evil that men know and practice.

Cummings rumbled on. You will find his astounding address recorded in the *Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology*, in the *American Law Review*, and other legal journals; it is analyzed and praised in the historic report of the Wickersham Commission. I have heard the yarn as Cummings spins it over coffee cups. But he told it best on that long-ago May morning in a hushed trial room, without notes or memoranda, soberly, conscientiously, from the heart.

The State's Attorney had investigated the prisoner's confession. And here were the facts about that:

Three physicians designated by the State's Attorney's office reported that when Israel signed the document he was in a highly jittery state, mentally exhausted and quite cowed by the identifications of witnesses. His collapse came because everything seemed against him; having confessed, he promptly fell into a deep slumber; he told Cummings he would have admitted anything to get some rest. After a night's sleep he reiterated his innocence. Now State's Attorney Cummings, quoting the state's chosen physicians, was labeling the confession worthless.

The prisoner had indeed ridden with the police over the route of the flight, but that excursion was meaningless because there was not in the entire confession, nor in what Israel showed his captors en route, any new fact; nothing was volunteered. Israel,

still in an exhausted state, had merely assented to everything.

As for the cap and the overcoat with the velvet collar, Cummings revealed that certain witnesses hadn't remembered them at all until after they read the papers. Some had said it was a green cap, others gray. Israel's cap was neither green nor gray, but brown. Scores of men, some right in the courtroom, wore three-quarter length overcoats — and velvet collars were epidemic!

"How easy it is," exclaimed Cummings, "for similarities in appearance, and especially in clothes, to be made the basis for a mistaken identification!"

Yet four Bridgeport citizens said they had seen this very man Israel running away from the dying priest. To try the facts for himself, Cummings had staged certain discreet dramatics at Main and High Streets. One deputy state's attorney played the part of the victim; another the murderer. Others posted themselves exactly where the witnesses had stood, six feet away, 20 feet, 100 feet. As Cummings told the court:

"There is an electric light about 50 feet from the place in question. A witness would have to fix the features of the accused in his mind within a period of three or four seconds, and in a dim light. I am shocked when I think that any person would, two weeks after, assert a positive identification of a person he had never seen before based upon such circumstances."

But the waitress! *She* knew Israel well and had waved to him only a short while before the crime. First Cummings checked the movie house;

Israel's alibi coincided to the minute with the showing of the picture. That night the State's Attorney planted himself behind the hash-house counter with the waitress. Person after person marched up and down the street, and neither Cummings nor the girl could tell who they were. Double sheets of steamy glass in the window, plus reflection from lights, made the sidewalk scene a blur; one of Cummings' assistants, moving by and waving, was an unrecognizable phantom. The waitress could not identify her own friends who passed by. She finally confessed that a lawyer had already put in a claim for the cash rewards for her.

Only testimony about the revolver remained, but that was the most serious of all. The empty cartridge on display had been found in the rooming house bathroom where Israel and his two buddies had lived. But investigation uncovered a great many more shells there as well! The landlady explained that the three ex-soldiers had often practiced shooting from the bathroom window at a target in her yard, and had thrown the empty shells behind the tub.

Suspicious now of all the evidence, Cummings called in a formidable array of technicians from the Remington and Winchester factories. Six experts pointed out hidden fallacies in the original ballistic analysis. The markings of discharged bullets are as infallible as fingerprints, but the

grooves in the dead man's slug had been misread. With bullets, guns and magnified photographs, Cummings proved this to the court.

One final point everyone else had overlooked: all the witnesses swore they had seen a shiny revolver in the murderer's hand. But Israel's revolver, black and lusterless, never so much as gleamed.

After this amazing story of detective work, Cummings told the court: "I do not think that any doubt of Israel's innocence can remain. Therefore, if Your Honor approves, I shall enter a nolle prosequi and let this innocent man go free!"

"So ordered!" declared the court.

THE mystery of the Dahme murder remains unsolved to this day. Several years after the trial Homer Cummings heard from Harold Israel. A vagabond no more, he had a job, a wife and a child, a house, a car — the man against whom gallows evidence had been prepared. But for the right kind of law enforcement he might have been ashes in a nameless grave.

Criminal court records hold many similar stories, but they are generally without the happy ending of this one. The greatest safeguard against the jailing and hanging of innocent citizens is the alert conscience of the attorney for the state. That is why the handling of the Israel case by Mr. Cummings will always be a warning example to ambitious prosecutors.

» TO CEASE smoking is the easiest thing I ever did. I ought to know because I've done it a thousand times.

— Mark Twain, quoted in *Coronet*

TITO:

Russia's influence moves westward in the person of the shrewd, dynamic ex-Communist agent who runs Yugoslavia

A Portrait from Life

Condensed from Harper's

A GREAT DEAL of drivel-ing nonsense has been written about Tito. Much of it has been sponsored by left-wing press, shrewdly exploiting the value of the romantic appeal to American readers of the legend of the guerrilla with the ragged pants and the dagger in his teeth who swooped from the mountains to save Yugoslavia. Most of it is as phony as a seven-dollar bill.

Three things stand out clearly: the man, the record, and the platform.

Josip Broz-Tito is Marshal of Yugoslavia, Supreme Commander of the National Liberation Army, and Secretary-General of the Communist Party. He is the most dynamic man in the Balkans. Like the late President Roosevelt, he possesses a devastating personal charm. He smiles, he tells a simple anecdote, he shakes



Temple H. Fielding

hands — and red becomes white in the mind of the observer. I spent several months behind enemy lines at his headquarters. I have watched him talk with British, Russian or American visiting dignitaries. Never once did I see this magnetism fail.

When we went to the mountains we expected to find a buccaneer, a swashbuckling guerrilla, instead we found a college professor, horn-rimmed glasses and all. He's a squat, muscular man of 53, soft in speech, scholarly in manner. His bright blue eyes are alive with curiosity. Ringlets of pepper-and-salt hair tumble in disarray about his ears, by American standards, he always needs a haircut.

Most of his photographs, released for propaganda, show him the scowling, stern man of affairs. Actually, he laughs more than he frowns; his charm snaps on like an electric light. He loves to banter, and his humor is as unsubtle as a battleship. Once, at a formal lunch, my chair collapsed and I sprawled flat on the ground. Tito roared. It was better than Mickey Mouse.



MAJOR TEMPLE H. FIELDING, recently retired from the Army, spent several months in Yugoslavia with the Independent American Military Mission and came to know Tito and the people around him well.

He is far from an ascetic. He takes a trencherman's interest in food, and his interest in alcohol is two-fisted. At midnight or at noon, he can consume enormous quantities of *rakija*, the 120-proof native brandy, without visible effects. Often his toast is "*Dva!*" ("Two!") giving his companions no option on the number of gulps they may have to finish the glass. He entertains lavishly, with a flair. Even in his rude mountain cave, his table would do credit to a Newport hostess, with its fine monogrammed china — "requisitioned," of course.

His uniforms are neat but unpretentious. On his left breast glitters a Partisan decoration awarded by Tito to Tito; on his right breast is the silver star of the Soviet Order of Suvorov.

Always in attendance are his bodyguards and Olga. The guards are thin-lipped Partisan lieutenants who look like the villains of a cheap gangster quickie. Olga Ninchitch Humo is his interpreter, at the very least. Languid, aloof, with a patent disdain for Englishmen and Americans, she translates only what she thinks Tito should hear. Tito's second wife, Herta, a Slovenian peasant, did not live at his headquarters.

It is Tito's whim to ignore English. He can play a faster game in any one of the four or five other languages he knows better. But he understands a great deal more English than he admits. Once, after the third tumbler of *rakija*, an American major double-talked to me, "Another shot of this 100-octane benzine and I'll fly down the mountain!" Tito, who would

hardly be expected to know American colloquialisms, laughed heartily.

As a public speaker he is terrible. His tenor voice is nasal, and his delivery is bumbling. But his enormous dynamism overcomes these faults, and his audiences react hysterically.

Tito is remarkably reticent about himself and his prewar activities. But the following appears to be the pattern of fact:

Josip Broz was born in Croatia, which is now a part of Yugoslavia. His father was a blacksmith, his mother a peasant; both were illiterate. In 1914 he was drafted by the Austro-Hungarian army, but he lost no time in deserting to the Russians. Refusing to fight for the Czar, he was sent to a concentration camp in Siberia. When the Bolsheviks freed him, in 1917, Broz joined up. For three years he was apprenticed in the brutal trade of revolution.

He was good; they saw it immediately. Between 1920 and 1923 they sent him to the supersecret West School in Moscow. Here foreign commissars were trained in subversion, in sabotage of capitalist governments. At 28, a hard-bitten, disciplined Communist, he returned to Croatia. As leader of the Metal Workers' Union, he stirred up a hornet's nest in the railway shops. He was clapped into the Belgrade jail; five years later he was released, tougher, more bitter, more certain than ever that the foes of Communism must perish. He went underground as an active Communist agent. His name was now "Tito," Serbo-Croat for the Roman Emperor Titus.

For the next 13 years the portrait is blank. Some sources report that he

was a full-fledged member of the Comintern, the highest-ranking representative of Stalin in the Balkans. This has been denied. To thoughtful observers this denial has significance. The Soviet military intelligence service, a separate spy agency, is so secret that not even the Comintern knows its activities. It is established that Broz was an important Communist agent; it is established that he was not known in orthodox circles; ergo, he was a spy for Soviet Russia. He admits that he made "occasional secret trips" to the U.S.S.R. during the period from 1929 to 1939.

Hitler attacked Yugoslavia on April 6, 1941. Hundreds of resistance groups sprang to arms to oust the invader. Broz and the Communists didn't cock their pistols. Two months later, the exact day that Germany attacked the U.S.S.R., the Partisans began to fight. Tito explains this delay as a matter of tactical expediency; by coincidence, he says, he was "not properly organized" until that moment.

Among the existing Yugoslav factions were the Chetniks of Mikhailovitch; the Ustachi, a band of Mussolini-backed terrorists; and the quivering government of General Neditch. The Partisans jumped into the race for dominance with both feet.

Disguised as traveling men, priests, peasants and housewives, their agents recruited all over the country. They used slogans, posters, tried-and-true propaganda appeals. "We are not Communists," they cried, "we are fighting patriots!" Thousands of shopkeepers, small farmers, and five-dollar-a-week clerks were drawn to their ranks by the flaming banner of

nationalism and such slogans as "Freedom to the people!" In October 1941, the leaders, as a tentative experiment, set up three "Soviet Republics" in Serbia, Bosnia and Montenegro. The time was not ripe. The rank and file did not want collective farms; the local peasants fought dispossession.

Mikhailovitch and Tito were soon at each other's throats. Tito charges that Mikhailovitch collaborated with the Nazis; of this I have never seen proof.

With the aggressive backing of the U.S.S.R., Tito flourished. His followers displayed all the Soviet externals. His soldiers saluted with the clenched fist (this was banned in December 1943, after the arrival of the British Mission); there were commissars everywhere, for "political education"; the flag was the Red Star, the appellation was *Drug* (Comrade); there were posters of Tito and Stalin. The dreaded OZNA appeared, a secret police organization patterned after the infamous NKVD and OGPU.

The British saw the handwriting on the wall in bright-red letters. They knew they must avoid friction with their ally Russia. In September 1943 they switched their support from Mikhailovitch to Tito. America swung to the Partisans nine months later. Soon scrap-and-patch uniforms were discarded for smart battle dress labeled "Philadelphia, Pa." Spam replaced horse meat. Anglo-American artillery, radar, tanks and shells were rushed to the front. The penniless Partisans had hit a ten-strike.

Thoughtful Yugoslavs of the older generation viewed Tito with caution. But youngsters flocked to his banner

—and women, too. Roughly 25 percent of his army is female. Husky peasant girls fight, eat and sleep with the men. There is remarkably little sexual admixture: Tito has encouraged the belief that women caught in adultery will be shot.

Perhaps three quarters of his followers are under 25. A brigade commander I met was 19. Most of the lieutenant generals were in their 30's. For the very young, Tito has formed an organization similar to Soviet Union youth groups and the *Hitlerjugend*; as soon as they reach their middle teens, they are graduated to regular army units. Youth is what makes the movement shrilly hysterical. Day after day they are fed inspirational phrases such as "Liberty!" and "Freedom from the Fascist Yoke!" They respond by chanting "Ti-to-Ti-to-Ti-to!" They seldom analyze; they believe they are fighting for "democracy" because the marshal tells them so.

Tito's National Liberation Front has pledged itself unequivocally to the following four-point platform. Let's examine each plank:

1. *Creation of a nationally equal Federal Yugoslavia, where all nationalities will enjoy their national rights.*

In the Yugoslav Cabinet Tito is Premier, Minister of War and Commander in Chief. Twenty-one ministers are Tito men; four are mild dissenters.

Yugoslavia has been apportioned into six "locally autonomous" states, responsible to this Cabinet. In five, the controlling ministries are in the hands of young Communists; in Serbia, the sixth, lies Tito's bitterest opposition. The Serbs, comprising

51 percent of the country, charge that not one of their prewar leaders has joined the National Liberation Front. They accuse Tito of executing thousands, of imprisoning tens of thousands. They name names; they charge destruction of their most basic rights. They are Tito's gravest problem.

Tito has one third of Yugoslavia solidly behind him. It is an axiom that a dynamic, armed minority, holding power, can maintain itself indefinitely.

2. *"Truly democratic" rights and liberties.*

Commissars and secret police are everywhere. People seen in the wrong company are promptly arrested; criticism of Tito or of the U.S.S.R. is punishable by death. The courts have been reorganized along Soviet lines. In Belgrade alone more than 5000 people have been haled before them.

Only "politically sympathetic" American military personnel were allowed to enter Yugoslavia. The screening process often took a month. Once inside, Americans were forbidden, on penalty of immediate expulsion, to communicate with civilians. They were forbidden to go three miles from their base without a special pass, and a Partisan guide, "for protection." Americans must not see too much of the Partisan version of democracy.

From start to finish the Liberation Front is "truly democratic" to just about the same extent as Soviet Russia.

3. *Invulnerability of private property.*

It has been a boast of Tito's men that they confiscate nothing from the

countryside. They emphasize that "every item of supply is a voluntary contribution." For Partisan supporters this is correct. For others (two thirds of the country) it is not. I have seen "requisitioned" homes, factories, stores and personal effects. No shred is left to those who are not in political alignment with the Liberation Front.

Food is distributed on the same basis. If you are a Partisan you eat; if you are not you starve. When I was there, Yugoslav civilians were dropping in the streets from starvation, but Tito refused entry to American relief ships docked in Italy with cargos rotting. He held out for complete control of distribution of supplies, which was refused.

4. *No revolutionary, economic or social changes.*

In November 1944, in Dubrovnik, I witnessed one of the first "free" elections in Yugoslavia. It was held in a theater which was jammed with voters. There were only two things wrong with it: (1) The audience was

hand-picked; guards at the doors barred undesirables. (2) The vote was cast by show of hands; secret police watched the proceedings with practiced eyes; all of Tito's candidates won unanimously.

This is the vaunted "freedom from revolutionary changes."

The economic and social structure is gradually being Russianized. On direct orders from Tito, the glories of the U.S.S.R. are pumped to the people morning, noon and night. I have heard Partisan commissars extol the marvelous "Russian" jeeps. On a boat along the Dalmatian coast I saw a commissar herd together a group of refugees, point to 300 B-17's in the sky overhead, and announce with pride, "*Russki! Russki!*"

Yugoslavia may be the breeding place of future war or peace. To the west lies a long coast line with harbors that are great enough for the navies of the world; to the east lies Soviet Russia, landlocked; in the middle sits Tito, dynamic, magnetic, ex-Communist agent.

Innocents Abroad

THE two chorus girls were great friends, although one was a live wire, the other quiet and reserved. One day the vivacious Phyllis said, "Look, Ruth, I don't mind digging up dates for us, but you just sit around like a zombie and never open your mouth. Why don't you read up and get something to talk about?"

Ruth promised to try.

Next town they hit, Phyllis had two local Lotharios waiting for them at the stage door. Later in the evening, one of those painful silences enveloped the party. Ruth fidgeted, gulped once or twice, and then let them have it.

"Isn't it too bad," she inquired, "what happened to Marie Antoinette?"

— Contributed by Kay Painton

It Pays to Increase Your Word Power By WILFRID FUNK

It is not difficult to build the strong and effective vocabulary which is necessary for the full expression of your personality. When you read or hear an unfamiliar word, make a note of it and look it up later in the dictionary. If you think it will be useful to you, write it down with its pronunciation and its simple definition. Then say the new word out loud several times and use it as soon as possible in your conversation or in a letter. Be sure to review your list from time to time, for new words slip easily from the mind.

Here are some candidates for that list selected from *The Reader's Digest*. Each of these 20 words is followed by four words or phrases. Check the word or phrase that you believe to be nearest in meaning to the key word. See page 104 for answer.

- (1) antiphonal (an tif'o nal) — A religious. B sonorous C taking a study of fiction to a line of research D sung alternately and responsively
- (2) nihilism (ny i' liz m) — A the political program of a military caste B the philosophy of a religious sect in Russia C the corrupt political program of a famous Italian statesman D a destructive philosophy of negation
- (3) unponderable (un pou' der uh b'l) — A soft and light B heavy C that cannot be weighed D thoughtful
- (4) equity (ek wī tī) — A the value of a property above chances B the true value of a property C the science of horsemanship D any real estate or market holdings
- (5) viable (vy' uh bl) — A easily influenced B ponderly C capable of living D land that can be plowed
- (6) vestiges (ves tī jīz) — A moral qualities B clerical roles C certain church employes D visible traces of something gone
- (7) refectory (re fī ak' to rī) — A broken B the dining room in a monastery C unmanageable D very noisy
- (8) holocaust (hōl' o kawst) — A wholesale destruction by fire of human beings B an elaborate funeral C a religious ceremony D any widespread, general calamity
- (9) limbo (lim bo) — A a dialect B an acrobat C a place of oblivion D a boating organ
- (10) apostrophe (uh pōs' tro fī) — A any complimentary piece of writing B a rhetorical figure of speech, usually addressed to an absent person C a religious backslider D any brief statement
- (11) permutation (per mu tay shun) — A permission B a change of position C a stable combination D movement
- (12) innate (in ate) — A inside B uninhibited C inhibited D intimate
- (13) siesta (sī es' tuh) — A a Spanish farm B a carnival C an Indian market D afternoon nap
- (14) contentious (con ten' shūs) — A placid B logical C quarrelsome D satisfied
- (15) bibelot (bē' blōh) — A a small object of art, as for a cabinet or shelf B an old-fashioned neckpiece C a marker for Holy Writ D an antique piece of furniture
- (16) saturnine (sat' u nine) — A ugly in looks B gloomy and grave C threatening in manner D bitter of tongue
- (17) biochemistry (by' oh kem' is tī) — A the chemistry of minerals B the chemistry of drugs C the chemistry of soil D the chemistry of life
- (18) levitation (lev i' tay' shun) — A great size B sense of humor C the weight of an object D the act of making light
- (19) miasma (my as' muh) — A a marsh B disease of the respiratory organs C a noxious vapor from a swamp D a form of rheumatism
- (20) incidence (in' si dence) — A anecdotes B the range of occurrence C incitement to action D that which is offered as an illustrative case.

A famous model agent tells how to make
the most of your natural attractiveness

What Makes a Woman

Condensed from The American Magazine

John Robert Powers

A BEAUTIFUL person, the dictionary tells us, is one who "is delightful to the senses." But whose senses? Here is one reason why feminine beauty is so hard to define. "Beauty" depends on *who* is looking at it.

Women take a sharper, more technical view. They like smartness and sleekness. They are impressed by an elaborate coiffure. They take another woman apart in detail, whereas a man likes or dislikes the over-all impression a girl creates. Men are impressed more by softness, curves and bounce. They like a wind-blown look.

There are two kinds of women that men turn to stare at. One is the spectacle, the vision, the production job. They admire her. But they wouldn't feel comfortable with her munching apples beside a fire. The other kind is the girl who has natural loveliness, is friendly, and looks like the kind of girl who would be fun on a golf course or at home.

Harmony of features is essential to beauty, but it is only the starting point. Girls walk into my office who, by every standard of measurement, should be gorgeous. But I can't get them out fast enough. They walk as

if they were riding a horse, their voices are shrill, their minds shallow.

A beautiful girl has an inner glow. Real beauty comes from within. That may sound trite but it's true. Otherwise why are most women loveliest on their wedding day?

To my mind a woman cannot be beautiful unless she is living to the full, is harmoniously developing all her potentialities, has complete self-confidence, and has achieved an effortless coordination of mind and body. A girl may have lovely features before she is 28, but she usually hasn't *lived* enough to have much depth of feeling in her face.

I have a grudge against Hollywood make-up men. They wring the naturalness out of a girl and then create a "screen personality" by building sex and attractiveness into her. They take fresh peaches and make them into canned peaches. I prefer fresh ones. There are natural beauties in Hollywood, but many are starlets who receive \$75 a week to serve as decorations and give the town prestige as the Mecca of beauties.

Most models that I know are natural persons. They have to be so to be convincing when they are

photographed beaming at a vacuum cleaner or peering into a refrigerator to sell another person on the product. And when they step into a \$1.98 dress and make it look like a \$198 dress, they have to have a radiant personality to succeed.

The "high fashion models" for the fashion magazines are another thing again, and American women should realize this before trying to copy their sophisticated expressions. The requirements of their job force these girls to depersonalize their faces. They strive to look bored. They stare into space. They suck in their cheeks to look more angular than they are. Angles give pictorial drama and the mannequins look that way so that women will see only the mink coat or \$600 evening gown being displayed. That particular look is effective for clotheshorses but can be deadly as far as appeal to men is concerned.

But the worst fault of most women is that they copy styles of hair-dos and make-ups that they see on other women they consider beautiful, without regard to how these styles will look on them. An outdoor type of girl certainly should not adopt an elaborate coiffure, as many try to do.

There is nothing exclusive about beauty. It is within the potentialities of almost any girl who is not a freak.

If a girl has an appealing personality, she doesn't need perfect features to be beautiful. One or two attractive features are enough if everything else is built around them.

The first thing any woman should do is to decide what general type she is, and style herself accordingly. In what setting and with what type of grooming does she feel most at ease, most self-confident? That is probably where she looks best; and she should not try to be a glamour gal in some other field.

One girl I know is widely regarded as one of the most beautiful girls in America. You would recognize her name. She is a former model and now a Hollywood figure. This girl is thin-chested, broad-beamed, and thick-legged, but no one ever notices those features. She has designed herself so that you see only her face, which is indeed a vision. Everything else about her is subdued. Thus she has created an illusion of rare beauty.

Here are certain features that most truly beautiful women have in common: a glow of health; lustrous hair; soft, modulated voice; easy, confident stride and erect carriage; a radiant personality; intellectual curiosity; integrity and stability of character; complete self-assurance and naturalness.



Fare Play

» ON A crowded streetcar, a passenger apologetically handed the conductor a five-dollar bill, saying, "I'm afraid I haven't a nickel."

"Don't worry," the conductor assured him grimly. "In a minute you'll have 99."

— *Forum and Column Review*

An eminent soil doctor warns that our mineral-depleted
land threatens us with serious "hidden hunger"

Are We Starving to Death?

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post Neil M. Clark

A NEW ENEMY has come among us unawares. It stalks us invisibly, strikes silently, is almost as hard to believe in as germs were when Pasteur revolutionized medicine by revealing their role in disease. The new enemy is never dramatic. It appears merely as a lack of minerals in the soil, and leaves no clear-cut sign. Fields that always have been green may be green still. But the same life is no longer in them, and they cannot provide healthful food for man.

I heard this absorbing story about health in America from Dr. William A. Albrecht of the University of Missouri, pioneer and leader in soil chemistry and nutritional research. "Nutritional research got under way about the turn of the century," Albrecht said. "Doctors, through experiment and observation, began to understand that many diseases could be traced to dietary deficiencies, and that many sick people were hungry people. They called it 'hidden hunger' because people might eat three square meals a day and still suffer from it. One of the hidden hungers was for calcium, a shortage of which could cause rickets. Goiter was hooked up with a shortage of iodine; night blindness with a short-

age of carotene; anemia with iron, and possibly copper, shortage; thyroid troubles with a shortage of zinc; tonsillitis with a deficiency of silver; tooth decay with shortages of calcium, phosphorus, fluorine.

"Now, plants are the earth's basic food factory and nourishment warehouse," Albrecht continued. "We eat them or we eat animals grown by eating them. If something is missing from our food that we need for health, it must be missing or deficient in plants. Why is it missing?"

Dr. Albrecht made the tie-up between human health and the soil the major goal of his research. Through a series of experiments he developed a complete hypothesis as to what goes on in soils, how plants and soils work together, and how soils become sick and make plants, and then men and women, sick.

A plant, he points out, obtains only a small part of its total growth from soil materials; the rest comes from air, water and sunshine. He likes to tell his students about the classic experiment of the 17th-century chemist Van Helmont, who planted a five-pound willow in 200 pounds of earth, never added anything but water, and after five years found that the willow weighed 169 pounds

and the earth still weighed 200 pounds, less about two ounces.

"The soil's contribution to the growth of plants," Albrecht says, "amounts to only about five parts in one hundred. But that little is absolutely essential to plant and human health. For soil materials are 'grow' foods - the minerals that make bones and teeth in animals, and provide us with a strong structure. Air, water and sunshine, on the other hand, make the 'go' foods - fuel and energy to keep the machine running. There's no indication we'll ever run short of the air-borne elements in our foods. But right now we're running short of soil-borne elements. And when we're short of minerals, we're short of basic health. Short of vitamins, too, for we know when minerals in a soil are abundant vitamins usually are abundant in the plants that grow there."

The next fact to remember, Albrecht says, is that plants will make a lot of growth, just as you and I will, even when certain wanted minerals are missing. But the plants themselves will be different. The calcium concentration of a lettuce leaf can be varied twofold and spinach threefold, according to the calcium in the soil. The same mineral variations occur in the grasses and other plants eaten by domestic animals, and what they eat, in turn, affects our beefsteaks, pork chops, lamb roasts and omelets.

"Nations or individuals," Albrecht says, "men or animals, we are what we eat. Breeders raise big tough mules in Missouri because of lime-rich soils that make tough bones and bodies. Kentucky raises far better

race horses than Florida. It's a matter of soil. The Japanese have a very high illness and death rate. The soils of Japan in large part are so mineral-poor the Japs have to eat fish to get needed minerals and vitamins.

"When we fed certain pens of rabbits a mineral-deficient hay in their diet, we reduced the males in a few weeks to the point where they wouldn't look at a woman rabbit. Other rabbits, kept on a similar but mineral-rich diet with hay from treated soil, were regular wolves. By reversing the diets, the wolves became woman-shy, and the tame ones became wolves. Lambs fed mineral-rich hay from treated soil gained nearly three times as much weight in a given time as other lambs from the same flock fed the same amount of hay from mineral-poor soil. A properly mineral-rich diet predisposes a man to health and normal functioning. And the healthier we are, the better we resist diseases."

To demonstrate this in plants, Albrecht took me to a greenhouse where several varieties of spinach were being fed on different diets, ranging from mineral-rich to mineral-poor. A little bug, the thrips, had nearly destroyed the poorly fed spinach plants, but not one of the richly fed plants showed a sign of attack. They had something that enabled them to resist. In the same way, Albrecht said, people who have the proper elements in their diet are more resistant to certain diseases.

Another fact to remember, Albrecht said, is that soils under certain conditions easily lose a large part of their minerals. Under heavy rainfall, minerals tend to leach out and

disappear in the ground water. Under heavy cropping, too, large quantities of minerals can be taken away. Albrecht once calculated that a 200-acre farm producing oats, corn and wheat, alfalfa and grass gave up minerals which, if bought at current prices, would have cost \$1630 for just one year.

If nothing else happened in the soil, two or three crops could exhaust a farm. Luckily, two things do happen. First, farmers put back minerals in the form of manure or fertilizer or by plowing under green crops. Second, the soil itself possesses a mechanism for releasing minerals naturally found in most soils, and making them available to plants. But even so a farmer can mine his soil by over-cropping faster than it can renew itself.

There's an interesting plot in Sanborn Field, in Columbia, Mo., which Albrecht took me to see. Since 1886, when Sanborn Field was set aside for crop studies, Plot 9 has been planted to wheat every year. The grain and straw are always removed. Nothing is ever put back — no fertilizer, no manures, no minerals. At first, Plot 9 yielded handsomely, but as the years passed, the yearly crop got smaller and smaller, poorer and poorer. Now the soil is so sick that it can't recover enough mineral strength between crop seasons to make wheat annually, and yields only every other year.

This is the nature of the invisible enemy that is attacking our soils, our plants, our domestic animals, you and me. We have drawn on the mineral bank more than we have paid in, and bankruptcy is coming fast.

Diseases multiply. Heart ailments that can be traced to diet are going up alarmingly. Diabetes, arthritis, anemia, dental caries and many of the more obscure ailments have struck with increasing severity. Millions of us try to supply what we vaguely feel is wanting by buying pills. Even if we aren't sick enough to see a doctor, we may be only half-well. A study in a California aircraft plant showed a correlation between fatigue, reduced output and absenteeism and shortages of Vitamins A and C in workers' diets. One significant medical discovery is that almost any disease can be produced experimentally by faulty food. Today, doctors in increasing numbers are saying that cure alone is not enough. There must be prevention. And prevention starts in the soil.

The process of decay has gone faster and further in some parts of the country than others. Albrecht cites the fact that the South has a heavy rainfall and a lot of leaching and cropping to reduce soil minerals rapidly. In the South, consequently, farmers have to use the most fertilizer. But even so, input in most places has fallen behind output. Albrecht points out that in one southern state no less than 70 of 100 potential inductees for military service were rejected on physical grounds, whereas in Colorado, where mineral depletion has been less, 70 out of 100 were accepted. Those Southerners simply were not eating well enough.

The problem, Albrecht says, is rapidly reaching the size of a catastrophe, and if carried much further could mean national suicide. Soil health is that important.

Can the tragedy be prevented? If so, how? Not all the steps are known yet, but the direction we must travel is clear. Our soils, like ourselves, must be fed back to health. At least 14 elements are needed for plant construction and 16 for animal body building. Most of these are needed in only tiny amounts, and are called "trace elements"; but though little is needed, if that little is missing, the soil, plants and creatures feeding on the plants may be noticeably sick.

Albrecht visited a famous Hereford farm in Missouri and found an entire beef herd seriously afflicted with diseases that doctoring seemed unable to cure. On another farm nearby he found a similar herd in practically perfect health. Oddly, the herd on the second farm was started by animals bred on the first farm. The health difference was a soil difference. The first man had been operating for 50 years on the same farm and had not maintained soil minerals. The second man had taken sound advice and built up his soils.

Remarkable work has already been done in treating sick soils. A pinch of manganese in tomato fields can triple the Vitamin C content. A little boron around apple trees in the Northwest apparently has doubled the Vitamin A content of the fruit. In Kentucky Albert Carter Savage has been experimenting for years with mineralized vegetables, and a number of sick people fed at his farm have achieved near-miraculous cures. Citrus groves in Florida are sprayed with the copper and zinc they can't find in the soil, and the trees take the minerals in through their leaves.

The iron content of milk has been more than doubled by proper feeding of soils grazed by the cows.

Albrecht warns that there are no soil cure-alls. Lime is generally good, but it's possible to lime too much. Boron helps to make oranges, but an overdose can make them sick. All these things are still to be explored. But Dr. Jonathan Forman, editor of the *Ohio State Medical Journal* and a student of soils and nutrition, says that there is no reason why the average man, if "well bred and well fed," should not live to be a hundred and enjoy good health.

The city man is deeply concerned in all this, for he must depend absolutely on the farmer for the mineral richness of what he eats. So he must learn to be tolerant of new steps that farmers must take, and of the possible consequences to his pocketbook. "Hardly any farmer," Albrecht says, "willfully destroys soil fertility. But he has been forced. The grocer says, 'I can pay only so much.' He passes that buck to the wholesaler, the wholesaler passes it to the commission man, the commission man passes it to the farmer, and the farmer passes it to the land. He proceeds to use his soil like a private gold mine, not as a property affected with an enduring public interest. We must enable farmers to keep on using their soil to produce food, and at the same time maintain mineral-rich fertility."

Our war-expanded chemical industry, Albrecht thinks, will find a great peacetime opportunity in making soil-restoring products that will help to restore our national health. The greatest challenge of all, he says, is to research.

A story of astonishing ingenuity and audacity, which will
be remembered after most war tales have been forgotten

Tunnel to Freedom

By Flight Lieut. Paul Brickhill, Royal Australian Air Forces

As told to Allan A. Michie

STALAG LUFT III, at Sagan, Germany, half way between Berlin and Breslau, held 10,000 captured airmen in the spring of 1943. Nearly all were from the RAF, although Americans were beginning to arrive in numbers.

In April the camp was enlarged by addition of a north compound and 700 of us were moved into it. Already, prisoners in the working parties that helped build the compound had studied its layout and paced off its distances — with tunnels in mind. Escape was the one hope that had kept us going through the numbing months of captivity.

A few of the officers had dug tunnels at other camps, and around them we built "X," our escape organization. Head of "X" was Squadron Leader Roger Bushell, a tall South African who had been a lawyer in London, then a fighter pilot until shot down over Dunkirk. Bushell had already made two remarkable escapes, and once had got almost to Switzerland before he was caught.

North compound was a thousand-foot square enclosed by two tall barbed-wire fences, parallel and five feet apart, the space between



*The tunnels were scooped out with little
coal shovels and iron scrapers made
from our cook stoves*

crammed with barbed-wire coils. Ten yards inside this barrier was the warning wire, step across it and the guards shot. Numerous sentry towers, 15 feet high, each with searchlight and machine gun, were manned 24 hours a day. Twenty-five yards outside the wire on all four sides were dense pine woods which cut off any view of the outside world — but equally would cover an escape.

As soon as we moved in, notices were posted asking for volunteers to play cricket and softball. The notices were signed "Big X." Everybody knew what that meant and 500 signed up for the tunnel work. It was decided to start three long

tunnels, "Tom," "Dick" and "Harry," in the hope that one would be undetected. We never used the word "tunnels"; too many eaves-dropping guards understood English.

Tom was to be dug from block 123 to the wire, 150 feet away, and then on to the shelter of the woods. Dick was to be dug from 122 toward Tom, so that it could either be joined with Tom's shaft or be dug all the way to the woods. Harry was to begin from block 104, and drive to the woods on the north.

Of course the tunnels would have to start from within our huts. Each hut was 100 feet long, with sleeping quarters, washroom and small kitchen. The Germans had built these huts about a foot off the ground, so that the guards could look underneath to see if we were up to any funny business. There were usually several of these "ferrets" around, easily spotted by their blue overalls. With torches and long steel probes they searched for hidden trap doors and telltale sand from tunnels.

Three teams were organized, each under a veteran tunneler. Wally Floody, a Canadian mining engineer, was technician in chief. Every volunteer was interviewed by the "X" chief of his block. Miners, carpenters, engineers were assigned to tunnel. Tailors were organized to turn out disguises. Artists set up a forgery shop to fake papers. Any man who spoke fluent German was assigned to make friends with a ferret, keep him always in sight, cultivate him, eventually try to bribe him to bring in items needed from the outside.

One day a new ferret, a particularly zealous one, appeared on duty and we labeled him "Keen Type." Within a month, however, a contact had so cultivated him that he lost his zest for anti-escape vigilance. He would come into the compound, walk straight to his contact's room and say, "Keen Type here. Can I come in?" and then settle down for tea and a biscuit.

Prisoners without any special skills were assigned either as "penguins," to dispose of sand from the tunnels, or as "stooges," to keep watch on ferrets. For the next year we had 300 stooges working in shifts every day. They reported to "Big S," the head security officer, a tall, rangy American colonel.

Once the security system was working we went ahead on the tunnels. The Germans had overlooked one detail. In each hut, the washroom, kitchen and a small section where there was a stove had concrete floors and stood on brick and concrete foundations which had no openings through which the security guards could probe. These were the places from which we started work.

The first job was to build secret trap doors. At any hour of the day or night, the Germans would rush into a block shouting, "*Aus, Aus!*" and then upset beds, pry into cupboards, and rip up floor and wall boards, looking for tools, civilian clothing, buttons, nails, anything an escaper might use. Yet ingenuity, backed by three years of weary experience, built trap doors they couldn't find.

By luck, we got hold of a little cement left over from building the

camp. A Polish team cast a removable block to replace a slab about two feet square chipped from the floor of block 123. When a little sand and dirt had been rubbed around the edges, nobody could spot it. This was Tom's entrance.

Dick's trap door in block 122 was the most ingenious. In the washroom floor was an iron grating through which waste water ran into a concrete well three feet deep. The drain pipe that led from this sump was so placed that there was always some water in the well. While stooges kept watch outside, the Poles removed the iron grill, bailed out the well and, with a cold chisel acquired by bribing a guard, freed the whole concrete slab that formed one side of the well so that it was removable at will. When the slab was in place, the cracks sealed with soap, the waste water rapidly accumulated, making everything look most unsuspecting.

Harry's entrance was also tricky. The tall heating stove in room 23 of block 104 stood on tiles imbedded in a concrete base about four feet square. The men moved the stove back, chipped the tiles free and reset them in a concrete trap door which looked precisely like the original base. Five of the tiles cracked in the process. They were replaced by tiles stolen from a cookhouse, in East compound and smuggled in to us.

It had been risky business. Harry's floor was up for about ten days in all, hidden from the ferrets only by a carelessly placed mattress, but we got away with it.

Now we were set for the more dangerous business of tunneling. The distances, direction and angles of the

three tunnels had been computed by rough trigonometry. We had learned German sound detectors could hear nothing below 25 foot depth, so we decided to sink shafts 30 feet straight down from the three trap doors before heading for the woods.

THE light, sandy soil was easy to dig, but it needed almost solid shoring. As a start we made each man provide two bed slats. This first levy wasn't too bad but by the time the fifth and sixth levies took more slats, it was hard to sleep.

Early in May 1943, the first sand was cut away. Teams worked from just after morning roll call right through to the evening roll call with only a short break for lunch.

The penguins had the troublesome job of disposing of the bright yellow sand, which showed up glaringly if dumped on the dun-colored soil above ground. Some of the sand could be stirred into the soil of our tiny gardens, but that didn't begin to solve the problem. So we took dozens of small towels and sewed them into sausage-shaped sacks. A penguin would hang one of these, filled with sand, in each trouser leg and wander casually out to the playing ground. There stooges would be staging boxing matches, volleyball games or pretended brawls. Once in among the men the penguin, hands in pockets, would pull strings that freed pins at the bottom of the sausage sacks and let the sand trickle to the ground. Scores of scuffling feet would quickly discolor it and trample it into the surface. When

we were going good, we kept 150 penguins busy and we disposed of tons of sand under the very noses of the ferrets.

The tunnels were scooped out with little coal shovels and iron scrapers made from our cook stoves. The bores were about two feet square and shored with box frames made of bed slats, notched to fit. We saved our few nails to build shaft ladders.

AT the base of each shaft were dug roomy chambers for use of carpenters and fitters and for the ventilating equipment. One day when three diggers were thus enlarging the base of Dick's shaft, a frame began to leak sand. In a matter of seconds the leak became an avalanche. The ladder held and two diggers scrambled up. The third, Wally Floody, was almost smothered before the other two got him out. Dick's shaft filled almost to the top. It was a bitter setback, but the job was grimly done over again.

Veterans had learned that you could not tunnel far without fresh air, and that holes poked up to the surface were not adequate. By luck, a copy of a modern-mechanics type of magazine came into camp and it contained an article which described a homemade air pump. We promptly set to work to make one.

Our "tin bashers" collected Red Cross dried milk tins, cut off the ends and fitted the cylinders together to build pipe. They wrapped the joints with German propaganda newspapers. The pipe was laid in a ditch along the tunnel floor and covered with sand. At the far end was

a nozzle, which delivered fresh air. The air was forced through the pipe by shifts of pumpers who operated a bellows constructed from kit bags. This first outfit worked perfectly and we promptly built two more. Now we could close the trap doors and work without fear of interruption from the ferrets.

Our electrical specialists rounded up odd bits of wiring left behind by the builders. Then they surreptitiously rearranged the camp wiring, gaining a few score feet in the process. They wired the three shafts and made hidden connections to the camp circuit. We stole bulbs from corridors and we had light to dig by. When sometimes the Germans neglected to switch on the power during the day, we used homemade lamps, tin cans with pajama cord wicks burning in margarine. They were a bit smelly.

The digging teams evolved a rigid system. Number one digger lay full length on his side and one elbow, hacking away at the tunnel face and pushing the sand back toward his feet. Number two lay facing the other way, his legs overlapping number one's. He collected the sand in special boxes which were placed on trolleys and hauled by homemade ropes back to the shaft.

These trolleys, strong enough to carry two sand boxes or one man, were first-class installations. They had carved flanged wooden wheels fitted with "tires" cut from tin cans. The hubs even had ball bearings, smuggled in by a tame ferret. The track rails were made from barrack moldings. When the tunnels became long, the diggers sprawled on the

trolleys and pushed their way to the working face.

At times it was stifling hot in the hole. Men worked naked or in the hated long underpants issued to prisoners. Dirt stains on their outer clothes would have given the show away. Up above we rigged rough showers where the diggers could quickly wash off all telltale sand before roll calls.

The diggers learned to take sand falls in their stride. The only warning would be a slight rustle and then the number one digger would be buried under a pile of suffocating sand which smothered lamps and air line. Number two man would have to work fast to get him out.

By the end of May, a month after digging commenced, each of the three tunnels was about 70 feet long. We were nearly into summer, the best time for escaping, for we could sleep out and live off the land.

The X leaders decided to concentrate on Tom, which had least distance to go. A week later they set up the first "halfway house" at the 100-foot mark. This was a little chamber built from the end frames of our wooden bunks. In it men could turn around without having to go back to the shaft. Calculations were that Tom's halfway house was just under the warning wire. That left 100 feet to go to get just inside the woods.

Other X groups were busily preparing the equipment we'd need. Our forgery department of 50 men turned out phony passports and identity cards. We called it "Dean

& Dawson," after the English travel agency.

Some of our guards could be tempted with a gift of coffee or chocolate, and once they had smuggled in one item they couldn't refuse more, because we might give them away to the Kommandant. In this way we got colored inks, pens, brushes, special types of paper, magnets to make compasses, radio parts to build our illegal receiver on which we got daily news bulletins, a camera and equipment to make photos for our fake passports, hammers, saws, pliers, nails and maps.

A few guards, smoothly cultivated by our linguists, were even persuaded to lend us their *Zahlbuch*, combined paybook and identity card, while our forgers made copies. The faking of documents was an incredibly finicky job. Whole sheets of simulated typewriting were drawn by hand, complete with strikeouts, imperfect letters and bad shifts. Other documents called for lines of close print or endless whorls of "engraving." Forgers ripped fine paper from Bibles and linen covers from books to make identification books. One document needed in crossing frontiers was so complicated that it would take a skilled forger five hours a day for a month to make one. Letterheads were "embossed" with toothbrush handles. German eagle and swastika stamps were cut from rubber boot heels. Altogether, "Dean & Dawson" outfitted the escapers with more than 400 forged documents.

An Australian pilot made compasses — the cases from melted phonograph records, the glasses from broken windows, the needles from

sewing needles rubbed on a magnet.

In the tailor shop, 60 men made civilian clothes out of RAF uniforms and turned out close copies of Luftwaffe uniforms. Escapers caught wearing exact copies would be shot as spies, but by the Geneva Convention we could use imitations.

Half a dozen map makers traced a variety of maps and ran copies off on a makeshift duplicator. They made the gelatin from fruit jello, the ink from the crushed lead of indelible pencils.

WE learned that the Americans were to be moved in six weeks to a separate compound and they had put in a lot of work on the tunnels. So evening shifts were added to hurry things up. We had to take greater chances with sand. More of it was dug into our vegetable gardens and some scattered near the upturned soil around a new camp theater.

One day a probing ferret turned over some bright yellow sand in a garden. This touched off a series of frantic but futile searches. The Germans dug a trench between block 123 and the wire, but it was not deep enough to reveal Tom.

By the end of June we calculated that Tom had reached just under the edge of the wood, and we prepared to dig a shaft straight up to the surface. Just then a horde of Germans suddenly appeared and began to cut away the trees! It was actually mere coincidence; they had decided to build a new compound there. They chopped the trees back for 50 yards, but time for the Americans was short and it was decided to break

Tom out anyway, and let the escapers crawl the rest of the way to cover.

We had so much sand coming up that we were desperate. Someone suggested storing it temporarily in Dick. Every evening a stream of penguins carrying cardboard Red Cross boxes strolled across to Dick's hut and dumped sand down the shaft. Even that was not enough. The X leaders decided to take a long chance, store sand in Red Cross boxes under our beds and hope that the Germans wouldn't find it until it could be properly disposed of.

Tom was now 260 feet long, with a few yards to go to its goal. Bushell decided to lie low for a few days to allay suspicion. Then ferrets found the boxes of sand in our huts! Heavy transport wagons were brought into camp and trundled all around in an effort to collapse any tunnels we might have. They only wrecked our vegetable gardens.

A day or so later, in a last suspicious search of block 123, a ferret accidentally jabbed his probe into the edge of Tom's trap door.

That was the end of Tom.

The ferrets couldn't find how to open the trap, so they broke it in. They dynamited Tom and incidentally blew up part of the roof of block 123. They were so relieved at discovering Tom that they took no reprisals or even precautions.

A mass meeting decided that work would go ahead on Dick and Harry. However, it was deemed wise to do no more until winter, when we assumed vigilance would slacken because it is a bad season for escapes.

At the end of August 1943 the Americans were moved to their new

compound and we threw a great party on home-brewed raisin wine as a farewell.

While we were waiting for winter, it was decided to try some above-ground escapes. For one of them, the carpenters made imitation German rifles out of wood — they got the exact measurements by sneaking up behind guards with calipers and measuring the parts. These they leaded with pencil to resemble metal and polished until you couldn't tell them from the real thing. Periodically the Germans escorted small parties of prisoners through the gates for delousing our clothes and the idea was to stage an unofficial delousing party of our own. Three prisoners, disguised as Luftwaffe *Unteroffiziers*, took 24 other prisoners in tow, passed the inspection at the gate, and made off into the woods. A few minutes later six senior officers, including the Battle of Britain fighter ace, Bob Stanford Tuck, tried to get through but were detected.

We were all forced to stand on parade for nearly seven hours while the three missing men were identified. Later, all were rounded up. One man, a fluent Spanish speaker, who posed as a foreign worker, got to Czechoslovakia and then by train almost to the Swiss border, where he got out and walked right across a narrow strip of Swiss territory without knowing it and back again into Germany, where a frontier guard nabbed him. The other two got to a Luftwaffe airdrome, sneaked into an old Junkers trainer and were just warming up the engine when a German pilot coincidentally came along to fly it and caught them.

We were ready to start tunneling again early in 1944. Dick was almost filled in with Tom's sand, and anyway the Germans had started to build a new compound where Dick was to have broken out. That left Harry. But snow lay deep on the ground and sand disposal stumped us. One of the tunnelers suggested we put it under the theater. He had noticed the Germans never looked there.

We had built the theater ourselves, and taken care to leave no openings for the ferrets to peek through. Underneath was a deep excavation which could take tons and tons of sand. Our engineers adjusted one seat so that it swung back on hinges and under it they cut a trap door. Into this the penguins dumped kit bags full of sand every night.

THREE teams, ten veteran diggers in each team, pushed Harry ahead up to 12 feet per day. By the end of January, the first "halfway house" was built 100 feet out. The planners had calculated that 300 feet of tunnel in all would bring us into the shelter of the trees.

It was a long dig, and conditions were getting worse. The ground was cold and damp. Every digger suffered continuously from colds. Most of them were spitting black from breathing the fumes of our fat lamps; we had run out of electric wire. Sand falls kept occurring nearly every day.

But by mid-February another 100 feet had been dug and the second halfway house was put in. This was just about under the far boundary wire; there was 100 feet still to go.

Then we got a small break. German workmen hooking up loudspeakers laid down two large coils of electric wire, intending to use them in a few minutes. A prisoner calmly walked off with one coil. A mock fight quickly broke out and in the confusion we got the second coil. The German workmen were afraid to report the loss. (At the end, when the Gestapo found the wire in Harry, three of them were shot.)

That haul gave us 600 feet of wiring, enough for lights clear up to the digging face.

THE chief ferret again became suspicious. Wally Floody, our chief penguin, our security chief and half a dozen of the key diggers were suddenly transferred to a compound several miles away. That was a blow. It was bad enough losing key men, but it was worse that the Germans obviously knew we were up to something.

By March 8, 1944 the final 100-foot section was dug and a chamber excavated at the end. In four days four of the best diggers carved straight upward, fitting ladders to the side as they progressed, until they struck pine-tree roots. They estimated that they were about two feet below the surface, just inside the woods. They boarded over the top of the shaft and left the remainder to be dug on the night of the break. By March 14 the tunnel was ready. The trap door was closed and its sides cemented up to wait for milder weather and a night suitable for our getaway.

The very next day the chief ferret sent his men to search block 104.

One of them even ran his probe around the cement that sealed Harry's trap door. It held.

About 500 men had worked on the tunnels but we estimated that only 220 would be able to pass through it during the hours of darkness. Bushell was allowed to draw up a list of 60 workers, 20 more were nominated by secret ballot because of their work on the project, and 140 names were drawn out of a hat.

The lucky ones began their preparations. We had enough money to buy train tickets for 40 men, the rest were to walk across country. Bushell and other men who'd been loose in Germany conducted lectures, giving hints and advice. A Czech pilot described the border mountains of Czechoslovakia, 60 miles away, for which most of the foot travelers intended to head.

After roll call on the morning of Friday, March 24, Roger Bushell announced that the escape would take place that night. There was six inches of snow on the ground, which was not good, but there would be no moon. Our meteorologist thought there would be a wind to drown suspicious noises.

The "Dean & Dawson" boys filled in their forged documents and stamped them with the correct date, which of course couldn't have been done until then. Some escapers were to go as foreign workers, others as neutrals, others as German officials, soldiers and civilians — and each man's papers had to fit his story.

A digger went out to Harry's end to see how far we had to go to break through. When he jabbed a stick upward three inches he struck day-

light, much to his surprise. At least, it seemed, there wouldn't be any difficulty in getting to the surface.

We laid blankets at the bottom of the shafts to deaden sounds and nailed planks on the trolleys so the escapers could lie on them and be pulled along. When darkness came the escapers put on their disguises. Our improvised iron rations were issued, a revolting but nourishing combination of grated chocolate, oatmeal, crushed biscuits, vitamin pills, barley, dried milk and other concentrated foods all boiled together.

By half past eight it was announced that all was ready. Ten minutes later the first escaper went down the ladder, well turned out in a civilian suit and carrying a home-made brief case. The second, dressed as a workman, followed on his heels. Roger Bushell, carrying an attaché case and looking like a smart businessman in his gray herringbone lounge suit, black overcoat and dark hat, went down among the last five.

There was a bad wait when the first man was unable to pry the roof boards loose. It was almost an hour, an agonizing time for the men lying along the tunnel, before the swollen boards came loose and the earth was removed. Up above twinkled a few stars and down the shaft came the sweet fresh air of freedom.

But when the digger cautiously stuck his head out he got a shock. Instead of being just inside the woods the hole was ten feet short of the trees and its gaping opening was a bare 15 yards from a sentry tower.

We were stunned when he broke

the news. Would the work of 500 men for more than a year end in complete failure? But the men were in no mood to be stopped. To go out now was risky. To wait a month for the next dark of the moon and in the meantime dig another 30 feet of tunnel was equally risky. Besides, the forged papers were all dated and would have to be redone. That decided it.

The first man up crawled to a brushwood fence, paying out a rope by which he could signal when it was safe for the next man to emerge. The sentry in the tower paid no attention to the woods but played his searchlight on the barbed wire fence and compound. Two other sentries patrolled back and forth along the wire. When both were out of sight the rope was tugged and the second man slipped across into the woods.

It took more than an hour for the first 20 to make it. They were all going by train, and they headed for the Sagan railway station a quarter of a mile away. From timetables smuggled in by guards we knew exactly when the trains were due.

Back in block 104 the initial delay had been terrible. Obviously something had gone wrong, but what? Escapers sat around, a queer collection of well-dressed civilians, workmen and a German corporal, hoping that ferrets would not appear. Just after half past nine the men at the trap door felt a blast of cold air. It could only mean that we'd broken out. A muffled cheer went around the block.

There were other interruptions.

Two bad sand falls held up the show for about an hour and a half in all. Sometimes the trolleys left their rails — more delays. Men going out with suitcases or blankets wrapped around them would find themselves jammed in a narrow tunnel, afraid to pull loose for fear of causing a fall. We were running far behind schedule.

At midnight the air-raid sirens sounded and all lights, including our illegal ones in the tunnel, were switched off. It was obvious now that not more than 100 men would get away before daylight. I mps had to be lighted and passed along the tunnel.

We up above heard the faraway sound of falling bombs and the huts rattled as RAF blockbusters fell crashing on Berlin, 100 miles away. At any other time we would have cheered, but that night we cursed. It was about two in the morning before the lights came on again. In the meantime one by one the escapers had been crawling silently from the tunnel mouth and away into the woods.

The worst moment came at about half past four. The sentry in the tower shouted to a guard patrolling below. The guard went up the tower ladder and the sentry descended and walked straight toward the hole. He could hardly miss seeing it. Steam from the heat of the tunnel poured out of it, and from it to the wood led a black trail across the snow where escapers had crawled. The sentry, apparently blinded by looking at his searchlight, came on until he was a bare four feet from the hole, turned around and squatted down. For five minutes he remained there,

while the men in the shaft hardly dared breathe. At last the sentry went back to his tower. More escapers slipped through the tunnel and away.

When it was almost five the RAF man in charge decided it was getting too light. "Get the next three men down," he said. "Then we finish. If all of them get away without detection the Huns won't know a thing until morning roll call and the boys will have an extra four hours before the hunt is on."

The last three men quickly descended. Just as the third man vanished up the tunnel on the trolley, we heard the crack of a rifle.

Two escaping men had reached the rendezvous tree in the woods, another man, crawling, was halfway to it, a fourth man had just emerged from the hole when the rope signaler saw a guard approaching. If he kept on coming he was bound to step right into the hole. The men outside froze to the ground when they felt two sharp warning tugs on the rope. The German strode on. He was seven yards away and still hadn't seen the hole.

Left right, he strode on, probably half asleep, and one foot came down a bare 12 inches from the tunnel mouth. His next step almost trod on the man lying doggo alongside the opening. He took one more pace, and then he snapped out of his daze. He didn't even notice the man lying at his feet, but he must have seen the black track across the snow. Then he saw the man lying halfway to the wood, and raised his rifle to shoot. At that moment one of the escapers waiting by the tree leaped

into sight and waved his arms, shouting, "*Nicht schiessen, Posten! Nicht schiessen!*" ("Don't shoot, sentry! Don't shoot!")

The sentry, startled, shot wild. The two men at the edge of the wood and the man who had crawled half-way came slowly forward, hands raised. And then, right at his feet, the last escaper, still unseen, rose slowly. The guard jumped back a yard and looked downward. There in front of him was Harry's gaping mouth. He whipped out a torch and flashed it down the hole into the face of the 81st escaper, hanging precariously on the ladder.

The sentry blew his whistle. In a moment guards came running from all directions.

Harry's long life had ended.

In block 104 there was a frantic scramble to burn our lists and papers, break up equipment and get rid of civilian clothes. The men in the tunnel were inching back along the trolleys, expecting a shot from behind. When the last man came up, the trap door was sealed down and the stove replaced.

In a few minutes there came a scratching sound from below. A ferret had worked back along the tunnel and couldn't get out. We let him stay there.

By six in the morning the compound was swarming with guards, machine guns covered the doors and windows, and ferrets combed block 104 calling, "*Aus! Aus! Efferbody aus!*" As each man came out of block 104, a ferret grabbed him and forced him to strip in the snow, boots and all, while every article of clothing was inspected.

While the search was going on an adjutant came running to implore us to open the trap door. The ferret was still down there and they were afraid he would suffocate. The other ferrets couldn't find the trap door. We opened it for them. The ferret down below was not a bad type — he was the only one with nerve enough to go down the tunnel.

IN a matter of hours the whole countryside was roused in the biggest man-hunt of the war. The radio warned all civilians to be on the watch. SS and Gestapo men, Luftwaffe men and even naval men from Stettin and Danzig were mobilized by the thousands for the search.

Back in the compound we waited for reprisals. Harry had broken the world's record for the number of escapers who got away and we expected the Germans to take it out on us. The Gestapo arrived to investigate, but its agents, never liked by the regular army, got no help from the ferrets and found nothing. We even managed to filch two of their flashlights. But they did uncover a black market — run by the Kommandant and his staff! The hapless Kommandant was promptly whisked off for a court martial.

Most of the 76 men who got away were nabbed within a day or so, although some got as far as Danzig and Munich. All were taken to a filthy Gestapo prison in Gorlitz, 40 miles away. From Gorlitz, 15 men were brought back to Stalag Luft III. We could learn nothing more.

Then, a fortnight after the break, our senior officer was called to the

Kommandant's office. Stiffly the German read out the official report — of the 76 escaped officers 41 had been shot!

Our senior officer called a meeting and announced the dreadful news. Under the Geneva Convention, drastic penalties must not be inflicted upon prisoners who attempt escape. The Germans had never before done such a thing. We thought most likely the announcement was a bluff to dissuade us from further escape attempts. We held a memorial service in the compound, however, and every man defiantly wore a black diamond of mourning on his sleeve.

When the Germans posted the list of dead it contained not 41 but 47 names, among them the leaders — Roger Bushell; Tim Walenn, who ran the forgery factory; Al Hake, the compass maker; Charlie Hall, the photographer.

For days the compound was shaken with grief and fury. Then three more names were added to the list of dead. The Germans never gave us any reason for the shootings, or why they shot only 50 of 76. A couple of weeks later they brought in urns carrying the cremated ashes of the dead, which we placed in a memorial vault.

In June, a letter arrived, written in Spanish and signed by a fictitious

name. That was the signal that one escaper, a Dutch pilot in the RAF, had reached England. A postcard from Sweden, signed with two false names, revealed that two Norwegians had made it out. With 15 men sent back to Stalag Luft III and 50 shot, that left eight unaccounted for.

Not till long afterward did we learn that they had been sent to the notorious Oranienburg concentration camp. Nobody had ever escaped from a concentration camp, the Gestapo boasted. Within a few months the eight had tunneled out. They were eventually rounded up, but by then Germany was in the chaos of collapse and they were not shot.

If the Germans shot our 50 comrades to frighten us from building more tunnels they made a psychological blunder. "X" was reformed around two veteran tunnelers and we immediately began work on "George," which started under the theater. George was on as grand a scale as Harry and we were almost ready to break out when we were hurriedly evacuated. The Russians were only 30 miles away. We were forced to march for weeks half across Germany. We were at Lubeck on May 2, 1945, when tanks of the British Second Army swept forward and set us free.

He Said a Mouthful

» AN applicant for a driver's license in Grand Rapids, failing in the written examination, explained that he had just purchased a new set of teeth and "couldn't read because he couldn't pronounce the words."

— Parade

Life in These United States

Contributions wanted for "Life in These United States"

For each anecdote published in this department, The Reader's Digest will pay \$100 (two weeks before publication). Contributions must be true unpublished stories from your own experience or observation, revelatory of adult human nature, or showing appealing or humorous side-lights on the American scene. (If an old story is published occasionally, it is because the editors are not infallible in recognizing every twice-told tale.) Maximum length: 300 words, but the shorter the better. Contributions must be type-written, and cannot be returned or acknowledged. Items not accepted within 60 days may be considered rejected. All published anecdotes become the property of The Reader's Digest Association, Inc. Address "Life in U. S." Editor, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, New York.

BRAND spanking new, a Model-T Ford rolled into the service station near Omaha, Nebr., recently, and stopped beside my car. The black paint sparkled in the sunlight, and bits of manila paper clung to the windshield and doors as though the car had just come off the assembly line.

"Where in the world did you find that?" I asked the driver, an elderly countryman.

"Well, it's thisaway," explained the old man. "When Ma and me heard that Henry was agoin' to start makin' a Ford with that new fancy gearshift, we figgered we was too old to learn to drive

one of 'em. So we just bought four of these, figgerin' they would last us as long as we would be gallivantin' around. Got one more to go after this'n!"

— CLAYTON A. POWELL (*North Bend, Ore.*)

MY FRIEND's maiden aunt, who had spent all her life in Chicago, suddenly tired of city life and decided to go to the country and start a chicken farm. Thoroughly ignorant of rural matters, she entrusted the buying of her land to a real estate agent, but sped to a poultry farm to acquire her stock of chickens,

She bought 50 hens and 50 roosters.

— IRUDI McCULLOUGH (*New York, N. Y.*)

BEFORE the late war I made a trip around the world, working on freighters, and finally landed in Shanghai, China. Down at the water front one day, I noticed a good-looking young fellow, obviously American, staring intently at a destroyer flying Old Glory. I watched too for a few minutes and then said, "Beautiful, isn't it?" He didn't seem to hear, so I repeated my question. The boy started as if roused from sleep, turned and looked me over.

"Which state are you from?" I asked. He drew himself up proudly and, smiling broadly, extended his hand.

"My God, brother," he said with no trace of irreverence, "I'm from *all* of them!" — W. H. HATCHER (*Salisbury, N. C.*)

SOME years ago I boarded a New York local at Red Bank, N. J., and settled down to the monotonous trip, stopping

and starting at every hamlet. We pulled into Elizabethport, last stop before Jersey City, just as one of the crack "President" trains whipped through, eastbound. After the briefest pause, our train pulled out and began to pick up speed; coaches swayed, the landscape whizzed by. Soon I saw the end car of the express beside my window; we slipped up and up until the two locomotives must have been abreast, and side by side raced into Jersey City.

"We were hitting a good clip for a while, weren't we?" I remarked to the elderly conductor.

"Yessir, touched 80 to 81 miles an hour back there."

"Isn't that unusual speed for a local?" I asked.

"Well, sir, I'll tell you," the conductor explained. "We've got a right good engine on this train, and a young engineer who likes speed and a young buck of a fireman who's always out for a laugh. So whenever we get near one of those high-falutin specials nothing will do but they must catch it. The engineer puts his locomotive a couple feet ahead of the 'President' and the fireman holds out a long hook he keeps in the cab, and they make out they're towing that B & O train right into Jersey City. That B & O engineer, he gets so mad he pretty near jumps right out of the cab."

— W. H. FICHLHURST (*Langhorne, Pa.*)

WHEN I was a student at the University of Virginia, I was so fortunate as to take my meals with an old southern lady. One day I happened to bring up the subject of the beautiful new homes that were being built near Charlottesville by people from the North. "Yes, this invasion is worse than the last," my hostess replied sardonically. "Then we at least got to shoot at them."

— W. S. RUCKLIN (*FPO San Francisco*)

HITCHHIKING home recently, I was on the outskirts of Victoria, Texas, when an elderly farmer stopped and said, "Goin' about 50 miles down the road, son." I got in and settled down, but we had gone only about a mile when, to my dismay, we turned off on a lonely country road and pulled up before a barn at the edge of a large pasture. He asked me to get my bag and I hesitantly followed him. As he opened the barn doors I saw a small plane. "Nice weather t'fly, eh son? Get in." He spun the propeller, ran the plane down the pasture once to scare the cows out of the way, turned into the wind, and we took to the air.

— A/C ALFRED R. SMITH (*Mission, Texas*)

INTO town on his regular Saturday visit came a lanky Tennessee mountaineer and his young wife. In the crook of his right arm nestled a week-old baby.

The dry-goods merchant, who had not seen the couple in quite a long while, greeted them affably. "Come right in, folks, glad to see ye! Well, well, is that yore young'un, Len?"

Len pondered thoughtfully for a moment, then replied, "Wal, yeah, I reckon it's mine. Leastaways, it wuz caught in my trap."

— S/SGT. VADUS CARMACK (*APO New York*)

MOTORING west one hot August, too weary to drive farther, we stopped for the night in a small country town. Neither of the two hotels looked particularly attractive, so we asked the garage attendant which one he would recommend. He hesitated. "Can't say I *recommend* the National House," he said slowly. "But I do say the folks who come for their cars after staying at the National aren't quite so mad as those from the Commercial." — R. D. JONES (*Plandome, N. Y.*)

Peace alone cannot cure the defects of a billion-dollar industry that inevitably produces too much sugar between wars and too little during them

Why You Can't Have Enough Sugar

Condensed from Fortune

THE END of the war has not meant the end of the sugar shortage. The civilian, who used to eat 100 pounds a year and last year made 89 pounds do, will have to get along at least for some months at the annual rate of 70 pounds. To the housewife, the shortage is irksome; she has missed sugar more than any other war-scarce commodity. To the industrial user, who once took a third of all the sugar we consumed, the situation is worse; he finds it hard to keep making baked goods, soft drinks, ice cream and candy with his sugar allotment cut in half. To the growers, refiners and others in the industry, the shortage is terrifying. They have more than a billion dollars invested, and they need to sell a huge tonnage to make any profit.

There is no shortage of reasons for the shortage. We lost the Philippines early in the war. Puerto Rico, plagued with its usual economic woes and a severe drought, also lacked fertilizer and shipping. Cuba went through the worst drought in 86 years. The U. S. sugar-beet crop fell off. But these facts merely accentuate an inherently bad situation.

Actually, the sugar shortage is deeply rooted in unhealthy economics and unholy politics. Sugar is really a

group of different industries, with three major divisions: the cane producers, the beet processors and the seaboard refiners. The cane producers operate in Cuba, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the Philippines, and to a small extent in Louisiana and Florida. Their mills process the cane into raw sugar brownish, coarse-grained and moist. The seaboard refiners convert it into pure sucrose, package it and sell it. The beet growers, small-scale farmers in the West and Midwest, ship their beets to the nearest factory, which processes the beet completely, and makes refined sugar.

The sugar beet is a high-cost, heavy-labor product that is wholly unprofitable unless the Government protects it. But ever since the '80's it has been of great value to western agriculture. It provides a cash crop noncompetitive with wheat and corn. No part of the beet goes to waste. At harvest, the grower ensiles the tops to feed his lambs and cattle. The factory sells the by-product pulp and molasses as feed for livestock.

The beet industry got from Congress a protective tariff to shut out low-cost cane sugar grown cheaply in the tropics. But Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the Philippines were already inside the tariff wall. And after 1902 Cuba was allowed to ship her sugar

into the United States by paying only 80 percent of the duty paid on sugar from other countries.

Once the tariff established the geographic structure of the U. S. sugar supply, U. S. capital went out to dominate the industries in the different areas. A handful of big companies now produce most of the sugar in Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines, while in Hawaii all sugar production is in the hands of the famous Honolulu "Big Five." Five beet-sugar companies, two cane-sugar refiners dwarf all competitors.

During World War I, European beet production dropped off 70 percent. The United States had to fill the gap, but it could not rely on its own beets and cane because costs were too high and labor too scarce. The only source for more sugar was Cuba. Pushed by liberal prices fixed by our government, Cuba forced her production up 25 percent. Virgin forests were cut down, holes were punched in the soil with crowbars, and cane cuttings were planted. At home, the United States fixed retail prices and instituted voluntary rationing. The policy averted a war-time sugar crisis, but when the Government too hastily withdrew from the business it left a war-swollen industry in chaos. Prices promptly climbed to 24 cents a pound for refined sugar; within a year they dropped to five cents.

By 1925, with the European beet-sugar industry rebuilt, sugar became a drug on the market and the industry's special depression began five years before the general collapse. Almost every major step taken to rectify the situation made it worse.

Declining world prices were only too real, but the continental cane and beet men insisted on producing more sugar even though the offshore areas were able to undersell them. A solicitous Congress, heeding their pleas, progressively raised the sugar duty. But it was impossible to protect the Colorado farmer without helping everyone else inside the tariff walls. So the net effect was that the higher tariff stimulated production in the Philippines. By 1932 the bottom dropped out: Cuban sugar delivered at New York sold at 57 cents a hundred pounds. The Hawley-Smoot duty was \$2, but at \$2.57 sugar producers in the States could not stay in business, and they cried to the Government for help. As for Cuba, the high tariff, plus the depression, had brought her bloody revolution.

The Sugar Act of 1934 provided a quota system that determined who should produce how much sugar. It was backed by benefit payments to the different areas (Cuba excepted) primarily to restrict production. The beet bloc in the States succeeded in pressuring Congress to set its quota at 1,550,000 tons, more than ever sold in any year. Cuba got a quota of 1,900,000 tons which, plus her production of about one million tons for the world market, represented only half her capacity. The seaboard refiners, whose imports of raw sugar were held down by the rise in the beet-sugar quota, began to lose money — and they lost more when there was a big increase in imports of refined sugar. They joined hands with the beet bloc and prevailed upon Congress to restrict offshore refining for the U. S. market. This blocked any

further industrialization of Cuba, the Philippines, Hawaii and Puerto Rico.

The Government had no clear-cut sugar policy for this war; and the long and sorry years of blind protectionism had built up a continental sugar-bloc so powerful that the Government was unable to act consistently. Desperately needing sugar, the Government should have been free to take as much from Cuba and other tropical countries as it wanted. But no sugar plan that might have increased Cuba's share of the market could get by the 34 beet-state Senators, four cane-state Senators, and a host of Representatives and lobbyists.

What really made the shortage so acute was precisely the fact that the beet men had won the right to supply roughly a quarter of U. S. sugar. When the showdown came they could not deliver. The inherent weakness of beet farming is that it depends on plenty of cheap labor. The hordes of migrant labor dried up. The Government, at taxpayers' expense, brought in Jamaicans and Mexicans and sent prisoners of war to the beet fields. Still there wasn't enough labor for the back-breaking beets — a "stoop crop."


In 1942 the beet-sugar output went down 250,000 tons, the next year more than 400,000. The cumulative shrinkage of production from normal is likely to be in excess of 2,000,000 tons by the end of this year. Thus, the beet industry did exactly the opposite of what it was supposed to: it forced the United States to go to Cuba. However, it opposed purchase of more than one Cuban crop at a time; and a Representative from the

Michigan beet belt urged that Cuba get no encouragement to expand plantings, lest she be in a strong position to bargain for a higher U. S. quota at the war's end.

Cuba is actually the logical source for most U. S. sugar. According to the last cost analysis made by the Tariff Commission (1932), Cuban sugar refined in the United States cost less than any competing sugar.

It is unrealistic, of course, to expect any U. S. Government to bring sugar back to a logical economic order based on cost. Protectionism has gone too far and has lasted too long; too many vested interests have been created. About the best that can be hoped for is that the United States will learn to deal more equitably with other areas. Cuba, especially, should be favored, for Cuba has helped the United States out of a sugar mess twice in a generation.

The outlook for a logical policy is not good. The continental sugar bloc, for years the leading proponent of independence for the Philippines (to get the islands outside the tariff wall), is even now trying to limit the period of Philippine tariff preference. The U. S. cane growers are steadily fighting to get as much money out of the federal treasury as the beet growers get. The seaboard refiners continue to harp on the threat to American labor represented by offshore refined sugar — and this argument comes from a highly mechanized industry that at best employs about 13,000 men. In spite of what it has been through, the U. S. sugar industry gives no sign of being unwilling to go through it again.



MANY MOONS

Condensed from the book by
James Thurber

ONCE upon a time, in a kingdom by the sea, there lived a little Princess named Lenore. She was ten years old, going on 11. One day Lenore fell ill of a surfeit of raspberry tarts and took to her bed.

The Royal Physician came to see her and took her temperature and felt her pulse and made her stick out her tongue. He was worried, and sent for the King, Lenore's father, and the King came to see her.

"I will get you anything your heart desires," the King said. "Is there anything your heart desires?"

"Yes," said the Princess. "I want the moon. If I can have the moon, I will be well again."

Then the King went to the throne room and pulled a bell cord, three long pulls and a short pull, and presently the Lord High Chamberlain came into the room. He was a large, fat man with thick glasses which made his eyes seem twice as large as they really were. This made the Lord High Chamberlain seem twice as wise as he really was.

"I want you to get the moon for the Princess Lenore," said the King. "If she can have the moon, she will get well again. Get it tonight, tomorrow at the latest."

The Lord High Chamberlain wiped his forehead with a handkerchief and then blew his nose loudly. "I have got a great many things for you in my time, Your Majesty," he said. "It just happens that I have with me a list of those things." He pulled a long scroll of parchment out of his pocket. "Let me see, now." He glanced at the list, frowning. "I have got ivory, apes and peacocks; rubies, opals and emeralds; black orchids, pink elephants and blue poodles; hummingbirds' tongues, angels' feathers and unicorns' horns; giants, midgets and mermaids; frankincense, ambergris and myrrh, a pound of butter, two dozen eggs and a sack of sugar — sorry, my wife wrote that in there."

"Never mind," said the King. "What I want now is the moon."

"The moon," said the Lord High Chamberlain, "is out of the question. It is 35,000 miles away and it is bigger than the room the Princess lies in. Furthermore it is made of molten copper. I cannot get the moon for you. Blue poodles, yes; the moon, no."

The King flew into a rage and told the Lord High Chamberlain to leave the room and to send the Royal

Wizard to him. The Royal Wizard was a little, thin man with a long face. He wore a high red peaked hat covered with silver stars, and a long blue robe covered with golden owls. He grew very pale when the King told him he wanted the moon for his little daughter, and that he expected the Royal Wizard to get it.

"I have worked a great deal of magic for you in my time, Your Majesty," he said. "I just happen to have in my pocket a list of the wizardries I have performed for you. Now let's see. I have squeezed blood out of turnips for you, and turnips out of blood. I have produced rabbits out of silk hats, and silk hats out of rabbits. I have conjured up flowers, tambourines and doves out of nowhere, and nowhere out of flowers, tambourines and doves. I have brought you divining rods, magic wands, and crystal spheres in which to behold the future. I have made you my own special mixture of wolfsbane, nightshade and eagles' tears, to ward off witches, demons and things that go bump in the night. I have given you seven-league boots, the golden touch and a cloak of invisibility —"

"The cloak of invisibility didn't work," said the King. "I kept bumping into things the same as ever."

"The cloak is supposed to make you invisible," said the Royal Wizard. "It is not supposed to keep you from bumping into things." He looked at his list again. "I got you," he said, "horns from Elfland, sand from the Sandman and gold from the rainbow. Also a spool of thread, a paper of needles and a lump of beeswax — sorry, those are things my

wife wrote down for me to get her."

"What I want you to do now," said the King, "is to get me the moon. The Princess Lenore wants the moon, and when she gets it, she will be well again."

"Nobody can get the moon," said the Royal Wizard. "It is 150,000 miles away, and it is made of green cheese, and it is twice as big as this palace."

The King flew into another rage and sent the Royal Wizard back to his cave. Then he summoned the Royal Mathematician, a bald-headed, nearsighted man, with a skullcap on his head and a pencil behind his ear.

"I don't want to hear a long list of all the things you have figured out for me since 1907," the King said to him. "I want you to figure out right now how to get the moon for the Princess Lenore."

"I am glad you mentioned all the things I have figured out for you since 1907," said the Royal Mathematician. "It happens that I have a list of them with me. I have figured out for you the distance between the horns of a dilemma, night and day, and A and Z. I have computed how far is Up, how long it takes to get to Away, and what becomes of Gone. I have discovered the length of the sea serpent, the price of the priceless, and the square of the hippopotamus. I know where you are when you are at Sixes and Sevens, how much Is you have to have to make an Are, and how many birds you can catch with the salt in the ocean — 187, 796,132, if it would interest you to know."

"There aren't that many birds,"

said the King. "And anyway, what I want now is the moon."

"The moon is 300,000 miles away," said the Royal Mathematician. "It is round and flat like a coin, only it is made of asbestos, and it is half the size of this kingdom. Furthermore it is pasted on the sky. Nobody can get the moon."

The King flew into still another rage and sent the Royal Mathematician away. Then he rang for the Court Jester, who came bounding into the room in his cap and bells, and sat at the foot of the throne.

"What can I do for you, Your Majesty?"

"The Princess Lenore wants the moon," said the King mournfully, "and she cannot be well till she gets it, but nobody can get it for her. Every time I ask anybody for the moon, it gets larger and farther away. There is nothing you can do for me except play on your lute. Something sad."

"How big do they say the moon is," asked the Court Jester, "and how far away?"

"The Lord High Chamberlain says it is 35,000 miles away, and bigger than the Princess Lenore's room," said the King. "The Royal Wizard says it is 150,000 miles away, and twice as big as this palace. The Royal Mathematician says it is 300,000 miles away, and half the size of this kingdom."

The Court Jester strummed on his lute for a while. "They are all wise men," he said, "and so they must all be right. If they are all right, then the moon must be just as large and as far away as each person thinks it is. The thing to do is to find out how

big the Princess Lenore thinks it is, and how far away."

"I never thought of that," said the King.

"I will go and ask her, Your Majesty."

The Princess Lenore was glad to see the Court Jester, but her face was very pale and her voice was very weak.

"Have you brought the moon to me?" she asked.

"Not yet," said the Court Jester, "but I will get it for you right away. How big do you think it is?"

"It is just a little smaller than my thumbnail," she said, "for when I hold my thumbnail up at the moon it just covers it."

"And how far away is it?" asked the Court Jester.

"It is not as high as the big tree outside my window," said the Princess, "for sometimes it gets caught in the top branches."

"I will climb the tree tonight when the moon gets caught in the top branches and bring it to you," said the Court Jester. Then he thought of something else. "What is the moon made of, Princess?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, "it's made of gold, of course, silly."

The Court Jester went to see the Royal Goldsmith and had him make a tiny round golden moon just a little smaller than the thumbnail of the Princess Lenore. Then he had him string it on a golden chain so the Princess could wear it around her neck.

"What is this thing I have made?" asked the Royal Goldsmith.

"You have made the moon," said the Court Jester. "That is the moon."

"But the moon," said the Royal Goldsmith, "is 500,000 miles away and it is made of bronze and is round like a marble."

"That's what you think," said the Court Jester as he went away with the moon.

The Court Jester took the moon to the Princess, and she was overjoyed. The next day she was well again and could get up and go out in the gardens to play.

But the King knew that the moon would shine in the sky again that night, and if the Princess should see it, she would know that the moon she wore on a chain was not the real moon. So he said to the Lord High Chamberlain, "We must keep the Princess from seeing the moon tonight. Think of something."

The Lord High Chamberlain tapped his forehead with his fingers. "We can make some dark glasses for the Princess."

This made the King very angry. "If she wore dark glasses, she would bump into things," he said, "and then she would be ill again." So he called the Royal Wizard, who stood on his hands and then stood on his head and then stood on his feet again.

"I know what we can do," he said. "We can stretch some black velvet curtains on poles to cover all the palace gardens like a circus tent."

The King was so angry that he waved his arms around. "Black curtains would keep out the air," he said, "and the Princess Lenore would be ill again." He summoned the Royal Mathematician.

The Royal Mathematician walked around in a circle, and then he walked around in a square, and then

he stood still. "I have it!" he said. "We can set off fireworks in the garden every night. We will make a lot of silver fountains and golden cascades, and when they go off, they will fill the sky with so many sparks that it will be as light as day and the Princess Lenore will not be able to see the moon."

The King flew into such a rage that he began jumping up and down. "Fireworks would keep the Princess awake," he said, "and she would be ill again." So he sent the Royal Mathematician away.

When he looked up again, it was dark outside and the bright rim of the moon was just peeping over the horizon. He jumped up in a great fright and rang for the Court Jester. "Play me something very sad," he said, "for when the Princess sees the moon, she will be ill again."

The Court Jester strummed on his lute. "What do your wise men say?"

"They can think of no way to hide the moon that will not make the Princess ill," said the King.

The Court Jester played another song very softly. "If your wise men cannot hide the moon, then it cannot be hidden," he said. "But who could explain how to get the moon? It was the Princess Lenore. Therefore the Princess Lenore is wiser than your wise men and knows more about the moon than they do. So I will ask *her*." And before the King could stop him, he slipped quietly out of the throne room and up the wide marble staircase to the Princess Lenore's bedroom.

The Princess was in bed, but she was wide awake and she was looking out the window at the moon shining

in the sky. Shining in her hand was the moon the Court Jester had got for her. He looked very sad, and there seemed to be tears in his eyes.

"Tell me, Princess Lenore," he said mournfully, "how can the moon be shining in the sky when it is hanging on a golden chain around your neck?"

The Princess looked at him and laughed. "That is easy, silly," she said. "When I lose a tooth, a new one grows in its place, doesn't it? And when the Royal Gardener cuts the flowers in the garden, other flowers come to take their place."

"I should have thought of that," said the Court Jester, "for it is the same way with the daylight."

"And it is the same way with the moon," said the Princess Lenore. "I guess it is the same way with everything." Her voice became very low and faded away, and the Court Jester saw that she was asleep. Gently he tucked the covers in around her.

But before he left the room, he went over to the window and winked at the moon, for it seemed to the Court Jester that the moon had winked at him.



The Answering Public

» THE business manager of a Philadelphia newspaper, checking office life-insurance applications, came across one in which an employe named his wife beneficiary and then filled out the space headed, "Relationship to you," with the word: "Nice."

— *Editor and Publisher*

» A POST-EXCHANGE manager at Camp Atterbury, Indiana, asked each salesgirl to keep a list of all the various items requested during the day. At closing time, the lists were handed in. One read: "Toothpaste, shaving cream, DATE, shaving cream, DATE, razor, soap, washrag, towel, DATE. . . ."

— Contributed by Pfc. Victor W. McGinnis

» AN INTERVIEWER in a small North Carolina U. S. Employment Service Office, registering an applicant for a job, asked him if he had any physical handicaps. "Yes, I guess I have," he said hesitantly. Asked what the handicaps were, he answered, 'A wife and two children.'

— Contributed by E. R. Hinton

» A STATE Selective Service Headquarters in the South was being inspected by a brassy young officer from Washington. Noting that the number of typewriters and desks far exceeded the number of typists, he asked one of the girls, "What is the normal complement of this office?" "Well, suh," she replied, "Ah reckon the most usual compliment is, 'Howdy, honey chile, you're sure luscious-lookin' this mawnin'.'"

— Contributed by Lieut. Col. H. P. Agnew

Wild Wisdom

Selected by Alan Devoe

Just what goes on in the minds and hearts of the wild things? Despite all the researches of science there remains a great deal to challenge our understanding. Discounting the 'tall tales' that out-doorismen sometimes tell, there are still multitudes of undeniably authentic observations that must make us pause and wonder.

AN INTELLIGENCE

I AM NOT fond of ants and I particularly dislike the ones which infest the kitchen of our summer cottage. So one week end, when a naturalist friend had talked too glowingly about ant intelligence, I challenged him. 'I'll bet you \$100 I can store food in an open container for a week without the ants getting it.' He looked thoughtful but, after stipulating that no poison be used, accepted the bet.

I put a washtub on the kitchen floor and half filled it with water. In the middle of the tub I stood an old floor lamp, with the bait (chocolate cake in a dish of maple syrup) resting on top. Around the lampstand, just above the water level, I painted a wide band of nondrying glue. Finally, I painted a similar band around the outside of the tub. No ant would get to *that* bait!

Next Sunday we entered the cottage kitchen. Ants were swarming over the bait! Rubbing his fingers for his \$100 and smiling peacefully, my friend the naturalist showed me the ants' technique. Single files of ants had marched into the bands of glue, embedded themselves end to end, and made causeways of their bodies. At the open water, ants had assembled bits of straw (glued together, my friend said, by means of their own

excretions) and made a six line highway bridge that extended from shore to island.

I conceded utter defeat. But the ant-scientist pointed happily upward. 'They also have some reserve methods,' he said. 'Ants don't like to walk upside down or fall from a height, but they will if the bait is worth while.' I looked up. Ants were marching across the ceiling. Poising exactly over the bait below, they were dropping on it with the accuracy of precision bombing!

— O. A. BATTISTA *Suarthmore Pa.*

THE ANGLERS

ONE SPRING while the lake was still frozen, I set out fishing lines to catch pike through holes chopped in the ice. As bait I used roaches and a few small fish. At first I caught quite a number of pike, but then one day when I came to examine the hooks I found that several of them had been pulled up and the bait was gone. My first thought was that probably some small boys had been around. I hid on the shore of the lake, intending to watch for the youngsters and give them a scolding.

To my immense surprise my uninvited guests proved to be two crows. Fascinated, I watched them at their marauding, hardly believing my eyes.

First one crow would take my line in

his beak and pull it up a bit. He'd back up several steps across the ice, tugging lustily, and then he'd plant a foot on the line to keep it from sliding down again. The other crow, going to the edge of the ice hole, would take his turn at hauling up a length of line and then stepping on it. Haul and make fast . . . haul and make fast . . . the two crows kept up their teamwork until my hook and bait were up on the surface and they helped themselves to a juicy dinner.

— KARI E. LORENTZON, *Hammerdal, Sweden*

PIECEWORK

THIRI had been a shower, temporarily softening the summer-hardened ground of the lawn, and a female robin hurried to take advantage of it. I watched her tugging at an earthworm. To my surprise, when she had pulled the worm entirely out of the earth, she did not eat it. She just snipped it in half, and left the two halves lying on the grass. Hopping a few feet away, she unearthed another worm and repeated the process. She was rendering it impossible, while she took advantage of the rare hunting conditions, for any of her accumulating victims to slip back into the ground.

After seven worms had been pulled up and methodically severed, the robin picked up the first five or six halves at leisure, and flew to her nest. Perhaps ten seconds later the male robin flew in, picked up the remaining halves, and flew back to feed the youngsters.

— PAUL L'HÉVEAUX, M.D.,
St. Boniface, Manitoba, Canada

AMBUSH

WHILE on furlough at the U. S. Army Rest Camp at Ranikhet, India, in the

foothills of the Himalayas, my friends and I organized a hunting party. On our first day out we were followed by a tribe of very large wild monkeys that kept jabbering noisily as they swung along from tree to tree. We soon realized that the chattering monkeys were warning all game of our approach.

Disregarding the frantic pleas of our Indian guides, we decided to get rid of the noisy pests by killing one of them. One of my friends took aim and brought down a sizable male. Immediately an uncanny silence settled over the jungle and we saw gray forms swinging quickly and quietly away from us. But four members of the tribe descended hurriedly to the side of their fallen companion. Each one grasping an arm or leg of the dead monkey, they scurried away with him, looking strangely and terribly human as they glanced at us with sad eyes.

The following afternoon as we were passing the same way we saw three monkeys sitting in a tree just above the spot where my friend had killed the old male. When they saw us approaching, the three monkeys began screeching and howling, as if calling to the others of the tribe. My friend with the shotgun worked his way closer to them, dropped to one knee, and prepared to shoot. At that moment the woods suddenly became alive with gray balls of fur — falling, scrambling and jumping toward him from every tree and bush. The impact of the first monkeys knocked my companion to the ground, and the others moved in for the kill. Only our speedy intervention with guns and clubs saved him from serious injury or death.

It was, I think, one of the most cleverly conceived and executed ambushes of this war. — SGT. WOODIE SALLIS, *Memphis, Tenn.*



» THERE are two kinds of fool. One says, "This is old, therefore it is good." The other says, "This is new, therefore it is better."

— Dean Inge, quoted in *The Plan*

A tribute from a Protestant and a naturalist to a Saint of the Catholic Church beloved by
all regardless of creed



Everybody's Saint— Francis of Assisi

Donald Culross Peattie

EVEN centuries ago in a hill town of Italy was born one of the greatest souls that ever dwelt in mortal flesh. Today he is still your friend and mine, and the gospel he preached is still as true as bird song. Where other saints overawe us by superhuman holiness, Francis of Assisi is as purely human as a beautiful child. They called him *Poverello* (Little Poor Man), but he was so rich in things of the spirit that merchant princes felt beggared in his presence.

Giovanni Bernardone, to give him his baptismal name, was born in 1181 or 1182 at Assisi, in central Italy. His father, Pietro Bernardone, a prosperous merchant, called him Francesco, or Cecco for short. Cecco wasn't any fonder of school than most fun-loving boys and was poorly educated even for the times. Since he was destined for a commercial career, his father kept him all day behind the counter, learning how to wring out profits. But at nightfall he was the leader of the gayest blades of his age. His purse was open to all his friends; without stint he poured them wine. He bought bright clothes

insatiably. Pietro Bernardone shook his head, yet didn't cut off his Cecco's spending money. For extravagance showed the bankers that he was so well off he could afford a spendthrift son.

When the other young men of Assisi marched off in 1203 to one of those interurban wars so popular then, young Bernardone went along. Early in the campaign he was captured. After a year he was released, but fell sick nearly to death, recovered, enlisted again, again fell sick and this time was left without zest for his old life. Some new impulse had begun to run in his blood. One night as he was prancing through the streets he stopped still as if stricken, listening for he knew not what. His companions frolicked past him. Outside the city, on a little hill, he fell to prayer.

The turning point of his life was near. One morning as he rode abroad he was approached by a begging leper. If there was anything this fastidious young man could not stand it was lepers. Averting his head, he reached into his purse. Then a white light dawned in his heart. For it was

not alms that the poor wretch needed. More terrible than the disease must be the loneliness of this unloved fellow human. Leaping from his horse, Francis ran to the leper and kissed him. After that he forced himself to go constantly to the leper hospital. He was soon giving all his spending money to it.

ONL day in 1206, when Francis was 25, he was sent to the town of Foligno to sell merchandise at a fair. He haggled and bargained as he had been taught to do till he squeezed out the highest profit. Receiving an offer for his horse, he sold that too like a shrewd trader. On foot he set off for home, unaware that he had transacted the last business deal of his life.

For as he walked through the ripening vineyards a great revulsion against all kinds of money-getting seized him. From possessions, he decided, stemmed all the ugly bickering and soulless grime that dirtied the world. While pondering these thoughts he stopped by the chapel of San Damiano and knelt amid its ruins.

Down there in the city prosperity was god. But God's house here on the peaceful hill was crumbling away. No one tended it but an old priest, poor as the doves settling to roost in the coigns. And it seemed to Francis that he heard Christ's voice saying, "Rebuild my church."

Men were to argue bitterly, in later times, whether Christ meant merely "restore this chapel" or "reform the Church." But in his simplicity Francis did not balance any

metaphysics. He roused up the old priest of the chapel and offered him the money got at Foligno. Dumfounded by such manna, the priest was cautious enough to decline it. But he allowed this young eccentric to share his poor fare and lodging.

When Pietro Bernardone found out where his son was and what he intended to do with the money, he rushed to the chapel with the bishop in tow. Gently the bishop reminded Francis that the money was not his to give. So Francis restored it all, and for good measure stripped off the clothes bought with his father's money. Henceforth the world would be his only home, and all men his brothers. Never would property fetter his feet.

In his self-denial there was no asceticism for the sake of personal salvation. He was only trying to set himself free to imitate the life of Christ. Yet not for him the life of a monk, aloof from God's created world. Better the life of a hermit, where he could see heaven and hear the birds at their matins, and breathe the air of liberty.

So he set forth in rags to beg not for food or for money — but for stones, to rebuild San Damiano. If he was given money he bought stones with it and carried them on his back to the ruined church. And now volunteers came to aid him. People begged him to preach them the word of God. When he preached he stood not on a pulpit but barefoot in the midst of his fellows, poorer even than they — their "Poor Cecco." Instead of metaphysics he gave them God. Instead of hell he promised them God's love. He was not interested in

the weakness of men but in their strength, not in the ugliness of life but in its beauty. From an overflowing heart he would burst into song, in canticles of praise.

His first disciple was a certain rich man who, to the rage of his heirs, sold all he had and gave to the poor. The next was an eminent doctor of laws, who gave up man's ordinances for God's. The three founded the little community of "The Poor Brothers of Assisi." They lived by no recognized monastic organization. Their only rule was the one Christ gave the Apostles: Go forth and preach; cure the sick and cleanse the leper. Freely have you received — freely give. Provide neither gold nor silver nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes nor yet staves.

Soon the number of Franciscans had grown to 12. Francis would not let them accept a comfortable house that was offered them. The Poor Brothers dwelt in huts near the leper hospital. For their daily bread they depended on what they could earn as day laborers on farms, in vineyards, in cities or as servants. If there was no work, they must beg food. Though the others called him Father Francis, he required them to call one another *frater* — friar, or brother. Whence, ever since, the Franciscans have been friars but not monks.

In little groups of two to four, the friars set forth into the world to preach. They did not keep their eyes fixed on a breviary; often they lifted up their faces to heaven and sang. When they conversed it was likely to be of wayside flowers and lark-song, of mountain views and pure

springs. But their work lay in the cities, as Francis reminded them. There dwelt the souls who must be saved; there men groaned in slavery to property and class.

BUT once out of Assisi, where they were now understood, the Franciscans met ridicule and abuse. The crowds took them for vagabonds who masqueraded as holy men; the well-to-do suspected them of being dangerous radicals, and priests feared they were heretics. Many a time they were stoned and driven out of town. Bishops refused them permission to preach.

Francis, who never became an ordained priest, saw now that he could not go on without papal sanction, and set forth for Rome. He reached the mighty Cardinal Colonna, won him over, and was presented at the Vatican. There he proved as irresistible as a child and as bold in insisting on what he wished. Pope Innocent III granted the Poor Brothers the right to preach and, if they prospered, he promised to show them further favors. At that Francis took a hasty departure; favors were what he did not want.

With joyful hearts the Franciscans took the road again. The fame of the *Poverello* now preceded him. He was frequently met by crowds waving green boughs and singing, and the bells of the churches opened their throats for joy.

Francis himself often felt the need to slip away into nature. He would seek a secluded grove or sit alone on a hill. Most of all he loved a tiny island, where none but the lapping

waves might find him. Everything in nature was kin to him. He spoke of "Brother Hare" and "Sister Swallow," and meant it. He could not endure to see animals caged or carried away for slaughter, and would intercede for them; so he spared the lives of doves and lambs, rabbits and pheasants. According to legend, the animals showed their gratitude by remaining with him and becoming his pets.

The tale goes that when he came to Gubbio he found that a ravenous wolf was keeping the citizens in terror. He sought out the beast and spoke to him in this wise: "Brother Wolf, you have killed men, who are made in the image of God. For this you deserve to be hanged like a criminal. But I would fain make peace with you. If you will forsake your evil appetites I promise that the men of Gubbio will hunt you no more with dogs, but will set out food for you. And now you must give me your promise." And from that day the wolf became the pet of the very children of Gubbio and never again did harm.

BUT the world was marching on heavier feet than the saint's sandaled ones, and Francis now joined in the Fifth Crusade to Egypt to preach the Word to the Saracens. That Crusade had started off magnificently. The Duke of Austria, the King of Hungary, the King of France — Saint Louis himself — the Knights Templar, the chivalry of Italy, the Venetian merchants with their ships, all were there, with the papal legate as commander in chief. But jealousies arose;

no soldier liked taking orders from a priest, and the legate's chief objective turned out to be a huge money indemnity from the Sultan. The moral hollowness of the Crusade horrified Francis. The Venetians were there only for gain, the Templars to blood their swords, the common soldiers to get booty.

So, to the rage of the Crusaders, Francis urged that the Sultan's offer of peace, with return of the Holy Land to the Christians, be accepted. But the impatient legate gave the signal for attack on August 29, 1219, and the Christians were routed.

Unarmed, barefooted, Francis led his little band of friars across the burning sands toward an enemy drunk with victory, who fell upon him with sticks and stones. He was led at last into the presence of Malik al-Kamil, Sultan of Egypt and Syria, Buckler of Allah, and Defender of the Faith, a man more terrible than 50 wolves of Gubbio.

What was there about Francis that could tame the beast in animals or men? We only know that he preached three times to the rapt and respectful infidel monarch. Perhaps when the Sultan sent Francis back unharmed to the Christian camp it was with the hope that this pious hermit would make better Christians of the Crusaders.

By permission of the Sultan, Francis was allowed to visit the Holy Sepulcher, Nazareth and Bethlehem — the only one of all the Fifth Crusaders to reach the goal. Was it at Bethlehem, I wonder, that Francis had his quaintest inspiration? For back in Assisi, at Christmastide of 1223, he had a farmer build a minia-

ture manger; he filled it with straw; he had woodcarvers make painted figures of the holy Infant and Mother, of ox and ass, of shepherds and Orient kings as swart as Kamil. Then, with papal permission, he bore it into the church and lit it with candles. So Francis raised Christmas — till then only a special High Mass — to a festival of love, with worship of the Christ Child shining like a golden candle at its heart.

On the night of Palm Sunday, in 1212, as Francis and the Brothers were at prayer, they perceived a torch borne toward them swiftly through the wood by a young girl of 18 who threw herself at the saint's feet. He recognized her as Clara, the daughter of an Assisi noble. She longed to give herself to a life of religion, but she was being forced into a worldly marriage, and she entreated Francis to hide her. To do so was to involve himself in the crime of abduction, not to mention exposing himself and the Brothers to ruinous scandal. Yet he did not hesitate. He himself cut off her hair; by virtue of authority vested in him by the Pope, he received her into his Order. Then he found her a shelter with the Benedictines, and when Clara's sister, and presently other women and girls, joined her, there was founded the Poor Clares, sister Order to the Poor Brothers of Assisi.

Meantime the number of the Poor Brothers was growing. Some of the converts clamored for a more practical way of life. Why must they tramp the roads and perform in city streets like entertainers? Why must they live in huts? Why must they accept no money for charitable pur-

poses, and why must they not become ordained priests? Why could they not accept some Rule, some code of conduct and formal charter for their organization? They insisted that Francis was too innocent to govern the Order alone.

The Church was worried, too. The Franciscans now had grown to 1200; tomorrow they might be 12,000. The only way to weed out the unworthy was to organize them, on well-tested monastic lines. Even Francis knew that something must be done, people were calling themselves Franciscans whom he had barely seen, whose hearts he could not read, whose actions he could not predict. There was nothing to do but ask the Pope to grant the Franciscans a Rule and to appoint an official adviser.

WHEN Francis made up his mind to submit, he did so as sweetly and completely as a loving child. He let the Church organize his Order, while he himself withdrew. Taking Brother Pietro by the hand, Francis proclaimed him the Father of the Order. "My health will not let me take care of you as I should," he said.

In truth he was weary. His body was worn out with ceaseless deprivation and poverty. A dread malady had seized him and strange sores had appeared on his hands and feet. They looked as though nails had been driven through the four extremities — the "stigmata," or marks of the Crucifixion, cried the awed Brothers.

Of his sufferings Francis never spoke. Instead, as he lay ill he composed a psalm. He called it his *Hymn to Creation* and he sang it blissfully

over and over; the Brothers must learn it too and stand about his bed and sing it to him. This is how it has been translated by Matthew Arnold:

O Most High Almighty, good Lord God, to Thee belong praise, glory, honor, and all blessing!

Praised be my Lord God with all His creatures; and especially our brother the sun who brings us the day, and who brings us the light; fair is he, and shining with a very great splendor: O Lord, he signifieth to us Thee!

Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for air and cloud, calms and all weather, by the which Thou upholdest life in all creatures.

Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble, and precious and clean.

Praised be my Lord for our brother fire, through whom Thou givest us light

in the darkness; and he is bright and pleasant, and very mighty and strong.

Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colors, and grass.

Praise ye, and bless ye the Lord, and give thanks unto Him, and serve Him with great humility.

And there you have the secret of Francis of Assisi — the core of his soul, the pith of his gospel. It is gratitude — gratitude for the gifts of life with all its sweet experience. Gratitude springs to any heart in moments of happiness; it welled from the heart of the saint even in agony.

On the third of October, 1226, in one of the old huts outside the leper hospital, death relieved him of his sufferings.



They Knew What They Wanted

» THE personnel manager asked the youthful ex-lieutenant what business experience he had. "None," was the reply. "I just got out of college when the war started."

"Well, what kind of job do you think you could handle?"

"Oh," breezed the applicant, "something executive. A vice-presidency, for instance."

The partner looked thoughtful. "I guess that lets us out," he answered. "You see, we have 12 vice-presidents already."

The ex-louie waved a hand nonchalantly. "Oh, that's all right," he said. "I'm not superstitious."

— John Straley in *Investment Dealers' Digest*

» A YOUNG MAN walked into an automobile showroom and saw just the streamlined model he'd like to own. "If I bought this car on the installment plan," he asked, "how long would it take me to pay for it?"

"That would depend on how much you could afford each month," replied the salesman cautiously.

"Well, I think I could manage three dollars a month."

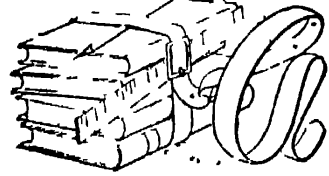
"Three dollars a month!" gasped the salesman. "At that rate, it would take 100 years."

With a look of happy anticipation, the young man replied: "So what? It's worth it!"

THOSE PRIZE BONERS

Condensed from Good Housekeeping

Arthur Stringer



MYTH is a female moth. Chivalry is what you feel when you're cold. A bust is something a lady wears. An omelet is a charm worn around the neck. A good milk cow can be told by her rudder.

These are hardy perennials in the garden of boners, flowers that grow from slips in the classroom. The child sometimes can blaze a trail straight through the clumsy jungle of adult logic. What, for example, could be more explicit than the schoolboy's definition of a skeleton as "a man with his insides out and his outside off"? Or who can challenge the practical-mindedness of the little girl who declared, in her physiology class, "The function of the stomach is to hold up petticoats"? She was sister, in spirit, to the small boy who defined the spinal column as "a long bunch of bones where the head sits on top and you sit on the bottom."

We who have struggled with the meaning of words, tracing their ancestry, must take off our hats to the youth who explained that "lunatic" came from two words — "luna," meaning the moon, and "attic," meaning top story. So a lunatic, plainly enough, is a person moony in his top story.

Perennial are the boners that cluster around the marital relation-

ship. When my own small son was asked who said, "Give me liberty or give me death," he replied without hesitation that it was Solomon — "Because the Bible says Solomon had 700 wives." This unconscious cynicism toward matrimony is reflected in a startling number of answers, like this: "Savages can have many wives but Christians only one; this is known as monotony." The same unchivalric slant appears in this definition: "Matrimony is a place where souls suffer for a time on account of their sins." This seems not unrelated to the schoolboy's definition of ambiguity: "Having two wives at the same time," or to another's statement that the chief cause of divorce in America is marriage. And we must not forget the girl who, blandly misinterpreting the preparatory rites of matrimony, duly recounted: "As she was going to be married in a few days, she was busy getting her torso ready."

Children are realists. To the question: "Who officiates when the President dies?" one pupil incontestably answered, "The undertaker."

One species of boner derives from the artifice of the pupil in side-stepping a classroom impasse. Example of this subterfuge is the answer of a boy asked to tell what he knew about Nero: "The less said about Nero the

better." Another perplexed youngster, asked what Paul Revere said at the end of his ride, substituted a knowledge of horsemanship for that of American history by announcing: "Paul Revere said, 'Whoa!'"

Sometimes the diminutive philosopher saves himself with all the

adroitness of a lawyer. To the question, "Who was the first man?" a youthful patriot answered, "Washington." "No," said the teacher, "the first man was Adam." "Oh, I suppose he was," conceded this small isolationist, "if you're goin' to take in foreigners."



Swords into Plowshares

» IF ANYTHING looked like a total loss when the Office of Civilian Defense closed shop, it was the surplus of obsolete stockinet gas masks. But a hardware dealer purchased all those the Boston office had. From the rubber hose he made bicycle handle-bar grips—an extremely scarce item. The metal cases, in which the masks were packed, were brightly painted and sold as wastebaskets. The lenses and elastic headbands became goggles, the canisters decorative powder-puff holders. What was left made toy masks for Halloween.

—Joan David in *Nation's Business*

» THE breakfast-food company sponsoring a western radio program has taken 10,000 surplus spurs off the Government's hands. Offered as premiums for box tops, they've gone over big with the young cowboys of the breakfast table.

—Joan David in *Nation's Business*; John Bird in *The Saturday Evening Post*

» A BUYER for a New York novelty store took paratroopers' snowshoes, attached legs and fitted glass tops, and made distinctive cocktail tables. GI helmets are being used as bird baths, dog feeding bowls, and hanging flowerpots. And hens are laying eggs and hatching chicks in air wardens' helmets.

—Fairfax Downey in *Liberty*

Reorientation

» ALREADY, in their own way, American soldiers are re-educating the Japs. Recently four GIs boarded a crowded Tokyo streetcar. "I think it's about time we taught these Japs something about American ways," said one. Pushing his way through to a row of seats, with appropriate gestures he ordered a Japanese passenger to stand up. The startled man did so; whereupon the GI bowed to the nearest woman and pushed her gently into the vacated seat. All four young Americans went to work delightedly repeating the performance. The women in the car, at first bewildered, quickly caught on and beamingly bowed to the Japanese males as they rose, then bowed to the GIs and took the seats. The soldiers didn't stop until they had seated every woman in the car.

—*Newsweek*

WHEN YOU COME TO

The End of a Perfect Day

Condensed from *Independent Woman*

Dorothy Walworth

IN a house called "The End of the Road," five blocks from the humming heart of Hollywood, lives a woman as softly feminine as her favorite wild rose, with a will created of fire and iron. She is as young as the sunrise she sees every morning, but she is 83 years old. Her name is Carrie Jacobs Bond.

Mrs. Bond earns more money writing songs than any other woman in this country, a position she has held unchallenged for 40 years. Several millions of copies of her songs have been sold. Her most popular numbers, "The End of a Perfect Day," "Just A-wearyin' for You" and "I Love You Truly," have ever-increasing sales.

One would expect their composer to be a sweet, sentimental old lady surrounded by hassocks and heliotrope. Nothing could be further from the truth. Carrie Jacobs Bond is a magnificent paradox. She has sugar in her system, but also plenty of salt, pepper and ginger. Tall, willowy, strikingly beautiful, she insists that her homely face has always been a trial. Her warm, impulsive heart

has not prevented her from being as shrewd and cool a businesswoman as ever walked this earth. She often says that she is lonely, but, with the telephone ringing and friends trooping in, "The End of the Road" is about as lonely as Union Station.

All her success has been achieved in spite of a constant physical frailty that would have daunted any other woman. I knew that she had been very ill this past year, so when I called to interview her I said to her housekeeper: "I don't want to tire Mrs. Bond." The housekeeper gave me a pitying look. "Mrs. Bond could make mincemeat out of 20 women like you," she said.

CARRIE JACOBS spent her childhood on a 15-acre Wisconsin farm. Her doctor father played the flute; her uncle invented a kind of guitar; her aunt wrote waltzes. Her uncanny talent appeared early. At the age of six she could play by ear anything she had once heard. She took some music lessons, but she did not see why any teacher should make her learn scales when all she had to do

was listen to a piece and then play.

When she was seven tragedy came. On washday she ran into the hired girl who was carrying a tub of scalding water. Instinctively she put her hands over her face, but the rest of her body was steam-burned. From the shock and the weeks of agony which followed, her nervous system never fully recovered. Moreover, in that same year her father died. He had been the one who believed she would go far with her music, while the rest of the family considered her an amusing oddity.

At the age of 18, impulsive, headstrong, Carrie Jacobs married E. J. Smith. And they had a son. But she divorced Mr. Smith and at 25 married Dr. Frank Lewis Bond, who had been her childhood sweetheart. He took up his medical practice in the small mining town of Iron River, Mich., where they lived for seven years.

"It was Dr. Bond," she told me, "who thought I could write songs. I played for him as I could never play for anyone else. I didn't need music lessons. We had a castle in the air, and there was music in every room." And then, starting on a round of visits one wintry night, Dr. Bond fell, hurt himself badly, and died within a week.

"All those years after Dr. Bond's death I never had tears in my eyes," Mrs. Bond told me. "But I always had tears in my voice. I think it was those tears people heard in my songs."

When all the debts had been paid there was little money left. A semi-invalid of 32, with a nine-year-old son, could not make a living in a lonely mining town. So she sold all

her possessions except her piano, moved to Chicago, and rented rooms over a restaurant. For the next six years she lived on one meal a day. When her son, Fred, was 13 he left school and got a job. Every Saturday night he put his wages under his mother's pillow. In those six years Mrs. Bond wrote 32 songs, but music publishers sent them all back saying they wouldn't sell.

One winter afternoon, when her capital consisted of \$9.87, the idea came — why should she not publish her own songs? She was tired of dragging her ill, underfed body through Chicago, trying to see publishers who did not want to see her. Why not start The Bond Shop in her own hall bedroom?

Next day she found a printer, and, since she could not afford to pay to have the song covers decorated, she painted them herself with wreaths of wild roses. Her son took the first copies out to music stores on the handle bars of a bicycle. But the music stores, not foreseeing that in a few years she would graduate to 17,000 feet of space on Michigan Boulevard, selling 400,000 songs a month, were not much interested.

"People have often asked me why I didn't give up," Mrs. Bond reminisces. "The truth is, it never occurred to me."

Around 1896 Mrs. Bond began to see that if her songs were to be heard she must put them over herself. She asked some people she knew if they would let her entertain their guests by singing her songs. Knowing her poverty, they offered to pay her \$10. She half talked, half sang her music in what she called "a composer's

voice" She was an instant success.

However, these home recitals were not enough. She hired halls for public concerts, but these were not always successful. On one occasion a woman critic wrote "Mrs. Bond is a plain angular woman who writes plain angular songs and sets them to plain angular music."

In 1900 or thereabouts she got a chance to appear in a Chicago vaudeville house. During her act, although the audience downstairs called, "Go it, lady!" there were hisses from the gallery, and she fled, weeping, into the street. But she made herself go back again and again, and finally learned how to charm vaudeville audiences.

Then Mrs. Bond got the idea of trying to interest professional singers in her songs. It took much iron fortitude to make an appointment with Jessie Bartlett Davis, at that time the prima donna of the Boston Opera Company.

"She was as kind as an angel," Mrs. Bond told me. "Maybe her heart was touched by how I looked, because I really was ill. I played seven little songs I had in manuscript. And Mrs. Davis said, 'You must have them published at once and I will sing them!'"

"I told her it would take \$500 to publish the songs," Mrs. Bond continued, "and that I had only \$250 saved up. Mrs. Davis didn't say a word but she went to her desk and made out a check for the balance."

Mrs. Bond went straight to the printer and the book called *Seven Songs* was published. In that book were "I Love You Truly" and "Just A-wearyin' for You," which in a

short time sold 1,000,000 copies each. The tide had turned. Soon other professional singers, such as Chauncey Olcott, Evan Williams, Madame Schumann-Heink and David Bispham, were singing her songs.

In 1910 Mrs. Bond was staying at the Mission Inn at Riverside, Calif., and she drove up Mount Rubidoux to see the sunset. On her return to the Inn she wrote down quickly, without change, as she has always written her poems, the words of "The End of a Perfect Day." Three months later, motoring over the Mohave Desert at night, she "heard" the music for the song.

It sold millions of copies in its first wave of popularity. Even Mrs. Bond became a bit bored with the song until in World War I she heard the soldiers singing it in camps. "I never tired of it after that," she told me. "I was glad then I had written it out some instead of being a great musician."

Success. World fame. But there was tragedy, too. There was her son. At 17 he had become a partner in The Bond Shop, and throughout his life he watched over his mother, as he had learned to do when he was small. But in 1932 in a fit of depression following a severe illness, in a room with two candles burning and "The End of a Perfect Day" playing on the phonograph, he killed himself. No wonder that "The End of the Road," filled by day with feverish life, is by night a dark house that sighs and whispers with its memories.

"Do you think what the end of a perfect day can mean to a tired heart?" So runs the song. Well, when I think what Mrs. Bond plans to do

with the next 25 years of her life I want to go off and lie down somewhere quietly. She wants to go around the world in a trailer, and also to write, direct and produce a motion picture.

Mrs. Bond puts in about 25 long-distance telephone calls a day, and when she isn't calling people, they are calling her. She feels that life is dull if nothing has happened in the last five minutes.

I asked Mrs. Bond how she composes her songs. "I just listen for them," she said. "When I hear them I write them down as fast as I can. I never change a note." She told me about the great events of her life. The night she sang on the same program with Caruso. Her friend-

ship with Sarah Bernhardt. The time she sang at the White House for President and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt. And there was the ovation a few years ago in Chicago's Soldier's Field. Mrs. Bond motored slowly down the Field while 100,000 people rose and sang "The End of a Perfect Day."

"I feel so ashamed of myself," she said. "Here it is a year and a half since my last song.* And then I had to get sick. This is the first year in my whole life that I haven't got anything to show for. Isn't that terrible?"

On such an indomitable spirit the sun indeed "goes down with a flaming ray."

*"Because of the Light."

The Kind Arm of the Law

I KNEW I had overstayed my time when I returned to my parked car. There was a momentary feeling of relief as I glanced at the windshield, but then I saw the red tag inserted between the spokes of the steering wheel. Imagine what a delightful surprise it was to read:

THE CHIEF OF POLICE OF SALEM, W. VA.

Has deposited 5¢ in the Meter rather than tag you. You want him to have his money back, so hand this card, with the amount he has paid, to him, or leave it at any place of business, and it will be returned to the Chief.

THANK YOU, AND COME BACK!

— Contributed by Clifford A. Hoien

I WAS dodging traffic at the height of Washington's evening rush hour when the air was split by an insistent police whistle. While the crowd watched, the officer headed straight for me, and shouted, "Hey, you!" He launched a scathing attack. Didn't I know that Washington had a pedestrian law? Or that red meant "stop," green meant "go"?

As I writhed with embarrassment, he added confidentially: "Look, fella, I hope you're not in a hurry. I know you out-of-towners aren't familiar with our rules, but I *have* to do this, or all these people will be sore. They'll think you're getting away with something."

— Contributed by J. M. Keavey

The War's Havoc of Our Natural Resources

Charles T. Lucey
Scripps-Howard dispatch

THE United States lost a large part of its natural resources during the war.

Between 1941 and 1945, Government experts figure, we used up oil equivalent to about one fourth of present proved petroleum reserves.

We shot away about seven percent of commercial iron ore reserves, and the finest — the fabulous Mesabi Range in Minnesota — may begin to play out in ten years.

We used nearly one fifth of our commercial copper reserves.

We used more than one fourth of our lead reserves.

We used nearly one fourth of our zinc reserves.

Men such as Elmer W. Pehrson, chief of the economics branch of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, say the days of "easy and accidental discovery" of new reserves are about over; there have been no really big strikes for many years.

The Bureau of Mines estimates natural gas reserves are available for 49 years; copper, 34; zinc, 19; petroleum, 18; gold, 14; lead, 12; silver, 11. Of tungsten, platinum, mercury, asbestos, manganese, chromite, nickel and tin, we have virtually none and have been dependent on imports for years.

Many metals in which reserves are short are tremendously important in industry. Tungsten, for example, gives hardness to steel for high-speed

cutting tools used in mass production.

The answer to strategic mineral resources, some authorities urge, is stock-piling from abroad. Nations now seeking financial aid from the United States have many strategic metals needed here.

Girls Marry by Proxy in Kansas

Sgt. James P. O'Neill
in Yank, The Army Weekly

ALTHOUGH Thomas H. Finnegan of Kansas City, Kansas, has been married 39 times, everything was legal and he has been happily married to the same woman for 21 years. For, since Kansas is one of the very few states in the Union in which people may be legally married by proxy, Finnegan takes the vows for soldiers and sailors overseas. Girls have traveled to Kansas to marry him from as far west as Los Angeles and as far east as Long Island. One bride brought along bridesmaids, friends, wedding dress, and had a reception afterward. The real Mrs. Finnegan takes it with entire good humor. "I don't mind," she says, "just so he doesn't go on the honeymoons."

Finnegan, a successful trial lawyer, got into marriage-by-proxy in February 1943, when he was head of the county bar association. He was asked by the Chicago Legal Aid Society about the Kansas marriage-by-proxy law; a Chicago girl en-

gaged to a sailor overseas said she might be married by proxy in Kansas. Finnegan discovered there was legal authority for the proxy ceremony, though few judges had ever been willing to perform it. However, when Finnegan told Probate Judge Clark E. Tucker the circumstances, the latter agreed to officiate.

Soon Finnegan was getting married on an average of twice a week. When the war ended he had 30 weddings scheduled and 60 more in the request stage.

It may please absent bridegrooms

to hear that he dresses well for the ceremony, wears a carnation in his lapel and sees to it that the bride has a bouquet. After the ceremony he invariably takes the bride to lunch. "I try to give her a little advice and a few tips I've picked up in 21 years of married life," he explains. One girl who lived near Kansas City was about to have a child when her husband was sent overseas a second time. Finnegan went to the hospital with her and paced the floor in the best expectant-father tradition.

Love Seat

There was a San Francisco park bench on Nob Hill. Lieut. John Meredith Langstaff sat there with a pert girl named Diane Guggenheim, 18. He proposed. She said yes. Before leaving the city the young couple took off their shoes, gravely lined them up beneath the bench and took a picture of it.

This October San Francisco's swank Pacific Union Club received a letter from a debarkation hospital: "Dear Sir: This may seem a strange request, but I am in earnest. I am an infantry line officer, wounded at Okinawa. I am anxious to buy one of the green benches in the little park adjoining the club. A couple of years ago I became engaged to a New York girl one evening while sitting on it. We were later married and before I went overseas I got to know a small daughter. I have always promised myself that I would try to get the bench for our garden in our New York home. I hope you understand. John Langstaff." Enclosed was a sketch of the park, an "x" designating the bench.

Since the park belongs to the city, the club's manager asked member Lewis Lapham, the mayor's son, to take the letter to the city Park Commission. The commissioners, beaming, agreed to send the bench, and even to pay the cost of shipping it themselves. It was soon on its way east to be installed in Lieutenant Langstaff's tiny yard on Manhattan's East 62nd Street. — *Time*

Addresses Wanted

» *To Digest contributors:* When you submit material for "Life in These United States" or other departments, *please* write name *and* address on contributions. This essential is too often omitted. At present, for example, payment awaits Florence Armshaw, contributor of "Motto in a Curtiss Wright war plant" used in the March 1945 Picturesque Speech department. No address was given with the contribution *or* in her letter complaining of nonpayment.

— The Editors

"Life is infinitely stranger than anything which the mind of man could invent"—Sherlock Holmes

SURPRISE ENDINGS

DRAMA IN REAL LIFE—XXV

Condensed from True

Anthony Abbot



(ONE SPRING afternoon I sat at luncheon in the house of the warden at a western prison. We were talking about the sudden epidemic, up and down the Pacific Coast, of new counterfeit bills. These imitations were really works of criminal art and where they came from was a baffling mystery.

Not until two years later was it discovered that the bills were being manufactured right in that same prison under the nose of my puzzled host, the warden.

That is the way it is with crime. The whole domain of evil deeds is like a madhouse of the preposterous and the incredible. That is why detective-story writers make up their own plots. Life is too unbelievable.

It is doubtful if the whole truth of the following case will ever be known. Back in 1921, a man known in Chicago as *Il Diavolo* had a band of young thieves for whom he planned holdups. He divided the loot evenly, then gambled with his dupes and got most of the money away from them. Yet they continued to work for him because they feared him. They even killed for him; and that was what got them into trouble.

One of them, a youth named Viana, confessed just before he went to his doom on the gallows; and as a result *Il Diavolo* himself was brought to trial and condemned to death. In prison, *Il Diavolo*, whose real name was Cardinella, went on a hunger strike. He lost nearly 50 pounds. No one suspected that this was a trick until, on the night of his execution, there came an anonymous telephone call to police headquarters. A man's voice grated:

"Cardinella's friends are going to grab his body right after the hanging and revive him. They know they can do it, because they did it before with Viana."

Quickly guards were posted, especially in the black alley behind the death house. Three minutes before midnight, when *Il Diavolo* was to swing, the hearse that was to take away the body drove into the alley. With drawn guns, the police seized the driver and opened the hearse. Inside they found a man wearing a doctor's coat and a woman in a nurse's uniform. On a cot was a rubber mattress filled with boiling hot water. There were heating pads attached to a portable electric battery, an oxygen tank, a shelf of

hypodermic syringes and a large basket filled with hot-water bottles.

So it was true. *Il Diavolo* had fasted so that he would not weigh too much when he was hanged, lessening the danger of breaking his neck. Today, Chicago's underworld still declares that Viana was actually resurrected to prove that the trick could be done. Then, because he had been a squealer, they blew out his brains and threw him into the lake.

Fiction writers, of course, do not tell such tales. Because who would believe them?

Not long ago, *The Reader's Digest* published an account of how a man was hanged and didn't die.* Incredible as it sounds, a similar miscarriage of a death sentence occurred in England.

John Lee, of the village of Babacombe, in Devon, was accused of the murder of a Mrs. Keyes, who was found hacked to death in her bed. The evidence against Lee was damning, but the prisoner repeatedly said to his guards, "I did not do it. And they can never hang me for it."

When the court sentenced him to be strung up, Lee said: "The Lord knows I am innocent. He will never permit me to be executed. He has told me not to be afraid."

On the day of execution, crowds pressed against the fence that enclosed the gallows. A dummy was hanged to test the rope. Judge Marcus Kavanagh of Chicago, who published his investigation of the case in 1932, says witnesses testified

to him that the gallows worked perfectly with the dummy. But when guards put the cap on Lee's head and pulled the lever, the trap failed to fall. A warden took the condemned man's place on the trap door. When the lever was pulled, the warden fell through and broke his leg.

Lee was returned to his cell. They tried the dummy again, and it obediently fell through the trap. Then Lee was brought back for a second attempt to hang him. Again the trap door wouldn't work.

Now the frightened sheriff telegraphed the Home Secretary for instructions. The reply came: "Proceed with the execution."

By this time, the mob outside the jail was indignant. They thought the whole thing should be called off. But the Home Secretary's orders must be obeyed. Four successful trials were made with the dummy. Then Lee was put on the trap once more, and the sheriff himself pulled the lever. He pulled it again and again. Lee fainted and was carried back to his cell — still unchanged.

On the following day, a telegram came from the Home Secretary: "The death sentence of John Lee is commuted."

And Lee? Later, his life sentence was also commuted. He came out of prison, married, and turned evangelist, preaching faith in God for the rest of his days.

We who write detective stories must be much more convincing in our manufactured tales. Perhaps fiction is really a criticism of life's implausibility; it teaches good manners to destiny.

*See "Miracle on the Gallows," *The Reader's Digest*, January, '45.

BERT GORDON says his Siamese cat is so smart it eats cheese, then retires to the cellar and waits for a mouse with baited breath.

— Jimmy Starr in *Los Angeles Herald and Express*

PEGGY RYAN, who recently returned from the South Pacific, was telling Emil Coleman that Hawaii has the same weather throughout the year. Emil wheezed: "It must be impossible to start a conversation there."

— Jimmy Starr in *Los Angeles Herald and Express*

A CERTAIN producer is well known for always belittling any suggestions from his co-workers. He was taken ill recently and left the set. Hardly had he gone when Ramsay Ames hung up a sign: "In case of fire do not call the fire department. Just call our producer and he'll throw a wet blanket on it."

REMARKING about an actress, **Judy Canova** says, "If her figure is her fortune, she hasn't got the money invested in the right places."

THE Viennese wife of screen writer **Joe Mankiewicz** was reading up on American history in preparation for her citizenship examination. When her husband asked her how far she had got, she said, "I just started reading about the Civil War. But please, don't tell me the outcome. If the South loses, I'll die."

ARTHUR MURRAY and **Groucho Marx** were discussing a certain actress. "She's her own worst enemy," Murray observed. "Not while I'm alive, she isn't," retorted Groucho icily.

THE movie industry has often been accused of nepotism. Two employes of a company were discussing this subject in general and the granduncle of a certain producer in particular. "But what does he do?" asked one.

"He sits in his office and if an avalanche should approach from the east he is supposed to rush to the boss and warn him," explained the other. "A nephew is guarding the west."

BLIND going on a vacation, **Joe Mankiewicz's** wife hired a cook to take care of her husband. A few days later Joe complained to his brother about the food he was getting. "I am not surprised," said Herman Mankiewicz. "Those Pinkerton cooks were never any good."

WHILE **Bebe Daniels** was on an overseas tour, a soldier mentioned his recently born twins, and produced a snapshot. "But there's only one!" exclaimed the actress. "What's the difference?" retorted the soldier. "They both look exactly alike!"

TALKING about a Hollywood actor, **Dennis O'Keefe** says, "That fellow certainly knows how to pick his friends — to pieces." — *Harrison Carroll, King Features*

AT A PARTY **Leslie Vincent**, watching an actress flirt conspicuously with another man to attract the attention of her ex-husband, sidled over to her and whispered, "Don't look now, but your motives are showing."

EVERYBODY in Hollywood calls everybody else "darling" or "honey." The

air is heavy with insincere compliments. But the ultimate in phoney sweetness and light comes from comedian Joe Frisco. He was sitting in his room with the door closed. There was a knock. "You never looked better in your life!" he yelled. "Come on in!"

A PANHANDLER approached Pete Smith and asked for 30 cents for a cup of coffee. Smith swears that upon being asked why he wanted 30 cents, the man replied that he needed five cents for the coffee and 25 cents for sleeping pills because coffee keeps him awake.

FROM a Hollywood column: "Marlene Dietrich will be the house guest of her husband, Rudolph Sieber."

ACTOR Billy de Wolfe never travels without his portable radio. One day he walked up to the reception desk of a Toronto hotel and inquired, "Do you have A.C. current in this hotel?"

The clerk stepped behind a partition for a few seconds, then returned to announce, "No, sir. He is not registered."

ESTELLE TAYLOR was being interviewed by a fashion writer and told her, "My dresses are always a little bit on the short side because they make me look taller. And I guess it must be this that makes men look longer."

"Do you mind if I dash, darling?" a musical comedy star said to Emil Coleman. "I'm having a dinner party for my mother. It's her 40th birthday."

"Not at all," said Coleman. "But you never told me that you and your mother were twins."

— Lowell E. Redelings in *Hollywood Citizen-News*

HOLLYWOOD director John Cromwell has a theory that successful men are likely to show resourcefulness at an early age. He tells of a wealthy man he knows who, when he was a boy, walked into a farmer's melon patch and asked the price of a fine big fruit.

"That's 40 cents," said the farmer.

"I have four cents," the boy told him.

"Well," smiled the farmer and winked at his hired hand as he pointed to a very small and very green melon, "how about that one?"

"Fine. I'll take it," the boy said quickly. "But don't cut it off the vine yet. I'll call for it in a week or so."

BON HOPE was doing a show at San Luis Obispo Hospital when a pajama-clad patient joined him at the mike and started ad-libbing. They were going great until a man in a white coat came up and took the patient back to the mental ward. Commented Hope: "What worries me is that we were having what I thought was a well-balanced conversation."

— Erskine Johnson, NLA

Shore Legs

» The passengers on the crowded day coach were trying to sleep, sprawled in all sorts of grotesque positions. But one resourceful sailor had other ideas. He stood up, removed his shoes, and unrolled his sailor's hammock. Slinging the hammock lengthwise under the baggage rack, he fastened the ends to two coat hooks far enough apart to stretch it fully. Then, bidding good night to the astounded — and envious — passengers, he climbed into his improvised bed. And there he lay comfortably, swaying gently above the heads of the others as the train rumbled on through the night. — Contributed by Sgt. Charles Capobianco



How to Stay Young

From This Week Magazine

Over General MacArthur's desk there hangs a message. It will bring you courage and faith . . .

Times War Correspondent Col. Frederick Palmer called on Douglas MacArthur at his Manila Headquarters. His most vivid memory: three frames over the General's desk. One—a portrait of Washington. One—a portrait of Lincoln. One—the framed message which you will read in part below. The General has had it in sight ever since it was given to him some years ago by John W. Lewis. It is based on a poem written by the late Samuel Ullman of Birmingham, Ala.

YOU are not a time of life—it is a state of mind; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions, a predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over love of ease.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the starlike things and thoughts; the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing childlike appetite for what next, and the joy and the game of life.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear, as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

So long as your heart receives messages of beauty, cheer, courage, grandeur and power from the earth, from man and from the Infinite, so long you are young.

When the wires are all down and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then you are grown old indeed and may God have mercy on your soul.

These aboriginal Americans stand proudly.
as a symbol of our country's spirit



THE REDWOODS:

America's Immortals

Condensed from *Frontiers* Donald Culross Peattie

TO STEP out of the brilliant California sunlight into the astounding dimness and silence of one of the mighty sequoia groves of the Pacific Coast is like entering a room — surpassingly lofty — and closing a door behind you. The sheer overwhelming vertical strength of trees that tower up 300 feet and the sense of sanctity they shed are fingers laid upon our restless pulses, bidding them be quiet.

No wonder the United Nations Conference chose Muir Woods National Monument, the grove of redwoods just across the bay from San Francisco, for a memorial service to the man who called the conference and could not be there. Walking there myself only a few days later I tried to imagine what the delegates from desert Arabia must have thought of trees so gigantic; what the Russians must have said of the history of this grove, voluntarily donated to the Government by a private citizen who might have sold it to a sawmill for a fortune. Or what the English thought of the "Redwood Empire," the thin band of forest, rarely more than 20

miles wide, stretching from San Francisco Bay to the Oregon line, that produces more timber than all the British Isles. To any observer the redwoods must bespeak the strength of our natural resources. They are the last and greatest reminder of the aboriginal abundance of this country of ours. And young as our nation is, it is represented in the sequoia, by one of the oldest of all living things.

For the redwood is incredibly resilient. Not only does it reproduce by seeds dropped from its cones, but if it is cut down or burned to the ground its roots, unless they are destroyed too, are able to reproduce the whole tree again. No other conifer regularly has this marvelous regenerative power. But a redwood, where one tree grew before, can send up a hundred shoots from buds dormant in the stump. Of these perhaps half a dozen will eliminate all the others by competition. Each of these will in turn become a tree, standing in a circle of close-ranked columns, and in time they may all become as great as the original trunk. These are not to be considered children of a parent, as would be the case if they had sprouted from seed. They are the

actual renewal of life in the same generation. Presumably were all these new trees to be felled, each might again revive. So that it is hard to see why the life stream in a redwood is not, for all our human, mayfly purposes, eternal!

A given individual trunk of redwood may have a life span of anywhere from 400 to 1300 years. But the redwood groves have been standing for at least a million years, survivors from an earlier geologic age. When you walk between the great ruddy columns where the sun sends down shafts of holy light in long smoky beams, and you tread the soundless carpet of needles that has been piling up through the centuries, you are stepping back into the scenery of the remote past. More humbling still is the thought that these trees will be standing when you and your children and their children are dust. Then strangers will come after you to walk where you walk, and gaze up in awe at the towering boles, and stop to listen as you do to the sigh of the great canopy as the sea-wind moves rememberingly among the boughs. Even a man, with all his self-esteem, cannot nod his head at a redwood and say, "I am greater than that."

The age of a redwood can be determined only by cutting it down and counting the concentric rings — one for every year of growth — in the stump. One tree recently felled for its timber was found to tally just short of 2000 years; and no one knows how much longer this titan might have gone on living. Those rings told a story of drought years when the tree grew scarcely at all,

of lush years when it added wide rings, of great fires that seared it, centuries ago. When it was a mere child of a tree, Christ was born in Judea. Those were years of swift growth, for no other valuable timber tree grows so fast as a redwood in the first hundred years.

By the year 58 A.D., when Saint Paul was thrown into prison, this tree was a young giant, some 60 years old and probably more than 60 feet high. When Rome fell it was perhaps 150 feet tall and ten feet thick at the height of a man's chest. By the time William the Conqueror fought at Hastings, in 1066, our redwood was a monarch of the forest; and by the time Anglo-Saxons were signing the Magna Charta, in 1215, it was a soaring bole clean of limbs for over 100 feet and raking the very sea fogs 250 feet overhead. And still our tree was growing, though ever so slowly now, when the Russians came to the California coast and built in 1812 a fort of redwood lumber — still standing 90 miles north of San Francisco.

When the gold rush set the first Yankee loggers to swinging their puny axes at boles ten and 12 feet in diameter, our particular redwood was probably over 300 feet high. This was the absolute limit once set by certain English skeptics, who asserted that we Yankees were up to our old tricks of exaggeration; no tree, they insisted, could top 300 feet without falling; the laws of physics were supposed to make it impossible. Unconscious of this, our tree still soared toward the stars — until one day a gasoline dragsaw was brought up to its base; in an hour the growth

of 19 centuries toppled, with a crash like an earthquake, setting cups and saucers to dancing in the logging camp four miles away.

There are perhaps 300,000 board feet of lumber in such a tree — enough to build 20 five-room bungalows. And the redwoods are the densest stand of merchantable timber in the world. No other tree produces boards of such clean length; no other is more easily worked by the plane, or takes a higher polish. Very light, it is strong in proportion to its weight. Preserved from decay by the tannin in it, the wood is almost eternal in contact with soil and water; so it makes the best fence posts and wharf piles of the Pacific Coast. It is nearly immune from attack by termites.

The first railroads in California were laid on redwood ties. Pioneer babies were rocked in redwood cradles. Today the famous wines of the Golden State are kept in redwood vats because the wood imparts no flavor of its own to spoil the vintage. Redwood has built many of the towns of California, and the room where I write these words is paneled and beamed with redwood left in its beautiful natural color.

With all these uses for this marvelous lumber it is no wonder that sawmills whine for it, eating ever deeper into the last virgin stands. Not one tenth of the Redwood Empire belongs now to the people of the United States. All the rest is in private hands. Under the Homestead Act, Uncle Sam practically gave away this imperial domain; many homesteaders sold out to lumber companies.

Not till 40 years ago did the public begin to rouse itself. Led by the

Save-the-Redwoods League, people all over the country united to buy back, acre by acre, those groves which it would take a thousand years to replace in all their majesty. It is moving to reflect that these incomparable titans still stand only because individuals in far-off places — Massachusetts, Georgia, Illinois — did their bit to preserve them. Yet most of them had never seen these forest kings and, presumably, would never see them. It was enough for them that the dollar or the hundred dollars they gave should insure that, far on the other side of the continent, these trees might continue their godlike existence for ages to come.

Some of the groves were saved from the sawmill by garden clubs, some by the American Legion, the Elks and other fraternal, patriotic and women's organizations. One, the Children's Grove, is still being enlarged by the parents of little children who have died; it is dedicated to the enjoyment of young visitors and kept as their fairy-tale wood, where the deer and the squirrel come trustingly to small outheld hands.

Now, in the last great redwood stand almost at the Oregon line, the National Tribute Grove will be set aside as fast as funds can be raised to purchase it. Sponsored by the Garden Clubs of America, the Save-the-Redwoods League, the American Forestry Association and the California State Park Commission, this grove will be a memorial to the American dead of World War II. It will express to all eternity the living gratitude of this nation, and express it in serene beauty which can never be less fair than it is today.

Last April and May The Reader's Digest condensed from *Cosmopolitan* two articles that shocked the country by telling the ugly truth about conditions in our Veterans' Hospitals. Here is a new and happier report on the situation

General Bradley Cleans Up the Veterans' Hospitals



Condensed from *Cosmopolitan* Albert Q. Marsel

NO MAN in America has a tougher job than General Omar Bradley, the new Administrator of Veterans' Affairs. He accepted the task reluctantly, at the President's insistence. He has a long row to hoe before the demoralized Veterans' Administration will be converted into the first-class service that the country always intended it to be.

But already, in his first months on the job, Bradley and his principal assistants have proved that they know where they are going and how to get there. The 95 hospitals — and all the other services of the Veterans' Administration — are being overhauled and modernized. I have seen their plans. I have seen the way they are cutting through red tape and getting down to essentials. And I am convinced that the veterans can rely upon these men to end the existing abuses promptly.

In Europe we knew General Bradley* as a man who had a knack for getting to the heart of a situation. Sometimes he was criticized as "slow

* See "Doughboy's General," The Reader's Digest, July, '44.

moving." But, once he had his facts lined up, he came through with a solution that covered the whole problem like a tent.

Bradley is working the same way now. "Our setup" he told me, "is directed toward correcting things as fast as we make sure they're wrong. That's why I've brought in a special advisory staff, men with a fresh viewpoint, who haven't been in the Veterans' Administration before. I've got General Paul R. Hawley as my chief medical adviser and General H. B. Lewis as my chief administrative adviser. They fly without notice to our hospitals and offices. And they have authority to order corrections on the spot."

Bradley's direct approach is typified by his contempt for the word "facility," as used in the old administration. There were no "hospitals"; they were all "facilities." But Bradley says, "I never want to hear that word again. These places are *hospitals* . . . and they're going to be located as *hospitals* and run as *hospitals*."

Recalling many isolated "facilities" built out on the edge of nowhere,

I asked the General about his plans for locating new hospitals. "Under the law," he answered, "new hospitals must be located according to veteran population in the various states. But from now on, we will build them near large medical centers in large towns, not 15 or 20 miles out in the country. They must also be near railroad and highway centers, because we want the patients to have all the visitors they can get; it's the best possible medicine for them. Pressure from local groups, political or otherwise, isn't going to make us change that rule.

"Take these regional offices," he added. "They were moved into the hospitals as an economy measure around 1932. But they have no business cluttering up a hospital. They're record and business offices. We're moving them to downtown office buildings where people can get at them easily. And we're gaining a lot of space in the hospitals by moving them out."

I found the same evidences of direct and decisive action in my interviews with Bradley's Administrative Adviser, Brigadier General H. B. Lewis. "Monk" Lewis was Bradley's Chief of Staff in the European Theater, responsible for much of the detailed planning and organization. He is working just as quietly and just as effectively in his new job. Most of his work will take months to come to fruition. But he has not let the excuse of "long-term planning" serve to bar immediate reforms. Things that are clearly wrong are being corrected — out of hand.

In previous articles, I disclosed how private concessionaires were

operating unsanitary canteens in tuberculosis hospitals, endangering the health of both patients and visitors. I showed how these men had been permitted to take fees for cashing Government checks. Thousands of letters, from patients and ex-patients, confirmed my charges.

Yet the old administration still did virtually nothing to clean it up. True, a few concessionaires were removed — only to be replaced by others. But what happened when General Bradley took the reins?

Thirteen days after Bradley assumed office, General Lewis was able to tell me: "We are going to have a Special Services organization to run these canteens and stores. It will cash checks just like Army Post Exchanges, without fee."

This Special Services Division will operate and control other previously inadequate services in these scattered hospitals. It will provide movies and stage shows. It can insure adequate facilities for the patients' visitors. It can expand the athletic programs and institute vocational-training and educational programs that will hasten the rehabilitation of convalescent patients.

When General Lewis took office, I sent him a memorandum citing the difficulties that arose when a patient had a bed awaiting him in a hospital but could not get train accommodations. In one documented instance, a full month passed while a hemorrhaging tubercular wasted away without hospitalization. In another case, a man died on the train after waiting for weeks for passage.

Five days after I sent my memorandum, I had another interview

with General Lewis. "The transportation officials in the War Department," he reported, "are now working on a way of getting the Veterans' Administration included in their priorities pool. The railroads, too, are working up a priority plan. We can eliminate this situation quickly."

There, in a nutshell, you have the difference between the old administration and the new.

No phase of the work of the Veterans' Administration in the past has been more widely criticized than its medical services. Here again the job of reform is in sturdy hands. General Bradley's Chief Medical Adviser, Major General Paul R. Hawley, performed with great distinction as head of Army medicine in the European Theater. His reputation as a physician and as a medical administrator is of the highest order.

Hawley and Bradley recognize that they must make a clean break with the past. For only major improvements in the quality of the medical personnel can take the Veterans' Hospitals out of the rut of third-rate practice in which they have wallowed for a decade or more.

The Veterans' Hospitals have never been able to win a high enough rating from medical schools and boards of medical specialists to qualify them to train interns and resident physicians. Their staffs were not of a caliber to carry on such training. Yet, without residencies and internships, they could never attract many physicians of the highest ability.

Now General Hawley is getting the cooperation of leading medical organizations to break this vicious circle. Medical schools and large

medical centers are being asked to supervise the training of their own graduates in Veterans' Hospitals. In the larger centers, hospitals will be affiliated to local medical schools for that purpose. Approval of internships and residencies, on a wide scale, is being sought of the American Medical Association.

I asked whether any steps were being taken to raise the standards of treatment in the special hospitals for tuberculous and mental patients, where all investigators found the very worst conditions. "We are pledged," Hawley replied, "to bring these standards of treatment up to a point where they will be acceptable to the American Psychiatric Association and the National Tuberculosis Association."

Under the old setup, patients' complaints about hospital conditions either went unheard or were condemned as "chronic grumbling." I asked General Hawley what he intended to do about this. How could he keep abreast of conditions in nearly a hundred scattered hospitals? His answer was to cite his policy in the ETO. "There we had an independent service go into the hospitals and take polls of the patients' reactions to their care and treatment. In medicine, the way the patient feels about his treatment is often as important as the treatment itself. If any basic policy was wrong, we found it out quickly. I want to keep a finger on the patient's pulse all the time."

I asked about the overwhelming paper-work burden under which the doctors labored in every hospital I had visited. "Every ward officer should have a full-time or a part-

time medical secretary," General Hawley said, "to relieve him of all his clerical work. That alone would be like getting several hundred new doctors all at once. We're going to have to change the civil-service ratings to make it worth while for people to qualify for these jobs."

Some of the changes that are long overdue in the Veterans' Hospitals will require new acts of Congress. One law, for example, deprives any veteran who has no dependents of the major portion of his disability compensation as long as he is in a hospital. Its effect, particularly among tuberculous patients, has been to put a premium on leaving the hospitals, against medical advice, before they have been cured. A bill will soon be presented in Congress that will allow a veteran to draw up to \$500 in "deferred compensation" when he leaves the hospital, provided he has achieved a cure and is discharged "with medical approval."

Under the old guard, the Veterans' Administration jealously held on to all its tuberculous patients although wards and even entire floors were

available in first-rate state and county sanatoria. But when I asked General Hawley whether the Administration was prepared to relieve overcrowding by using these sanatoria his answer was, "Definitely yes. Negotiations with several hospitals are already under way."

Most impressive of all is the frankness of the entire "team" from Bradley on down. None of them evades an issue or avoids a problem. The days of buck-passing and inertia, of incompetence and insolence are over in the Veterans' Hospitals. In its place are coming new policies, new techniques, new approaches.

But building new hospitals, cutting red tape, providing competent doctors and nurses, insuring good food--all these are not the most important things Bradley is doing. Above all, he is bringing back to the Veterans' Administration human sympathy and understanding. At long last, 15 million veterans—and especially the sick and broken among them—will cease to be treated as "cases" or "numbers." From now on, they'll be treated as honored men and women.



Straining the Bonds

» In Los Angeles, a woman divorced her husband, whose custom it was to leave her at a cheap movie while he went on to a more expensive one.

» A West Coast woman is seeking a divorce from her husband because he wears ear plugs every time her mother visits them. — *Parade*

» A woman sued her husband for divorce, charging he sold the kitchen stove to get money with which to buy drinks. The man admitted the charge, but asked for leniency on the ground that his wife was such a poor housekeeper she didn't miss the stove for two weeks. — *Vista (Calif.) Press*

How Santa Claus

Came to America

Condensed from Collier's
Beverly Kelley and Don Lang

IN CHRISTMAS EVE the children of the Chapel of the Intercession, in New York City, make a pilgrimage with candles across the street to the grave of Clement Clarke Moore, D.D. It is not because Dr. Moore was a benefactor of General Theological Seminary; not because of the ponderous Hebrew lexicon that he wrote. It is because of a little set of verses he dashed off in an hour of Yuletide inspiration on December 24, 1822, a set of verses that brought Santa Claus to America.

These magic lines, which every child knows, were not copyrighted and never brought Moore a penny. He almost lost out on the accompanying fame, too, for 22 years went by before he consented to have his name signed to what he considered merely a bit of unscholarly fun.

On that snowy day before Christmas in 1822, Dr. Moore had been shopping for a turkey to complete a gift basket for a poor family of his parish. As dusk settled he encountered his crony, old Jan Duyckinck, chubby, jolly and Dutch, with rosy dimpled cheeks and a luxuriant white beard from which protruded a stump of a pipe and a wreath of smoke.

For years Duyckinck had fascinated Moore with legends of Saint Nicholas, a bishop of the early Christian church and patron saint of all good Dutch children. This Christmas Eve Moore listened again to the tales of the miraculous powers of Santa Claus — as the Dutch youngsters called him — and of his love for children whose good deeds he rewarded with gifts at Christmas.

It was dark when Moore headed home into the raw cold wind from the Hudson. Stimulated by the old Dutchman's yarns, his imagination saw racing across the starlit sky a miniature sleigh heaped with toys and drawn by eight tiny reindeer. The driver, a fat, ruddy-faced old fellow, that Moore knew instantly must be Saint Nick, curled his long whip over the reindeer and shouted their names into the north wind:

*Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer
and Vixen!*

*On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donder and
Blitzen!*

A swirl of snow obscured the vision. Moore hurried home while thoughts of Christmas, of his children,

of Jan Duyckinck's Saint Nicholas danced in his head. He went straight to his study. Unaware that he was dipping his quill pen in immortality, he started to write:

*'Twas the night before Christmas when all
through the house*

*Not a creature was stirring, not even a
mouse. . . .*

And in the description of the driver of the sleigh, old Jan Duyckinck became the poetic incarnation of Santa Claus.

That night the house rang with laughter of children as Dr. Moore read the verses to his family. Then he stuffed the poem away in his desk. But the children remembered it long after Christmas Eve, and the follow-

ing summer when a relative came visiting from upstate it was pulled from its dusty pigeonhole and read again. The delighted guest gave a copy of it to the Troy (N. Y.) *Sentinel*, and on December 23, 1823, Santa Claus — previously little known and uncelebrated in this country — made his public debut. The verses appeared unsigned; the editor furnished the title, "A Visit from Saint Nicholas."

The simple poem captured the imagination of children and grown-ups alike and there came an avalanche of requests for permission to reprint it. And ever since, by countless firesides on Christmas Eve, its enchanted words weave their magic as fathers and mothers read the beloved fantasy to excited children.

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Tongue Twisters Are Fun

If You Repeat Them Three Times Rapidly!

By Charles Francis Potter

WHEN I asked the readers of my tongue twisters in the November 1944 Reader's Digest to send me any others they might know, I underestimated the popularity of these tricky sentences. From all over America, and from service men and women throughout the world, I received more than 13,000 of them. Many were different versions of the same tongue trippers.

I used to regard these oral tricks merely as a childish pastime of my boyhood, which our elders permitted because tongue twisters were supposed to teach us to speak carefully, evidently, however, they are deep-rooted in American folklore, and perform many more functions than I had suspected.

A Metropolitan Opera singer wrote me that twisters are a part of her daily practice grind. Another correspondent asserts that aspirants for the stage are often required to say

*Three gray geese in the green grass
grazing. gray were the geese and
green was the grazing. •*

Radio announcers, I am told, are often required to recite difficult twisters as tests, for instance

11 *The seething sea ceaseth and thus the
seething sea sufficeth us.*

A Detroit woman claims that she was cured of teen-age stammering by practicing

The sun shines on shop signs.

To make her mouth small, a Waynesville, Ohio, woman was told when a little girl to purse her lips and say

*Fanny Finch fried five floundering
fish for Francis Fowler's father.*

Lisping is one of the speech difficulties which tongue twisters are alleged to have cured, and one correspondent credits "She sells sea shells" with having turned the trick. I wonder if he can lispllessly say.

The sixth sheik's sixth sheep's sick.

A young woman writes that her dentist father makes patients with new plates practice on

*Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,
With barest wrists and stoutest boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the posts
And still insists he sees the ghosts.*

In the West and South a favorite is the lugubrious "Black bug's blood" which has a variant.

*A big black bug bit a big black bear,
made a big black bear bleed blood. •*

Here is a difficult old English tongue muddler

*She stood at the door of Burgess's fish-
sauce shop welcoming him in.*

From Ottawa comes a variation:

*She stood on the balcony, inexplicably
mimicking him hiccuping, and ami-
cably welcoming him in.*

Try this delightful dialogue between the duchess and the tinker:

Are you copperbottoming 'em, my man? No'm, I'm aluminiuming 'em, mum.

Here are some of the best of the older tongue twisters. *You have mastered none until you have repeated it three times rapidly and correctly.*

Truly rural.

Sixty-six sick chicks.

Strange strategic statistics.

Tie twine to three tree twigs.

Three new blue beans in a new-blown bladder.

The old cold scold sold a school coal scuttle.

Six long slim slick slender saplings.

New twisters are constantly appearing, either accidentally or by deliberate creation — the following, for example:

Preshrunk shirts.

Double bubble gum bubbles double.

A bloke's back brake block broke.

Shy Sarah saw six Swiss wrist watches.

Does this shop stock short socks with spots?

And now, if your tang is so tangled that you cannot stalk trait, perhaps it is time for you to lumber it up with three doses of old-fashioned:

Lemon liniment.



That Floored Him

» AN AMERICAN architect in Shanghai showed a Chinese contractor a picture of the Empire State Building — tallest building in the world — and jokingly asked him how he would like to have a contract to put up a building like that.

"What a chance!" said the contractor, who also had a sense of humor. "What a chance! I could leave out a whole floor and no one would know the difference."

— W. OTTON TEWSON in "An Atomic Salt-Shaker"

Crisis in the Station

» FOUR-YEAR-OLD Judy sat stiffly on a railroad station bench in her best Sunday dress. She kept her hands folded tightly on her lap and her eyes straight ahead, strangely quiet.

"Isn't it a pity," her mother whispered to me, "that she won't remember him? It's just one of those things that war does," she sighed, "making strangers of so many fathers."

"Don't worry," I tried to reassure her. "Bud will understand."

The train rumbled in, the gates opened, and Bud came, tanned and grinning. He whooped when he saw us. Before we knew what was happening, Judy was on her feet — a pink-and-white blur as she raced to her father's arms. She got a strangle hold round his neck, then pulled back and gave him the most radiant, worshipful look I've ever seen, as she said, "Why, daddy, you *did* remember me, didn't you?"

— NELSON VALJEAN in *The Saturday Evening Post*

The inside story of those broadcasts by a naval officer which played such an important role in the Japanese surrender



Eighteen Words That Bagged Japan

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

Captain E. M. Zacharias, USN

EIGHTEEN Japanese words broadcast by an American spokesman are now conceded by the Nipponese to have had a vital — perhaps decisive — role in ending the war. On July 21, 1945, in one of my regular weekly talks over the Pacific transmitters of the Office of War Information, I said “*Shokun ga go-zonji no tori, Taiseijo Seiyaku oyobi Cairo Fukoku wa Bei seisaku no kongen to natte orimasu*.” The official English translation reads “As you know, the Atlantic Charter and the Cairo Declaration are the sources of American policy.”

These words spelled out the message which the Japanese Government was anxiously awaiting. We had definite information from inside Japan that since early 1945 a powerful group of Japanese leaders discussed in almost daily meetings the ways and means by which Japan could best extricate herself from a war which they all regarded as inevitably lost. What prevented them from suing for peace was their uncertainty on two scores. First, they wanted to know the meaning of “unconditional surrender” and the

fate we planned for Japan after defeat. Second, they tried to obtain from us assurances that the Emperor could remain on the throne. As long as there was doubt on these issues, they decided to support Premier Koiso's efforts to prolong the war.

What, then, made the Japanese first defeat-conscious and eventually surrender-conscious?

From the moment of Pearl Harbor I began to wonder if there wasn't some method by which we could bring about the cessation of hostilities without invading the Japanese home islands. In 1942, as Deputy Director of Naval Intelligence in Washington, I established a special branch in the Navy Department to study the methods of psychological warfare by which the surrender of Japan could eventually be effected.

Psychological warfare cannot win wars, but it did play an outstanding role in bringing about the surrender of Japan after her defeat.

The moment to start our campaign seemed to have arrived with the invasion of the Philippines in October 1944. Several groups working independently drafted plans to intensify

our political warfare together with our military and naval offensives. There was, however, no coördinated effort. Voices were loud in the United States that Japan would never surrender. An official OWI release estimated that the defeat of Japan would require a minimum of 18 months after V-E Day.

Such prognostications were justified on the basis of the military factors involved. My long association with the Japanese had convinced me, however, that the psychological factors outweighed all other considerations. I remembered September 1, 1923, the day I gained my first real insight into Japanese psychology in times of stress. On that day in Yokohama I experienced the great Japanese earthquake. I suddenly realized that their greatest weakness was their inherent psychic inertia in the face of disaster. The cabinet had fallen two days previously, the government was not functioning. There was no authority to take action or issue orders, and without orders from above, nothing is undertaken in Japan. As I watched this stupor which for ten days held every individual Japanese in its grip, I was convinced that this would be the pattern of Japanese behavior in a supreme crisis of war.

AFTER the capture of Saipan and Iwo Jima, information reaching us from Japan indicated the imminent fall of General Koiso's cabinet and his replacement by a Premier close to the Emperor. This prediction was borne out in April 1945 by the appointment of Admiral Suzuki as

Premier. During the last ten years Suzuki consistently opposed the military hotheads and had become one of the most influential persons behind the throne. It was evident that the peace party was in ascendance and needed support.

Forewarned as we were, we had a specific plan ready to provide Suzuki with arguments and guidance. Assisting me in the campaign and working in a restricted area in a converted garage building in Washington, D. C., was a small unit of the U. S. Navy composed of six experts, each a specialist in his own field. One was a psychologist; another a sociologist; a third an economist and military historian; the fourth a brilliant linguist; the fifth a student of psychological warfare; and the sixth a newspaperman.

Our mission was to weaken the will of the Japanese High Command and bring about unconditional surrender as an alternative to complete annihilation, and also to explain the meaning of unconditional surrender. The campaign centered in a series of broadcasts which I was to address to the Japanese Government and High Command; and it needed only 14 broadcasts over a period of a little more than three months to accomplish the basic mission.

I first went on the air on V-E Day, May 8, 1945, with a broadcast built around President Truman's terse definition of our unconditional surrender formula. My talk was addressed to "responsible and thinking Japanese." I recalled to a number of highly placed Japanese officials — including Premier Suzuki himself — the intimate contacts I had had with

ON OKINAWA, before the surrender of Japan, some Japanese prisoners were required to listen to a recorded talk in their language. At its conclusion they were asked: "Who do you think that was?" Nearly all guessed: "A well-educated Japanese."

The recording was actually the voice of Captain Ellis M. Zacharias, USN, until recently one of the Navy's best-known cruiser and battleship commanders. He is a tall, soft-voiced man who looks at least 15 years younger than his 55.

While serving as an ensign on the battleship *Virginia*, Zacharias had met F. F. Rogers, the first officer sent by the Navy to Japan to study the language. Rogers interested Zacharias in all things Japanese.

Assigned to the American embassy in Tokyo after World War I, Zacharias perfected his knowledge of the language, and got to know many Japanese officers. That is why he was able to say in his first broadcast, "I was chosen to interpret for you the true meaning of events now shaping up because for 20 years I have always acted as a friend of the Japanese people. Admiral Yonai will recall our many conversations. Admiral Nomura will remember our frank discussions, which Admiral Nagano attended. Generals Matsumoto, Washizu, Teramoto and Hirota will remember my frequent advice."

After listening to Zacharias' broadcasts one Japanese officer prisoner on Okinawa said, "Taisa Zachariasu sounds like our conscience."

—Bill Davidson in *Collier's*

them in time of peace. I also mentioned Prince and Princess Takamatsu and recalled that I accompanied them as their aide during their tour in the United States in 1931.

Twenty-four hours later there were several indirect indications of the broadcast's reception in Japan. A Tokyo news flash stated, "Prince Takamatsu has been designated as a proxy for the Emperor to visit the shrine of the Imperial ancestors at Ise." This sudden emergence of the Emperor's younger brother from obscurity was the Japanese way of informing me that my message was understood. In later flashes from China and Manchuria came oblique references to my talks, seeking clarification or trying to discredit me.

Then on the 19th day of the campaign, the first direct reply came

from Tokyo. It was an answer to my Broadcast No. 4 in which I discussed certain leaders who had brought Japan to the brink of disaster. I named names. I said: "Now the Japanese people can evaluate fully the political leadership which maneuvered their country into their ill-fated alliance with Germany."

The answer was delivered by Dr. Isamu Inouye, Vice Chief of the Information Section in the Japanese Home Ministry. He had been chosen to "discuss" unconditional surrender with me on their air because he claimed to know me personally. When we received the full text of Inouye's cagily worded reply in my office, we analyzed it to determine his objective. We obtained from the FCC monitoring station on the West Coast the Japanese text of Inouye's

address. When both the original and the English translation were scrutinized, we found that Inouye's message abounded in transparent statements. "Japan would be ready to discuss peace terms," he said, "provided there were certain changes in the unconditional surrender formula. We would like mutually to join hands in constructing an international machinery which will strive toward world peace and the good of humanity." This line we interpreted as the message of the whole broadcast. And he proposed to start "peace negotiations" on our level, for in conclusion he stated: "I would like to know what Zacharias thinks of these words from Japan."

THE Japanese text of the Inouye broadcast revealed a significant side-light lost in the English translation. He addressed me as Zacharias *kun*. Previous references had been to Zacharias *Tansa*, or Captain. Literally translated, *kun* means "my good friend" and is used by Japanese only between close friends or intimates. Its injection here was an appeal full of meaning.

Other Japanese broadcasters quoted from my talks, indicating that my words were being disseminated in Japan. We knew that every important American broadcast was printed in a daily digest for about 500 Japanese political, industrial and military leaders who held the power of decision. Copies were supplied to the Imperial Palace, and thus we expected to reach the Emperor's own circle.

We did not leave the average

Japanese out of our calculations. By retransmitting from Saipan on the regular Radio Tokyo broadcast band, we permitted the Japanese people to eavesdrop on our conversations. We also reprinted parts of my talks in millions of leaflets dropped over Japan. The talks were headlined in General MacArthur's *Rakusan News*, a Japanese-language newspaper which his planes "mailed" to Japanese territories. We hoped thus to arouse the public to put pressure on the Suzuki government.

The plot revolving around peace or war thickened within Japan. Admiral Suzuki masterminded the schemes of the peace party, but younger men, like Navy Minister Admiral Yonai, did the actual plotting. The Japanese navy emerged as the driving force behind the peace movement, and we did everything to drive deeper the wedge between the two branches of the armed forces. Opposed to the navy group was a clique of die-hard officers within the army, led by ex-Premier Hideki Tojo himself from his nominal retirement. We knew that the army clique was plotting a *coup d'état*, but we also recognized that conditions within Japan no longer favored such a coup.

On the day when Okinawa was declared secured by our forces, the Suzuki cabinet was badly shaken. It could no longer conceal from the people that invasion of the Japanese main islands was the next Allied move. In a last desperate effort Suzuki asked the Soviet Government to mediate in the conflict. The Soviets forwarded Suzuki's plea to Washington, but did not reply to the Japanese premier.

It was no longer a material consideration, such as the retention of Manchuria, which prevented Suzuki from accepting our terms. The only doubt which still forestalled a decision was the future status of the Emperor. Suzuki called an extraordinary session of the Japanese Diet for June 8, to which he delivered a speech addressed to us rather than to the members of the Diet, to obtain clarification of this last issue.

Our problem now was to reassure Suzuki that there was no decision to destroy what he ambiguously described as the "national structure" of Japan. This time our answer was not confined to a broadcast. Instead, we selected a method as devious as those chosen by the Japanese. We decided to send an anonymous letter to a reputable American newspaper, and to bring this letter to Suzuki's attention as quickly as possible. The *Washington Post* was selected and, with the full coöperation of the editors, the letter was printed on July 21. This was the concluding passage:

If, as Admiral Suzuki revealed in the Diet, the chief concern of the Japanese is over Japan's future national structure (*kokutai*), including the Emperor's status after surrender, the way to find out is to ask. Contrary to a widespread belief, such a question can be answered quickly and satisfactorily to all those who are concerned over the future peace of the Orient and the world.

The letter was reprinted in many U. S. dailies, and attracted considerable attention. We felt certain

that it would be picked up by the Japanese listening posts in Washington, and forwarded to Japan through neutral countries. It was.

Simultaneously another broadcast was prepared on the highest diplomatic level, bordering on but not touching matters of policy. We worked on the script day and night for almost a week, drafting and redrafting it, weighing every word with the greatest care. When at last I went to the broadcasting studio of the Department of the Interior, where I made my recordings, I had the 14th draft of it in my pocket.

For this broadcast No. 12 I was introduced as "an official spokesman of the United States Government." But the Japanese indicated doubt as to my true authority. Did my statements carry higher endorsement? With the release of the text to the press we hoped to dispel their doubts. The news of this broadcast broke on July 21 and the evening papers were the first to feature it. "U. S. Warns Japan to Quit Now, Escape Virtual Destruction," headlined the *Washington Post*, and next morning the *New York Times* reprinted the whole broadcast.

The broadcast reiterated the theme of my letter to the *Post*: "The leaders of Japan face two alternatives. One is the virtual destruction of Japan followed by a dictated peace. The other is unconditional surrender with its attendant benefits as laid down by the Atlantic Charter."

We did not have to wait long for the Japanese answer. It was delivered at 12:15 a. m. on July 24 by another

Inouye — Dr. Kiyoshi Inouye this time, one of Japan's outstanding authorities on international relations and a former professor at the University of Southern California.

The message entrusted to him was of momentous importance. In effect, he was to indicate Japan's willingness to surrender unconditionally if Japan was assured that the Atlantic Charter would apply to her. He stated: "Should America show any sincerity of putting into practice what she preaches, as for instance in the Atlantic Charter, excepting its punitive clause, the Japanese military would automatically if not willingly follow in the stopping of the conflict. Then and then only will sabers cease to rattle both in the East and the West."

In retrospect, the Inouye broadcast of July 24 must be accepted as of great historical significance. Here was conclusive evidence of Japanese decision to terminate the war on the basis of the terms outlined in my series of broadcasts. The Japanese answer was delivered two days prior to the Potsdam Declaration, 13 days before the first atomic bomb was dropped on Japan, and more than two weeks before the Soviet's entry into the war. *Japan was readied for surrender.* To reap our harvest we had only to shake her, like a tree full of ripe apples.

The Potsdam Declaration reiterated the tenets voiced in my talks. By the time my last broadcast went on the air on August 5, there was no longer any need for psychological warfare. The B-29 of Colonel Tibbetts, with its precious cargo in the bomb bay, was flying toward Hiro-

shima as the Japanese monitors in Tokyo were taking down my words. The columns of the Red Army were deployed to cross the Manchurian border. Japan's life as a belligerent was counted in days rather than weeks. Our work was finished. The next move was Japan's.

It came in the form of a dramatic broadcast from Tokyo on August 11, reporting the message the Imperial Government had submitted to the Swiss and Swedish Governments, for transmission to the Allies. The message accepted the terms of the Potsdam Declaration, with the significant proviso that the Potsdam Declaration "does not compromise any demand which prejudices the prerogatives of His Majesty as Sovereign Ruler." It was a tacit answer to my anonymous suggestion in the *Washington Post*, that the best way to find out about the Emperor's future status was to ask.

The rest is history. In the great drama of the Pacific war, psychological warfare had fulfilled its appointed task. It was successful because it was sincere and because it was based on a careful analysis of the military situation, and on the accurate information supplied even from inside Japan by our extremely efficient intelligence services.

The success of the campaign opens up new vistas for this type of warfare. Psychological warfare has been called "the war between the wars." The Germans used it to the utmost when the Versailles Treaty stripped them of all material means of aggression. I have no doubt that Japan plans a comeback by the same means. We will have to be on guard.

The fascinating versatility of helium gas —
a monopoly of the U. S.

THE GAS YOU WILL HEAR MORE ABOUT

Condensed from Scientific American

Lewis Nordyke

MENTION of helium makes most of us think of something with which to blow up balloons and blimps. But this rare gas, an exclusive product of the United States because it has been found in important quantity only in the natural gas of some of our mid-continent fields, has proved to be a precious possession with increasing numbers of vital war, industrial and medical uses. The importance of the fact that we had helium and knew how to use it as a war material cannot be exaggerated.

Helium is the one thing German scientists didn't have. Germany begged for it in 1937 after the *Hindenburg* exploded and burned over Lakehurst, N. J., arguing that the non-explosive gas was needed for her commercial lighter-than-air craft. Secretary Ickes decided Germany might want the gas for military use, and refused to approve its export.

Not long after German submarine packs started blasting our shipping, the Navy was able to send out fleets of helium-filled blimps to protect it. The gas lifts observation balloons for the U. S. Weather Bureau and proved of tremendous value to military weather men.

Scientists refer to helium as our mightiest nothing. This is because it is tasteless, odorless, colorless, non-inflammable, nonexplosive and non-poisonous. It is only one seventh the weight of air and steals into places where few other things can go, but it is so aloof it won't become a part of other elements, and it can't be broken down. Helium, often found with natural gas, cannot be made from anything; it is completely individualistic.

Its "non-everything" properties are what make it great; it is indestructible and can be used under any conditions because it leaves no after-effect in the human body or in the snorting hot nozzle of a welding torch.

The United States has had this prize possession to itself since 1918, when the Government started separating it from natural gas for use in inflating airships and balloons. It was considered so important that it was made a Government monopoly under control of the Bureau of Mines of the Department of Interior. Not until 1937, when Congress passed a law permitting the sale of surplus helium to anyone needing it, was the gas available to private interests

and the general public, even for adequate research. Wartime needs stepped up production almost unbelievably; and now, for the first time, there is plenty of helium at reasonable cost.

A synthetic atmosphere of helium and oxygen has revolutionized deep-sea diving, which, as part of the work of salvaging ships, has become a major business. Formerly the maximum depth for a diver was about 300 feet, and he could stay there only a few minutes; now — as a result of coöperative research of the Bureau of Mines and the Navy Department — he can remain for six hours, and can work at a depth of almost 600 feet for shorter periods. When breathing ordinary air while under high pressure at great depths, the diver may suffer temporary mental lapses, but in air containing helium his mind remains clear. The gas also eliminates one of the biggest dangers to divers: caisson disease, or the bends. This is caused by bubbles of dissolved gas collecting in joints and blood vessels as pressure is reduced. In the new mixture, helium replaces nitrogen and is less likely to cause bubbles, because it is only half as soluble as nitrogen and diffuses out of the blood twice as fast.

Another new use for the gas is inflation of airplane tires. In a big liner such as the Lockheed Constellation, for example, the use of helium instead of air in the tires reduces the weight of the plane by 100 pounds.

One of helium's big future roles, that may well affect everyone, lies in medicine. Nearly all first-class hospitals are already equipped with

tanks of the gas. Dr. Alvan L. Barach of Columbia University reports that helium has saved the lives of people with very severe asthma. A few whiffs of an oxygen-helium mixture brings almost immediate relief. The helium penetrates clogged passages, carrying with it the needed oxygen. It is also used for treating other respiratory ailments, including unresolved pneumonia and laryngeal spasm, and in aiding infants whose lungs fail to expand normally at birth.

People have died on operating tables because of the explosion of an anesthetic in their lungs. A mixture which can't explode, made by adding helium to the anesthetic, eliminates the danger. Moreover, the light helium mixture goes into every nook and crevice in the lungs and when exhaled brings out a portion of the anesthetic that otherwise might linger in pockets and cause serious aftereffects. The gas also has promise in the treatment of sinus infection. Because of its penetrating properties, it can go into passages so tightly stopped that air can't enter.

Helium makes possible the welding of light metals so essential to airplanes. Magnesium, light and strong, is ideal for aircraft, but cannot be welded satisfactorily in the ordinary manner; fire from the torch might ignite it and it would disintegrate like a Fourth of July sparkler. With a helium-carrying tube in its nose, the welding torch snorts out a thin shield of noninflammable gas which protects the magnesium from the air and makes possible an effective, smooth weld.

The gas promises extraordinary

improvement in the welding of many metals. Many steel precision tools, for instance, are shaped while the metal is soft and then given the right temper, or hardness, through heat treatment. Even the finest metal may develop objectionable properties through absorption of oxygen (known as oxidation) if, after heat treatment, it cools in the natural atmosphere. Cooled in an inert atmosphere created by helium, oxidation is impossible.

Plenty of helium for all these uses is available. The Bureau of Mines owns a lease on rich helium-gas acreage in the Rattlesnake field near Shiprock, N. Mex., two reserves totaling 16,000 acres in Utah and a 50,000-acre cliffside field near Amarillo in Texas. The gas from the Rattlesnake field is richer than any other from which the Bureau of Mines has produced helium, it has a seven percent helium content, while the average of other fields is less than two percent. Before the war, the separation plant at Amarillo was the only one in the world. When the nation started arming, C. W. Seibel, supervising engineer, was assigned to step up production and four more refineries were built.

By October 1945 production was so great that only the plant at Exell, Texas, was in operation. It uses gas from a commercial natural gas field. No helium is being taken from the Government's rich reserve.

Seibel, who helped design nearly every piece of the machinery, has done more than any other person to develop helium from a laboratory plaything to a plentiful product of vital uses. Helium was discovered

in 1868 by J. Norman Lockyer, a British scientist, while he was studying light from the sun through a spectroscope. He saw a spectrum line never before recorded, indicating the presence of a hitherto unknown element in the flaming vapors of the sun, and named the new element "helium," from the Greek "helios," meaning sun.

In 1905 Dr. H. P. Cady, chemistry professor at the University of Kansas, analyzed the gas from a nearby oil well and discovered that it contained 1.87 percent helium. Seibel, a student of Dr. Cady, wrote the thesis for his master's degree on a study of helium, and in April 1917 read it at a meeting of the American Chemical Society in Kansas City. At the time, there was about one cubic foot of helium in the United States. It had been purified in a laboratory and was sold at the rate of \$2500 a cubic foot. Britain was pleading with the United States to try to develop a non-explosive filler for airships.

Dr. R. B. Moore, a Bureau of Mines chemist, and others obtained funds from the War and Navy Departments for helium research. A nationwide hunt for helium-bearing natural gas started; samples of gas from every known field were sent Seibel for analysis. In the most promising field, near Fort Worth, Texas, machinery used in liquefying air was modified to separate helium from natural gas. When the war ended, 147,000 cubic feet of helium was ready for shipment. It had cost less than 50 cents per cubic foot. Since then the cost has been cut to one cent per cubic foot, or less.

Seibel thinks the great expansion

of the uses of helium lies in the days ahead. He wants to produce so much helium at such low cost that industry and medicine will find more and more jobs for it. Despite all that has been done since the wonder gas was spied in the sun, helium remains

a universal mystery. No one knows for sure what caused it, where it came from or how the world's supply happened to be deposited in natural gas in the United States. We have done wonders, but what has been accomplished may be just the start.



Your Slip Is Showing

» FROM THE N. Y. *World-Telegram*: Loretta Young is in a hospital, where she gave berth to a son, Peter, July 16.

» A NOTICE in the Bridgeton, N. J., *Evening News*: Elder Valse, pastor of the Soul Stirring Church, Brooklyn, will speak here at eight o'clock. She will bring a quart with her and they will sing appropriate selections during the service.

» AD IN THE Batavia, N. Y., *Daily News*: Odd jobs wanted by handy man, trimming hedges, shrubs and others.

» AN FILM in the Tulsa, Okla., *Tribune*: F. Clark Parnell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Z. O. Parnell, has left for the Mexico Military Institute.

» THE MANCHURIAN, N. H., *Leader*, in a piece explaining the point system, reported: The Army expects to discourage 6,000,000 men by next July 1.

» IN AN Ohio paper: The operator of the other car, charged with drunken driving, crashed into Miss Miller's rear end which was sticking out into the road.

— Osage, Iowa, *Press News*

» FROM AN AD for DDT in the Baldwin, Kan., *Ledger*: Prepared for destruction of flies, aunts and other pests.

» THE LANSING, Mich., *State Journal* announced: President Truman will appoint Bennett Champ Clark a member of the District of Columbia court of appeals, a life-time job paying \$12,000 a year.

» FROM THE social column of the Asheville, N. C., *Citizen*: A musical program was presented during the afternoon. Mrs. Melvin Tilson, accompanied by Mrs. C. Fred Brown, sank two numbers.

» COUNTERFEIT \$50 Federal Reserve notes seized in Milan, Italy, recently bore the words "redeemable in awful currency of the United States Treasury."

— Quoted in N. Y. *Times*

What is there in the world today to take the place of marshmallow bananas, licorice shoestrings, chocolate pennies and the like?

PENNY CANDIES FROM HEAVEN

Condensed from Good Housekeeping

Louis Untermeyer • *Author of many volumes of poetry and critical essays, distinguished poetry anthologist*

THE more I see of today's rich and rococo confectionery establishments, the more I long for the little stationery store that catered to the sweet tooth of my plebeian youth. It was, I suppose, a shabby sort of store, but to enter it was to pass from the ordinary world into a realm of pure adventure. There was little on display in the single, not-too-well-washed window—some assorted toys, a stubby sailboat, a tiny tea set, a few rubber balls and china dolls. But the inside of the store was wonderland. It smelled of cedar, lead pencils and inky newspapers and tobacco and chocolate, all excitingly blended.

The candy, of course, sold for a penny. There was butter-corn, or "chicken feed," a favorite confection, gold and orange kernels in a glass bin, a generous scoopful for a cent. There were Boston beans, uncanny imitations of the genuine New England staple, but with peanut centers—and no youngster would accept them unless they were dished out in small clay beanpots. There were white and pink wintergreen hearts that carried tender messages: "I love you," "Be my sweetheart," or, on a less exalted but equally ecstatic note,

"Oh, you kid!" There were clusters of white sugar "seeds" spread on round chocolate discs—sometimes called chocolate pennies, jelly beans more brilliant than a technicolor rainbow, caramel-chocolate miniature dolls affectionately called "nigger babies", and sugar men that we bought 12 for a penny.

It was to that musty stationery store that I accompanied the chestnut-haired girl who had just moved next door. We were 12, we were desperately in love. I bought her marshmallow bananas, she bought me jumbo gumdrops—not the commonplace everyday assortment that came six for a cent, but the giant size, deep red and emerald green, at one whole prodigal cent each.

I courted her with chocolate balls that changed hue as you sucked away layer after layer, licorice whips and shoelaces a yard long, red raspberries of a hard gumdrop consistency, and tiny green pickles that were even harder, strips of paper dotted with weirdly colored "buttons" of starch and sugar, fried eggs concocted of sugar and corn syrup stuck in small tin frying pans, pale pink and yellow "hokeypokey" in miniature saucepans, complete with tin spoons.

Perhaps memory tricks me; perhaps the penny candies of my youth were not made by master necromancers out of honeydew and finer essences than exist today. Perhaps there were no such things as coconut strips that carried the American flag in candy colors, and all-day suckers long before the days of lollipops, and queer but soothing coltsfoot sticks, and wax gum that hardened into alabaster, and candy whistles that always melted before you were through blowing, and sickeningly sweet cigarettes with a wickedly red glow at one end, and devil-may-care licorice pipes, and youth-size chocolate cigars, and gummy Foxy Grandpas. And when the family grocer's bill was paid, did I get a paper bag

striped in green and purple, filled with chocolate drops? And were there grab bags in which the candy, hard and amorphous, was ignored for the prize? And did I ever suck a lemon through a penny lemon stick?

Where in the world today is there candy to take the place of these?

Someday I shall make an old dream come true. I shall own that corner stationery store. Better than that, I shall build copies of it up and down the United States. Millions of people will fight their way to enter the shops and satisfy a craving not only for the best candies this side of Paradise but to recapture their lost youth. And I will make millions of dollars. And everyone will be happy in the sweetest of all possible worlds.

Startling Remarks

» CALLED upon to address the guests at a Thanksgiving dinner, William M. Evans, Secretary of State under Hayes, began: "You have been giving your attention to turkey stuffed with sage; you are now about to consider a sage stuffed with turkey!"

— *Journal of Living*

» IN PREPARATION for a banquet at Radcliffe College, the chairs had been given a new coat of varnish. The evening was hot and humid, and as the after-dinner speaker started to rise, he found himself stuck to the seat. However, he was unabashed. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I had expected to bring you a plain and unvarnished tale, but circumstances make it impossible."

— *Modern Humor for Effective Speaking*, edited by Edward Frank Allen (Citadel)

Answers to: "It Pays to Increase Your Word Power"

1 — D	6 — D	11 — B	16 — B	<i>Vocabulary Ratings</i>
2 — D	7 — C	12 — B	17 — D	
3 — C	8 — A	13 — D	18 — D	
4 — A	9 — C	14 — C	19 — C	
5 — C	10 — B	15 — A	20 — B	
				20 — 17 correct excellent
				16 — 14 correct very good
				13 — 8 correct good
				7 and under correct poor

The kids have fun because their education makes sense to them—and they come out equipped for living

Is This the School of Tomorrow?

Condensed from Better Homes & Gardens

Gladys Denny Shultz

YOUNG Hal Owens could make a tired jalopy perform like a two-year-old. He built short-wave sets, and rigged up a loudspeaker arrangement which enabled his father, without leaving his easy chair, to tell the dog in the back yard to stop barking. Given any kind of mechanical problem to work on, Hal was a busy, happy kid. High school, however, was something else again. He was intelligent enough to learn physics and English and Latin — his I.Q. showed that — if he wouldn't waste his time on autos and radios and electricity. But, bored to death with school, he was begging his folks to let him quit.

As a last resort they sent him to a new kind of high school which had been recently opened. "Comprehensive education," it was called, combining technical and cultural studies in a manner different from the ordinary technical high school. With Hal from the cultural high school went Alex, who was considered too dumb to grasp mathematics, and Steve, who had grown too fast and whose consequent inferiority complex made him maladjusted in his classes.

Hal, Steve and Alex spent their first three months working their way around the Orientation Room, a

mammoth shop equipped for a wide diversity of skills and interests. There they took a whirl at carpentry, metallurgy, electricity, working on airplane engines.

To Hal, this kind of school, where his bent for mechanics was encouraged, made sense. He began getting top grades in physics and English. Alex developed a passion for drafting, and proved able to grasp the mathematics he now saw he would need to become an engineer. Steve's strength was an asset in the machine shop; he stopped being sensitive about his size and applied himself to his studies. Today all three boys, helped to become successful students by using their hands as well as their heads, are headed for college.

There are a number of these comprehensive schools throughout the country: in Detroit, Dallas, Cleveland, Des Moines, Omaha and Indianapolis — to name outstanding examples. Don't be thrown off the track by the fact that they are called technical high schools. They prepare boys and girls to go directly into trades or commercial careers. They also send as many graduates to college and into the learned professions as the average high school.

Comprehensive education is a

doing type of learning which appeals to most adolescents. Hand skills, which have no place in the conventional high school, often end behavior difficulties as well as point the way to future vocations.

"We welcome 'tough cases,' " says Walter J. E. Schiebel, principal of Crozier High in Dallas, "because we have found that they are not so tough. They are merely realistic and want to be shown that education is worth while."

At Arsenal Technical School in Indianapolis, the comprehensive system has been proving itself since 1912, when Milo Stuart took over an old Civil War arsenal and built a high school around the specific interests of particular boys and girls. Starting with fewer than 200 pupils, Arsenal Tech now has an enrollment of 5400 — about twice the size of any traditional high school in Indianapolis.

Here, today, you may see tomorrow's education in full swing: the teaching of theory by actual practice. And don't get the idea that this school turns out only mechanics and artisans. In peacetime 18 percent of its graduates went to college. (The U. S. average is 15 percent.)

Picture a 76-acre campus with as many buildings as a fair-sized university, where boys 16 and 17 years old take down and reassemble Allison aircraft engines — and where four Latin teachers are kept busy; where boys build a full-size house every year, wire it and put in all the plumbing — and where students in English win prizes in *The Atlantic Monthly's* creative writing contests;

where you may take up shoe repairing and electronics — and at the same time study music, sculpture, painting or ceramics.

Work of commercial standards is done by advanced classes in metalwork, sewing, furniture repair, radio and automobile repair, and agriculture. The resulting income is used to pay for the materials. For \$25 you can get a professional paint job in the Arsenal Auto Repair Shop that would cost \$125 downtown, but the garages don't object because they get excellently trained employes from the school. To supervise classes of this kind highly skilled craftsmen are brought to the school directly from the trades.

Almost any subject is taught if it fills a genuine need. If you'd like to learn how to dress hair, design clothes, or take pictures, all you have to do is find enough like-minded people to form a class, and the school will furnish a teacher and give high school credit.

The classes in popular music — a typical Arsenal addition to its fine courses in harmony and counterpoint — have contributed players to many name bands. The boys' cooking class has produced professional chefs. A "request" chemistry class in qualitative and quantitative analysis now has a graduate in every chemical firm in Indianapolis.

A youngster would be hard to please if he couldn't find something to his taste or leading to a career in the 142 different shop and technical classes or 119 academic groups: Arsenal's guidance and counseling system helps youngsters find the things they will like best and that

They are best fitted to do — through grade school records, personal tests, and the pupil's preferences.

An attempt is made to relate all courses in some way to everyday living. In English the classics are taught as the roots of today's literature. The Latin department linked the Italian campaign with the time of the Caesars. And, incidentally, Latin has held its own at Tech against tremendous "practical" pressures.

A result of this realistic approach to education is the high degree of concentration on work. If a class becomes inattentive or students obstreperous, the program is analyzed and an effort is made to relate the material more closely to the pupils' lives and interests.

Hundreds of students work in Indianapolis industries while going to this high school, and after graduation may go into jobs they have

thus made for themselves. Business organizations have sent especially promising Tech boys through college, to prepare them for executive positions.

Jacob Jones, former head of Arsenal's building-trades department, now spends all his time acting as placement expert and coordinator between the school and Indianapolis labor unions and more than 1000 Indianapolis industries, all of whom are enthusiastic coöperators.

Arsenal Tech shows what can happen when educators start with specific boys and girls instead of with a course of study. Its vocational courses are subsidized by the Government through the Smith-Hughes Act, but Indianapolis pays the rest of the bill. Taxpayers don't kick about costs, because Arsenal more than pays its way in training skilled, responsible workers and in making learning attractive to boys and girls.



It's All in Your Point of View

» YEARS ago, when Ernie Pyle was on the *Washington News* as a \$30-a-week copyreader, he tagged a story with the headline: "Man Inherits Huge Fortune of \$15,000."

"Where do you get the idea that \$15,000 is a huge fortune?" his executive editor asked.

"If you were earning the same dough I am," Ernie replied, "you'd think so, too."

— Larry Boardman, quoted in *Editor and Publisher*

» AN Irishman from our little town in upstate New York once spent a glorious two-weeks vacation in New York City. When he went home he held his children spellbound with tales of the great town.

"Why, Father," said one, "I should think you'd have been seared you'd get lost!"

"And how could I be lost," he demanded, "when I didn't care where the hell I was!"

— Contributed by Edith M. Blake

LET'S BE REALISTIC ABOUT THE ATOM BOMB

By Francis Vivian Drake

A WEAPON has been developed that is potentially destructive beyond the wildest nightmares of the imagination; a weapon so ideally suited to sudden unannounced attack that a country's major cities might be destroyed overnight by an ostensibly friendly power.

— *Official Report on Atomic Energy*

THAT unearthly flash of light above Japan — the last thing that the people of Hiroshima knew before they ceased to know — has tended to befuddle our own vision. Many wild notions have derived from that atomic blast, including the prophecy of push-button warfare, and the idea that we can now blow up the whole world. More disturbing still is the attitude of military die-hards, who persist in regarding atomic power as "just another weapon," against which some suitable defense will shortly mushroom.

Atomic power makes our future so precarious that it is high time to listen to the scientists who actually produced it. They have some things to tell us that are reassuring. They tell us the era of push-button warfare is still just an idea, and that there is no truth whatever in the report that we can now demolish the earth, the sea or the atmosphere.

Beyond that the scientists are not reassuring. The die-hards' expectation of a defense is based merely

on precedent. Scientists point out that up to now new weapons have always constituted *improvements* over existing ones — the gun over the crossbow, the tank over the horse, the plane over the long-range gun, the battleship over the sail frigate. Up to now, armed conflict has followed a basic pattern that has never changed. Victory has been won by the victor's fighting stamina and productive resources. This time, however, the leap has no connection with the past. Atomic power is not a natural evolution from gunpowder. It is a new and awful birth, an unpredictable experiment in harnessing the power of the universe; it shoves us into a realm in which wealth and fortitude are not enough.

Scientists warn us that "secrecy" can be at best very temporary. The primary "secret" of atomic fission is already known throughout the world. American, British, German, Italian, French and Scandinavian scientists all pooled their knowledge freely to produce the first bomb. We have not *invented* atomic power.

*What we have done is to release it ahead of schedule by a fabulous feat of engineering. Unlimited brains and unlimited money succeeded in doing the job in three instead of, perhaps, 30 years. There *are* engineering secrets which we must try to hang on to with all our might.

In the development of a practical method of manufacturing the atomic bomb, something like 1000 new formulas, new processes and new techniques were worked out. Many of them are discoveries which will be of great value to peacetime industries not even remotely connected with atomic research. These are commercial assets which certainly we are not called upon to give away. But we must expect that in time other countries will solve these technical problems just as we did. Dr. Irving Langmuir has told us that Russian science, for instance, is close on our heels in atomic development.

We are now leaving the old world in which military Brahmins went around with the secrets of bomb-sights and battleships locked in unyielding bosoms, while Mata Hari tried to bewitch them. The freemasonry that exists in the top reaches of science is world-wide. It has yielded countless benefits to mankind and it cannot be abandoned.

Can We Be Attacked?

WE FACE a great emergency. The Hiroshima bomb is already dated. It is now in the power of the atom-smashers to blot out New York with a single bomb, completely detonating about a spoonful of atomic charge. Such a bomb can burn up in an

instant every creature, can fuse the steel buildings and smash the concrete into flying shrapnel. This dreadful forecast is a mathematical certainty. It has been publicly estimated that the Hiroshima bomb contained about 20 pounds of atomic charge, of which only one tenth of one percent was actually consumed by atomic reaction. Thus, a whole city and 150,000 people were annihilated by the complete detonation of *less than one ounce* of atomic charge. The atomic charge was only a tiny part of the bomb, but scientists already know how to increase the efficiency of the explosion and decrease the total weight of the bomb. Over Japan a single B-29 carried a single atom bomb, but today a B-29 — or its foreign equivalent — could carry either a much more powerful bomb or several Hiroshima bombs, enough to blot out several cities at a time.

For the moment, there is only one certain method of delivering such a bomb to its target — by airplane. Present bombers travel at about 350 m.p.h., but our own government has announced development of jet-propelled bombers capable of 600 m.p.h. and has added that "even greater bombers . . . capable of speeds faster than sound (750 m.p.h.) . . . carrying more than 100,000 pounds of bombs . . . with sufficient range to attack any spot on earth . . . are already a certainty." An atomic bomb could therefore be delivered across either ocean in a few hours.

Against such methods of attack, there is only partial defense. Radar and the proximity fuse — a diabolic contrivance that stalks its target and

explodes automatically when the target is found — now make it so tough for stratosphere planes that they may go out of fashion. Low-flying planes, however, are extremely difficult to detect, because radar moves in a straight line and cannot follow a plane around the curve of the earth. Furthermore, at house-top height sonic-speed planes are an impossible target.

Short of placing every creature, factory and city in the United States in millions of flashproof vaults, under 50 feet of concrete, the only defense we can now for see is the airplane. But the picture of opposing planes hide-and-seeking in the darkness at speeds faster than sound, trying to locate each other in little electrical eyepieces, is more comforting to the attacker than to the defender. We shall have to expect simultaneous attack from many directions against widely separated areas — from the Pacific to smash our great West Coast cities, from the Pole to crack the Middle West, from the Atlantic to cancel out the eastern seaboard. Add the inevitable element of surprise and the outlook for interception is very poor.

The prospect of guided missiles — suped-up versions of the German V-2 rockets — is even worse. These long-range missiles travel at 4000 m.p.h., and it is officially announced that “we can direct rockets to targets by new devices which guide them accurately to sources of heat, light or magnetism. Such new rockets will streak unerringly to the heart of big factories, attracted by the heat of the furnaces.” They can be directed more easily, of course, to the heart of cities.

Is There a Defense?

THE MEN who produced the atom bomb have naturally tried their utmost to evolve a defense against it. So far they are exceedingly gloomy, because of the *speed* of the oncoming missiles. There has been talk of a ray that would explode a rocket in mid-air. There is no such ray, say the scientists, nor is any in prospect. London found no defense against the V-2. This missile — a peanut compared with the newest rockets — reached a height of over 60 miles and descended nearly vertically at a speed of almost a mile a second. Defending batteries had only a few seconds in which to try to locate this flyspeck hurtling through space, aim by radar and fire a shell. It was like throwing a needle across the room in the hope of hitting another moving needle smack on the point. *No V-2 was ever intercepted.*

All this leaves a threatened country with only one recourse — counter-attack. If we can maintain supremacy in atomic weapons our power will be so terrible that atomic warfare can be worse for any attacker than for ourselves. In this possibility, we have the glimmer of a great hope, that atomic bombardment may never be used against us. We have a precedent in gas warfare. Even Hitler never dared to use it, although we now know he had in storage 10,000 gallons of a new and deadly gas. He realized our frightful powers of reprisal.

Toward this, our best hope, we have a head start, but it is still anybody's race. Scientists tell us that maintenance of our present suprem-

acy will involve a vast scientific and engineering effort and a minimum expenditure of a billion dollars a year for at least the next five years. This represents only one percent of the \$100 billion a year which we spent on war. Surely this is not too much to pay for the best, indeed for the only, insurance that we can buy.

The Need for Non-Atomic Defense

While mutual fear may outlaw atomic war, this does not mean that war itself is outlawed. We might still face wars involving soldiers, sailors, airmen, jet-airplanes, rockets, proximity fuses and all the other non-atomic weapons in the armory. Against such a contingency, it would be foolish to scrap the framework of our existing defense. No rocket, plane, fuse, radar screen, no gun, tank, ship or base will do its own thinking or win its own battle. We shall stand or fall according to our research and preparedness.

The opening of the next war, atomic or otherwise, will come with such speed and violence that many a titanic war plant will not be standing by nightfall, and whatever weapons we have on hand is all that we are likely to get. Dr. A. H. Compton warns us: "No city over 100,000 population will remain as an effective operating center after the first hours of the war."

And another thing: in devising our defense we shall have learned nothing from the recent war if we do not build up our *Intelligence Service*, including a ceaseless correlation of all vital information by a permanent staff of experts. We

cannot afford to be caught napping again, or our next Pearl Harbor will be Main Street. Our knowledge of what our enemies were planning in World War II was lamentable.

It would be a grim outlook if we prepared ourselves solely against atomic warfare and ignored the host of other deadly weapons that enemies might plan to use against us.

The recent war was won by the skin of our teeth, not, as so many still believe, by a handsome and inevitable margin. Manpower and resources regardless, the truth is that Allied scientists raced those of Germany to a photofinish. Had the Germans beaten us to the atom, as they did to the rocket, we should now be wondering how to escape defeat. Of such importance is the part that science now plays in war.

Can We Survive the Future?

Facing a Wellsian future, is there any option but to avail ourselves once and for all of the best scientific guidance, installed at the very top of our national defense instead of on the side lines? So far, the scientists whose atom bomb saved countless American lives, the men who are the masters of the most stupendous force in the universe, have only been "attached" as "advisers" to the Army and Navy. In the future, it does not seem enough that the leading physicists in the world should merely *advise* the military. The military men have rarely grasped and exploited new ideas with alacrity. Usually progress has had to be forced upon them, as witness the case of airpower. Even today air-

power is still the luckless stepchild of the senior services, rigidly excluded from an equal voice in national defense. The Army and Navy are just as eager to make atomic power another stepchild — just another weapon — to be interpreted according to the scientific lore of West Point and Annapolis.

No wishful thinking can change this aspect of the world's future: that the race is no longer to the strong, but to the smart. It may be hard to grasp the thought that whole cities can actually be eradicated in

a moment, that millions of defenseless people can be horribly killed without an instant's warning; but it is true. Because armies and navies have decided the battles of the past, they have been executive parts of governments. Our outstanding need in a future determined by science is an equivalent Department of Scientific Warfare. It should be equal in fact as well as in name to the traditional services, entrusted with direct authority concerning atomic defense, and with direct responsibility to the Congress and the people.



Illustrative Anecdotes—72—

SENATOR Clyde Hoey, of North Carolina, likes to tell this anecdote:

I was driving through my state, when I stopped at a church in a little town. "How many members do you have in your church?" I asked the preacher, who was standing out front.

"Fifty," he replied.

"And how many active members?"

"Fifty."

"Fifty members and 50 active. You must be a good preacher!"

"Yes, sir — 50 members, 25 active for me and 25 active against me."

— Drew Pearson

Roping 'Em In

» A few years ago a man operating a soft-drink stand was called before a magistrate for selling adulterated syrups and instructed to tell the truth about the ingredients. Later, when an agent checked up on the man, he was found to be complying with the law and his business was booming. In front of the stand was a new sign reading: "All of our soft drinks are guaranteed to be highly adulterated."

— Better Business Bureau of Long Beach, Calif.

» A resourceful packaging man was able to make a hair-growing preparation sell after it previously had had a sorry sales record. The solution: Printing in red on the label, "Do not place this preparation on any part of the body where you do not wish hair to grow."

— George B. Brown in *Advertising & Selling*



A billion Asiatics, watching the Philippines, have seen what freedom really means. They like what they've seen — enough to fight for it if necessary

Must Be Free

Condensed from Collier's

Brigadier General Carlos P. Romulo

*Resident Commissioner of the Philippines
to the United States*

PEACE in the Pacific is a supreme issue for all countries and for all people. With it we lay the basis for world peace; without it we face chaos again.

Obviously, then, we need a new pattern of living in the Pacific; after four years of fighting injustice, we cannot ask one billion Asiatics again to become mere hewers of wood and carriers of water for the rest of the world and expect them to be satisfied. We stopped Japanese aggression, but we did not destroy an idea the Japanese brought with them and nurtured in very fertile soil. This idea called for a "Co-Prosperity Sphere"—a geographic area where peoples of the same ways, the same color and the same traditions could join in a political whole.

Actually this siren call didn't work out that way. It became Asia for the Japanese. But the idea itself is still valid, still morally unassailable. It is in Asia for keeps. It cannot be labeled unrest or revolt. It is the renaissance of the Far East. And Westerners can help energize it into a tremendous force for peace.

The Japanese plan attempted to gather all races and countries of Asia into a single body. It was too arbitrary, too unwieldy. It would be more reasonable to expect the Asiatics to divide along natural lines of race into three large federations—Malayans, Chinese, Indians. I am here presenting the case of Malayan federation—a political and economic body of 200,000,000 Malay-speaking people who live in the Philippines, Java, Celebes, the Moluccas, Sumatra, the Malay Peninsula, Siam, Burma, Indo-China.

I was born in Asia and grew up there. Directly before this war began I traveled among the Malaysians in Thailand, Burma, Java and the Straits Settlements. Wherever I went I found a fierce hunger for freedom and a sense of betrayal at white hands.

In Java, underground leaders, representing millions of farmers, were holding midnight meetings in forest hide-outs to organize themselves for freedom. Mass clamor for it in Burma could be heard everywhere—among street cleaners, cin-

nabar miners, students, merchants and government officials.

Wherever I went I saw odious distinctions of race that violate human dignities. I saw gentle Burmese women stepping into the gutter to make way for white men. I saw Malayan gentlemen barred from British dining rooms and clubs in Singapore. I saw professors — graduates of Cambridge and Oxford — refused teaching positions even in primary schools in their own country because they didn't bow low at the approach of a Dutch overseer.

Everywhere there were pinched brown bodies in filthy sarongs, and faces that had become inhuman with misery. There were no children playing among them. Those wretched dwarfed beings sold into economic slavery by their starving parents could not be called children. They didn't know how to romp; they had never had the vitality.

Thus when the lid blew off this pot of seething racial resentment, it is easy to understand why white men — everywhere but in the Philippines — were obliged to fight for their lives not only against oncoming Japanese but against the Malaysians they had treated so contemptuously for so many years. Since Japanese imperialism was a means of getting rid of white imperialism, these Asiatics accepted it and set themselves to pray for the next step in freedom.

This prayer seemed answered in the Atlantic Charter, pledging self-government to subject nations. Instead, Far Eastern countries found that these promises provided freedom for white peoples caught under the

Nazi yoke, but not for the brown man, not for Asia.

Malayans beyond the Philippines have no word yet for democracy. Instead they say, "We hope and pray for 'America' for our people." This means to them a system of living where there is freedom, together with shared courtesy and mutual interest between white men and brown. The American record in the Philippines is responsible for this. It is also a substantial demonstration of the workability of the principles imperialists say are impractical and idealistic.

Imperialists claim that a federation of Malayan states would be unsuccessful.

Their first reason: There is no basis for union among these diverse Malaysians. While their language is of Malayan root, they speak dissimilar dialects. They fought one another frequently before Occidentals stopped intertribal wars. Their religions are antagonistic.

Their second reason: The record shows that Orientals are exploited far more under native rulers than under Occidentals. Taxation is oppressive and hideously corrupt, going into the coffers of princelings who spend it on living in splendor. Courts of justice do not exist for the common man, nor are there police systems to protect him.

Their third reason: These backward people are not ready yet for the complexities of self-government.

Now let us examine the case for federation of Malayan peoples.

First, how dare we say: "Freedom is right for the Filipinos and the Dutch, but not for the Javanese. It is

right for the Chinese, but not for the Indians." The essence of our world struggle is that all men shall be free.

It is true that there are superficial differences, but essentially these islanders are the same people. Language variations are not an insurmountable barrier; we have five or six languages within the Philippines and yet share a common interest.

It is true also that there has been gross exploitation of my people by their own rulers. However, the most damning evidence in that record was piled up 300 years ago.

But there is another kind of exploitation, common in the Orient. It permits vast business interests to interfere with the politics of a country and uses the enormous power of wealth to suppress the development of a people.

Literacy is a significant yardstick of the development of a nation. Apply it to colonized nations in the Far East, and what do we find? The Dutch have been in the Indies for more than 300 years, taking out rubber, quinine, tin, oil, sugar, rice, tea, coffee, spices, metals and copra. Java's literacy in that time has climbed to seven percent. During one 30-year campaign at the turn of the century, Holland spent more than \$250,000,000 subduing Achinese states in northern Sumatra, a territory somewhat smaller than West Virginia. Yet in a similar period of years the education budget for all of Sumatra has not totaled a tenth of that amount.

Before the Japanese took over, the Dutch allowed 30 Malayan representatives to sit with their 24 Dutch representatives in the *Volksraad*, the

parliament of the Indies. Of these 30 natives, 20 were appointed by the governor general. In other words — some 75,000,000 Malaysians had ten representatives whom they freely elected, while some 70,000 Hollanders out there had 24 Dutch representatives *plus* the 20 natives. Otherwise natives held no office of authority in their government; nor were there good law schools in the islands where they could learn the business of government.

Contrast this with the Filipino situation. General elections have been held for their National Assembly since 1907. All 120 members are Filipino, and the Speaker of the House is a Filipino. Since 1916 the Philippines have had their own judicial system — a lawbreaker, whether white or brown, is arrested by a Filipino policeman, tried before a Filipino jury, and sentenced by a Filipino judge. These men have learned law and government at the University of the Philippines and five other universities offering law courses.

In the 60 or 70 years of enlightened French administration in Indo-China the unenlightened farmers have lived in the same black misery. Leprosy, malnutrition and malaria have been the same stark mysteries to them because there have been so few free clinics and visiting nurses, and no compulsory vaccination. The written word was unattainable because the beautiful new schools were only in the big cities. If by some miracle a farmer did get his son into a city school, he could only look forward to his becoming an inconspicuous clerk, since there was no civil service,

and the top jobs in his country's banks, railways and mercantile firms were reserved for Frenchmen.

Literacy has an even more feeble showing in the Federated Malay States than in Java. In 1940, government revenues in those abundant lands were so high that a present of 10,000,000 Straits dollars was sent to the home government in London, and still enough revenues were left to give a surplus of 20,500,000 Straits dollars. Yet that same year less than 2,000,000 Straits dollars was spent on education - about one and three fourths percent of the total revenue. Exactly 58 pupils were learning agriculture in high school in 1938. That same year in the Philippines there were 4600 students in agricultural schools, and another 9000 in trade schools.

The Burma tribes are as primitive now as they were 60 years ago when the British annexed the kingdom. The mineral wealth of the country is enormous, yet it is practically untouched. With 85 percent of the population engaged in agriculture, there is only one higher school teaching scientific farming. And in 1940, when a native political party advocated certain constitutional reforms and adopted a program of "Two acres of land and a cow for every person," the leaders were clapped into prison.

Naturally these Malaysians contrast their lot with what they see going on in the Philippines. They know that more than 2,000,000 children go to schools in the Philippines, and that the literacy rate there is now 51 percent. They know that one of America's first acts upon

taking over the Philippines was to send 1000 schoolteachers from the States to open schools and start training native teachers. What they probably don't know is that in the ensuing 42 years those Filipino teachers have grown to a force of 40,000 in some 11,000 schools; that there are 5000 public libraries with more than 4,000,000 books available to anyone who wants to read them. For the three years preceding the war, education appropriations varied between 33 and 37 percent of the national budget.

Malaria controls and compulsory vaccination have been set up in dozens of stations; there are more than 1500 dispensaries and some 45 government hospitals, aside from the several dozen maternity centers and children's clinics, all of them teaching hygiene, sanitation and dietary values. Agricultural experiment stations put out monthly bulletins on new developments in sugar-cane, rice, copra and pineapple plantings.

No, Burma and Malaya and Indo-China and Java and Sumatra are not ready for self-government. But would they ever be, under such selfish colonial systems? Where are the schools, civil-service privileges and tutors in self-government to help them prepare?

We can't expect to have a spontaneous combustion of freedom and suddenly set loose millions of people to experiment with self-government. First they must learn to administer their own local, then their provincial, and finally their national government—all on a definite time schedule that has been agreed upon in advance. During this interim a commission

of guardians should supervise foreign relations, as the Americans did by placing a High Commissioner in the Philippines.

But this guardianship will never work out as the exclusive mandate of one European country. The British, the Dutch and the French, going into any such custody alone, will encounter a tidal wave of animosity in the Far East. But if the United States, the Soviet Union and China

also have equal voice with them as tutors, this animosity would evaporate. Having that voice is a natural and just sequence of this war.

For essentially the problem of the Pacific represents the race problem of the world. Ignore it, side-step it, neglect it, and the next war will be a race war. To work out a new pattern for the Pacific we need not the Dutch approach, not the British approach, but the *human* approach.



Yo-ho-ho and a Radar Set

» In 1846, a wild, unkempt, silent man came to Boston, got a lonely job as keeper of Bug Light, finally retired to salt-bleached solitude on an outer harbor island. Known as the King of Calf Island, by water-front legend he was one of the pirates who ravaged the West Indies early in the 19th century. The King died in 1882 without discussing the matter.

Twenty years later a man claiming to be his brother spent weeks probing the sands of storm-swept Great Brewster Island off Boston with long steel rods. He told two or three people that he was hunting a map, key to a treasure buried by the King.

One of the men, Peg-leg Nuskey, passed the story on to a Boston writer, Edward Rowe Snow, in 1937. Shortly afterward, in the best treasure-hunting tradition, Peg-leg Nuskey was found dead under an upturned dory with a towline around his neck. But he had talked to the right man. Snow, a burly descendant of New England sailing masters, had been hunting treasure unsuccessfully for 20 years. World War II halted his search for the King of Calf Island's gold. But a few weeks ago Snow, out of the army, took up the search once more.

Beneath the floor of a deserted shack on Great Brewster, he unearthed a 17th-century Italian book. At the Boston Public Library, where he took it for appraisal, Harriet Swift noticed a pattern of pinholes on page 101. The holes pierced letters, formed a simple code message: 'The King of Calf Island had buried a treasure on Strong Island, off the shore of Cape Cod.

Snow headed for the island with a shovel and an electronics device like a mine detector, used in locating metals. Five times he dug down, found buried hulks. The sixth excavation hit the jackpot: a small encrusted copper box, full of tarnished old coins minted in Peru, Mexico, Portugal, France and Spain.

At most the trove was worth only \$1900, but Snow was jubilant. He plans to get a radar set, go hunting storied New England hulks (like the British privateer *Mary Ann* sunk off Chatham with \$1,000,000 in bullion) which have hitherto evaded unscientific treasure seekers.

— *Time*

—And Sudden Death

1

A statement by Pyke Johnson, president of The Automotive Safety Foundation: "Ten years ago The Reader's Digest published '—And Sudden Death' by J. C. Furnas. It succeeded as no other piece of writing has in stirring the nation into realization of the traffic accident problem. During the six years that followed, great strides were made in accident prevention, and the fatality rate per hundred million vehicle miles of travel was reduced one third.... Then came the war.... Now we are facing another crisis in traffic. Thin tires, unskilled or careless drivers, war-worn vehicles, battered roads, depleted personnel and funds for highway control add up to the grim prospects of an all-time peak in deaths next year unless vigorous measures are taken to step up the safety program. With fatalities already running 26 percent higher than 1944, and going up fast, the reprinting of this article is a shocking reminder to each of us of our own responsibility to drive and walk safely. Here is a strong stimulus to sound accident prevention activities in every community, and a timely public service by The Reader's Digest."

By J. C. Furnas

PUBLICIZING the total of motoring injuries — almost a million last year, with 36,000 deaths — never gets to first base in jarring the motorist into a realization of the appalling risks of motoring. He does not translate dry statistics into a reality of blood and agony.

Figures exclude the pain and horror of savage mutilation — which means they leave out the point. They need to be brought closer home. A passing look at a bad smash or the news that a fellow you had lunch with last week is in a hospital with a broken back will make any driver but a born fool slow down at least temporarily. But what is needed is a vivid and *sustained* realization that every time you step on the throttle death gets in beside you, hopefully waiting for his chance. That single

horrible accident you may have witnessed is no isolated horror. That sort of thing happens every hour of the day, everywhere in the United States. If you really felt *that*, perhaps the stickful of type in Monday's paper recording that a total of 29 local citizens were killed in week-end crashes would rate something more than a perfunctory tut-tut as you turn back to the sports page.

An enterprising judge now and again sentences reckless drivers to tour the accident end of a city morgue. But even a mangled body on a slab, waxily portraying the consequences of bad motoring judgment, isn't a patch on the scene of the accident itself. No artist working on a safety poster would dare depict that in full detail.

That picture would have to include

motion-picture and sound effects, too — the flopping, pointless efforts of the injured to stand up; the queer, grunting noises; the steady, panting groaning of a human being with pain creeping up on him as the shock wears off. It should portray the slack expression on the face of a man, drugged with shock, staring at the Z-twist in his broken leg, the insane crumpled effect of a child's body after its bones are crushed inward, a realistic portrait of an hysterical woman with her screaming mouth opening a hole in the bloody drip that fills her eyes and runs off her chin. Minor details would include the raw ends of bones protruding through flesh in compound fractures, and the dark red, oozing surfaces where clothes and skin were flayed off at once.

THOSE are all standard, everyday sequels to the modern passion for going places in a hurry and taking a chance or ~~by~~ by the way. If ghosts could be put to a useful purpose, every bad stretch of road in the United States would greet the oncoming motorist with groans and screams and the educational spectacle of ten or a dozen corpses, all sizes, sexes and ages, lying horribly still on the bloody grass.

Last year a state trooper, of my acquaintance stopped a big red Hispano for speeding. Papa was obviously a responsible person, obviously set for a pleasant week-end with his family — so the officer cut into papa's well-bred expostulations: "I'll let you off this time, but if you keep on this way, you won't last long. Get

going — but take it easier." Later a passing motorist hailed the trooper and asked if the red Hispano had got a ticket. "No," said the trooper, "I hated to spoil their party." "Too bad you didn't," said the motorist. "I saw you stop them — and then I passed that car again 50 miles up the line. It still makes me feel sick at my stomach. The car was all folded up like an accordion — the color was about all there was left. They were all dead but one of the kids — and he wasn't going to live to the hospital."

Maybe it will make you sick at your stomach, too. But unless you're a heavy-footed incurable, a good look at the picture the artist wouldn't dare paint, a first-hand acquaintance with the results of mixing gasoline with speed and bad judgment, ought to be well worth your while. I can't help it if the facts are revolting. If you have the nerve to drive fast and take chances, you ought to have the nerve to take the appropriate cure. You can't ride an ambulance or watch the doctor working on the victim in the hospital, but you can read.

The automobile is treacherous, just as a cat is. It is tragically difficult to realize that it can become the deadliest missile. As enthusiasts tell you, it makes 65 feel like nothing at all. But 65 an hour is 100 feet a second, a speed which puts a viciously unjustified responsibility on brakes and human reflexes, and can instantly turn this docile luxury into a mad bull elephant.

Collision, turnover or sideswipe, each type of accident produces either a shattering dead stop or a crashing change of direction, and since the occupant — meaning you — continues

in the old direction at the original speed, every surface and angle of the car's interior immediately becomes a battering, tearing projectile, aimed squarely at you—inescapable. There is no bracing yourself against these imperative laws of momentum.

It's like going over Niagara Falls in a steel barrel full of railroad spikes. The best thing that can happen to you — and one of the rarer things — is to be thrown out as the doors spring open, so you have only the ground to reckon with. True, you strike with as much force as if you had been thrown from the *Twentieth Century* at top speed. But at least you are spared the lethal array of gleaming metal knobs and edges and glass inside the car.

Anything can happen in that split second of crash, even those lucky escapes you hear about. People have dived through windshields and come out with only superficial scratches. They have run cars together head on, reducing both to twisted junk, and been found unhurt and arguing bitterly two minutes afterward. But death was there just the same — he was only exercising his privilege of being erratic. This spring a wrecking crew pried the door off a car which had been overturned down an embankment and out stepped the driver with only a scratch on his cheek. But his mother was still inside, a splinter of wood from the top driven four inches into her brain as a result of son's taking a greasy curve a little too fast. No blood — no horribly twisted bones — just a gray-haired corpse still clutching her pocketbook in her lap as she had clutched it when she felt the car leave the road.

On that same curve a month later, a light touring car crashed a tree. In the middle of the front seat they found a nine-months-old baby surrounded by broken glass and yet absolutely unhurt. A fine practical joke on death — but spoiled by the baby's parents, still sitting on each side of him, instantly killed by shattering their skulls on the dashboard.

If you customarily pass without clear vision a long way ahead, make sure that every member of the party carries identification papers — it's difficult to identify a body with its whole face bashed in or torn off. The driver is death's favorite target. If the steering wheel holds together it ruptures his liver or spleen so he bleeds to death internally. Or, if the steering wheel breaks off, the matter is settled instantly by the steering column's plunging through his abdomen.

By no means do all head-on collisions occur on curves. The modern death-trap is likely to be a straight stretch with three lanes of traffic — like the notorious Astor Flats on the Albany Post Road where there have been as many as 27 fatalities in one summer month. This sudden vision of broad, straight road tempts many an ordinarily sensible driver into passing the man ahead. Simultaneously a driver coming the other way swings out at high speed. At the last moment each tries to get into line again, but the gaps are closed. As the cars in line are forced into the ditch to capsize or crash fences, the passers meet, almost head on, in a swirling, grinding smash that sends them

caroming obliquely into the others.

A trooper described such an accident — five cars in one mess, seven killed on the spot, two dead on the way to the hospital, two more dead in the long run. He remembered it far more vividly than he wanted to — the quick way the doctor turned away from a dead man to check up on a woman with a broken back; the three bodies out of one car so soaked with oil from the crankcase that they looked like wet brown cigars and not human at all; a man, walking around and babbling to himself, oblivious of the dead and dying, even oblivious of the daggerlike sliver of steel that stuck out of his streaming wrist; a pretty girl with her forehead laid open, trying hopelessly to crawl out of a ditch in spite of her smashed hip.

A first-class massacre of that sort is only a question of scale and numbers — seven corpses are no deader than one. Each shattered man, woman or child who went to make up the 36,000 corpses chalked up last year had to die a personal death.

A CAR careening and rolling down a bank, battering and smashing its occupants every inch of the way, can wrap itself so thoroughly around a tree that front and rear bumpers interlock, requiring an acetylene torch to cut them apart. In a recent case of that sort they found the old lady, who had been sitting in back, lying across the lap of her daughter, who was in front, each soaked in her own and the other's blood indistinguishably, each so shattered and broken that there was no point whatever in an autopsy to determine

whether it was broken neck or ruptured heart that caused death.

Overturning cars specialize in certain injuries. Cracked pelvis, for instance, guaranteeing agonizing months in bed, motionless, perhaps crippled for life; — broken spine resulting from sheer sidewise twist — the minor details of smashed knees and splintered shoulder blades caused by crashing into the side of the car as she goes over with the swirl of an insane roller coaster — and the lethal consequences of broken ribs, which puncture hearts and lungs with their raw ends. The consequent internal hemorrhage is no less dangerous because it is the pleural instead of the abdominal cavity that is filling with blood.

Flying glass — safety glass is by no means universal yet — contributes much more than its share to the spectacular side of accidents. It doesn't merely cut — the fragments are driven in as if a cannon loaded with broken bottles had been fired in your face, and a sliver in the eye, traveling with such force, means certain blindness. A leg or arm stuck through the windshield will cut clean to the bone through vein, artery and muscle like a piece of beef under the butcher's knife, and it takes little time to lose a fatal amount of blood under such circumstances. Even safety glass may not be wholly safe when the car crashes something at high speed. You hear picturesque tales of how a flying human body will make a neat hole in the stuff with its head — the shoulders stick — the glass holds — and the raw, keen edge decapitates the body as neatly as a guillotine.

Or, to continue with the decapi-

tation motif, going off the road into a post-and-rail fence can put you beyond worrying about other injuries immediately when a rail comes through the windshield and tears off your head with its splintery end — not as neat a job but thoroughly efficient. Bodies are often found with their shoes off and their feet all broken out of shape. The shoes are back on the floor of the car, empty and with their laces still neatly tied. That is the kind of impact produced by modern speeds.

But all that is routine in every American community. To be remembered individually by doctors and policemen, you have to do something as grotesque as the lady who burst the windshield with her head, splashing splinters all over the other occupants of the car, and then, as the car rolled over, rolled with it down the edge of the windshield frame and cut her throat from ear to ear. Or park on the pavement too near a curve at night and stand in front of the tail light as you take off the spare tire — which will immortalize you in somebody's memory as the fellow who was mashed three feet broad and two inches thick by the impact of a heavy-duty truck against the rear of his own car. Or be as original as the pair of youths who were thrown out of an open roadster this spring — thrown clear — but each broke a windshield post with his head in passing and the whole top of each skull, down to the eyebrows, was missing. Or snap off a nine-inch tree and get yourself impaled by a ragged branch.

None of all that is scare-fiction; it is just the horrible raw material of the year's statistics as seen in the

ordinary course of duty by policemen and doctors, picked at random. The surprising thing is there is so little dissimilarity in the stories they tell.

It's hard to find a surviving accident victim who can bear to talk. After you come to, the gnawing, searing pain throughout your body is accounted for by learning that you have both collarbones smashed, both shoulder blades splintered, your right arm broken in three places and three ribs cracked, with every chance of bad internal ruptures. But the pain can't distract you, as the shock begins to wear off, from realizing that you are probably on your way out. You can't forget that, not even when they shift you from the ground to the stretcher and your broken ribs bite into your lungs and the sharp ends of your collarbones slide over to stab deep into each side of your screaming throat. When you've stopped screaming, it all comes back — you're dying and you hate yourself for it. That isn't fiction either. It's what it actually feels like to be one of that 36,000.

And every time you pass on a blind curve, every time you hit it up on a slippery road, every time you step on it harder than your reflexes will safely take, every time you drive with your reactions slowed down by a drink or two, every time you follow the man ahead too closely, you're gambling a few seconds against blood and agony and sudden death.

Take a look at yourself as the man in the white jacket shakes his head over you, tells the boys with the stretcher not to bother and turns away to somebody else who isn't quite dead yet. And then take it easy.

BOOK SECTION

The Anatomy of Peace

A condensation from the book by Emery Reves

"It might be a good thing for the world if ten or 20 million Americans read and discussed *The Anatomy of Peace*. It is intelligent, realistic and eloquent," declares the *New York Times*. Says the Associated Press: "Few books about the dangers of war are as stirring as this one about the possibilities of peace."

With the purpose of getting as many Americans as possible to read the book, there recently appeared in newspapers from coast to coast an open letter initiated by former Justice Owen J. Roberts of the United States Supreme Court and Carl and Mark Van Doren. Signed by Senators Fulbright, Pepper and Elbert D. Thomas, by Albert Einstein and Thomas Mann, by representatives of business, labor and veterans organizations, the letter said in part:

"We urge Americans to read this book, to think about its conclusions, to discuss it with friends, privately and publicly. In the new reality of atomic warfare the ideas of the book are of immediate urgent necessity, unless civilization is determined on suicide."

The central argument of the book is simple: that none of the methods of achieving peace employed up to now will work. They have all been tried and tried again, and have failed without a single exception to prevent war. Peace will come, Mr. Reves believes, only when absolute national sovereignty, which causes anarchy in international relations, gives way to a universal legal order - *when the relationships between nations are regulated not by treaties but by law*.

In the first section of the book, condensed here, Mr. Reves traces the inevitable trend of all nations toward totalitarianism under the present scheme of national sovereignty.

Our political and social thinking today is passing through a revolutionary era - very much the same as astronomy and abstract science passed through during the Renaissance.

For more than 14 centuries, the

scientific world believed that the earth was the center of the universe around which revolved the sun, the moon and all the stars.

No matter how primitive such a conception appears to us today, it remained unchallenged in practice

until about 1500 A.D. Then new methods of observation led to one of the most gigantic steps of scientific progress in human history, the establishment of the Copernican system. Copernicus opened a new world, pointed out the road which finally led to general acceptance of the true outlook on the universe — that the earth, just like other planets, revolved in space around the sun.

Today we must question our political thinking as Copernicus did the scientific beliefs of his day. We are living in a world of nation-states. The center of our political universe is our own nation — the immovable point around which the rest of the world supposedly rotates.

We can solve political, economic and social problems within our nation through law and government. But in our relations with other nations, these same problems we feel should be treated by "policy" and "diplomacy." This is our fundamental dogma, and it is now hopelessly obsolete.

For many centuries such an approach was unchallenged. It solved current problems in a satisfactory way. But scientific and technological developments have brought about changes so profoundly revolutionary that the need for a new approach is imperative. In one century, the population of the earth has more than trebled. For thousands of years, communication was based on animal power — and then within a single century transportation changed to the railroad, the automobile and the jet-propulsion plane. The change created by industrialism is without parallel in human history.

None of our accepted theories is satisfactory to cope with the disturbing and complex problems of today. We find ourselves completely helpless, equipped with the inadequate notions inherited from the pre-industrialized world.

In spite of the tremendous scope of transportation, we cannot prevent famine and starvation in many places, while there is abundance elsewhere on the earth. Hundreds of millions are desperately in need of industrial products, but we cannot prevent mass unemployment. Even though we have mined more gold than ever before, we cannot stabilize currency. While every modern country needs raw materials that other countries have, and produces goods which other countries need, we have been unable to organize a satisfactory method of exchange. And finally, although the majority of all people hate violence and long to live in peace, we cannot prevent recurrent and increasingly devastating war.

We still believe, in each one of the 80-odd sovereign states, that our "nation" is the immovable center around which the whole world revolves. The dramatic and strange events between the two world wars are hopelessly confusing if seen from the point of view of any single nation. From Tokyo or Warsaw, from Riga or Rome, from Prague or Budapest, each nation interprets events from its own fixed national point of observation. And the citizens of every country will be at all times convinced of the infallibility and objectivity of their views.

It follows that as long as these sovereign nations retain their sp-

sovereignty — i.e., remain free to do as they please — violent conflicts between them are inevitable, and we can never hope to achieve world security.

The time has come to realize that our inherited method of observation in political matters is childishly primitive, hopelessly inadequate and thoroughly wrong. If we want to create at least the beginning of orderly relations between nations, we must try to arrive at a more scientific method of observation. We must shift our standpoint and see all the nations in true relation to each other, rotating according to the same laws, without any fixed points created by our own imagination for our own convenience.

In other words we must grasp the fact that it is necessary to limit the sovereignty of nations and to establish a world government which will regulate the relations between nations by law as the United States, for example, now regulates the relations between states. Otherwise there is not the slightest hope that we can possibly solve any of our generation's vital problems, or that we will be able to avoid further and still more ruinous wars.

In the present turmoil of international relations, we hear nation accusing nation in a most peculiar way, the voice of each lifted against the others.

Fascist countries assert that democracy and Communism are the same thing, that a democratic system of government must lead to Bolshevism.

Communists insist that democracy and Fascism are both capitalist, that under both private capital exploits

the workers, that Fascism is a device of reactionaries to destroy socialism.

Democratic countries emphasize that Fascism and Communism are one and the same thing, both totalitarian dictatorships destroying all liberties and reducing the individual to serfdom.

Actually each of these triangular cross-charges expresses a superficial point of view. Since mankind has been fighting a world-wide civil war around these conceptions, the vital issues must be defined objectively.

The Failure of Capitalism

CAPITALISM was the dominant economic philosophy at the birth of industrialism. At the beginning of the 19th century, when the industrial revolution began, the liberating political revolutions of the late 18th century had been consolidated, their aims achieved. Democratic nation-states — republics and constitutional monarchies — were firmly established in the Western World. It was only natural that the political ideals which had triumphed should also become the prevailing basic principles of the economists, manufacturers and traders of the early industrial age.

Thus free enterprise, free trade and free competition naturally went along with political liberty. But freedom in human society is relative. The freedom for which man has been struggling for 5000 years means in practice only the proper regulation of individuals within a society. Human freedom can be created only by limiting the free exercise of human impulses through generally applied compul-

sion — in other words, by law. It can be granted only to the extent that the freedom of one individual does not interfere with the freedom of others.

The economists of absolute free enterprise, however, failed to see that freedom in economic affairs could in no way be absolute. Unlimited and unrestrained freedom of action could bring about "freedom" in this world only if absolute equality existed between individuals, if the inheritance of property were abolished and if each person had to start from scratch. As such a thing is not likely to come to pass, freedom of enterprise and opportunity can at best be relative. Obviously the order existing today in capitalist countries cannot be called "free enterprise" when many industries are so monopolized that new ventures can neither start nor compete with those industries.

Consequently modern industrialism has created not only undreamed-of wealth for the economically strong but poverty and lack of freedom for millions whose labor is now a mere commodity.

This situation naturally created reactions, and finally modern socialism.

Socialism teaches that private capitalism leads to monopoly — to the concentration of capital in the hands of the few and to the pauperization of the laboring masses.

For nearly a century now this class warfare has been going on, despite the fact that the entire controversy is based on a misconception. It is not because capital is controlled by individuals and private corporations

that the capitalist system failed. It failed because "freedom" was regarded as an absolute instead of a human ideal in constant need of adjustment and regulation by law.

After a period of fabulous wealth for a few and increasing poverty for many, various nations began to bridge the abyss between capitalist and proletarian classes by experiments with trade-unionism, social security, inheritance taxes and other measures. Experience unquestionably demonstrates that in this direction lies the solution of the problem, as it has been very nearly solved in Sweden, Denmark and Norway. The fact that evolution demands the transfer of certain human activities from the individual to the state does not mean the end of individualism. It means, rather, that the interest of the community and the freedom of its members are better served if certain activities vitally concerning all are under the control of the community. Our civic life is based entirely on the fundamental doctrine that maximum individual freedom results from the prohibition of the free exercise of such human actions as would infringe upon the action of others. This is the meaning of political freedom.

It is also the meaning of economic freedom. And the imperfect balance which we have thus far achieved between freedom and restraint has unquestionably retarded our economic progress.

But an even greater barrier to free industrial development is *the conflict between industrialism and political nationalism*. That has created a second, more violent conflict which threatens

to destroy the positive achievements of the past two centuries.

Modern industry needs freedom of exchange and transportation even more than freedom of individual initiative and competition. Its purpose is maximum production of consumer goods. This entails the use of raw materials from all over the earth and free distribution to all world markets. These conditions essential to industrial development were recognized at the beginning of the industrial age; and free trade became the natural policy of the first great industrial power, England.

But by the time free trade had established England's leadership, people in the Western World had begun to think in national terms, placing allegiance to nation-states above everything else. To national governments — and to the great majority of the peoples — it seemed more important to build up national industries, no matter how uneconomically they functioned, than to allow their people access to the best and cheapest commodities on the market. So tariff barriers were erected under which national industries came into being in the United States, in Germany and in various other countries.

For a certain time tariff barriers did help certain nations to increase their wealth and raise their living standards. But within a few decades there was hardly a country whose economy could develop further. The industrial powers lacked raw materials, which they were forced to purchase abroad, and were unable to consume their entire production at home. Once this saturation point

was reached and interchange with other closed national systems became inevitable, the ensuing conflict threw the entire economy of the world out of gear.

From the very moment the first tariff barriers were imposed, we could no longer speak of a system of free enterprise. Since that time economic principles and necessities have been clashing with our political beliefs and fighting a losing battle. No matter how rational were the classic arguments of liberal economists, their doctrines were powerless in the face of irrational and transcendental nationalist passions. With no more territories to discover or virgin lands to annex, the divided national states inevitably came into violent collisions with each other.

What we usually call world trade has today little to do with trade. It is in fact economic warfare. Its dominating motive is not trade, production, consumption, or even profit, but a determination to strengthen by all means the economic power of the nation-states.

Within the political strait jacket of the nation-states, national economies could function only through artificial stimulants. Capitalists began to eliminate competition, the very foundation of the capitalist system. Trusts and cartels were erected to circumvent the iron laws of supply and demand. They thought they saw salvation in economic planning to avoid overproduction and to keep prices high.

On the other hand, the workers organized trade unions and formed political parties to influence legislation and control governments.

On all sides today in the Western World, voices accuse managers of trusts and cartels as well as leaders of labor parties and trade unions of destroying individual freedom. The cry is that planned economy leads to dictatorship and destruction of democracy.

This is unquestionably true.

Both cartels and labor unions have been driving the democracies toward more government control and less individual freedom. But the strange thing is that the champions of liberty who so loudly lament this trend have not taken the trouble to analyze the crisis through which the world is passing.

National interests in every country force governments and peoples toward economic self-sufficiency, toward preparedness for war, toward more economic planning. The political structure of the nation-states is in violent and absolute opposition to the needs of an economic system of free enterprise. Today it is a waste of time to search for the laws of economic life. In a world of national industrialism, it is the gun that regulates production, trade and consumption. There is no higher law to govern economy in a world of sovereign nation-states. Consequently, the citizens in every nation are being progressively reduced to serfdom.

That nationalism represents insurmountable barriers to the development of a free enterprise should be apparent to everybody. High tariff walls, export subsidies, dumping, cartels, have completely distorted the free play of economic forces. In the presence of constant threats from other nation-states, the people of

each nation have been forced to centralize power in their national governments.

The rights of the individual, won at such a cost at the end of the 18th century, are on the way to being completely lost to a new tyrant, the nation-state. The advantage of a free economic system, higher living standards, greater wealth, better housing, better education, and more leisure mean much less to the blind citizen-serfs of the nation-states than do their nationalist passions. People willingly and enthusiastically renounce the enjoyment of freedom and wealth, if only they can continue to indulge in abject worship of their nation and its symbols.

Thus, except for a limited period after the birth of industrialism, free economy has never really existed. The political credo of nationalism undermined and destroyed it before it could develop. Hence, in every country in which it has been tried, the ill functioning of the free enterprise system has led to more and more power for the state, to a totalitarian form of government and the destruction of individual liberty.

But the trend in socialist countries has been the same and for the same reasons. Socialism and collectivism are merely reactions, attempts to cure the most urgent symptoms of the crisis created by the clash between industrialism and nationalism. Amid the world chaos which has created an iron compulsion to make the sovereign unit as strong as possible, developments in every single nation-state have run parallel. All have tended toward the domination of the individual by the state.

The Failure of Socialism

IN 1917 one great country, Russia, became the scene of a large-scale socialist experiment. Communism overthrew the old regime, czarism and capitalism alike. But the revolution did not establish economic equality and social justice.

The idealists who sincerely believed in a collectivist society were convinced that, once "ownership" of land and the means of production were transferred from private individuals to the state, social equality would be achieved and a new, prosperous and happy society created.

A few years after the revolution, however, it became obvious that absolute economic and social equality are incompatible with the very nature of man. Private initiative is essential to progress and a certain amount of property is an inevitable corollary to human liberty. A series of reforms was introduced which led to gradations in wealth and power as pronounced as in any capitalist country.

For two decades the Russian people worked with energy and devotion to lay the foundation of a great industrial power and to produce the arms necessary to defend their country against attack. But in spite of the fabulous production figures their standard of living remained extremely low. The workers live under conditions less favorable than those in Western democracies. Individual liberty is nonexistent. Although all natural resources and tools are collective property, the relationship between management and worker is the same as in England or

America — in practice worse. Most of the workers are tied to factory, mine or land, and have no freedom of movement if dissatisfied. In 20 years after the elimination of upper and middle classes, a new ruling class has crystallized. A general, a high official, a successful engineer, writer, painter or orchestra conductor is just as far above the masses as in the most capitalist country.

It does not detract from the achievements of the Russian people to state that almost none of the social ideals of Marx and Lenin have been achieved in the Soviet Union. Under constant fear of foreign aggression, the foremost endeavor of the Soviet peoples was to strengthen the power of the centralized Soviet state. The survival, at all costs, of the U.S.S.R. is the dominant doctrine of the Stalin regime. It did not take long for the original internationalism in Communist philosophy to fade away and disappear, to give way to National Communism.

Since Stalin's victory over Trotsky, the Soviet Government has been building up the industrial and military power of the U.S.S.R., forging the heterogeneous elements of that huge country into one great national unit, arousing and exalting the group instincts of nationalism, to a point that has made it possible for the Soviet Government to ask their people for any sacrifice to defend and strengthen the Soviet state.

The nationalist passions of all the heterogeneous peoples forming the Soviet Union were aroused and inflamed by the same oratory, the same slogans, the same flags, music, uniforms, as in capitalist countries. To

build the power of the nation-state, the people had to give up all hope of a better material life for a long time to come. The production of consumer goods was kept to a minimum to concentrate the entire power of the nation on the manufacture of war material.

The German attack in June 1941 proved how necessary this was. The victory at Stalingrad proved how successful.

Smoldering opposition among the working masses to this change in policy was ruthlessly extinguished by the central administration which, under growing internal opposition on one side and the growing external pressure created by the deteriorating international situation on the other, became every day more dictatorial, more tyrannical. The aspirations of the Russian people toward freedom were slowly strangled. In the late 1930's it was clear that the Soviet state was developing toward complete totalitarian domination of society by an autocratic state administration.

Twenty-five years after the creation of the first Communist state based on the principles of Marx and Lenin, the Soviet Union has developed into the greatest nation-state on earth, with an all-powerful bureaucracy, the largest standing army in the world, a unique police force controlling the activities of every citizen, a new social hierarchy with exceptional privileges for those in leading position.

The Soviet people may say that it is unjust to blame the Communist regime for having developed into a strong, centralized state. This was necessary, because the Soviet Union

was surrounded by hostile capitalist states which forced them into a policy of national defense.

Precisely.

But the fact that the U.S.S.R. was Communist and the other countries were capitalist is totally irrelevant. The one major cause of the development of the Soviet Union into a powerful state is that there were *other* power units in existence. As long as there are *several* sovereign power units in contact with each other, they are bound to conflict, no matter what their internal economic systems.

Soviet policy is obviously shaped by that fact. During World War II, at all international meetings called to discuss the shape of a new world organization, the representatives of the Soviet Union have defended exactly the same position — that of unrestricted national sovereignty — as did Lodge, Johnson and Borah in the United States Senate at the end of World War I. The most stubborn of American isolationist Senators of 1919 would undoubtedly agree heartily with the views advocated a quarter century later by the country which claims to be the most revolutionary and “international” of all.

Soviet foreign policy has developed along exactly the same lines as that of any other major power — alliances, spheres of influence, expediency and compromise in weak situations, expansion after military victories. Communism in the Soviet Union is but a means to the end, to the great end of nationalism.

Under Lenin and for several years after his death, the Soviet regime was far less repressive than it is today. There was a great deal of individual

freedom, there were open and public discussions, criticism of the government and of the party in the press and on the platforms. Not until later did the system develop into a totalitarian state with an all-powerful police force, the suppression of free speech, free criticism and all individual liberty. The development of the Soviet Union into a totalitarian dictatorship has run parallel with the awakening and growth of nationalism and the strengthening of the nation-state.

Since the 1920's, Communism has been diminishing in importance and nationalism has been growing by leaps and bounds. During these first 25 years, the Communist Internationale, in spite of innumerable attempts, failed to spread the influence of Moscow abroad. But the totalitarian Soviet nation-state succeeded. Even the many Communist parties in foreign countries, unquestionably inspired by Moscow, have given up their fight for the socialization of their countries and become merely the instruments of Soviet Russia's nationalist policy, adopting in each country an attitude dictated not by the necessity of fostering Communism but by the necessity of strengthening the international position of the Soviet Union.

There is no place for dogmatism in connection with the dispute between capitalism and socialism. Both proclaim their aim to raise the material and cultural standards of the masses. Which system can best accomplish this should be decided by experience, not by cracking each other's skulls in senseless class warfare. If certain people — like the

Slavs — through century-old traditions have an inclination toward collective ownership, and if other peoples — like the Latins and Anglo-Saxons — through their traditions prefer private ownership, there is not the slightest reason why these different methods should not be able to coexist and coöperate with each other.

We can continue this class struggle for decades. It may be that one of the two classes will defeat the other. But the solution of the problem of the 20th century will not be advanced a single step.

The champions of capitalism and socialism must realize that they are fighting each other within a hermetically sealed conveyance. The fight for a better seat, for a little more comfort is meaningless. They are being carried relentlessly toward the same terminus. The vehicle is nationalism. The terminus is totalitarianism.

The Road to Fascism

THE irresistible sequence of events during the past decades has led all industrial countries, both capitalist and Communist, toward the all-powerful nation-state. In some countries where the pressure was greatest, it led to open repudiation of democratic principles and to the establishment of a new creed, Fascism, which proclaimed the state as the highest ultimate goal of human society.

This new Fascist movement, so diametrically opposed to all the fundamental principles of Christianity, socialism and democracy, spread like wildfire around the whole globe.

What is the meaning of Fascism?

We cannot answer this question without freeing ourselves from emotional prejudice. We shall get nowhere by calling anyone who doubts the wisdom of capitalist policies a Communist; or by calling anyone who dares to remark that Soviet Russia is not quite a Garden of Eden a Fascist. We must stop believing that Fascism is the political instrument of a few gangsters lusting for power.

Elements of both capitalism and socialism are to be found in Fascism. But it remains a rather mystical conception. The best definition is still the article *Fascismo* written by Benito Mussolini in the *Enciclopedia Italiana*.

Fascism is a reaction to developments of the past two centuries. Man is confused and disillusioned by insecurity, by the bankruptcy of democratic individualism in an age of conflicting nation-states. To induce him to renounce individuality and accept complete subordination to the state in exchange for security, Mussolini surrounded the Fascist idea with mysticism and sophism.

"For the Fascist," he wrote, "everything is in the state, nothing human or spiritual exists, and even less anything of value exists outside the state. In this sense, Fascism is totalitarian. . . . The state, in fact, as the universal ethical will is the creator of right. . . ."

These declarations make it clear that Fascism is not an economic conception. It is essentially a politico-social doctrine. Its aim is the complete regulation of individual life, the reduction of the individual to serfdom.

During the years between 1917

and 1942 not one single democratic capitalist country became Communist but about two dozen of them went Fascist. Russia, which established Communism by revolution, had never been a capitalist, democratic society; it had always been feudal and agricultural, a backward conglomeration of peoples ruled by an autocratic dynasty. But from the very moment of the Communist revolution the same phenomena occurred as in capitalist countries, the same irresistible drive toward centralized bureaucratic state administration. Evidently then, under the circumstances now prevailing, Communism is moving in the same direction as is capitalism; that is, toward complete totalitarianism.

In our own lifetime we have seen that both capitalism and socialism lead to state domination — to Fascism. From this we must draw the conclusion that Fascism has nothing to do with the *form* of the economic system — capitalism or socialism — but with its *content*: industrialism.

The real conflict of our age is not between individualism and collectivism, nor between capitalism and Communism, but between industrialism and nationalism.

To what purpose is all this mistrust, hatred and fighting between socialists and capitalists? The truth is that both are becoming Fascist and totalitarian. It is high time to realize this and to start the common fight for human liberty and welfare, against the common and real enemy — the nation-state.

Both camps are hypnotized by the Fascist reasoning that there can be no individual freedom without "free-

dom" of the state. Indeed, according to Fascist theory, the power of the state is the only criterion of national sovereignty. In this conception the needs of modern industrialism are completely subjugated to the dictates of an all-powerful nationalism.

People in democracies, who are trying to make up their minds whether the danger lies in Communism or in Fascism, are dreaming of a freedom of decision they do not possess. There is no choice. We are now moving straight toward Fascism. To a large extent we are already there. Even should a Communist revolution succeed in one country or another, it would change nothing in our progress toward totalitarianism. The Communist countries, should there be more of them, would soon join the throng led by the irresistible Pied Piper, the sovereign nation-state.

Neither individualist capitalism nor collective socialism can work within the nation-state structure. Both are creating Fascism under certain specific conditions, conditions activated by nationalism. It matters little which we choose. If it is to be "national" it will be Fascism.

The Perversion of Religion

THE worship of the nation-state reached its highest point in the Fascist countries, but the perversion of religion to make it serve nationalistic ends has been marked in every nation.

What was divine and civilizing in Christianity was its universalism — the doctrine which teaches that all men are created equal in the sight of

God and are ruled by one God, with one law over all men. That was a revolutionary idea in human history, but the rise of the nation-states has caused it to fail as a civilizing force.

At the moment modern nations began to crystallize, national feeling in the Western World began to prevail over Christian feeling. The churches, already divided, split into new sects, each supporting the rising ideal of the nation. In every country nationalist policy was recognized as Christian policy, and the Christian churches evolved into national organizations supporting the tribal instincts of nationalism.

In thousands of churches Catholic priests and Protestant preachers pray for the glory of their own nationals and for the downfall of others, in violent contradiction to the highest religious ideal mankind ever produced — universal Christianity.

A universal moral principle is neither universal nor moral if it is valid only within segregated groups of people. "Thou shalt not kill" cannot mean that it is a crime to kill a man of one's own nationality, but a virtue to kill a man technically the citizen of another state.

The same development can be observed in all three of the great monotheistic religions. The unity which the Koran maintained for centuries among Mohammedan peoples of different stock has been visibly splitting up into nationalist groups. The Pan-Turks aim at the union of certain branches of the Turkish race. The Pan-Arabs advocate the federation of all the Arab tribes. And the believers of Islam in India say: "I am an Indian first, a

Moslem afterward." All have forgotten the universalism which was the basis of the great Islam creed.

Not only Christianity and Islam but even the originators of monotheism, the Jews, have forgotten the fundamental teaching of their religion: universalism. They seem no longer to remember that the One and Almighty God chose them to spread the doctrine of the oneness of the Supreme Lawgiver among the people of the world. With glowing passion they desire to worship their own national idol, to have their own nation-state. No amount of persecution and suffering can justify such abandonment of a world mission for nationalism — another name for the very tribalism which is the origin of all their misfortunes.

It is of utmost importance for the future of mankind to realize how distorted has been monotheistic world religion, for without its influence human freedom in society — democracy — could never have been instituted and cannot survive. Human society can be saved only by universalism. Unless the Christian churches return to this central doctrine and make it the central doctrine of their practice, they will vanish before a new religion of universalism, which is bound to arise from the ruin and suffering caused by the impending collapse of nationalism.

Throughout known history only one method has ever succeeded in creating a social order within which man had security from murder, larceny and other crimes, and had freedom to think, to speak and to worship.

That method is Law.

And integrated social relations regulated by Law — which is peace — have been possible only within social units with one single source of law, irrespective of the size, territory, population, race and religion of such social units. It has *never* been possible *between* such sovereign social units, even if they were composed of populations of the same race, the same religion, the same language, the same culture, the same degree of civilization. Conflicts and wars between social units are inevitable whenever and wherever groups of men with equal sovereignty come into contact.

The conclusion then is clear. The problem of peace in our time is the establishment of a legal order, beyond and above the nation-states. This requires transferring parts of the sovereign authority of the existing nation-states to universal institutions; in other words a world government capable of creating a universal law in world affairs.

The era of war between nations will end, just as everything human ends. It will end, probably within this century, with the establishment of universal law to regulate human relationship. Such universal law will be established through rational means or through violence, by conquest.

For the first time in human history, *one power can conquer and rule the world.* Indeed but for the industrial might of the United States, Hitler might have done it! Politically, such a world unification by conquest is a definite probability if no legal order is created to satisfy the instinctive desire of peoples for security.

For, to put it bluntly, the meaning

of the crisis of the 20th century is that this planet must be brought under unified control *by law*. Our task, our duty, is to attempt to institute this unified control in a democratic way by first proclaiming its principles, and to achieve it by persuasion and with the least possible

bloodshed. If we fail to accomplish this, we can be certain that the iron law of history will compel us to wage more and more wars, with more and more powerful weapons, against more and more powerful groups, until unified control is finally attained through conquest.

A condensation of the remainder of Emory Reeves' *The Anatomy of Peace* — dealing with the fundamental question of sovereignty, the futility of diplomacy, and the necessity of world government by law instead of by treaties — will appear in the January Digest.

The waging of peace is the next great enterprise of civilization. The coming condensation is a most penetrating, clear-cut analysis of the problem, and the editors predict that it will be the most-discussed feature published in *The Reader's Digest* in recent years.

The Unmated

» When the USO company of *The Unmated Couple* played at Pearl Harbor, an Admiral's aide was attracted to a young lady in the cast. The next evening he told the Admiral that he was ill and would be unable to join him that night. Actually he had arranged a dinner party at the hotel for the actress and other members of the cast. When the food was brought in, the Admiral's aide blanched and began mopping his brow. For the maître d'hôtel who supervised the service was his boss, the Admiral. And the "waiters" were his colleagues on the Admiral's staff.

— Leonard Lyons

Shooting Match

» A distinguished gentleman came to Abercrombie and Fitch's in New York and asked to see shotguns. The clerk, sizing him up as a man of means, showed him a fine English model priced at \$450. "That is a splendid gun," the gentleman said, "but a little expensive."

The clerk brought out a Belgian model priced at \$275. "Still a little too expensive," observed the gentleman.

A bit discouraged, the clerk said, "Well, here is a Winchester mass production stock model at \$17.50."

With that the gentleman brightened. "That will do nicely. After all, it's only a small wedding."

— Contributed by Jennie Justin

The amazing exploits of a handful of heroic secret operatives of the OSS who, with partisan resistance forces, hastened the German collapse in northern Italy.

Some Affairs of Honor



A condensation from the forthcoming book by WILLIAM L. WHITE

In *Some Affairs of Honor*, Roving Editor William L. White will doubtless add another best seller to his impressive roster of brilliant wartime books — *They Were Expendable*, *Queens Die Proudly* and *Report on the Russians*—all of which first appeared in *The Reader's Digest* in September, '42, April, '43, and December, '44, respectively.

SLOWLY losing altitude, the big plane droned through the night. Now four hours from its base at Bari in southeastern Italy, it was 300 miles deep into enemy territory behind the lines, which were then south of Bologna. It was the night after Christmas, 1944. The three men who were to jump peered down into the blackness, looking for the signal fire the partisans had lit at the designated spot near the village of Trichi-

ana in the foothills of the Italian Alps. Then, as the plane banked, they saw the tiny signal fire on the snow.

First to jump was the leader, Captain Howard Chappell, of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), 26 years old, a graduate of Ohio State and Western Reserve Universities. American-born of Prussian descent, he speaks German but not Italian. However, Sergeant Far-

brega, his interpreter, speaks Italian and several other languages. Sergeant Silsby, the radio operator, veteran of two OSS missions in Yugoslavia, jumped last. Before the three men bailed out, big parachute containers packed with rifles, ammunition and uniforms for the waiting partisans were tossed out.

When Captain Chappell picked himself up he found about 30 partisans, wearing a nondescript motley of Italian and German uniforms, waiting there. Others were out gathering the containers of equipment, because any not recovered by dawn would be found by the Germans.

Bolzano, headquarters of the German SS troops in Italy, was only 60 kilometers (about 38 miles) away, and every big town was heavily garrisoned. There were many Germans in this area, for nearby were the two great mountain passes — the Brenner and another east to Vienna. Only through these passes could the Germans supply their armies fight-

ing in Italy, or later evacuate them.

Chappell's mission was to organize partisans who could block these escape routes.

At the nearby town of Belluno, Captain Bennucci, another OSS agent, already was operating, and the three stayed five days with him. They taught the partisans how to make booby traps to leave in barracks, hotels or taverns frequented by the Germans.

"My first job," Chappell relates, "was to try to get to Cortina, where we hoped to land a parachute drop of 12 more Americans to help organize the partisans. The snow was so deep we knew we would have to stick to the highway, where the Germans had many road blocks. We thought of going in a truck, riding standing up in plain view. To make it more plausible the partisans gave me two Austrian deserters from the 20th Luftwaffe Division, who still had their German uniforms. They would be presumably guarding us.

THOUGH overshadowed by the Allies' triumphant sweep across France and into Germany, the Italian campaign 'made a heavy contribution to the successes on the western front,' as General Marshall said in his recent report, and the capitulation on May 2, 1945 of the 24 German divisions in Italy indubitably hastened Germany's surrender on May 7.

Much of the credit for the Nazis' collapse in Italy is due to a handful of heroic men of our "mysterious" Office of Strategic Services who, during the crisis of the Battle of the Bulge in December 1944, parachuted into German-held northern Italy to organize resistance forces among the Italian partisans.

The havoc these secret operatives wrought against tremendous odds can now be glimpsed in this thrilling account of the exploits of Captain Howard Chappell of the OSS and his men, who successfully accomplished the hazardous and vitally important task of cutting off the Germans' escape route through the Brenner Pass into Austria. Captain Chappell, now returned to civilian life, was awarded the Silver Star and Purple Heart.

The partisans said these deserters were loyal to our side. Our papers, forged by the partisans in their secret press in Belluno, would show us to be laborers being transported to work on German fortifications in Brenner Pass. Getting an Italian truck and driver would be easy. The partisans would kidnap a child of a Fascist sympathizer who owned a truck, and would return the child as soon as the trip was over.

“ABOUT this time the 20th Luftwaffe Division was moved into our area, and I noticed that the two Austrian deserters began to get impertinent and furtive. I told Sergeant Farbrega to keep an eye on them. They didn't know he spoke German. He reported that they were homesick for their old outfit, and now that it was back in the neighborhood they planned to rejoin it and turn us in for a reward. So we had to do away with them. A gunshot would have attracted attention to our hiding place, so we first tried with blackjacks, but this is harder than you'd think, and finally their throats had to be cut.

“I decided to postpone the Cortina move. Meanwhile I had been talking things over with Captain Brietche, a British secret agent who was working in this area, and we agreed to split the zone between us. I would take over two brigades of the partisans' so-called Nanette Division.

“This was a Communist outfit. I found myself in command of an army of Generals. There were plenty of Commanders, Vice-Commanders, Division and Brigade Commanders

and Political Commissars, but not many ordinary partisans to do the tiresome and dangerous work. Many of the Communists who had maneuvered themselves into key positions in the underground were about 20 percent for liberation and 80 percent for Russia. We soon found that they were burying the German arms they had captured, to save them for use after the war was over and the Americans had pulled out of Italy. What the Italians did after the war was their own business, but we were dropping weapons to the partisans for the purpose of saving American lives. I wanted our weapons used for this.

“The battle name of the Nanette Division's commander was Mello. He was a pleasant character who, along with another Communist called De Lucca, later schemed to have me murdered. Mello stole and buried three plane-loads of American equipment. One of his brigades had received from us some clothing and 40 Sten guns, which they buried whenever the Germans came near. They did no fighting.

“Many of the rank and file partisans, however, were fine and brave. One Communist girl, whose battle name was Maria, became my private messenger. She carried messages for me through the German lines, in her pants and brassiere. Maria had been planted by the Communists to watch me, but she grew to like me, and when they plotted to kill me she tipped me off.

“Every night I sent radio reports to our OSS base at Bari, giving the location of ammunition and petrol dumps which our Air Corps could bomb, telling them what German

units were moving on the road and from the Brenner Pass, and relaying whatever I picked up about German morale and food supplies.

"I was giving sabotage training to the partisans. One of the most successful things we had was a steel road spike with four sharp points, one of which was, of course, always straight up. Even children could place these things along the highways. Because of our Air Corps dive bombers, all German traffic moved at night, and these spikes split a lot of tires wide open.

"We also stretched black wires across the road, rigged to mines, or made booby traps by covering mines with horse manure. We had the Germans frantic. They even tried driving dogs down the road ahead of them to set off these mines. But did you ever try to drive a dog down a straight road?

"By day we were in hiding, living with the partisans or in deserted houses or haystacks or in our sleeping bags, hidden in the bushes.

"THERE were four British and American missions in the field in this area, all supplied by parachute. We were acquiring a lot of shot-down American pilots (we presently accumulated 21), and one of my assignments was to get them back, through underground channels, as soon as possible.

"When they parachuted down, my partisans would try to get to them before the Germans or Fascists, who would often kill our airmen when they landed. The pilots usually whipped out their revolvers as soon as they

scrambled to their feet. It was sometimes difficult for the partisans, few of whom spoke any English, to let the pilots know they were friendly.

"They brought in one pilot who told us that when a couple of tough characters had come running toward him across a field he had whipped out his .45 and was about to knock them off when one began yelling: 'Jesus-Christ-Lucky-Strike-God-Damn-Chesterfield-Son-of-a-Bitch-Spam!' So the pilot put his gun away.

"The Germans parachuted spies into this region disguised as shot-down American airmen, so we never trusted anyone until we had radioed his name and number to our base and got back confirmation that such a man was missing from his unit.

"We knew the Germans had spotted some of the parachute drops coming into this zone, that a clean-up would be coming soon, and that it would be hard for us to hide so many airmen. The partisans told us that the Fascists, catching one American fighter pilot, had burned him alive. I put pilots and partisans to work clearing away the snow from an old soccer field on which I hoped a big C-47 could land and take the airmen out.

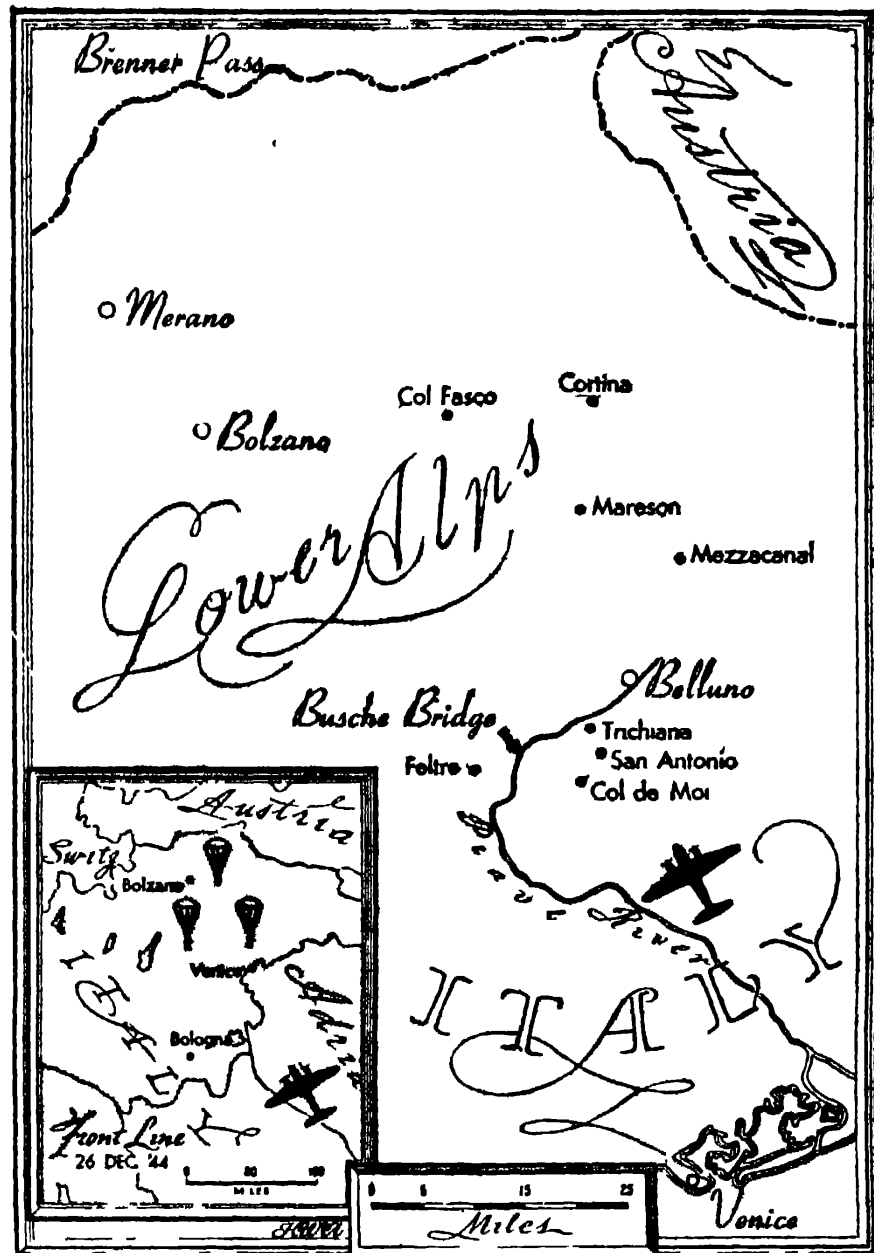
"I radioed to base that I needed more men, especially a medical man with full equipment. We couldn't send our wounded to the local hospitals: a gunshot wound is a give-away, and the Germans would execute them. Two days before the Fascist roundup, my reinforcements arrived. They were Erik Buchhardt, a hospital corpsman; Charles Ciccone, an expert weapons man; and Gene Delanie, a demolitions man.

The last two spoke perfect Italian.

"Burchhardt brought along sulfa, morphine, iodine, gauze and instruments. In this zone, which was about 60 miles long and 20 miles wide, he set up a chain of dispensaries, each in charge of a partisan who knew a little about medicine.

"The work on the air strip was half done when I got word that the Fascists were starting a big sweep of the neighborhood. This meant we would have to hit for the hills, and I had to move fast. I sent half my pilots over to Captain Brietche, the British agent, who was to establish contact with 'Tito and deliver the pilots to him in Yugoslavia. But another big snowstorm blocked the route and they couldn't travel on the main highways or fight the 15-foot drifts in the foothills, so those pilots spent the rest of the war with Brietche.

"The Fascists gathered a force equipped with heavy machine guns, mortars and rifles, so we moved over into another valley and dug in on the crest of a mountain. Our organization in the towns was working well:



whatever the Fascists did down there was reported to us within five hours. We got word that the Fascists had moved 120 militiamen into a tiny town at the foot of our mountain and were using as their headquarters a shop which had been providing us with bread, butter, wine and cheese. Our supplies were now cut off, so I decided to strike.

"I took 20 partisans and at mid-

night we surrounded the Fascist garrison. The partisans had Sten guns, two automatic rifles and a bazooka. We first fired the bazooka through a window and called out to the garrison to surrender. A Fascist militiaman came to the door to ask our terms, but when one of our men advanced to talk it over with him the Fascist opened up with a machine gun, so we jammed the rest of our bazooka rounds into the house. I'm sure no one escaped from it. We estimated the next morning that we had killed 80.

"OUR attack caused tremendous repercussions. It was the first time this region had experienced the bazooka. The Fascists wanted to get the hell out, and the morale of the partisans soared. The 20 who had taken part in this attack were now heroes, known all over the Lower Alps, and everybody wanted to join us.

"Yet we were in real danger. Only three kilometers away was a German garrison equipped with armored cars. I knew they wouldn't take this attack lying down, so I gathered my Americans, including six Air Corps boys who were left, got food and ammunition, and with 30 partisans moved back into the highest mountain of the region — the Col de Moi, which towers 3000 feet above the Po valley. We hid in three shepherds' huts on its crest, and waited.

"Soon about 120 Fascists came toiling up the zig-zag mountain trail. We killed 20 of them with our machine guns and the rest ran down the mountain. Presently a partisan

courier crawled up gulleys through the Fascist lines to report that there were now 3000 Fascists spread out through the zone, and they would soon close in. I told Silsby to radio our base that we were surrounded, and wanted canned beef, five automatic rifles, two American machine guns, and a 47-mm. cannon. Two hours later Silsby contacted base again and found that Captain Matterazzi of our headquarters in Bari had already packed the order and loaded it into a plane. It was cooperation like this which made it possible for us to work in the field; we knew we would be backed up.

"Meanwhile, we had spotted three groups of Fascists working their way toward us, some 3000 yards away. I took a U.S. light machine gun, set its sights at the limit (2400 yards), pointed its muzzle way up over that and fired a burst while Buchhardt watched the results through field glasses. It tickled hell out of us that we got three Fascists. When the partisans heard this they clamored for me to get them more of this wonderful American equipment.

"Toward evening several Fascist trucks came up the road about five kilometers away, either bringing reinforcements or taking the Fascists out. We waited until the first truck entered a short tunnel through the opposite mountain, both ends of which were in our field of fire. When the truck started to come out we gave it a burst, whereupon they backed into the tunnel. For an hour we played cat and mouse with it, giving it a burst of fire whenever it tried to leave either end of the tunnel. Finally we disabled it and they left

it there, blocking the narrow mountain road.

"We were only a handful surrounded on a mountain, and darkness was coming on. If they had the nerve to attack at night, how could we handle them? I sent a messenger to the village for Maria, who knew the Alpine trails as well as any mountain goat and could take the Air Corps men to safety. That night she led them 30 miles through the mountains to Captain Brietche.

"We discovered at dark that the Fascists were even more alarmed than we were and had pulled out. Then we loaded our arms on a sled and sneaked off to another mountain 15 miles away. Just before leaving, I rigged a 60-pound demolition bomb onto the door of our hut. We later heard that when the Germans made a sweep of the region it got six of them.

"For the time being the Fascists had had enough. The villagers counted 350 we had killed. Our spies told us that the Fascists appealed to the Germans for help, and were told to go to hell.

"And on the basis of this report we asked our base for 'black' propaganda to distribute. They sent us a leaflet printed as though it had been issued by the Germans, saying that Fascists were all cowards and it would be best to send them quickly to the front. We distributed copies among the Fascists and it caused many desertions. Another leaflet, supposedly printed by the Fascists, charged that the Germans were deserting the Italians. Except for the distribution of these leaflets, we stopped all partisan activity in our

new hide-out. I wanted to let the area become peaceful again so I could bring in more men from base.

"Farbrega, Silsby, Buchhardt, Ciccone, Delanie and I lived in two deserted stone houses, along with three partisans. They were Porthos, a 22-year-old boy from Bolzano, whose parents had been killed by American bombs and whose brothers had been shot by the Germans, Victor, who presently was to betray us; and a kid called Brownie whose parents had been killed by the Germans and who had more courage than them all. His sister had been taken by 16 SS troopers, who got tired of her after a month and sent her up to work on the roads near Bolzano.

"Brownie seemed fearless. With another partisan he had walked into Belluno, spotting two German machine guns in the armory there, he disarmed the guards, threw the machine guns into a German truck, made four trips back into the armory for other weapons, and drove the truck up into the mountain for us.

"FARBREGA now set to work to prepare caves in which we could bury the spare radio, gas, oil, food, clothing and ammunition in case we were suddenly chased away.

"One of our best operators, an Italian whose battle name was Sette, was a chauffeur at SS headquarters at Belluno. Through a chain of runners he kept us posted on exactly what the Germans were doing with the hostages they had taken, when they planned to raid us, and such things. He was a great help to us.

"Many times Sette had witnessed executions of our partisans in the courtyard of the Germans' headquarters. He would see men with whom he had been working walk up to the firing squad. Sometimes their eyes would meet and Sette would give the partisan a wink of encouragement, to remind him that his death would be avenged. None ever betrayed him.

"One day we got big news from Sette the great General Kesselring was making an inspection tour in this neighborhood, and would be due the next morning at Trichiana, six kilometers away. Delanie, Brownie and I spent most of that damned day chasing around through the hills with two automatic rifles, trying to catch up with Kesselring. Even if we had known that he was about to be appointed the Germans' Supreme Commander on the Western Front we couldn't have tried any harder. But we were hampered by the deep snow and he always kept two jumps ahead.

"That night I met Captain Bennucci in a Sant' Antonio tavern and we talked over plans until three in the morning. Then I took him to my hide-out for the night. I told him about the turkey the partisans had brought in. We were looking forward to eating it in the morning. We'd been living on corn meal for days.

"That morning I got up early and was brewing tea, looking now and then at the turkey cooking. Silsby was just setting up his radio, so we could get our messages off. Suddenly there was a knock at the door. It was one of the peasant girls who had

promised Brownie to warn him.

" 'Germans!' she whispered. 'They've surrounded you!' "

"I told Silsby to pack up his radio quick and bury it. Bennucci was waking the other men. I ordered Farbrega to get all the surplus material into his caves. Bennucci and I took a couple of automatic rifles and went up on the rise above the house, as a guard. I guessed that they had finally called out the SS troops. I didn't know then that there were more than 1000, with a certain Major Schroeder in charge.

"BENNUCCI was sweeping the back ridge with the binoculars. 'There's some up there!' he called. I grabbed the glasses. They seemed spread out completely around us, and closing in. We'd have to get the hell out. The girl had gone because, of course, it wasn't safe to be around. Incidentally, the Germans later looked up the owner of the house and hanged the man and his four sons.

"We took off, running up the creek bed in water about to our knees. It was in plain view of the Germans, but for some reason they didn't spot us until we had run 1000 yards. Then a machine gun opened up on the four of us. Farbrega hit the dirt. I hollered to him, but there was no answer and I ran round the bend.

"Just as I turned this bend I picked up a Browning automatic which a partisan had dropped, and fired a few rounds to keep the Germans from closing the ring on us; then I threw the rifle away and ran up the creek 400 yards. Here I found Buchhardt and Silsby, completely ex-

hausted. I now saw more Germans — one firing from across the creek and another on a knoll about 25 yards away.

“‘Captain,’ said Buchhardt, ‘they’re going to get us.’ I took Buchhardt’s arm, pulled him up the creek, and boosted him over a waterfall. ‘Now, get the hell out,’ I said, and went back to Silsby. Both Germans were now shooting at us. Silsby was too exhausted to get up and run, so I hollered, ‘*kamerad!*’

“‘Captain, get out of here,’ Silsby said. ‘Don’t stay with me.’ I still had my .45 but I couldn’t fight because they would be sure to shoot Silsby. One German advanced and the other stayed back to cover us. I quickly shoved under a rock \$1000 in Swiss francs and gold louis d’or which I had with me. I knew if they found all that money I couldn’t argue that I was only a poor shot-down airman.

“The German came up and took my pistol, ordered me to lift Silsby to his feet, and marched us to a road which led to Trichiana, three miles away, where there was a German garrison of 800. Once we arrived there, all hope of escape would be gone.

“Silsby was getting his breath back. When we reached a certain bend in the road I knew Trichiana was not far away, so I whispered to Silsby that we must make a break soon. Just then I saw a stable with one door near the road and one just opposite. In back was a ravine. I told Silsby that when we got just opposite he was to dart into the front door of the stable and out the back; I would run around the stable and

catch the guard just as he ran out its back door after Silsby.

“When we reached the stable I shouted, ‘Now!’ and started to run around it. But not hearing Silsby, I ran through it and down into the ravine. Luck was with me because the guard was so busy covering Silsby that he couldn’t fire. I ran about 400 yards and walked a mile, once encountering six krauts. One shot me in the leg, which was good for five points on my discharge, and didn’t bother me much. After getting away from them I hid behind a boulder in the creek bed until dark, wondering what had happened to the others.

“To bring them up to date: After I had boosted Buchhardt up that waterfall, he ran on up the creek until he found a hole. Ciccone, Delanie and Bennucci had also found holes, and all hid until dark. A lone German discovered Buchhardt and bayoneted him in the leg. Buchhardt got hold of the muzzle, and they were having a tug-of-war when Buchhardt suddenly let go. The German went over on his back, Buchhardt on top of him. Buck reached for his .45 but remembering that other Germans would hear, he brained the German with its butt. Then he ran on up the creek until he saw a haystack.

“He was about to make for it when he heard a partisan shout, ‘Germans!’ Sure enough, there was a German coming toward them. The German shot the partisan in the arm. Just as he fired, Buchhardt jumped for him. The German went down, and Buck says he guesses for

a while he went out of his head, for he kept on beating the German's skull with his pistol butt long after there was any sense in doing it. Later Buck found another hide-out.

"Farbrega wasn't quite so lucky. Three Germans found him hiding in some bushes, loaded him into a truck, and took him to SS headquarters at Belluno for questioning. There he caught a glimpse of Silsby. Through Sette Silsby warned Farbrega to stick to the story that they were only shot-down airmen. Sette was in and out of the place all the time, of course, with complete freedom; the Germans trusted him.

"They tortured Farbrega for eight consecutive days with an electrical device run by a hand-cranked generator. They would put an electrode in each ear, ask a question, wait three seconds for an answer, and then turn the crank. After a while they put the electrodes on his wrists or ankles. Farbrega said the worst was when they put one up each nostril. They also used whips. But they couldn't break down his story.

"**T**HEN they brought in two of our partisans they had captured — Porthos and Victor. Porthos wouldn't talk, but Victor told on all of us and even led the Germans to the cave where we had buried our equipment. After he talked, they hanged him and Porthos.

"When they learned from Victor that Farbrega was not an Air Corps man but the sergeant in charge of our operations, and that he had understood everything they had been saying, they beat him some more in

an attempt to find out about our radio. But Farbrega wouldn't give. Finally they gave up and told Farbrega he was to be sent to the Bolzano prison for execution.

"We all knew about the steel meat hooks at Bolzano. The Germans tied a prisoner's hands, boosted him up, then lowered him so that the two meat-hook points would go into the soft underside of his jaw, just inside the jaw bone. His feet were just off the ground, of course. Sometimes prisoners hanging that way live for a couple of days. Sometimes a guard going by takes pity and gives the body a downward jerk so that the jaw bone snaps and the prongs can go on up into the brain; then death comes at once.

"They put Farbrega, handcuffed, into the back seat of a car. Sette had talked himself into the job of driver. 'Now's our time,' he said. 'I'll give you a chance to escape. I'll open the door and we'll both run into the hills and join the partisans.' Farbrega shook his head. 'Why not?' said Sette.

"'You're much more valuable to us here in the Germans' headquarters than you would be with the partisans in the mountains,' said Farbrega. Which was true, but it was also as brave a thing as any man has said or done in this war.

"Brownie had run on up the creek. Spotting 15 Germans beating the bushes, he killed about ten of them with his automatic rifle. But he was wounded in an arm and a leg, and could neither run nor shoot, and another group captured him.

"They were Major Schroeder's men. They took him into the public square of Sant' Antonio, chopped off

both hands at the wrists, and gouged out his eyes. Then they threw him on the pavement. One of the troops mercifully shot him. Even the SS had some decent guys. We got this story from villagers who watched the Germans do it. Now Belluno is erecting a monument to Brownie for his courage. I didn't care much for Italy, but that's something I'd like to go back to see.

"I myself had been hiding behind a boulder, and at dark I went to a house. The people in it were sympathetic (they all were, outside the cities) and they fed me. Then I went to a house where a partisan named Cherbro was living and, while he was bandaging up my leg, I heard that Silsby and Farbrega were being held prisoner at the schoolhouse. I arranged to have four girl partisans who owned bikes start rounding up information about Buchhardt, Ciccone and Delanie.

"**A**BOUT midnight I borrowed a pistol from Cherbro, sneaked into town, and snooped around for three hours trying to get close to the schoolhouse, hoping to stage a jail-break. But the roads were blocked and I had to head for the foothills, and about four o'clock pulled into a little stable where a dozen men were hiding. My eyes were shut almost before I lay down on the hay.

"I was awakened about six by the Italians laughing. They were amused at the stupidity of the Germans. It seems a patrol of 30 had just gone right by the house, neglecting to search it. One of the Italians opened the door slowly and poked his nose

out. Suddenly there was a bang, and he jerked it back. It seems the stupid Germans guessed we were there, and so had let one patrol march conspicuously by while another crawled close on their bellies. The Italians busted out and started running like hell, the Germans picking off two of them on the wing.

"I let the Italians run about 200 yards and then, figuring attention would be on them, slid softly out the door, my back flat against the wall, tiptoeing around to the corner. I was just backing around this when I felt something hard pressing against one rib. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw that one of those stupid Germans had a gun there. He ordered me to turn around and marched me down a creek bottom.

"While I was an instructor at Fort Benning I taught officer parachute candidates the way to disarm a man who has a gun. You suddenly grab his pistol wrist, bend over, give just the right quick pull, and he goes rolling over your shoulder, dazed, onto the ground. I had explained glibly that it was sure to work in combat, each time wondering privately if it would really work. Well, it did. This German landed right on his shoulders with his neck twisted up — dead.

"There were some Germans on a knoll who had seen my captor and me go down the creek bank. If they didn't see someone come out soon they might get suspicious. I had no hope of hiding, so I decided to brazen it out.

"I stuffed my fur mountain hat into my blouse. I wore Army trousers, and British battle dress. Of

course I had no insignia. Ruffling my yellow hair to make it look as German as possible, I walked up the other bank of the creek, paying no attention to the fellows on the knoll, who I knew were looking at me. I kept glancing right and left as though I was a member of a German search party. Walking within 20 yards of them in plain sight, I kept straight on to a house about 300 yards away, opened its door as if I was billeted there, and walked in.

"SITTING by the fireplace were an old woman and two young girls, spinning wool by hand. When I told them I was an American captain looking for a place to hide they went right on with their spinning as though American captains dropped in for breakfast every morning. They hard-boiled some eggs, gave me bread to stuff in my pocket, and then a girl led me to a ravine where she thought I would be safe.

"I crouched under an overhanging bough, in the ice and snow, until about ten that night, when I headed for Cherbro's house to see what news the four girls with bikes had brought in. Learning that Delanie and Ciccone were both safe with the partisans, I messaged them to keep out of sight until the heat was off. Buchhardt, I learned, was being hidden in the house of a patriot in Sant' Antonio.

"I needed rest, but it was time to get back to work again. I remembered some caves near the village of Dusoi that would serve for a rendezvous. I sent a message to Buchhardt to meet me there. I also asked help

from a Communist leader called Bruno. He commanded the Messini Brigade which, though part of the Communist Nanette Division, had actually proved eager to work with me and even to fight Germans. His brigade grew to 1500 trained men who fought the Germans right up to the end and was responsible for stopping all German traffic toward the Brenner Pass. He got two rewards for this. One from the Communists, who during the war plotted to assassinate him and at its end expelled him from the party; the other reward was the Silver Star from our Army.

"I made the trip to the Dusoi caves at night. There was one little incident: on the road I met a drunk SS lieutenant, and did away with him with a skiing pole I was carrying. Such things affected the Germans' morale, keeping them on edge.

"When I got to the caves I arranged with nearby partisans to bring us food, and next morning a partisan showed up with Buchhardt, who told me all that had happened since I boosted him up the waterfall. In a house where he was in hiding he had watched from a window while Major Schroeder's troops hanged Victor in the Sant' Antonio square. He lost the heel off one boot and had sent a partisan to take it to the shoemaker. The partisan came back and reported that Major Schroeder's men had just shot both village shoemakers to punish Sant' Antonio for the aid they suspected the town had been giving the partisans.

"This was a real punishment, with shoes so scarce and needing constant mending. By contrast, we were get-

ting by parachute the best American equipment for our partisans — stout boots, when ordinary thin Italian shoes were selling for \$50 a pair. Our partisans got the new American waterproof field jacket just as quickly as the combat American troops, and we equipped our keymen with them.

"When we dressed up a couple of dozen partisans in their brand-new American shoes and trousers, equipped them with shiny tommy guns, and let them circulate in a village when the Germans were away, it always brought us recruits. Incidentally, when the partisans got these new uniforms they'd start shaving, washing and keeping tidy.

"When Bruno, with 300 fully armed and well-trained men, arrived at my caves he put me in touch with an Italian secret radio operator to replace Silsby. This operator's battle name was Gi-gi. Now we were ready for business, and we moved into a new zone near Feltre, where there had been almost no partisan activity. It was an important area because the main road to Austria via the Brenner Pass ran through it.

"I radioed to our base the locations of the Germans' deposits of explosives around Feltre. They had three underground caches and two houses full — with which they intended to blow the bridges when they left the region. The Air Corps got my information, and bombed every cache. I got a drop of new equipment for the recruits that were flocking to us, and sent for Delanie and Ciccone to train them. The equipment included road spikes, thermite pencils and emery dust. I gave this dust to partisans who would

slip it into locomotive bearings at Bolzano and Innsbruck, where trains coming over the Pass changed engines.

"Our work must have been good because on April 1 we got word that the Germans were moving in an entire division (at that time only about 5000 men) to run us down. We were tired of scampering over the hills, so we decided that we would move right into a town to hide while the Germans beat the bushes for us. While this German division roamed the Lower Alps, we got on with our work.

"**O**RIGINALLY there had been in this zone four key bridges connecting Italy with the Reich, but our Air Corps had blown two up, leaving the Busche and Vidor bridges. Partisans then blew up the Vidor, and the Busche was now the Germans' last link over the Piave River. It was jammed with traffic. The Air Corps tried again and failed, so it was up to the partisans to get the Busche.

"We had used nearly all our explosives blowing the Vidor. However, Bruno's partisans, whom I sent to study the ground, reported that two 500-pound bombs that had been dropped by the Air Corps were duds and that these still lay not far from the bridge. Bruno and I decided to try to blow it with one of these duds.

"We failed because the bomb merely burned instead of exploding, and the other dud was too far from the bridge for us to have a try with it. But the next morning we got 200 pounds of explosive from a brigade 20 kilometers away and I sent a party to bury it close to the bridge.

"Two days later a German demolition squad came to destroy the remaining dud bomb. While this was being done they removed all guards from the Busche bridge, for safety's sake, whereupon the partisans quickly dug up their explosive, planted it on the Busche and blew it 100 yards into the Alpine sky. This forced the Germans to make a 60-kilometer detour for the rest of the war, and when their front started to crumble they piled up in there until the whole area was a vast bumper-to-bumper traffic jam.

"I established a command post just outside Feltre. It was a cave which we hollowed out in a creek bank. At night we had carried old parachute containers down from the hills. We opened them up and flattened them to serve as roofing. Over this we put a layer of sod and ferns. The entrance was a tiny wooden trap door with leather hinges, on top of which we had wired sod, watering it so that it would stay green. Around it we piled leaves to cover any crack. Here I lived with Buchhardt, Delanie, Ciccone, and Gi-gi. At night we would go out to meet Bruno and the officers of his Messini Brigade. He now had 500 men engaged in sabotage. When there was nothing else to do they tossed time pencils and grenades into German barracks at night. It kept the Nazis in a constant turmoil, because they never knew when one of these explosions meant an attack. Now and then we did attack.

"The partisans got two or three German vehicles every night along the highways with booby traps or bazookas. The Germans feared to

move by day because of our Air Corps, and our partisans were now making them almost as fearful after dark. After each strike the partisans would move 15 miles away or wait several days before striking again.

"By the 20th of April the partisans had more than 400 German prisoners hidden in houses in the mountains. Food got to be a problem, which we solved by attacking German carts at night and driving the oxen into the hills for the prisoners—but damn poor eating they made.

"Down with our main army, the Po offensive was going well. I realized that if the Germans retreated past our zone into the High Alps and Brenner Pass it might take months to dig them out. The best play would be to squeeze the retreating Germans between our main armies and the partisans.

"Bennucci and the Messini Brigade under Bruno, working south of the Alps, were going smoothly and no longer needed my help, so I decided to get in touch with Ettore, commander of the partisans' courageous Val Cordevole Brigade which was working in the High Alps, and strengthen it.

"**M**ILANWHILE, through Sette, I got news of Farbrega. He was with Silsby in the big SS concentration camp at Bolzano, where the food situation was terrible. I sent them each \$250 through underground channels, with which they could buy chocolate at 50 lira an ounce on the prison black market. I later found that \$10 of it arrived for each of them, so I guess everybody took a

cut along the line, including the German guards.

"To get into the High Alps we had to pass through three German road blocks, and there was no way to travel overland because the mountains are as steep as cliffs; the roads are blasted out of their sides. Fortunately, I had been in touch with a titled Italian woman who was working with us, a Marchesa who owned much land in the region. A blonde, in her early 30's, she wasn't beautiful but she had a schoolgirl figure. She also had plenty of guts. She was particularly useful because she was said to be the mistress of Dr. Schmidt, the German civilian commander of this zone; at any rate, she had the use of his car whenever she wanted it. Actually she was working closely with our underground, helping them with money and supplies, and hiding American and British aviators who had been shot down, until they could be moved over the border.

"The Marchesa arranged for a truck to pick up our party and take us as far as Cortina. At 3:30 in the early drizzly morning of April 24, we arrived at the Marchesa's villa. The truck, a big, wood-burning job, was parked in the enclosed courtyard. She gave us a fine ham-and-egg breakfast, with ersatz coffee, and after we'd had a last cigarette we headed for the truck. Its back end was piled high with large boxes about three feet square, all nailed together. In front, just behind the driver, was a tiny hole into which we could crawl. Then a box was nailed over that, and a tarpaulin lashed over the whole. It was designed for only two, but Delanie,

Ciccione, Gi-gi and I squeezed in, with full equipment.

"As we began grinding up the road we had our choice of three worries: (1) that the Germans would search the truck; (2) that some of our partisans might ambush us with a bazooka; and (3) that the American Air Corps might roar down to drill us with a 20-mm cannon. Luckily it was a drizzly, foggy day, which eliminated the Air Corps.

"We pulled out a little after dawn. At the first three German road blocks sentries would step out into the road and our driver would pull up. Our hearts would go up into our mouths as we heard the driver hand out his papers and say that he had been sent to Belluno to get the month's cigarette ration for the Germans' road laborers but, finding no tobacco there, was returning with empty boxes. Had he said the boxes were full of tobacco, the sentries might have demanded some for themselves, and discovered us.

"WHEN we passed the third road block we thought it was the last and were beginning to breathe easy, when all of a sudden the truck slowed down and stopped again. The guards told the driver to take off the tarpaulin so that they could have a closer look. We lay as still as death. We couldn't hear the creak of the ropes as the driver untied them, then the swish of the canvas as the tarpaulin was dragged off. The chill drizzle pattered down on our boxes.

"Then I heard them tell the driver the boxes would have to come off. Evidently we were lost. Cramped in,

those boxes, we could not shoot, and since we had two radios we could hardly claim to be four innocent aviators.

"One German climbed up onto the boxes and pulled the topmost one. Of course it didn't budge. Just then came a gust of wind and a more brisk pattering; the drizzle was turning into a rain.

"'Oh, let him go on,' one German called impatiently. 'Let's get in out of the wet.' We could hear the sentry jump off the truck, and the crunching of the gravel as, with the other three, he walked over to their shelter-house a few yards away.

"**D**ID our Italian driver jump into his seat and whizz out of there? No! He went over, got the tarpaulin, leisurely climbed onto our boxes, stretched it over them carefully, which seemed to us to take about a week. By what seemed the middle of the following month he had the cords around it laced and tied. By the time he was back in his seat and we started slowly up the road it seemed to be the late autumn of 1946.

"Half an hour later we were in Mareson, a tiny Italian village in an Alpine valley, sitting in the local café with Ettore and eating the good dinner he had ordered.

"As we ate, Ettore told us that his partisans now controlled all the territory between us and Mezzacanal, where there was a German garrison of 700. I decided to attack Mezzacanal next morning. Ettore's partisans were good men and I could see that there was none of the intrigue that honeycombed the Communist

brigades. That night I sent 20 of them with automatic rifles, machine guns, grenades and a bazooka, to climb the mountain back of Mezzacanal and take positions overlooking the village.

"At dawn the next morning I rode toward Mezzacanal in a school bus with Ettore, Ciccone and 20 other partisans. My plan was that, when the Germans came out of cover to attack us along the road, the partisans above would suddenly open fire on them.

"The people of Mareson didn't like the Germans, who had been on their necks through weary years of war — quartered in their houses, eating their food, and taking their best men for labor camps. So when they saw their partisans assembling, well armed and led by Americans, more than 100 old men and boys followed our bus. They had armed themselves with scythes, clubs, butcher knives, muzzle-loading muskets, sledge hammers, anything. I told Ettore to keep this motley crew back at a safe distance, where none would get hurt or get in our way. But the courage of those poor people made a lump in your throat.

"When we got about 500 yards from Mezzacanal we deployed and opened fire. The Germans tried to leave from the far side of the town and the partisans began firing from the cliff above. The garrison quickly surrendered. We distributed their weapons among the partisans.

"Then I had an idea, Patton was now on the Austrian border and the Russians were in Vienna. We had this Pass blocked, and controlled the whole valley. So I issued passés to

these Germans permitting the bearer to return to his home in Germany, and stamped them with my name, a Captain in the U. S. Infantry, as commander of the Val Cordevole Brigade. Then we set them free. What happened was what I expected. I learned later that they showed these passes to other Germans who were still fighting, and these promptly threw down their arms and hit the road for home.

"Our mop-up in that region sealed the route to the Brenner Pass. On April 28 I got word that retreating Germans were moving north toward the Pass and were already at Feltre. Ettore blew a bridge north of town, and had a work party chop down trees and move the logs nearby, so that when the Americans came and wanted a new bridge it could be quickly rebuilt.

"WE placed ambushes along the road, and Ettore waited at the blown bridge with ten men. When the Germans arrived and started to rebuild the bridge, Ettore's men opened fire. The Germans pulled back into Caprile, taking with them then 120 dead. From one of the wounded I found out that we held, trapped in this valley, 600 men of the 504th Panzer Battalion, 3000 Wehrmacht troops, and 300 SS troops under Major Schroeder.

"Looking down into Caprile from the rocks 600 yards above, we saw that the SS troops were dragging civilians from their houses and herding them into the church. Ettore and I now moved back into a tiny village in the valley. Pretty soon up the

road came a German car flying a white flag of truce. In the car was the Caprile priest, and a German sergeant who brought us a haughty ultimatum from Major Schroeder: if we did not permit all German military personnel to pass, every civilian in Caprile would be executed.

"Ettore replied that if any civilians were bothered in any way we would refuse the Germans any chance of surrender. At this the Caprile priest started crying and begged Ettore to spare the innocent civilians. But Ettore wouldn't budge — which took a lot of guts. I backed him up, and the sergeant went back. Soon Major Schroeder sent up a request for a conference. I knew he now realized we had him in a trap which he couldn't blast through, or back out of.

"He arrived with a Captain Heim, a fine-looking soldier who was commander of the Panzer Battalion. I didn't take my eyes off Schroeder. And, looking at him, I remembered the partisans his men had hanged in the public squares of all those Italian villages, some from meat hooks. I remembered one British air-corps man captured by Schroeder's men, whom they had shot eight times through the arms and legs, trying to get him to talk. They gave up, and the ninth shot was through the head.

"I let Schroeder do the talking, and just watched him. He did a good deal of it, and repeated his threat about what he was going to do to the civilians. I told him what I would do to the Germans if he did.

"Then Heim spoke up. He talked straight, with no mention of murdering civilians. He said he would like nothing better than to give us a good

fight, but he had almost no ammunition, and couldn't see his men killed when they couldn't fight back. 'As far as my unit is concerned,' he said, 'we're placing ourselves in your hands.'

"SCHROEDER said that before he would consider surrender he must know whom he was surrendering to. I said I was Captain Howard Chappell, of the OSS. He said he couldn't help remarking that I also looked very Prussian, being tall with blue eyes and yellow hair. Then he said he had often heard of my bravery, and would be most happy to surrender to me personally because I was an officer and a Prussian and therefore a man of honor, and so would treat him and his seven SS officers exactly as he would have treated me had I been captured. I replied that this he could be extremely sure of.

"Then he mentioned that they had captured Farbrega, and said of course they had treated him well. I remembered how they had tortured Farbrega with electrodes, but I didn't say anything. Schroeder now brought up the matter of atrocities. He said of course such things happened in war, but assured me that if there had been any atrocities he had had no part in them. Then he smiled and said that he and his officers had discussed suicide, but they felt that it was their duty to go back and build a better Germany. I smiled, too.

"Unfortunately, that night Major Schroeder and the other officers attempted to escape, and were shot.

"The next day Ciccone, Ettore,

Gi-gi and I with one battalion of partisans moved north toward the Austrian border, and captured a German garrison of 600. The Germans whom we had released at Merzaccanal had been through here, showing their "passes" signed by me. This garrison had decided that they too wanted to go home.

"Just beyond here was Col Fasco, an Alpine village where there was a reserve pool of 3500 German soldiers. They were damned happy to surrender. All the telephone lines and radio channels connecting Italy with Berlin passed through Col Fasco, which we held. Now the entire road from the pre-Alps to the Austrian border was open and waiting for American troops.

"I borrowed a German car and drove all night toward Belluno. On May 3 I contacted the commanding officer of the 339th Infantry and told him the road from here to the Austrian border was held by partisans who were waiting for him, told him he would need chains for his trucks because of the deep snow, and gave him other helpful information. Then I went on into Feltre to contact the 85th Division.

"I hadn't had a haircut for five months, and looked more like a partisan than a soldier. While waiting for the colonel in charge of G-2 (Army Intelligence), I picked up a copy of the *Stars and Stripes* and was catching up on what had happened in the world when suddenly someone said 'What in hell are you doing in here, and who in hell are you?'

"It was a major general, so I got up and said: 'Captain Chappell, sir, of OSS.'

" 'Are you a soldier? Stand at attention! Get out of this office.'

"I got out and was just about to head back to my mountains when the G-2 colonel came in. He was very glad to get my report. Advance units were always glad to see us and get our fresh information, but sometimes the top commanders didn't want to admit that anyone else had helped them.

"I went on back into the Alps, turned over to OSS our 7500 prisoners, trucks, arms and supplies, and after giving our officers all I knew about the situation I started off with Ettore and Sette on a round-up of war criminals. The partisans told me that a few had tried to escape and had been shot.

"We didn't want to let any others get away. For instance, we remembered the case of Steve Hall, an American boy who had been on a mission like ours near Cortina. Steve had gone alone into Cortina on skis to blow up a hydroelectric plant which supplied power for the railway. He was caught in a snowstorm and witnesses told us that the next morning he was found unconscious near the church. The German police took him to jail. A man called Tell, who was a spy for the Germans, identified Steve as an American agent, and Steve was executed at Bolzano.

"We picked up Tell. He wrote out a statement admitting how he had wormed his way into Steve's confidence and then fooled him.

"Unfortunately, Tell also made

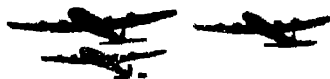
the mistake of trying to escape from us, and was shot.

"It was nice to see Sergeant Farbrega again. When the war was almost over he had slid out of the SS prison at Bolzano and gone to Merano, where the SS top officials were holed up. He had gone to the SS barracks and said he was 'Captain' Farbrega of the U. S. Army and that, by his order, they were all restricted to barracks. He was a persuasive talker, and his bluff worked. When the Tenth U. S. Division showed up, he turned the city over to them—by courtesy of one U. S. sergeant.

"Just before the end of the war we got radio orders to go all-out and to hit the Germans with everything we had. The nonpolitical partisan brigades obeyed, but of the two Communist divisions Bruno's Messini Brigade was the only one that actually did it.

"Sette was in a hell of a position. Toward the end of the war the Gestapo was looking for him, being finally convinced that he had been working for us. On the other hand, many partisans who did not know the truth remembered that he had driven a car for the Germans, so they were after him too. I finally got him a job with our counter-intelligence corps, and he turned in many war criminals.

"And the Marchesa who was so useful to us? Well, the last I heard, an American Infantry colonel whose headquarters was nearby was parking his jeep there regularly. Her apfelstrudel has a nice flaky crust."



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